



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

Memorial donations for the  
**Cystic Fibrosis Trust**  
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 refreshments at  
Nuthall Methodist Church Hall.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Rutland House  
128 Melton Road  
West Bridgford  
NG2 6EP

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To Celebrate the Life of



*Sheila Mary Metcalfe*

19th March 1946 - 2nd January 2017

Tuesday 24th January 2017  
at 3.15 pm

Nuthall Methodist Church

# Order of Service

## Gathering

### Hymn

Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father,  
there is no shadow of turning with thee;  
thou changest not, thy compassions, they fail not;  
as thou hast been thou for ever wilt be:

*Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy faithfulness!  
Morning by morning new mercies I see;  
all I have needed thy hand hath provided.  
Great is thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.*

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,  
sun, moon and stars in their courses above,  
join with all nature in manifold witness  
to thy great faithfulness, mercy and love:

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,  
thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;  
strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,  
blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

## Opening Prayers

### Poem

Footprints In The Sand

### Reading

Romans, Chapter 8: verses 28, 31b-35 and 37-39

## A Tribute to Sheila

### Prayers

## The Lord's Prayer

### 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!

## Dismissal