



Joyce would like to thank everyone for attending today and for all the cards, kindness and words of support at this sad time.

You are all warmly welcome to join her for light refreshments after the service at The Well Room, Coopers Arms, Western Hall, The Green, Weston-on-Trent DE72 2BJ.

Donations in David's Memory are for **Guide Dogs.**

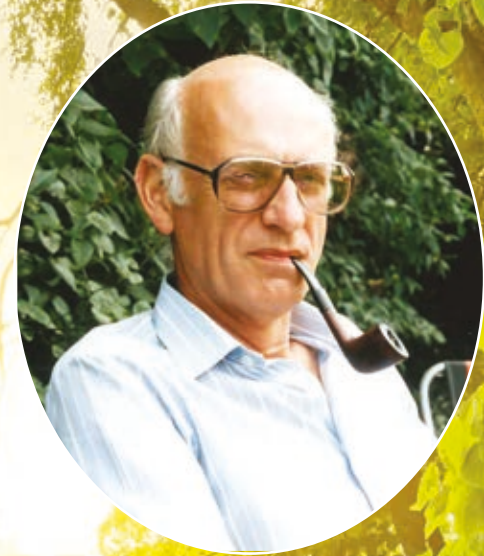
A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Barton House
31 Chapel Side
Chapel Street
Spondon
Derby
DE21 7JQ

www.lymn.co.uk

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TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF
DAVID JOHN RAWSON SEARLES

9th April 1937 - 4th April 2019



Trent Valley Crematorium
Tuesday 23rd April 2019 at 2.30 pm



POEM

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep
read by Patrick Stacey

Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

Mary Elizabeth Frye (1905-2004)

EXIT MUSIC

Con Te Partirò
by Andrea Bocelli



ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Piano Concerto No. 21 (2nd Movement Andante)

by Mozart

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION



MOMENT OF REFLECTION

Music: Songbird

by Eva Cassidy

CLOSING WORDS

COMMITTAL

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.

POEM

Celebrate

read by John Prosser

Weep not for me though I am gone
Into that gentle night
Grieve if you will, but not for long
Upon my soul's sweet flight
I am at peace, my soul's at rest
There is no need for tears.
For with your love I was so blessed
For all those many years.
There is no pain, I suffer not,
The fear now all is gone.
Put now these things out of your thoughts
In your memory I live on.
Remember not my fight for breath
Remember not the strife
Please do not dwell upon my death,
But celebrate my life.

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)

REMEMBERING DAVID

read by Leni Robson

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)