



The family would like to express their sincere thanks for the love, support and friendship they have received over the past few months, also for the many kind words of sympathy expressed at this difficult time.

You are invited to join them for refreshments at
Beeston Fields Golf Club, Old Drive,
Wollaton Road, Beeston, Nottingham NG9 3DA, after the service.

Your kind donations will be split between
Nottinghamshire Hospice and the **British Red Cross**
and may be left in the box provided using our donation envelopes
on leaving the service, left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

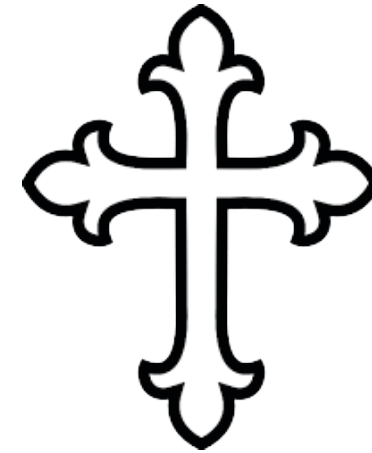
The Family Funeral Service

Parker House
25 Church Street
Stapleford
Nottingham
NG9 8GA

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF



Barbara Valentine Eaton

13th February 1940 - 15th December 2019

St Michael and All Angels' Church, Bramcote
Thursday 2nd January 2020 at 11.45 am

Minister - Reverend David Edinborough



Blessing

Recessional Music
played by the organist

*After the service the family will leave for a private family
committal and will join you at the Golf Club afterwards.*

The Commendation

Nunc Dimittis
The Choir

Order of Service

Processional Music
played by the organist

The Sentences

Welcome and Opening Prayer
Reverend David Edinborough

A Word of Thanks
from the family, Michael and Eliot Eaton

Hymn

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

The Prayers

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.

Hymn

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter (1650)

Readings

Remember Me by David Harkins
read by Fiona Eaton

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6 and 27
read by Rachel Tame

The Address

Hymn

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin,
My hand will save.
I who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain,
I have wept for love of them,
They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
Give them hearts for love alone,
I will speak my word to them.
Whom shall I send?

I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will tend the poor and lame,
I will set a feast for them,
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
Till their hearts be satisfied,
I will give my life to them.
Whom shall I send?

Dan Schutte (b.1947)
