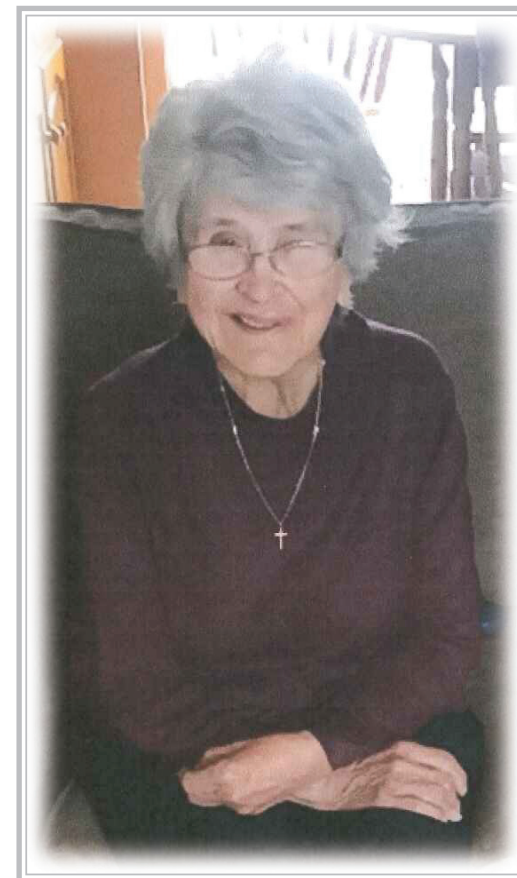




A Celebration of the Life of

Jean Hales

2nd January 1928 - 25th May 2016



The family are grateful for your kindness, words of support and for your presence today. You are very warmly invited to join them afterwards for light refreshments at The Beeches Hotel, Wilford Lane, West Bridgford, Notts, NG2 7RN.

Donations made in loving memory of Jean will support
MACMILLAN CANCER SUPPORT.

Your gift may be placed in the donations box provided, submitted online with gift aid where appropriate at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries or sent care of:-

A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
31 Chapel Side
Spondon
Derbyshire
DE21 7JQ



WILFORD HILL CREMATORIUM
WEST CHAPEL

Tuesday 14th June 2016 at 11.40am
Service taken by: Rev'd Peter White

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC
Moonlight Serenade - Glenn Miller

INTRODUCTION
Rev'd Peter White

HYMN - ALL THINGS BRIGHT & BEAUTIFUL

Refrain:
All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings:

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well:

Refrain

REFLECTION ON JEAN'S LIFE

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.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRAYERS OF COMMITTAL

FINAL WORDS

CLOSING HYMN - JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

DISMISSAL

I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo,
whispering softly down the ways.
Of happy times and laughing times
and bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve,
to dry before the sun.
Of happy memories that I leave,
when my life is done.

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

I Have A Dream - Abba