



Donations in memory of Olive for
Nottingham University Hospitals Renal Unit
may be placed in the donation box provided
or sent care of A W Lymn.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
OLIVE BROOKS

5th December 1919 - 19th October 2018



Wilford Hill Crematorium
Monday 5th November 2018
at 11.00 am



COMMITTAL

CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC

The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended

ORDER OF SERVICE



ENTRANCE MUSIC

Stardust
Glenn Miller

WELCOME

POEM
Remember Me

Speak of me as you have always done.
Remember the good times, laughter, and fun.
Share the happy memories we've made.
Do not let them wither or fade.

I'll be with you in the summer's sun
And when the winter's chill has come.
I'll be the voice that whispers in the breeze.
I'm peaceful now, put your mind at ease.

I've rested my eyes and gone to sleep,
But memories we've shared are yours to keep.
Sometimes our final days may be a test,
But remember me when I was at my best.

Although things may not be the same,
Don't be afraid to use my name.
Let your sorrow last for just a while.
Comfort each other and try to smile.

I've lived a life filled with joy and fun.
Live on now, make me proud of what you'll become.

EULOGY

HYMN

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

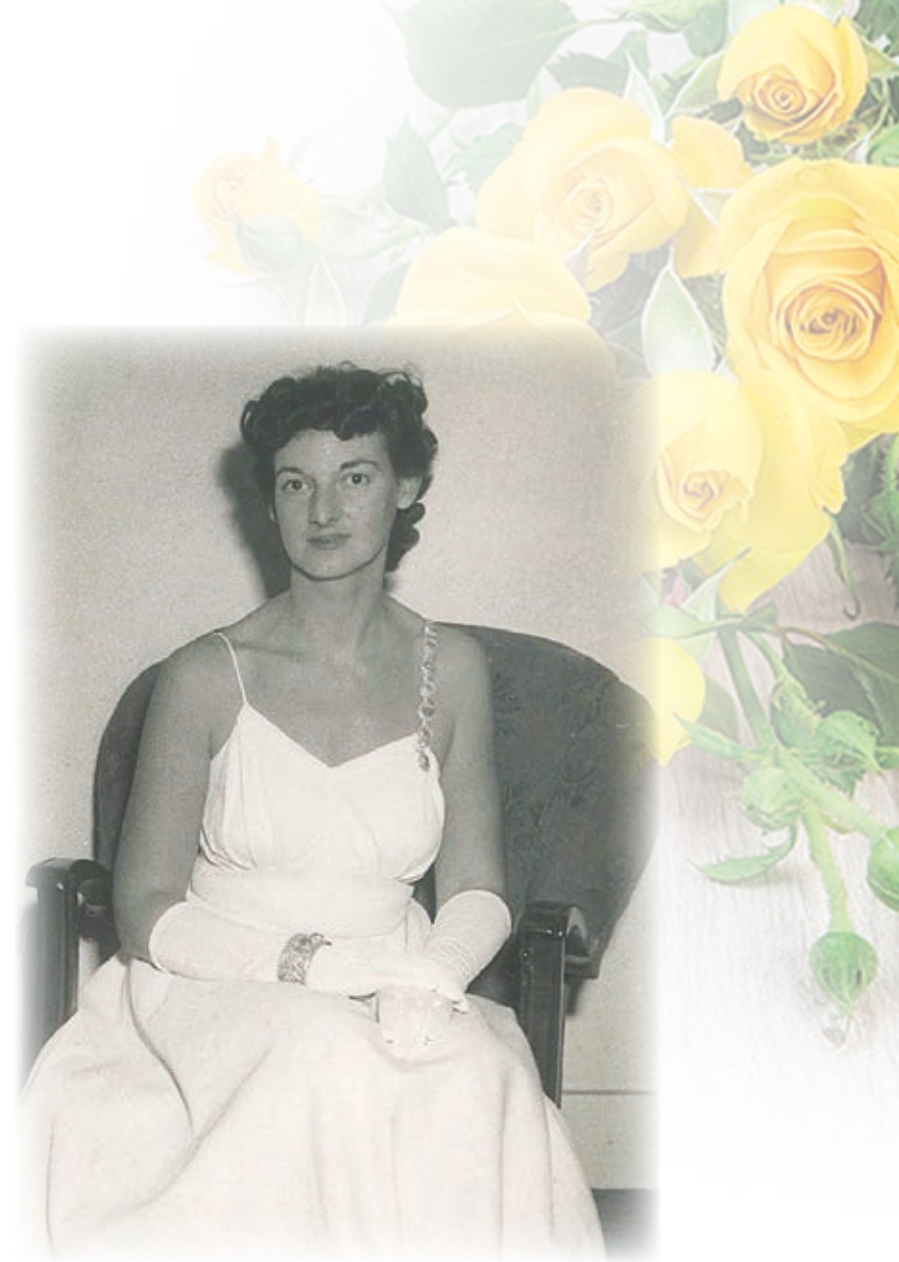
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)



HYMN

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain;
Leave to your God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: your best, your heavenly friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: your God will undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Your hope, your confidence let nothing shake,
All now mysterious shall be clear at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice, who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then you shall better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe your sorrow, calm your fears.
Be still, my soul: for Jesus can repay
From His own fullness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgotten, love's pure joy restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Katharina von Schlegel (b.1697)

