

In Loving Memory of



CHRISTINE MARY HUMPHREY

14th October 1933 - 10th January 2022

Markeaton Crematorium, Round Chapel
Monday 31st January 2022
at 2.00 pm



Order of Service

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Time To Say Goodbye

Andrea Bocelli

THE SENTENCES AND WELCOME

The Reverend Peter Barham

OPENING PRAYER AND THE LORD'S PRAYER

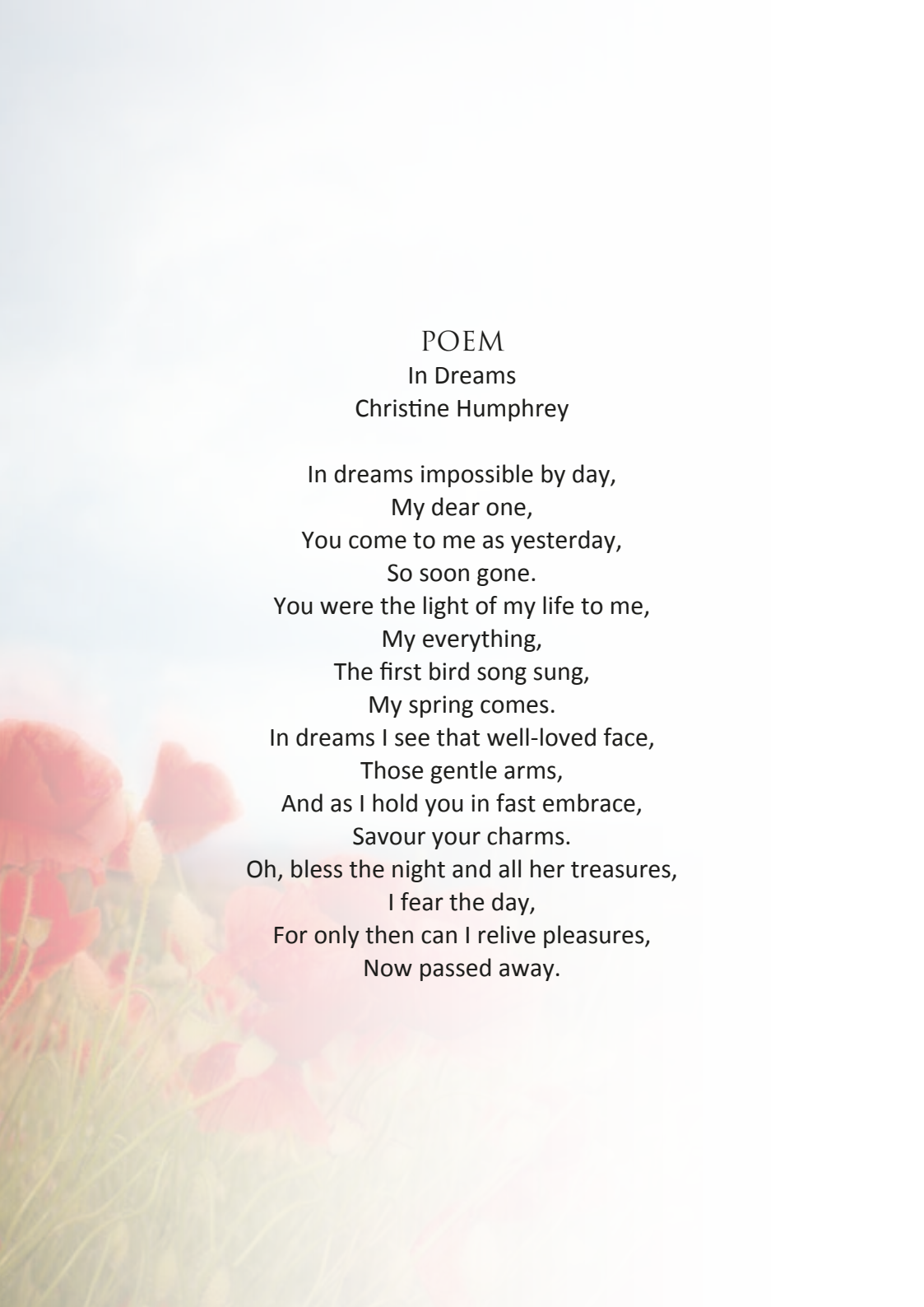
BIBLE READING
Matthew, Chapter 6: verse 25-end

‘Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink, or about your body, what you will wear.

Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing? Look at the birds of the air; they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they? And can any of you by worrying add a single hour to your span of life? And why do you worry about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin, yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of these. But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which is alive today and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will he not much more clothe you - you of little faith?

Therefore do not worry, saying, “What will we eat?” or “What will we drink?” or “What will we wear?” For it is the Gentiles who strive for all these things; and indeed your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things. But strive first for the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well.

‘So do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will bring worries of its own. Today’s trouble is enough for today.’



POEM
In Dreams
Christine Humphrey

In dreams impossible by day,
My dear one,
You come to me as yesterday,
So soon gone.
You were the light of my life to me,
My everything,
The first bird song sung,
My spring comes.
In dreams I see that well-loved face,
Those gentle arms,
And as I hold you in fast embrace,
Savour your charms.
Oh, bless the night and all her treasures,
I fear the day,
For only then can I relive pleasures,
Now passed away.



ADDRESS

MUSIC
All Of Me
Frank Sinatra

POEM

Death Is Nothing At All

Henry Scott Holland

Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other
That we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way you always used,
Put no difference into your tone,
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed
At the little jokes we always enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me,
Let my name be ever the household word that is always was.
Let it be spoken without effort.
Without the ghost of a shadow in it.
Life means all that it ever meant,
It is the same as it ever was,
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
What is death but a negligible accident?
Why should I be out of mind
Because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval,
Somewhere very near,
Just around the corner
All is well.
Nothing is past; nothing is lost,
One brief moment and all will be as it was before,
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

PRAYERS

THE COMMENDATION,
COMMITTAL AND BLESSING

MUSIC

I've Got You Under My Skin
Frank Sinatra





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 Jonty Farmer, Kedleston Road, Derby.

Donations in memory of Christine for
British Red Cross
may be left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service®

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