

In Loving Memory of



Pat Fordyce

19th February 1933 ~ 4th May 2017

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

Memorial donations for the
Alzheimer's Society
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
<https://www.funeralzone.co.uk/30418>.

All are welcome for refreshment at:
Social Hall
Bridge Green (opposite Asda)
Strelley Road
Bilborough
Nottingham
NG8 6GE.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rose House
389 Nuthall Road
Aspley
NG8 5DB
www.lymn.co.uk

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*Bramcote Crematorium
at 11.45 am
on Thursday 18th May 2017*

*Service conducted by
Mark Wheatley*

Address

Committal and Prayers

Exit Music

Sing, Sing, Sing ~ Benny Goodman and Gene Krupa



Hymn

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.*

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me,
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;
They came with me and the dance went on.
Dance, then, wherever you may be...

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high,
And they left me there on a cross to die.
Dance, then, wherever you may be...

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black;
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,
But I am the dance and I still go on.
Dance, then, wherever you may be...

They cut me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me:
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.
Dance, then, wherever you may be...

Sydney Bertram Carter (1915-2004)

Order of Service

Entrance Music

The Last Waltz ~ Engelbert Humperdinck

Welcome and Prayers

Hymn

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings:
All things bright and beautiful...

The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky:
All things bright and beautiful...

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one:
All things bright and beautiful...

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well:
All things bright and beautiful...

Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)

Tribute

by Steve

Poem

read by Brendan

Not, how did she die, but how did she live?
Not, what did she gain, but what did she give?
These are the units to measure the worth
Of a woman as a woman, regardless of her birth.
Nor what was her church, nor what was her creed?
But had she befriended those really in need?
Was she ever ready, with words of good cheer,
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?
Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,
But how many were sorry when she passed away?