



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

Memorial donations for
Macmillan Cancer Support
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.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

St. Albans House
32 High Street
Arnold
NG5 7DZ
www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



BETTY DUFFIELD

30th December 1925 - 19th March 2017

Church of the Good Shepherd, Woodthorpe
Monday 10th April 2017
at 11.00 am



ORDER OF SERVICE



COMMENDATION HYMN

(During the Blessing and Incensation)

Hail, Queen of heav'n, the ocean star,
guide of the wand'rer here below;
thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care;
save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, star of the sea,
pray for the wand'rer, pray for me.

O gentle, chaste and spotless maid,
we sinners make our prayers through thee;
remind thy Son that he has paid
the price of our iniquity;
Virgin most pure, star of the sea,
pray for the sinner, pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,
to thee, blest advocate, we cry;
pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
and soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, star of the sea,
pray for the mourner, pray for me.

And while to him who reigns above,
in Godhead One, in persons Three,
the source of life, of grace, of love,
homage we pay on bended knee,
do thou, bright Queen, star of the sea,
pray for thy children, pray for me.

PROCESSION MUSIC

led by the organist



LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST AND CONSECRATION

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.

DISTRIBUTION OF HOLY COMMUNION

GATHERING HYMN AND GREETING

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand has made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:
how great thou art, how great thou art.
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee;
how great thou art, how great thou art.*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die, I scarce can take it in
that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart;
when I shall bow in humble adoration,
and there proclaim: my God, how great thou art.

PENITENTIAL RITE AND OPENING PRAYER

LITURGY OF THE WORD OF GOD

FIRST READING

from the Letter of St. Paul to the Romans, Chapter 6: verses 3-9

RESPONSORIAL PSALM

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
in pastures green.
He leadeth me the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale
yet will I fear no ill.
For thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes,
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me.
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.



GOSPEL GREETING VERSE

A READING FROM THE GOSPEL

HOMILY

THE BIDDING PRAYERS

OFFERTORY PROCESSIONAL HYMN

Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast;
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest;
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,
wash me with water flowing from thy side.

Strength and protection may thy passion be;
O blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;
deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;
so shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign;
in death's dread moments make me only thine;
call me, and bid me come to thee on high,
when I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.

