

*To Celebrate the Life  
of*



**Patrick Cecil Smith MBE**  
**‘Pat’**

28th May 1935 - 25th April 2020

Wilford Hill Crematorium  
Monday 11th May 2020  
at 12.30 pm



# Order of Service

## **Entrance Music**

Cheek To Cheek

Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald

## **Welcome**

## **Sentences of Scripture**



## Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

*Jan Struther (1901-1953)*





## **Reading**

Psalm 23

## **The Family Tribute to Pat**

## **Address**

Reverend Canon Christopher Wheaton



## **Reflection Music**

The Blue Danube  
Strauss  
Mantovani and His Orchestra

## **Prayers**

*and*

### **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.



## Hymn

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)*



**The Committal**

**The Blessing**

**Exit Music**

Barcelona

Freddie Mercury and Montserrat Caballé





A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service®*

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