



Arthur's family would like to thank you for your presence here with them today, and for your kind thoughts and messages at this sad time.

You are warmly invited to join them at
Mendis, 21 Old Market Place, Wisbech PE13 1NB,
for light refreshments and to share memories.

Donations in Arthur's memory for
Dementia UK
may be made at the service, given via
<https://www.funeralzone.co.uk/obituaries/42248>,

or sent to
The Co-operative Funeralcare
Old Royal Standard, Weasenham Lane, Wisbech PE13 2RY
Telephone: 01945 475495

'To whom the arrangements have been entrusted'

In Loving Memory
of

Arthur Charles Richard Hunt

1st June 1923 - 11th February 2018



Mintlyn Crematorium, King's Lynn

Friday 16th March 2018 at 11.30 am

THE LORDS 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

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

You'll Never Know
Vera Lynn

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen
Elvis Presley

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

by Mark Tyack

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!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

TRIBUTE TO ARTHUR'S LIFE

HYMN

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.*

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.
So I'll cherish...

In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see,
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.
So I'll cherish...

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true;
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.
So I'll cherish...

George Bennard (1873-1958)