



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

All are welcome for light refreshment at  
The Grange Banqueting Suite, 457 Burton Road,  
Littleover, Derby DE23 6XX.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service®*

Wentworth House  
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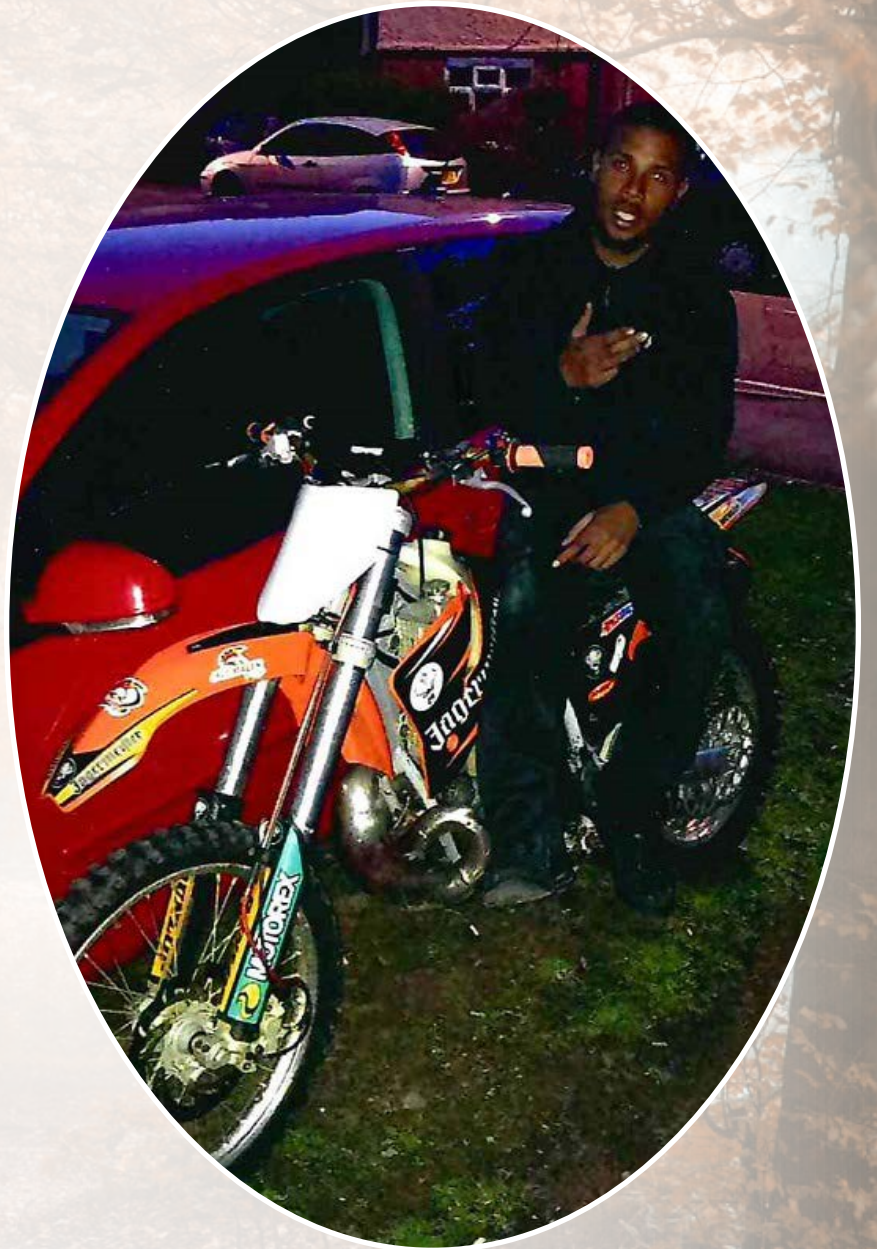


IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
**TRISTAN URIAH HOLMES**

4th January 1999 - 26th June 2022

Assemblies of the First Born, Holy Trinity,  
London Road, Derby

Friday 19th August 2022  
at 11.00 am



# AT THE GRAVESIDE

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan and what do I see  
(Coming for to carry me home)  
A band of angels coming after me  
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low  
Sweet chariot

If you get there before I do  
Coming for to carry me home  
Tell all my friends I'm coming too  
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home

Home  
Swing low  
Sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot

## ORDER OF SERVICE

ORGAN PRELUDE

THE PROCESSIONAL

WELCOME

PRAYER OF INVOCATION

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

*Scottish Psalter (1650)*

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

I'll Fly Away

Some glad morning when this life is o'er,  
I'll fly away;  
To a home on God's celestial shore,  
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

*I'll fly away, oh Glory,  
I'll fly away (in the morning);  
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,  
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).*

When the shadows of this life have gone,  
I'll fly away;  
Like a bird from prison bars has flown,  
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

*I'll fly away, oh Glory,  
I'll fly away (in the morning);  
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,  
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).*

Just a few more weary days and then  
I'll fly away;  
To a land where joy shall never end,  
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

CLOSING PRAYER

RECESSIONAL

OPEN TRIBUTES

EULOGY

Tyler Holmes

SERMON

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 12

THE HORNS OF ZION

TRIBUTES

Raymone Stephenson, brother

Lenroy Livingston, uncle



POEM

Llewellyn Livingston

If tears could build a stairway  
And memories a lane,  
We'd walk right up to Heaven  
And bring you back again.

It broke our hearts to lose you  
But you did not go alone,  
For part of us went with you  
The day God called you home.

God looked around His garden  
And He found an empty place.  
Then He looked down upon the earth  
And He saw your precious face.

He put His arms around you  
And He lifted you to rest,  
God's garden must be beautiful,  
He always takes the best,  
Yes, He always takes the best.

We knew that you were suffering,  
We knew you were in pain,  
We knew you'd never get well  
On this earth again.

So He closed your weary eyes  
And He whispered, "Peace be thine."  
Then He took you up to heaven,  
So gentle, so kind.

God looked around His garden  
And He found an empty place,  
Then He looked down upon the earth  
And He saw your precious face.

He put His arms around you  
And He lifted you to rest,  
God's garden must be beautiful,  
He always takes the best.  
Oh, God's garden must be beautiful,  
He always takes the best.