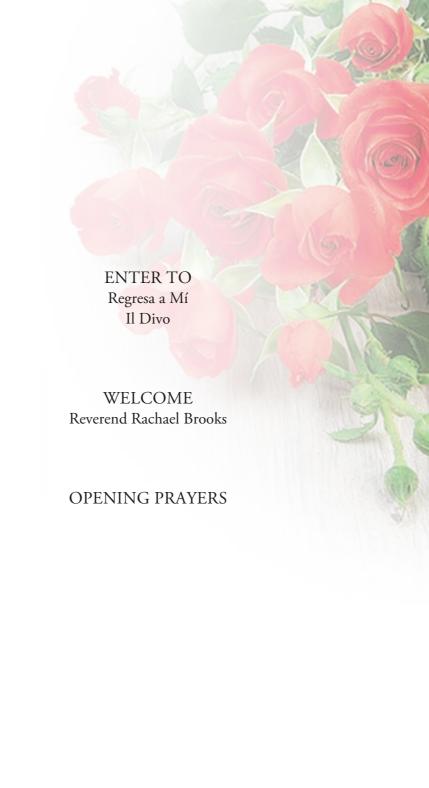
# IN LOVING MEMORY OF JANICE MARY MUSSON

27th February 1942 - 23rd May 2023





ORDER OF SERVICE



#### **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 by Richard Musson

# POEM read by Richard Musson

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little – but not too long, And not with your head bowed low. Remember the love that once we shared, Miss me- but let me go.

For this is the journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.

It's all part of the masters plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you're lonely and sick of heart,
Go to the friends we know,
And bury your sorrows in doing your deeds,
Miss me- but let me go.

#### **POEM**

Death Is Nothing At All by Henry Scott-Holland read by Lisa Musson

Death is nothing at all. It does not count.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.

I am I, and you are you,

And the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.

Speak of me in the easy way which 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 that we enjoyed together.

Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.

Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was.

There is absolute and unbroken continuity.

What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval,

Somewhere very near, just round the corner.

All is well. Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.

One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

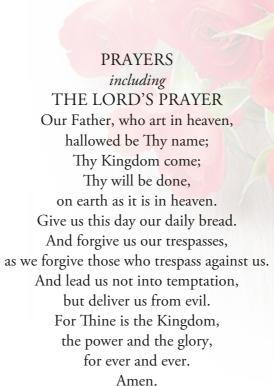
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

#### **BIBLE READING**

Romans, Chapter 8: verses 38-39 read by Reverend Rachael Brooks

TALK Reverend Rachael Brooks

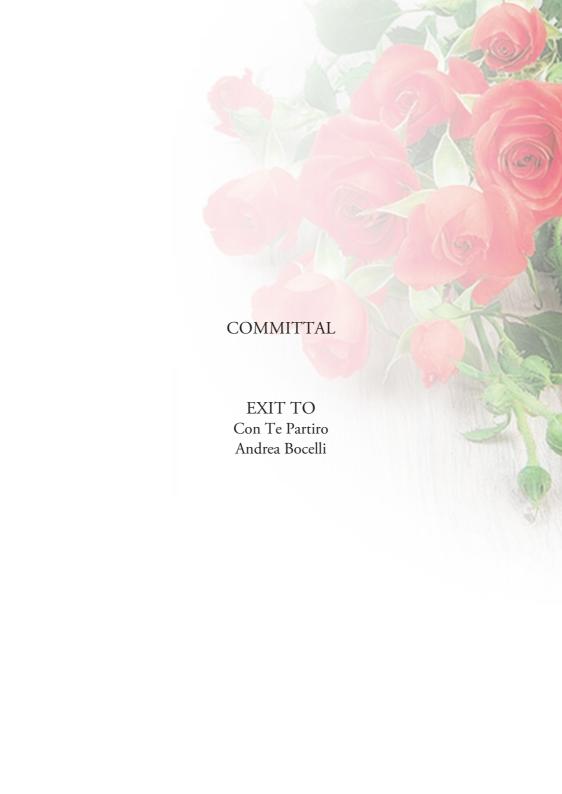




### SONG Hallelujah Il Divo

## COMMENDATION







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

Donations in memory of Janice for **Save The Children** 

may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box on leaving the service, left online at

www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

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