

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

All are welcome for light refreshment at
Royal British Legion,
141 Beardall St, Hucknall, Nottingham NG15 7RA.

Donations in memory of Audrey for
Home-Start Nottingham
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at
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

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In loving memory of

Audrey Kendall

3rd March 1936 - 9th August 2024

Gedling Crematorium

Wednesday 4th September 2024
at 2.00 pm

Closing Words

Closing Music
Smile
Nat King Cole





Poem

Feel No Guilt In Laughter
read By Anne

Feel no guilt in laughter, I know how much you care.
Feel no sorrow in a smile that I'm not here to share.
You cannot grieve forever; I would not want you to.
I'd hope that you could carry on the way you always do.
So, talk about the good times and the way we showed we cared,
The days we spent together, all the happiness we shared.

Let memories surround you. A word someone may say
Will suddenly recapture a time, an hour, a day,
That brings me back as clearly as though I were still here,
And fills you with the feeling that I am always near.
For if you keep those moments, we will never be apart
And I will live forever locked safely within your heart.

Order of Service



Entrance Music

Catch A Falling Star
Perry Como

Opening Words

Prayer

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.

Committal

Tributes

Celebrant on behalf of Leah
Des
Anne

Reflective Music

Times Of Your Life
Paul Anka
including a visual tribute

Poem

Death Is Nothing At All
read By Lisa

Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped into the next room
I am I and you are you
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used
Put no difference in your tone,
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was,
Let it be spoken without effect, without the trace of shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near,
Just around the corner. All is well.

Song

Coat Of Many Colours By Dolly Parton
sung By Grace

Back through the years
I go wonderin' once again
Back to the seasons of my youth
I recall a box of rags that someone gave us
And how my momma put the rags to use
There were rags of many colours
But every piece was small
And I didn't have a coat
And it was way down in the fall
Momma sewed the rags together
Sewin' every piece with love
She made my coat of many colours
That I was so proud of

As she sewed, she told a story
From the Bible she had read
About a coat of many colours
Joseph wore and then she said
Perhaps this coat will bring you
Good luck and happiness
And I just couldn't wait to wear it
And momma blessed it with a kiss

My coat of many colours
That my momma made for me
Made only from rags
But I wore it so proudly
Although we had no money
I was rich as I could be
In my coat of many colours
My momma made for me

So with patches on my britches
And holes in both my shoes
In my coat of many colours
I hurried off to school
Just to find the others laughing
And making fun of me
In my coat of many colours
My momma made for me

And oh, I couldn't understand it
For I felt I was rich
And I told 'em of the love
My momma sewed in every stitch
And I told 'em all the story
Momma told me while she sewed
And how my coat of many colours
Was worth more than all their clothes

But they didn't understand it
And I tried to make them see
That one is only poor
Only if they choose to be
Now I know we had no money
But I was rich as I could be
In my coat of many colours
My momma made for me
Made just for me