



Richard's family thank you for your thoughts and prayers,
and your presence here today, and invite you
to join them, after the service, at
Stanton-on-the-Wolds Golf Club,
Golf Course Road
NG12 5BH.

Donations in memory of Richard for
Melton Mencap
may be sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

Rector: The Reverend Dr Tom Meyrick

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Albert Oliver and Sons
45 Easthorpe Street
Ruddington
NG11 6LB
www.lymn.co.uk

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To Celebrate the Life
of



Richard Wilfred Illsley

19th August 1941 - 3rd February 2019

Wilford Hill Crematorium

Friday 22nd February 2019
at 11.20 am



Order of Service

Music

Wild Theme from *Local Hero*
by Mark Knopfler

Welcome and Introduction

The minister says:

We meet in the name of Jesus Christ,
who died and was raised to the glory of God the Father.

Grace and mercy be with you.

All: And also with you.

Father Tom Meyrick, Rector of Keyworth, introduces the service.



Please remain standing for the commendation and committal.

Prayer of Commendation

Words from Scripture

Words of Committal

The Nunc Dimittis

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation;
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Luke, Chapter 2: verses 29-32

BLESSING

Music

Going Home: Theme Of The Local Hero from *Local Hero*
by Mark Knopfler

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, Lord, 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.

Memories of Richard

Kate Priestnall
Raegan Sealy
Norman Benny

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing.
He makes me lie down in green pastures and leads me beside still waters.
He shall refresh my soul and guide me in the paths
of righteousness for his name's sake.
Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;
for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.
You spread a table before me in the presence of those who trouble me;
you have anointed my head with oil and my cup shall be full.
Surely goodness and loving mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Reading and Sermon

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3: verses 1-8

Address

given by Father Tom Meyrick

Prayers

At the end of the prayers, we all join in with 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.**

Hymn

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 these 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.