



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

All are welcome for light refreshments at
Sherwin Arms, Derby Road,
Bramcote, Nottingham NG9 3JN.

Memorial donations for
Caremark (Broxtowe & Erewash)
may be left in the box provided
using our donation envelopes on leaving the service.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Parker House
25 Church Street
Stapleford
Nottingham
NG9 8GA

www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
DENIS EASTWOOD

20th October 1925 - 21st November 2019



Monday 9th December 2019 at 2.15 pm
Bramcote Crematorium, Reflection Chapel

Celebrant: Mr Richard Marshall



Poem

The Comfort And Sweetness Of Peace

After the clouds, the sunshine,
after the winter, the spring,
after the shower, the rainbow,
for life is a changeable thing.
After the night, the morning,
bidding all darkness cease,
after life's cares and sorrows,
the comfort and sweetness of peace.

Helen Steiner Rice

Closing Words

Exit Music

We'll Meet Again
by Vera Lynn



Tribute

Reflection Music

There Goes My Everything
by Tammy Wynette

Committal and Farewell

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entrance Music

Blanket On The Ground
by Billie Jo Spears

Welcome and Introduction

Poem

He Is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone
Or you can smile because he has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember him and only that he is gone
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what he would want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins (1981)

Tribute

Sarah's tribute to her grandad
read by Karen

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 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.