In Loving Memory

of

Janet's family thank you for your presence with them today, and for your kind thoughts and messages at this sad time.

They warmly invite you to join them at 5.00 pm for light snacks and refreshments at The King Of Hearts, 1 School Road, West Walton, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire PE14 7ES.

Donations in memory of Janet for **The North Norfolk Hospice, Tapping House** may be made at the service, or via https://www.funeralzone.co.uk/42758 where memories of Janet may also be shared.

The Co-operative Funeralcare Old Royal Standard, Weasenham Lane, Wisbech PE13 2RY Telephone: 01945 475495 *'To whom the arrangements have been entrusted'*



14th March 1938 - 20th February 2018

Monday 19th March 2018 at 3.15 pm Mintlyn Crematorium

MUSIC UPON ENTRY The Impossible Dream - Matt Monro

HYMN

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 furnished 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)

BLESSING

MUSIC FOR EXIT My Way - Frank Sinatra

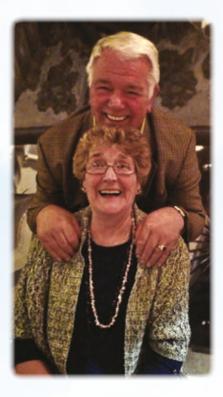
READING John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

TRIBUTE

WORDS OF COMFORT

COMMENDATION

COMMITTAL



PRAYERS including

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

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, O 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! *Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)*