



AFTER THE SERVICE

Everyone is welcome to join us for a glass of wine, a little food and loving memories of our truly amazing mother at The Carriage Hall at Perkins, Station Road, Plumtree, Nottingham NG12 5NA.

COLLECTIONS AND DONATIONS

There will be a collection in the chapel and for those that wish to donate our chosen cause, **The Macular Society**, please visit the Lymns website www.funeralzone.co.uk/obituaries/17871?branded where you can also view some amazing photos of Mum.

Alternatively by cheque or phone to Lymn's.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Robin Hood House
Robin Hood Street
Nottingham
NG3 1GF

www.lymn.co.uk

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In Loving Memory
of



Brenda Eileen Glazebrook

1931 - 2016



Wilford Hill Crematorium,
Main Chapel

Tuesday 31st May 2016
at 12.40 pm

Order of Service

GATHERING MUSIC

Le Onde by Ludovico Einaudi

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

I Remember You by Frank Ifield

WELCOME

OPENING PRAYER

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:

CAROLINE MACKIE - GOD DAUGHTER

Reading Psalm 121 from the Bible presented to Caroline
by Auntie Brenda on her confirmation

ANTHONY - SON

A Tribute

PHILIP - SON

The poem - She Is Gone

HYMN

Morning has broken, like the first morning;
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's re-creation of the new day!

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

THE LORD'S PRAYER

CLOSING WORDS

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
by Dinah Washington

*A light hearted and fitting tribute to our mother,
who passed away with a cigarette in her hand!*