



*To Celebrate
the Life of*

Sylvia Allcock

16th October 1940 - 25th October 2019

Markeaton Crematorium, Main Chapel

Friday 15th November 2019
at 11.20 am





Order of Service

Entry Music

Songbird
Eva Cassidy

Welcome and Introduction

Hyman

Morning has broken,
Like the first morning;
Blackbird has spoken,
Like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
Fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall
On the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
Of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness
Where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
Born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
Praise every morning,
God's re-creation
Of the new day!

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)





The Dash

I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
from the beginning... to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth
and spoke the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time
that she spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved her
know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own,
the cars... the house... the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash.

So, think about this long and hard.
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
that can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real
and always try to understand
the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger
and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect
and more often wear a smile,
remembering that this special dash
might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy is being read,
with your life's actions to rehash...
would you be proud of the things they say
about how you spent your dash?

Memories of Sylvia

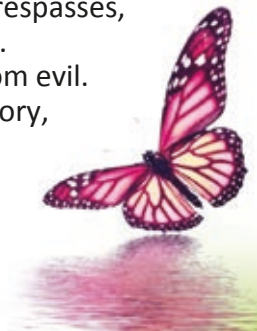
Time to Reflect

Music: Who Wants To Live Forever
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

Committal and Farewell

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.





Poem

One At Rest

Think of me as one at rest,
for me you should not weep.
I have no pain, no troubled thoughts,
for I am just asleep.

The living, thinking me that was
is now forever still
and life goes on without me now,
as time forever will.

If your heart is heavy now
because I've gone away,
dwell not long upon it, friend,
for none of us can stay.

Those of you who liked me,
I sincerely thank you all,
and those of you who loved me,
I thank you most of all.

And in my fleeting lifespan,
as time went rushing by,
I found some time to hesitate,
to laugh, to love, to cry.

Matters it now if time began,
if time will ever cease?
I was here, I used it all,
and now I am at peace.

Closing Words

Exit Music

Angel
Sarah McLachlan



The family would like to thank everyone
for their kind words and support at this sad time.

Memorial donations for
The Brain Tumour Charity
and
Macmillan Cancer Support
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries.

All are welcome for refreshment at
The Great Northern,
Station Road,
Mickleover,
Derby
DE3 9FB.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

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