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Nicholas O'Hara Funeral Directors  
38 Rowlands Hill, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 1AW  
Telephone: 01202 882134



**Stanley Charles Henry Heckford**  
**'Stan'**

7th February 1923 - 21st November 2020

Chapel in the Valley,  
Corfe Mullen

Thursday 10th December 2020

Service conducted by  
Pastor Alan Claridge



## 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)*

## PRAYER

*The committal service will now take place at Corfe Mullen Cemetery.*

## WELCOME

## PRAYER

## HYMN

How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,  
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:  
*Then sings my soul...*

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,  
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin;  
*Then sings my soul...*

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,  
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!  
*Then sings my soul...*

*Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)*

**EULOGY**

by Louise Farmer

**READING**

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6  
read by Trina Heckford

**READING**

Where The Roses Never Fade

I am going to that city where the streets with gold are laid,  
Where the tree of life is blooming and the roses never fade.

Here they bloom but for a season, soon their beauty is decayed.  
I am going to a city where the roses never fade.

In this world we have our trials, Satan's snares we must evade.  
We'll be free from all temptations where the roses never fade.

Love ones are gone to be with Jesus, in their robes of white arrayed,  
Now they're waiting for my coming where the roses never fade.

If you're fully trusting Jesus, he on whom your sins were laid,  
Then I will meet you in that city, where the roses never fade.

Here they bloom but for a season, soon their beauty is decayed.  
I am going to a city where the roses never fade.

**MESSAGE**

by Alan Clarridge

