



*To Celebrate the Life of
Natasha Elizabeth Victoria Abraham*

8th November 1997 - 30th April 2018



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

All are welcome for refreshment at
The Beeches Hotel,
69 Wilford Lane,
West Bridgford,
Nottingham
NG2 7RN.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

Wilford Hill Crematorium,
Main Chapel

Wednesday 30th May 2018 at 11.20 am

ORDER OF CEREMONY

OPENING MUSIC

Prelude, Cello Suite No. 1 in G Major, BWV 1007, Bach

WELCOME

Cheryl Smith, Celebrant

PARTING WORDS

We Remember Her

At the rising sun and at its going down;
We remember her.
At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter;
We remember her.
At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring;
We remember her.
At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer;
We remember her.
At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn;
We remember her.
At the beginning of the year and when it ends;
We remember her.
As long as we live, she too will live, for she is now a part of us as
We remember her.

When we are weary and in need of strength;
We remember her.
When we are lost and sick at heart;
We remember her.
When we have decisions that are difficult to make;
We remember her.
When we have joy we crave to share;
We remember her.
When we have achievements that are based on theirs;
We remember her.
For as long as we live, she too will live, for she is now a part of us as
We remember her.

Adapted from a poem by Rabbi Sylvan Kamens and Rabbi Jack Riemer

A BLANKET OF PETALS

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

Clair De Lune, Suite Bergamasque, L.75 ~ 3, Debussy

CLOSING MUSIC

Bright Eyes, Art Garfunkel



COMMITTAL

Last Post

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.

EULOGY

MUSIC

What A Wonderful World, Louis Armstrong

I see trees of green, red roses too.
I see them bloom for me and you.
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue and clouds of white.
The bright, blessed day, the dark, sacred night.
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

The colours of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky,
Are also on the faces of people going by.
I see friends shaking hands, saying, "How do you do?"
They're really saying, "I love you."

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow.
They'll learn much more than I'll never know.
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world.
Yes, I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

TRIBUTES

From Natasha's Family and Friends

A PRAYER

Let there be no whispering, no secrets here:
Our hearts are broken.
Natasha took her own life.
And even though it might appear
that she died by her own hand,
no one does this without great, coercing pain,
inner suffering that seems to have no end,
even though we wish
she knew that no agony is forever.
Source of compassion, help us to cry out loud,
to hold each other gently,
to live with unanswerable questions,
normal feelings of anger and guilt,
and this gaping hole of loss.
Help us to reach out to others who are suffering,
to show them our love, to say the kind word,
and that this is not a choice we condone
or is worth imitation.
It is hard to see the divine image in the lives of those who suffer.
The sun sets and rises.
We put one foot in front of the other.
We hold our hearts in our hands.
We lift them up to You, God of eternal peace,
and to each other.
Help us live each day.
Amen.

Adapted from a prayer by Rabbi Joseph Meszler

HYMN

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon England's mountains green?

And was the Holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?

And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!

Bring me my arrows of desire!

Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!

Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand.

Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green and pleasant land.

MUSIC

You'll Never Walk Alone, Gerry and the Pacemakers

When you walk through a storm,

Hold your head up high

And don't be afraid of the dark.

At the end of a storm

There's a golden sky

And the sweet silver song of a lark.

Walk on through the wind,

Walk on through the rain,

Though your dreams be tossed and blown.

Walk on, walk on,

With hope in your heart

And you'll never walk alone,

You'll never walk alone.

Walk on, walk on,

With hope in your heart

And you'll never walk alone,

You'll never walk alone.

READING

An Extract From 'No Matter What'

“Does love wear out” said Small, “Does it break or bend?
Can you fix it, stick it, does it mend?”
“Oh help,” said Large “I’m not that clever.
I just know I’ll love you forever.”
Small said: “But what about when you’re dead and gone -
Would you love me then, does love go on?”
Large held Small snug as they looked out at the night,
At the moon in the dark and the stars shining bright.
“Small, look at the stars – how they shine and glow.
Yet some of those stars died a long time ago.
Still they shine in the evening skies...
Love, like starlight, never dies.”

Debi Gliori

POEM

The Dash

read by Aunty Penny

I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend,
He referred to the dates on her tombstone,
From the beginning to the end.

He noted that first came her date of birth
And spoke the following date with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years,

For that dash represents all the time
That she spent alive on earth,
And now only those who loved her
Know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not how much we own;
The cars, the house, the cash,
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard,
Are there things you’d like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
That can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough
To consider what’s true and real
And always try to understand
The way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger,
And show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives
Like we’ve never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect
And more often wear a smile,
Remembering that this special dash
Might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy’s being read
With your life’s actions to rehash,
Would you be proud of the things they say
About how you spent your dash?

Linda Ellis