



A Celebration of the Life of
**Edward Howson
Norton**
‘Eddie’

22nd January 1929 ~ 7th November 2016

Funeral Service
Friday 18th November 2016
Exeter & Devon Crematorium
2.45pm
St Peter's Chapel

Service taken by Ian Huxham

Entrance Music

'Wade in the Water'

by Herb Alpert

Welcome and Introduction

Hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Tribute to Eddie

Poem

He is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone
Or you can smile because he has lived
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left
Your heart can be empty because you can't see him
Or you can be full of the love that you shared
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday
You can remember him and only that he is gone
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what he would want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins

Committal

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.*

Oh, 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 the old rugged cross...

In the 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 the old rugged cross...

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 for ever I'll share.
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...

Closing Words

Recessional Music

'Ride of the Valkyries'
by Wagner



*Ellen, Elizabeth, David and Keith wish to thank you
for attending the service today, for your prayers,
messages of sympathy and kind donations.*

*Donations in memory of Eddie are for
Macmillan Nurses
by retiring collection or c/o
M. Sillifant & Sons
Funeral Directors
19-20 Holloway Street,
Exeter. EX2 4JD
or online at www.sillifantandsons.co.uk*

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CANCER SUPPORT**

*You are welcome to join the family after
the service for light refreshments at
The Buckerell Lodge Hotel.
Topsham Road, Exeter. EX2 4SQ*