



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

Memorial donations for
Nottingham Hospitals Charity

<https://live.everydayhero.com/page/7cHmTAADQACAAAAACB6WQ.html>,

Everyday Hero UK: Forever Tribute Fund

may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of

A.W. Lymn

The Family Funeral Service
or left online at

www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

All are welcome for refreshment at
The Corn Mill,
Swiney Way,
Beeston
NG9 6GX.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Parker House
25 Church Street
Stapleford
Nottingham
NG9 8GA

www.lymn.co.uk

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In Loving Memory of



JOHN PHILIP WOODWARD

6th June 1944 - 31st March 2018

Bramcote Crematorium, Serenity Chapel

Thursday 3rd May 2018

at 2.45 pm



JOHN'S STORY

COMMITTAL

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION
Nothing Compares To You by Sinéad O'Connor

CLOSING WORDS

CLOSING MUSIC
Don't Worry, Be Happy by Bobby McFerrin

ENTRANCE MUSIC
Spirit In The Sky by Doctor and the Medics

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

POEM

read by Claire Walsh

Feel no guilt in laughter, he'd know how much you care.
Feel no sorrow in a smile that he is not here to share.
You cannot grieve forever; he would not want you to,
He'd hope that you could carry on the way you always do.
So, talk about the good times and the way you showed you cared,
The days you spent together, all the happiness you shared.

Let memories surround you. A word someone may say
Will suddenly recapture a time, an hour, a day,
That brings him back as clearly as though he were still here,
And fills you with the feeling that he is always near.
For if you keep those moments, you will never be apart
And he will live forever, locked safely within your heart.

JOHN'S PEOPLE

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!

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

John Newton (1725-1807)