



Phyllis's family wish to thank all friends, family, district nurses and Olive Care for all their love and support over the years. xxxx

After the service, you are welcome to join the family for refreshments at the Red Lion, Easthorpe Street, Ruddington, Nottingham NG11 6LB.

Donations in memory of Phyllis for **Dementia UK** may be placed in the donation box provided or sent care of A W Lymn at the address below.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Albert Oliver and Sons
45 Easthorpe Street
Ruddington
NG11 6LB

www.lymn.co.uk

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*To Celebrate
the Life of*

Phyllis Ethel Patrick

20th January 1926 - 11th March 2018



Thursday 22nd March 2018

at 12.45 pm

St Peter's Church, Ruddington





Commendation

Music

O Dear, What Can The Matter Be - Lita Roza



Order of Service

Music

Goodnight Sweetheart - Al Bowlly

Welcome

Opening Prayer





Hymn

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 through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
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.

Scottish Psalter (1650)

Hymn

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)





Music

Wind Beneath My Wings - Bette Midler

Address

Prayers

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.
For Thine is the Kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.



Reading

John, Chapter 6: verses 35-40

Tribute





Phyllis and George, 4th October 1947

The things I remember clearly about our wedding, in Phyllis' own words:

'It was a lovely hot day. The sun shone, it was harvest festival and the church was full of flowers. It was a lovely service and a lovely wedding.

For our honeymoon, we didn't have one. Money was very short. We both had a week off work and spent most of it by the river.'

Poem

Our Grandma
Charlotte and Olivia

One quiet day the angels came
and took our grandma far away,
but in the stillness of the night
we can almost hear her say;

“Roll the barrels, George, and I'm in charge”,
and let's not all mistake,
we all knew about that drop of sherry in your tea,
whilst tucking into coffee and walnut cake.

She always loved a chat,
no matter how long it lasts,
even if it was with the police
to say her bulb had blast.

Lest we forget that when the rain came
she would never moan or frown,
as she stood there at the window saying,
“Moses, bring it down.”

So it came to the day we gather here
together to lay our grandma to rest,
as we give a royal wave and say,
“Goodnight, God bless.”

