



Jackie and family are very grateful for your kindness, cards, flowers and words of support, which have been a great comfort to them at this sad time.

You are all very warmly invited for refreshments at The Priest House Hotel, Kings Mill, Castle Donington, Derby DE74 2RR.

Donations made in loving memory of Clive will support **Shine.**

Service conducted by Reverend James Lindsay

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

West Park House
33 Lime Grove
Long Eaton
Nottingham
NG10 4LD
www.lymn.co.uk

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To Celebrate the Life of



CLIVE IAN MOORE

5th May 1959 - 28th March 2022

*"May the Lord bless you and keep you,
the Lord make his face shine on you and be gracious to you,
the Lord turn his face toward you and give you peace."*

Numbers, Chapter 6: verses 24-26

Friday 8th April 2022

St Michael's Church, Breaston at 2.30 pm

followed by Breaston Cemetery



Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC
(Everything I Do) I Do It For You
Bryan Adams
Jackie and Clive's wedding song

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

SCRIPTURES OF HOPE AND PRAYERS FOR COMFORT

POEM One At Rest

Think of me as one at rest,
For me you should not weep.
I have no pain, no troubled thoughts,
For I am just asleep.

The living, thinking me that was
Is now forever still,
And life goes on without me now,
As time forever will.

If your heart is heavy now
Because I've gone away,
Dwell not long upon it, friend,
For none of us can stay.

Those of you who liked me,
I sincerely thank you all,
And those of you who loved me,
I thank you most of all.

And in my fleeting lifespan,
As time went rushing by,
I found some time to hesitate,
To laugh, to love, to cry.

Matters it now if time began,
If time will ever cease?
I was here, I used it all,
And now I am at peace.

BLESSING



COMMITTAL READING

Revelation, Chapter 21: verses 3-5

I heard a loud voice from the throne saying,
“Look! God’s dwelling place is now among the people,
and he will dwell with them. They will be his people,
and God himself will be with them and be their God.

‘He will wipe every tear from their eyes.’

There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain,
for the old order of things has passed away.

He who was seated on the throne said,
“I am making everything new!” Then he said,
“Write this down, for these words
are trustworthy and true.”

BURIAL AND COMMENDATION

GOSPEL READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6 and 27

Jesus said: “Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God,
trust also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions. If that were not
so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you?
And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be
with me that you also may be where I am. You know the way to the place
where I am going.”

Thomas said to him, “Lord, we don’t know where you are going,
so how can we know the way?”

Jesus answered, “I am the way and the truth and the life.

No one comes to the Father except through me...

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you.

I do not give to you as the world gives.

Do not let your hearts be troubled
and do not be afraid.”

HYMN

*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:

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one:

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

Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Those Were The Days Of Our Lives
Queen

Please make your way to Breaston Cemetery.

POEM

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn's rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.

Mary Frye

POEM

All Is Well

read by The Mayor of Erewash, Donna Briggs

Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I and you are you; whatever we were to each other,
That we are still are. Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way you always used.
Put no difference into your tone,
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed,
At the little jokes we always enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me,
Let my name be the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a shadow in it!
Life means all that it ever meant, it is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute 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. Nothing is past; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before,
Only better, infinitely happier,
And together we will all be one with Christ!

Henry Scott Holland



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.

TRIBUTE TO CLIVE

HYMN

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Jan Struther (1901-1953)

FAMILY TRIBUTE

by Kathryn and Vicky
followed by Richard

POEM

read by niece, Becky

TO MY HUSBAND

love from Jackie

We have weathered many storms of life
And shed a lot of tears,
We have also shared the laughter
Throughout our married years.

God must have thought me special
To give me a companion such as you,
To share life's precious moments
One love – a lifetime through.

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

Goodbye My Friend
Linda Ronstadt