

A SERVICE TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF  
**WENDY ANDERSON**

1953 - 2017



Gedling Crematorium

Thursday 6th July 2017



# Order of Service

## MUSIC ON ENTRY

Yellow

## WORDS OF WELCOME

Major Paul Johnson

### HYMN

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;

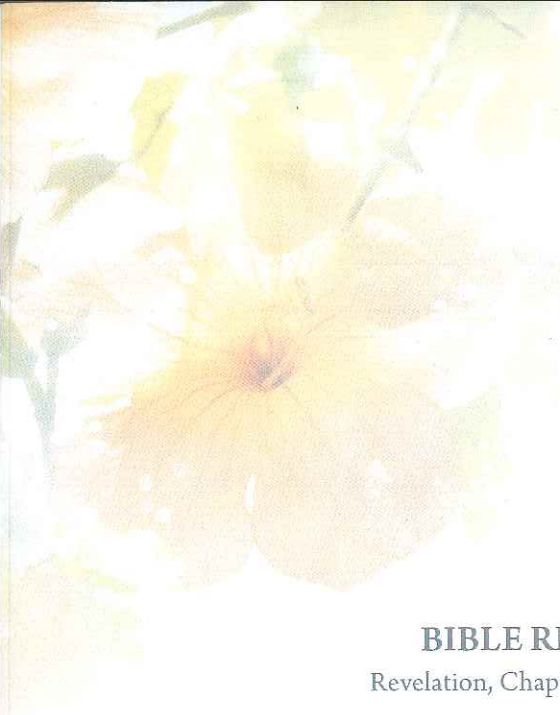
*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

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)*

### PRAYER



## **BIBLE READING**

Revelation, Chapter 21: verses 1-5

## **MESSAGE**

## **VISUAL REFLECTION**

Music: Shall We Gather At The River

## 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)*

## COMMITTAL

## PRAYER AND BLESSING

## MUSIC ON EXIT

Light Up The Sunshine In Your Heart  
Little Bird

Wendy Marie Anderson

22.05.1953

24.06.2017

Mum was a complex character; shy, curious, funny, quirky, and overall a real treasure. She endeavoured to help those around her and loved her time spent with family and friends. Mum was like an onion - she had so many layers. We all have our own memories of times spent with her and we can hold them close knowing that now Mum is at peace.

Nothing since my dad's passing was ever easy or simple for Mum. She went from the shy retiring type, to a woman who tried to reach out to all. She joined the Salvation Army and her faith became a huge comfort to her in some of the troubled times. Even in ill health, Mum continued to give to others, and help with her friends she made at the Salvation Army and at Wesley's coffee shop, where she helped for many years.

Mum loved going out and seeing new places, and just relaxing and watching the world go by. Mum, at best, was what I would call an observer of life. She participated in a huge way in my life, and in making me who I am today, and I can't thank her enough for the amazing times, chats, help and guidance she has given me throughout our time together.

Mum grew up with her mum, dad and three sisters, Judy, Pat and Vicky, and brother, Mick. They came from a humble background where Mum made her mark by swinging Judy around by her pigtails, whacking Pat with a poker, probably chasing Mick, and goodness only knows what else ensued.

Mum was an incredibly independent and fiercely proud woman; a little too quiet sometimes, but when she laughed, my goodness, was it infectious. She came out with some amazing things that were not meant to be funny, but goodness, did we have some laughs.

I have some amazing memories of times when she had us in hysterics when my dad was alive. There were a few particular times I'd like to share - see, my mum and dad enjoyed a drink and could get very daft after a few!

One Saturday, Mum and Dad announced that they were going to Strelley Co-op to do the shopping and my sister was in charge. Me and Julie would sometimes play the hotel whilst waiting on the return of the pair. Dad came back with Mum and a box with a carrier handle, ceremoniously placed the box in the centre of the living room and told us to open it. We did indeed, and there was our new dog Sunny, a golden Labrador Retriever.

There was the time when we went over as a family to Grandma and Grandad Anderson's. Let's just say more tipples were involved, but, this time, it was an Anderson measure of gin that made Mum keep asking people, "Are you still my friend?" Needless to say, Mum never touched gin again.

Mum stopped enjoying a drink a few days after my dad's funeral and became more like the character that those of you would know in her latter years.

Mum, at any point, loved to dance, and even walking down the aisle at my dad's funeral she danced, saying to Julie, "He wouldn't want me being all... you know."

Like the times at Christmas with my sister and Mum's grandkids, Aicha (now a mother herself), Harroun and Hakim. Mum never saw them as grown ups really, insisting that drinks were out of plastic cups and crackers still pulled.

Mum got the chance to meet our new little bundle of joy, Hannah, which meant a huge deal to us all, and gave her someone new to love. Mum will no doubt watch over Hannah and make sure she is always loved by us all.

We grew up on Honeywood Drive, and for many of those years knew all the neighbours to nod and say hello to. It has a real community feel, and our direct neighbours Dave and Ping, and Dorothy and Martin had many chats over the fence with Mum.

I know now, going back to the family home, the place has just lost its personality and the lights seem to be somewhat faded. I have amazing memories of us all in the living room and shall cherish those.

I can't think really how to close, apart from to say, Mum, I will hold you closely in my heart and cherish our special times together through the years. I can safely say no one will ever come close to you and I know you are now at peace.

Goodnight, Flower, enjoy your next journey. I'll see you when it's my turn, and say "Eh up" to Dad and everyone for me. I know they will be looking after you, as you have spent all your life looking after us.

*"All endings are also beginnings. We just don't know it at the time."*

Mitch Albom, *The Five People You Meet In Heaven*

Julie and Simon thank you all for your presence here today.  
Your kind thoughts, letters and cards received at this  
difficult time have been a great comfort.

There will be a retiring collection in Wendy's memory for  
**Dr Stephen Chan's Research at Nottingham University Hospitals.**

Donations may also be made online at  
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