



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

Memorial donations for the **RSPCA** and **Cancer Research UK** 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 Risley Hall Hotel and Spa, Derby Road, Risley, Derbyshire DE72 3SS.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Parker House
25 Church Street
Stapleford
Nottingham
NG9 8GA

www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
PHILIP MICHAEL CLARKE

20th October 1936 - 17th July 2019



St. Michael's Church, Breaston
Thursday 1st August 2019
at 11.00 am

ORDER OF SERVICE

Led by Reverend Chris Smedley

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

Too Young
by Jimmy Young

CLOSING PRAYER

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Simply The Best
by Tina Turner

*Burial to take place at
Breaston Cemetery
Longmoor Lane
Breaston
DE72 3BE
following this service.*



HYMN

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)

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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)

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TRIBUTE

READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

ADDRESS



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.

