

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ANNIE THEODORA HENNELLY

25th October 1929 - 21st May 2023



Our Lady and St Patrick in the Meadows Church
Thursday 15th June 2023 at 1.15 pm



ORDER OF SERVICE



FUNERAL RITES

OPENING HYMN

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

John Newton (1725–1807)





OPENING PRAYER

LITURGY OF THE WORD

read by Brendan Hennelly Sr.

FIRST READING

A reading from the first letter of St John, Chapter 3: verses 1-2

We shall see him as he really is.

Think of the love that the Father has lavished on us,
by letting us be called God's children;
and that is what we are.

Because the world refused to acknowledge him,
therefore it does not acknowledge us.

My dear people, we are already the children of God
but what we are to be in the future has not yet been revealed;
all we know is, that when it is revealed
we shall be like him
because we shall see him as he really is.

The word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God.

RESPONSORIAL PSALM

Psalm 23

to be sung

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 in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
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.

Scottish Psalter (1650)



A bouquet of pink roses is shown in the upper right corner of the page. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. They are set against a background of green leaves and stems. The bouquet is placed on a light-colored wooden surface, which is visible at the bottom right. The overall lighting is soft and natural, highlighting the delicate petals of the roses.

GOSPEL

read by Father Pitak

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION

Alleluia, Alleluia!

It is my Father's will, says the Lord,
that whoever believes in the Son
shall have eternal life,
and that I shall raise him up on the last day.

Alleluia!

GOSPEL READING

A reading from the holy Gospel according to Matthew, Chapter 5: verses 1-12

Rejoice and be glad, for your reward will be great in heaven.

Seeing the crowds, Jesus went up the hill. There he sat down and was joined by his disciples. Then he began to speak. This is what he taught them:

‘How happy are the poor in spirit;
theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Happy the gentle:
they shall have the earth for their heritage.

Happy those who mourn:
they shall be comforted.

Happy those who hunger and thirst for what is right:
they shall be satisfied.

Happy the merciful:
they shall have mercy shown them.

Happy the pure in heart:
they shall see God.

Happy the peacemakers:
they shall be called sons of God.

Happy those who are persecuted in the cause of right:
theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Happy are you when people abuse you and persecute you
and speak all kinds of calumny against you on my account.
Rejoice and be glad, for your reward will be great in heaven.’

The Gospel of the Lord.

All: Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.





HOMILY

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION

read by seven of Annie's grandchildren

Priest: God the Almighty Father, raised Christ his Son from the dead;
with confidence we ask him to save all his people, living and dead:

Kieron: For our deceased relatives and friends and for all who have helped us,
that they may have the reward of their goodness.

Lord in your mercy.

Response: Hear our prayer.

Aislinn: For the family and friends of Annie Hennelly, that they may be consoled
in their grief by the Lord, who wept at the death of his friend, Lazarus.

Lord in your mercy.

Response: Hear our prayer.

Lee: That the bishops and priests of the Church, and all who preach the Gospel,
may be given the strength to express in action the word they proclaim.

Lord in your mercy.

Response: Hear our prayer.

Sean: That those in public office may promote justice and peace.
Lord in your mercy.

Response: Hear our prayer.

Brendan: That God may establish Annie in light and peace.
Lord in your mercy.

Response: Hear our prayer.

Liam: That God may call her to happiness in the company of all the saints.
Lord in your mercy.

Response: Hear our prayer.

Ailis: That God may welcome into his glory those of our family and friends
who have departed this life.
Lord in your mercy.

Response: Hear our prayer.

Ailis: We pray with Mary, Mother of God and Mother of us all.

**All: Hail, Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee.**

**Blessed art thou amongst women
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.**

**Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death.
Amen.**





OFFERTORY PROCESSION

Michael Hennelly, middle son, and Steve Breslin, son-in-law

OFFERTORY HYMN

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin,
My hand will save.

I who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am Lord, is it I, Lord
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them, they turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
Give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my word to them
Whom shall I send?

Here I Am Lord, is it I, Lord....

I, the Lord of wind and flame
I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them,
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide,
Till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them,
Whom shall I send?

Here I Am Lord, is it I, Lord.

Dan Schutte (SJ from Isaiah 6)

EUCHARISTIC PRAYER

OUR FATHER

HOLY COMMUNION

People who are not Catholic will be invited to receive a blessing if they wish.

COMMUNION HYMN

As I kneel before you,
As I bow my head in prayer,
Take this day, make it yours
and fill me with your love.

Refrain:

*Ave, Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum, benedicta tu.*

All I have I give you,
Every dream and wish are yours,
Mother of Christ,
Mother of mine, present them to my Lord.

Refrain:

*Ave, Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum, benedicta tu.*

As I kneel before you,
And I see your smiling face,
Ev'ry thought, ev'ry word
Is lost in your embrace.

Refrain:

*Ave, Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum, benedicta tu.*

Maria Parkinson



A bouquet of pink roses is shown in the background, resting on a light-colored wooden surface. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The lighting is soft, highlighting the delicate petals and green leaves.

POST COMMUNION PRAYER

POEM

For Mothers

by Helen Steiner Rice

read by Maria Breslin, daughter

A Mother's love is something
that no one can explain,
it is made of deep devotion,
and of sacrifice and pain.
It is endless and unselfish,
and enduring come what may,
for nothing can destroy it
or take that love away.

It is patient and forgiving
when all others are forsaking,
and it never fails or falters
even though the heart is breaking.

It believes beyond believing
when the world around condemns,
and it glows with all the beauty
of the rarest, brightest gems.

It is far beyond defining,
it defies all explanation,
and it still remains a secret,
like the mysteries of creation.

A many splendoured miracle,
and another wondrous evidence
of God's tender guiding hand.

GRANDCHILDREN'S TRIBUTE

read by Vanessa Spencer, eldest grandchild

EULOGY

by Richard Hennelly, eldest son

RECESSIONAL SONG

The Fields Of Athenry

by Paddy Reilly

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young girl calling,
“Michael, they have taken you away
For you stole Trevelyan’s corn
So the young might see the morn,
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.”

Low lie, The Fields Of Athenry,
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing,
We had dreams and songs to sing,
Its so lonely ‘round the Fields of Athenry.

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling,
“Nothing matters, Mary, when you’re free.
Against the famine and the crown
I rebelled, they cut me down,
Now you must raise our child with dignity.”

Low lie, The Fields Of Athenry,
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing,
We had dreams and songs to sing,
Its so lonely ‘round the Fields of Athenry.

By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky,
For she’ll live in hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay,
It’s so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Low lie, The Fields Of Athenry,
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing,
We had dreams and songs to sing,
Its so lonely, ‘round the Fields of Athenry.







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

All are welcome for light refreshment at
The Cottage Hotel,
Easthorpe Street,
Ruddington,
Nottingham NG11 6LA.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

45 Easthorpe Street
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