



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

Donations in memory of Douglas for  
**Cancer Research UK**  
may be sealed in the donation envelope  
and placed in the box on leaving the service,  
left online at  
[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)  
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of



**A.W. LYMN**  
*The Family Funeral Service*

St. Albans House  
32 High Street  
Arnold  
NG5 7DZ  
[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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In Loving Memory of

*Douglas Cyril Wildey*

20th March 1930 - 29th November 2024



Gedling Crematorium  
Monday 6th January 2025  
at 1.00 pm



## ORDER OF SERVICE

### ENTRANCE MUSIC

Nimrod from the *Enigma Variations*  
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

WELCOME

### EXIT MUSIC

Oh, Pretty Woman  
Roy Orbison

*Following this service there will be a private reception  
for the family at Ramsdale Park Golf Centre, Oxton Road,  
Calverton, Nottingham NG14 6NU.*

### 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

When Great Trees Fall

### HYMN

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,  
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:  
*Then sings my soul...*

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,  
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin;  
*Then sings my soul...*

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,  
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!  
*Then sings my soul...*

*Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)*



## **DOUGIE'S LIFE**

**MEMORIES**  
from Linda and Mandy

**MUSIC**  
You're A Lady  
Peter Skellern

**ADDRESS**

**CLOSING WORDS**