



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

Memorial donations for the  
**British Red Cross**  
may be left in the box provided  
on leaving the service, sent care of  
A.W. Lymn  
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**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

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*In Loving Memory*



*Thomas George Insley*

11th September 1919 - 27th January 2019

Wilford Hill Crematorium

Thursday 21st February 2019

at 11.00 am

## ORDER OF SERVICE

### **ENTRANCE MUSIC**

Prelude to The Victorian Kitchen Garden

### **WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS**

## COMMITTAL AND FAREWELL

### **EXIT MUSIC**

RAF March Past  
by the Central Band of the RAF

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### POEM

He Is Gone

read by Tom Hodgett

### 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)*

**POEM**

Celebrate  
read by Sylvia

**TRIBUTE**

**HYMN**

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church, unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord: Thy throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

*John Ellerton (1826-1893)*