

A Celebration of the Life of



# FREDA DOREEN ANNABLE

13th February 1921 - 14th June 2018

Thursday 28th June 2018

Christ Church Cotmanhay, Shipley at 11.00 am

Bramcote Crematorium, Reflection Chapel

at 12.00 noon



# ORDER OF SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

Toccata and Fugue

J. S. Bach

INTRODUCTION AND OPENING PRAYER

## HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
    Forgive our foolish ways;  
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,  
    In purer lives Thy service find,  
    In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
    Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word  
    Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
    O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee  
    The silence of eternity,  
    Interpreted by love!

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
    Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
    And let our ordered lives confess  
    The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
    Thy coolness and Thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,  
    O still small voice of calm.

*John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)*



READING

The Ship

read by Sue Wood

I am standing upon that foreshore,  
a ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning  
breeze and starts for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength  
and I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs  
like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and  
sky come down to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says, "There! She's gone!"  
"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight, that is all.

She is just as large in mast and spar and hull  
as ever she was when she left my side;  
just as able to bear her load of living freight  
to the place of her destination.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at that moment when someone  
at my side says, "There, she is gone!" there are other  
eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready  
to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"

And that is dying.

*Bishop Brent (1862-1926)*

## PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:  
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness  
for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil:

for Thou art with me;

Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies:


Thou anointest my head with oil;  
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life:

and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Glory to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit,  
as it was in the beginning is now and Shall be for ever.

Amen.



BIBLE READING  
John, Chapter 6: verses 35-40

ADDRESS

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

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The shadows fall 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

CLOSING PRAYER

RECESSIONAL MUSIC



SERVICE AT BRAMCOTE CREMATORIUM

PROCESSION MUSIC

Love Theme from *Romeo And Juliet*

Tchaikovsky





READING  
She Is Gone  
read by Wendy Morton

You can shed tears that she is gone,  
Or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back,  
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her,  
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,  
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she is gone,  
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,  
Be empty and turn your back.

Or you can do what she'd want,  
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

*David Harkins (b. 1958)*

TIME FOR PRIVATE REFLECTION

COMMITTAL

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

The Blue Danube Waltz

by Johann Strauss II





Rick and Margaret would like to thank everyone for all the kind messages of sympathy, friendship and support given to them at this time, and for your presence today, which is of great comfort.

You are warmly welcome for refreshments at  
21 Seaford Avenue, Wollaton.

Donations in memory of Freda for  
**Cancer Research UK**  
and the  
**British Heart Foundation**  
may be placed in the  
donation box  
provided or sent to

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

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