



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 Coopers Arms,
Weston Hall,
Weston- On- Trent DE72 2BJ.

A.W. LYMN

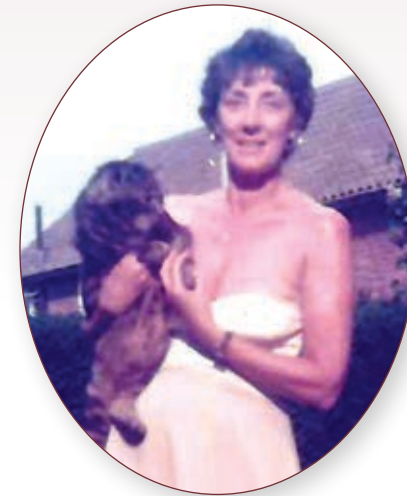
*The Family Funeral Service**

West Park House
33 Lime Grove
Long Eaton
Nottingham
NG10 4LD
www.lymn.co.uk

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To Celebrate the Life
of
Lorna Helen Lowe

12th June 1929 - 30th June 2024



*'May the Lord bless you and keep you,
the Lord make his face shine on you and be gracious to you,
the Lord turn his face toward you and give you peace.'*

Numbers, Chapter 6: verses 24-26



Friday 26th July 2024
at 10.30 am

Trent Valley Crematorium



Order of Service

OPENING MUSIC
Chorus Of The Hebrews

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION



BLESSING

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
the love of God,
and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit
be with us all,
now and for evermore.
Amen

CLOSING MUSIC

Ravel's Balero

POEM

The Lord God Planted A Garden

The Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the world,
And He set there an angel warden
In a garment of light unfurled.
So near to the peace of Heaven,
That the hawk might nest with the wren,
For there in the cool of the even
God walked with the first of men.
And I dream that these garden closes
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod
And their lilies and bowers of roses,
Were laid by the hand of God.
The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.
For He broke it to us in a garden
Under the olive-trees
When the angel of strength was the warden
And the soul of the world found ease

(Dorothy Frances Gurney)



POEM

The Little Things

We gather to remember the little things that made
a special place in our heart.
To remember those happy times when we laughed
and those times when our hearts broke as one.
For who could put a price on memory?
We gather to share the pain,
To share memories and stories; to forgive and not to blame.
To laugh and to cry and not try to hide our tears.
For who can ever take away the pain?
We gather to share the precious gift of grief.
To stand beside you with love and support,
and not be uncomfortable with your tears.
To allow you the gift of mourning our loss and not lose patience.
We gather with gratitude for experiences we have enjoyed.
Grief is God's way of healing a broken heart.
Draw near to Him in faith and receive comfort, peace
and the wonderful hope of eternity in your heart.

READING

A Time For Everything
Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3: verses 1-4 and 9-13

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under the heavens:
a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,
a time to grieve and a time to heal,
a time to tear down and a time to build,
a time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance...

What do workers gain from their toil? I have seen the burden
God has laid on the human race. He has made everything beautiful
in its time. He has also set eternity in the human heart; yet no one
can fathom what God has done from beginning to end. I know
that there is nothing better for people than to be happy and to do
good while they live. That each of them may eat and drink, and
find satisfaction in all their toil—this is the gift of God.

PRAYERS FOR COMFORT



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.

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He makes me lie down in green pastures,
 He leads me beside still waters.
 He restores my soul.
He leads me in paths of righteousness
 for his name's sake.
Even though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,
 for you are with me;
your rod and your staff, they comfort me.
 You prepare a table before me
 in the presence of my enemies.
 You anoint my head with oil;
 my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and mercy will follow me
all the days of my life, and I will dwell
in the house of the Lord forever.

HYMN

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
 He made their tiny wings:

The purple-headed mountain,
 The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
 That brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,
 The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
 He made them every one:

He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well:

Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)



POEM

All Is Well

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 still are. 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 the household word that it 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,
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,
Only better, infinitely happier,
And together we will all be one with Christ!

(Henry Scott Holland)



FAMILY TRIBUTE

A CATS' PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray this cushy life to keep.
I pray for toys that look like mice,
And sofa cushions, soft and nice.
I pray for gourmet kitty snacks,
And someone nice to scratch my back:
For windowsills, all warm and bright,
For shadows to explore at night.
I pray I'll always stay real cool,
And keep the secret feline rule,
To never tell a human that...
The world is really ruled by cats!

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

A song that Lorna always sang
If These Lips Could Only Speak
by Ann Breen