

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MARJORIE ELIZABETH EDWARDS

12th August 1937 - 7th May 2020

Loving wife of 62 years to Michael Edwards



Wilford Hill Crematorium
Tuesday 19th May 2020 at 11.30 am



A bouquet of yellow roses is shown in the upper right corner of the page, resting on a light-colored wooden surface. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The background is a soft, light green and yellow gradient.

Order of Service

Entrance Music

Embraceable You

Ella Fitzgerald

Opening Words

Tribute

Susan Sheridan

Tribute

Poem

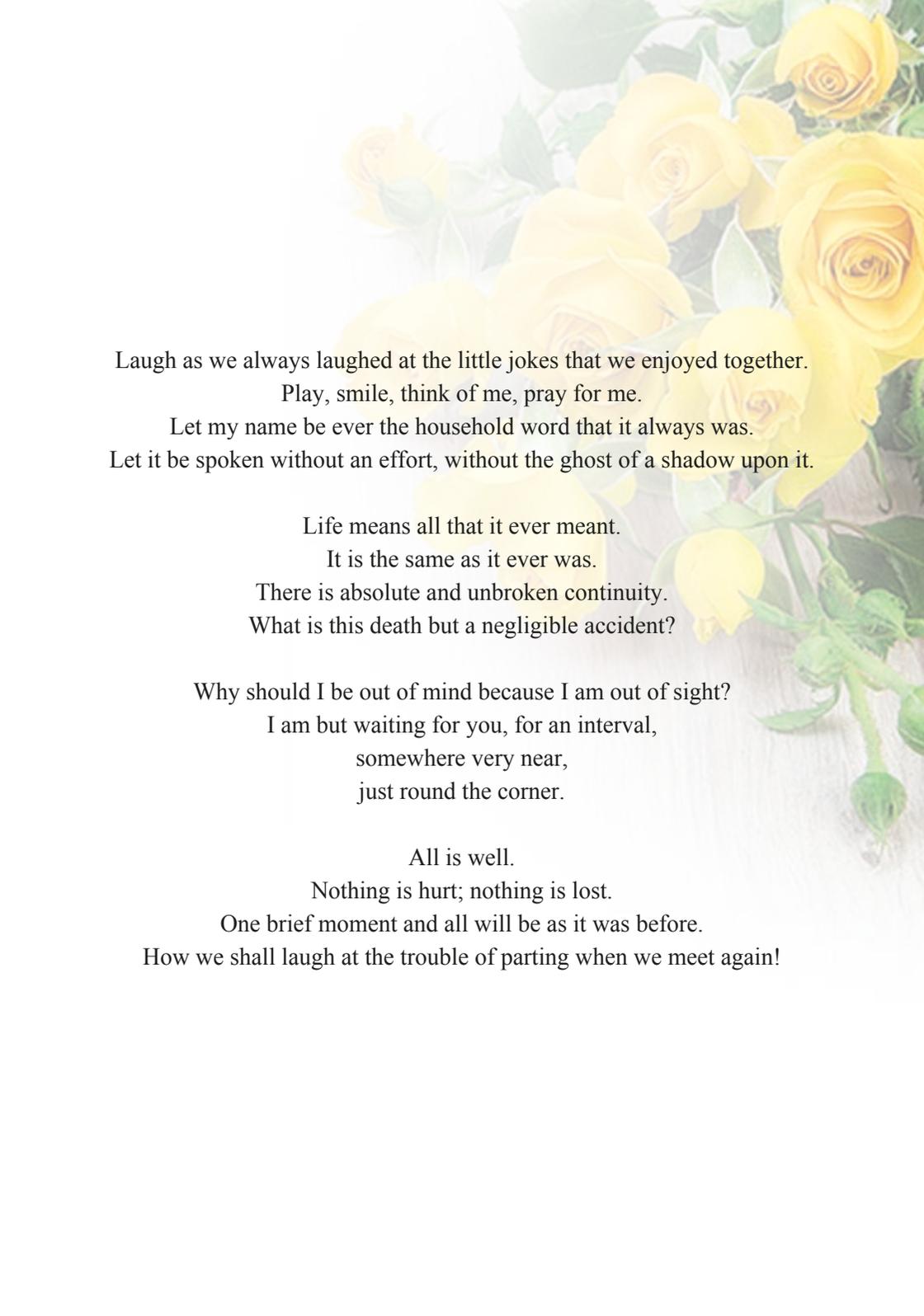
Death Is Nothing At All
by Henry Scott Holland
read by Karen Spencer

Death is nothing at all.
It does not count.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.
I am I, and you are you,
and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

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



A bouquet of yellow roses is shown in the background, resting on a light-colored wooden surface. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The lighting is soft, creating a gentle, nostalgic atmosphere.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that 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 an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was.

There is absolute and unbroken continuity.

What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just round the corner.

All is well.

Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.

One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

Reflective Music

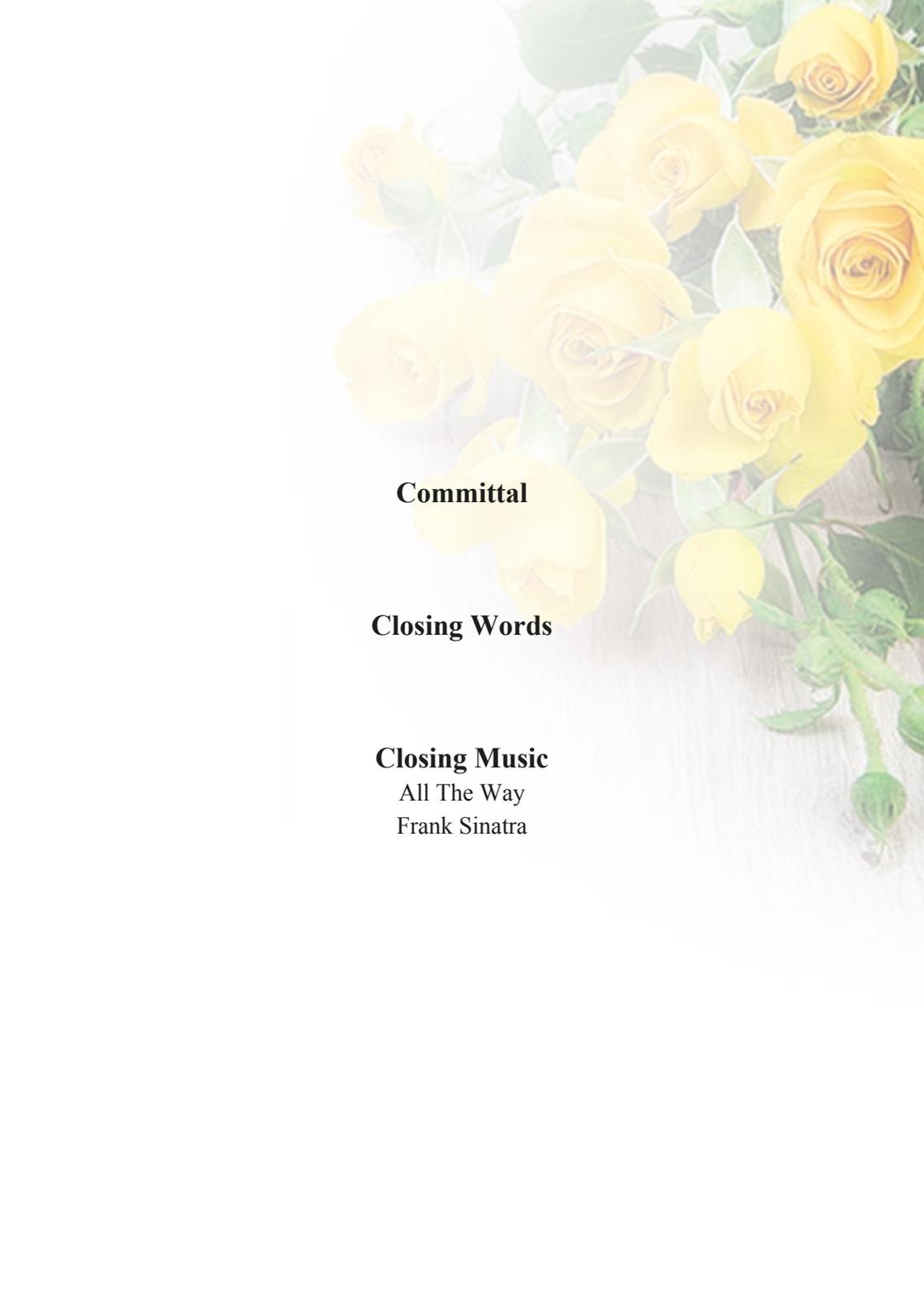
They Can't Take That Away From Me
Ella Fitzgerald

Collective Act

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.



A bouquet of yellow roses is shown in the upper right corner of the page. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. They are set against a light-colored wooden background. The overall image has a soft, slightly faded appearance.

Committal

Closing Words

Closing Music

All The Way
Frank Sinatra

Memorial donations for the
Alzheimer's Society
may be left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or sent care of

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