

*In Loving Memory of*



# *Jean Millicent Brooks*

*31st December 1928 - 30th January 2019*



*Wilford Hill Crematorium*

*Friday 22nd February 2019*

*at 2.20 pm*

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

Memorial donations for the  
**Alzheimer's Society**  
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](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)

All are welcome for refreshment at  
The Beeches Hotel,  
Wilford Lane  
NG2 7RN.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Rutland House  
128 Melton Road  
West Bridgford  
NG2 6EP

[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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# *Order of Service*

*The Committal*

*The Blessing*

*Exit Music*

You're The First, The Last, My Everything by Barry White



## *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)*

*Entry Music*  
Ave Maria by Il Divo

*Welcome*

*Sentences of Scripture*

## *Hymn*

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,  
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,  
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,  
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unchanging, and silent as light,  
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;  
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above  
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life Thou givest, to both great and small;  
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;  
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,  
And wither and perish; but naught changeth Thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,  
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;  
All laud we would render: O help us to see  
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee.

*Walter Chalmers Smith (1824-1908)*

## *Reading*

from Saint Paul's Letter to the Corinthians

## *The Family Tribute to Jean*

## *Address*

Reverend Canon Christopher Wheaton

## *Prayers and 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.