



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

Memorial donations for
Nottingham University Hospitals Charity
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries.

All are welcome for refreshment at
The Ferry Inn
Main Road,
Wilford
NG11 7AA.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MARY ELIZABETH JEAL

2nd March 1945 - 21st November 2017



Wilford Hill Crematorium
Monday 4th December 2017
at 12.20 pm



ORDER OF SERVICE

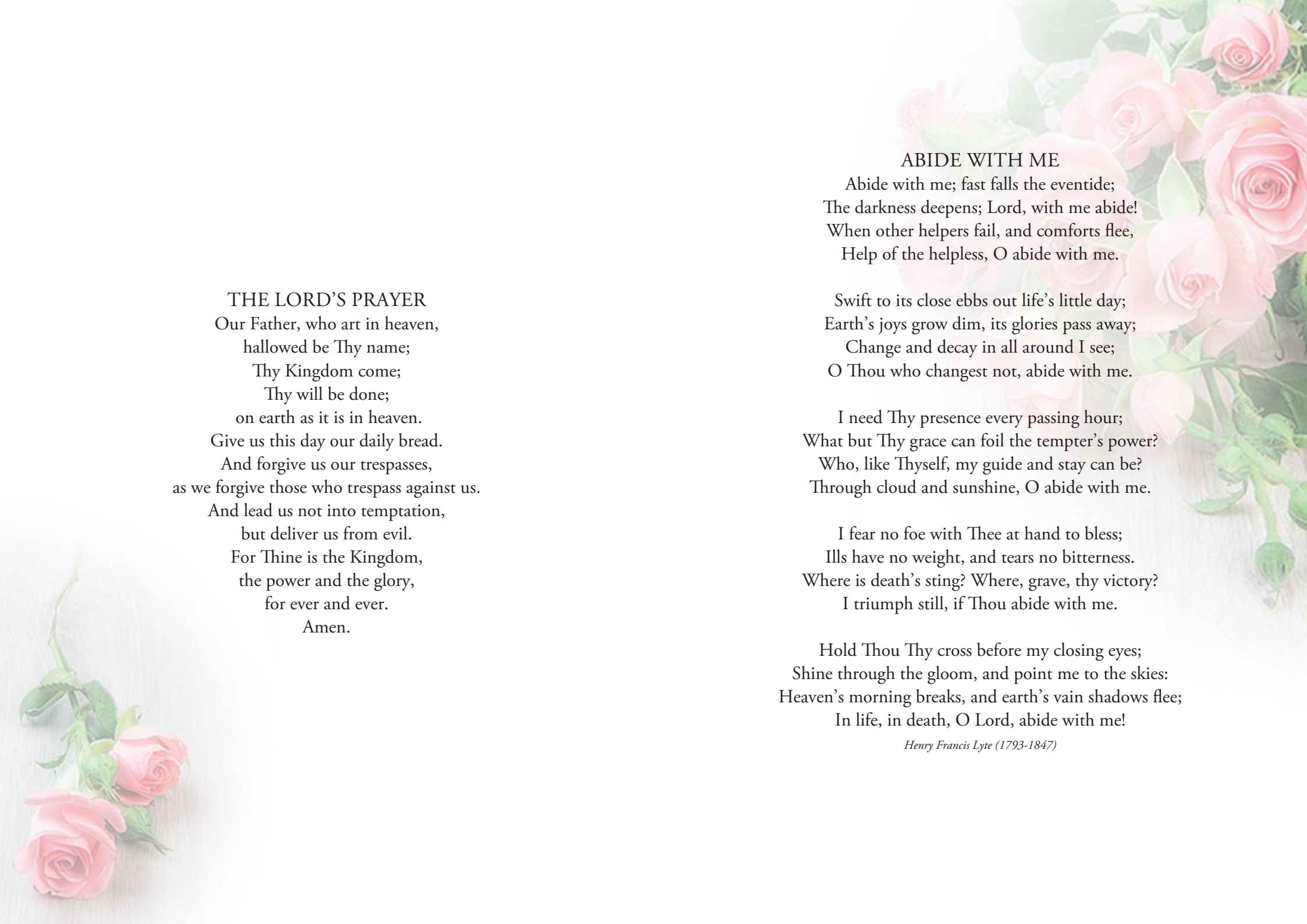
ENTRANCE MUSIC
True Colours by Eva Cassidy

WELCOME
by Andy Bruce

CLOSING WORDS

LEAVING MUSIC
Que Sera, Sera by Doris Day





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.

ABIDE WITH ME

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)



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

by Dorothy Parker
read by Michelle Williams

I think, no matter where you stray,
That I shall go with you a way.
Though you may wander sweeter lands,
You will not soon forget my hands,
Nor yet the way I held my head,
Nor all the varied things I said.
You still will see me, clear and bright,
And smiling, in the secret night,
And feel my arms about you when
The day comes fluttering back again.
I think, no matter where you be,
You'll hold me in your memory
And keep my image, there without me,
By telling later loved ones about me.

TRIBUTES

Andy Bruce
Graham Jeal

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

Bright Eyes by Art Garfunkel

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING