

In Loving Memory of

Brian Jeffs

10th May 1943 - 15th April 2024



The family want to thank everyone for their kind words and amazing support over the past few difficult weeks, and for being here today.

Everyone is welcome to join the family following this “celebration” service in the Community Hall for “Coffee and Cake” (a very Brian thing) and the chance for Brent to catch up with some of his parents friends.

Donations in memory of Brian, for
The Salvation Army, Anti Human Trafficking
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below, or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

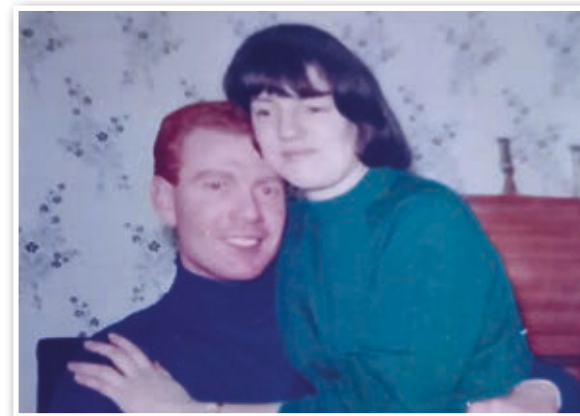
St. Albans House
32 High Street
Arnold
NG5 7DZ
www.lymn.co.uk

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Gedling Crematorium
Friday 17th May 2024 at 4.00 pm
Conducted by Commissioners John and Betty Matear



Brian was brought to the Salvation Army by his parents when he was five years old, after hearing a band playing in the street; later becoming a Junior Soldier, Singing Company member and YP Band member as Band Sergeant. When old enough he became a Senior Soldier; he served as a Songster - having a beautiful tenor voice - and Assistant CSM. He was there until we married in 1971 when he joined me at New Basford where he served firstly as ASM then CSM...also a Songster.



We returned to WBMH in approximately 1985 and he has been happy to be 'Home'. He loved his Corps! He was a great lover of music, especially Brass Bands, Tchaikovsky and the International Staff Songsters. He loved his football - "Come on you REDS!" - and his cricket, often referring to Trent Bridge as his second home. He loved cruising, loved being on the water, so a Transatlantic was his thing!

He loved his friends, his MATES - he considered himself very fortunate to have so many who cared, especially when he struggled physically. Friends who cared enough to take him out for coffee or lunch. Especially his MATE, CHAS, who contacted him regularly, joked with him, who came to the house to do those 'little jobs' that he was no longer able to do.

But most of all he loved his family. BRENT: our beloved son, Brian was so proud of him; KATE: our beautiful, loving daughter-in-law; and especially our three beautiful granddaughters, ELEANOR, JOLIE and GABRIELLA; and of course ME.

BRIAN JEFFS – MAN OF GOD –
WE LOVE YOU, WE MISS YOU.



JEAN'S MESSAGE TO BRIAN

I had this little 'message' ready to put in Brian's birthday card (last week) or in our wedding anniversary card (next week):

The day I met you I found the one whom my soul loves, you complete me and make me a better person.

I was a little late to be your first, but I wanted all your lasts to be with me. There is no pretending: I love you and I will love you 'til I die, and in the life after that, I will love you then.

I LOVE YOU FOREVER AND ALWAYS.

In fact: "I LOVE YOU MOSTEST."

At the Committal

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring
J. S. Bach

WORDS OF WELCOME



MUSIC

He Who Would Valiant Be (To Be a Pilgrim)

He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master!
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight;
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit;
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away,
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

John Bunyan (1628-1688)

BENEDICTION

EXIT MUSIC
Montreal Citadel



HYMN

Sing The Wondrous Love Of Jesus

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing his mercy and his grace;
In the mansions bright and blessed
He'll prepare for us a place.

Chorus:

*When we all get to Heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!*

While we walk this pilgrim pathway,
Clouds may overspread the sky;
But when travelling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every day;
Just one glimpse of him in Glory
Will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us,
Soon his beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open,
We shall tread the streets of gold.

Eliza Edmunds Hewitt (1851-1920)

PRAYER

BIBLE READING

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

THE COMMITTAL



BENEDICTION

THE EXIT MUSIC
Going Home
from The New World Symphony
by Dvořák

MUSIC
The songsters will sing 'He Will See You Through'

BIBLE READING
Psalm 16:5-11

REFLECTION
Commissioner – Betty Matear



PRAYER

COLONEL NEIL WEBB

BAND

Hymn Tune 'Troyte'

READING

Contentment
Captain Elaine Huddleston

FAMILY TRIBUTE

Brent

*At the Celebration of
Life*

PRE-MEETING MUSIC

played by the band

INTRODUCTION AND WELCOME



HYMN

O boundless salvation! deep ocean of love,
O fullness of mercy, Christ brought from above,
The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men, come, roll over me!

My sins they are many, their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;
But useless is weeping; thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me, come, roll over me!

My tempers are fitful, my passions are strong,
They bind my poor soul and they force me to wrong;
Beneath thy blest billows deliverance I see,
O come, mighty ocean, and roll over me!

Now tossed with temptation, then haunted with fears,
My life has been joyless and useless for years;
I feel something better most surely would be
If once thy pure waters would roll over me.

O ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
On the brink of thy wonderful, life-giving flood!
Once more I have reachèd this soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of the mighty to save,
My faith's growing bolder, delivered I'll be
I plunge 'neath the waters, they roll over me.

And now, hallelujah! The rest of my days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting his praise,
Who opened his bosom to pour out this sea
Of boundless salvation for you and for me.

William Booth (1829-1912)

