

Fearless Isa - 'Belle'

*On a wintry morning, you took your last breath and left us cold.
The angel guarding your cradle watched death taking its toll.
You had fought on in your usual style as the hours rolled,
Lights on your blue gaze dimmed, leaving behind life and its mould.*

*Courage has lost the battle and death has claimed its gold,
Those bright blue eyes and warm scrutiny now tucked in a fold,
Frozen in time whilst you prepare for your new abode with soul,
Determination and serenity, keepers of your nights, acting in poll.*

*We count our blessings and renew our praises, in parts, and in whole,
For you were a great treasure; loyal, authentic, fair and bold.
We will remember you, Mum, Grandma, Isabelle, Peggy and all
Names that rolled off our tongues, words we happily enrol.*

*And secure in our minds, forever engraved on our souls
As we blow a thousand kisses your way and ask the heavens to pool
The brightest flowers that will cushion and trail your path on its call;
A call to everlasting peace, beauty, grace and love, now acting as patrol*

*Shepherding you, dearest Isabelle - our 'Belle', to a beautiful abode
As we remember, rejoice and mourn you, we smile as the skies bellow
And pray that God keeps you in his embrace and in his bosom... forever!*

Fatima
xxxx

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

Memorial donations for
RSPCA

may be left in the box provided on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn The Family Funeral Service
or left online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

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

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ISABELLE FLINT

6th January 1928 - 14th December 2017



St Luke's Church, Kinoulton

Friday 5th January 2018 at 11.00 am

SENTENCES ON ENTRY

Music: 'Pavane'

Gabriel Fauré

WELCOME AND SHORT 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:

Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)

HYMN

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord: Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826-1893)

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

'Gymnopédie No. 3'

Erik Satie

ADDRESS

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.

COLLECT AND PRAYER

READING

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13
The Gift of Love

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known. And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

READING

'Death Is Nothing At All'

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used.
Put no difference in your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effort.
Without the ghost of a shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval.
Somewhere very near, just around the corner.
All is well.

Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918) - Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral

EULOGIES

from

Edward Flint, Stuart Flint and Lawrence Flint

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!

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)