



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

Memorial donations for the
MS Society, Cancer Research UK and Hayward House
may be left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or sent care of

A.W. LYMN
*The Family Funeral Service**

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*To Celebrate
the Life of*

Valerie Muriel Jayne

27th June 1944 - 29th July 2020

Bramcote Crematorium, Serenity Chapel

Tuesday 11th August 2020

at 1.15 pm

Celebrant - Mr Richard Marshall





Committal and Farewell

Closing Words

Exit Music
I'll See You Again
Westlife





Poem
She Is Gone

You can shed tears that she is gone,
Or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her,
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 her and only that she is gone,
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,
Be empty and turn your back.
Or you can do what she'd want:
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins (b. 1958)

Order of Service

Entrance Music

Chi Mai
Ennio Morricone

Welcome and Introduction





Poem

Death Is Nothing At All

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 my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way 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 we always 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 unbroken continuity.
What is 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 around the corner.

All is well.

Henry Scott Holland

Tribute

Reflection Music

Unforgettable
Nat King Cole

