

A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF  
**HILARY NOWICKI**

17th June 1958 - 8th June 2022



All Saints Church,  
Braunston-in-Rutland  
Tuesday 19th July 2022  
2.00 pm



# ORDER OF SERVICE

## ENTRY MUSIC

Mr Blue Sky

ELO

## WELCOME

We meet in the name of Jesus Christ, who died and was raised to the glory of God the Father. Grace, mercy and peace be with you all.

We have gathered here today to remember before God our sister Hilary; to give thanks for her life; to commend her to God our merciful redeemer and judge; to commit her body to be cremated, and to comfort one another in our grief.

## PRAYER

Almighty God, you judge us with infinite mercy and justice and love everything you have made. In your mercy turn the darkness of death into the dawn of new life, and the sorrow of parting into the joy of heaven; through our Saviour Jesus Christ.

**Amen.**

## 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)*

## TRIBUTE

*on behalf of Adam and Josef*

## READING

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13: verses 4 - 8

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when perfection comes, the imperfect disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I was fully grown, I put childish ways behind me. Now we see but a poor reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part, then I shall know fully as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love.

But the greatest of these is love.

## HYMN

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?

And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?

And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!

Bring me my arrows of desire!

Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!

Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,

Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

*William Blake (1757-1827)*

MUSIC

Walk With You

Ian Dee

TRIBUTE

*Emma Swain*

## PRAYERS

### 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 darkness falls 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

BLESSING

VIDEO REFLECTION OF HILARY DANCING

MUSIC TO LEAVE  
The Whole Of The Moon  
The Killers



Thank you to everyone for their kindness, prayers and messages of sympathy at the tragic loss of Hilary.  
Your presence here is much appreciated.

Everyone is invited to join Ian and Hilary's family after the service to refresh, reminisce and raise a glass at The Blue Ball, Braunston, Leicester LE15 8QS.

Donations in memory of Hilary, for  
**Alzheimer's Research UK**  
and  
**BBC Children in Need,**  
may be sealed in the donation envelope  
and placed in the box on leaving the service,  
or left online at  
**[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)**  
or by scanning the QR code below.



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