



After the service, you are invited to join the family for refreshments in the church rooms.

Donations in memory of Pam for
Bloomin' Dementia
may be placed in the donation box provided
or sent care of
A W Lymn
The Family Funeral service,
45 Easthorpe Street,
Ruddington,
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A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

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Service of Thanksgiving for



PAMELA MILDRED CLARK

2nd March 1933 - 31st May 2018

Keyworth Methodist Church

Friday 22nd June 2018

at 2.45 pm

WELCOME

OPENING PRAYERS

HYMN

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God; to thee,
how great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God; to thee,
how great thou art, how great thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;
Then sings my soul...

But when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die - I scarce can take it in,
that on the cross, our burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away our sin;
Then sings my soul...

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,
and there proclaim: My God, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul...

Someone on the edge of things would be invited in

Mum was something akin to an angel.
Newcomers to the village would feel uneasy with her bright,
“Hello - come to a coffee morning...
Please, please meet my friends.”
Could this be the village idiot, or some sly Tupperware trick?

Actually, no.
Mum simply wanted to be friends.
To be your friend.

We were child and parent.
We were son and mother...
I would like to believe she was as much a friend as a mother.

She told me little, but taught me a bunch.

from Geoffrey



EULOGY

Our Always In A Hurry Mother

Our always-in-a-hurry mother
was essentially a giver.

Anyone who knew her understood it was in her nature to give.

If you ever said you really liked something -
it was yours straight away. It was a gift to you.

Headscarves, houseplants, even her own questionable art.

Bulbs emerging through moss -
she only ever planted them up to give away.

She would say,
“If it doesn’t hurt to give, it’s really not a gift.”

And time too...

Time was something she gave with no pause or regret.

She gave time without a blink of hesitation.

She was yours in the moment she engaged with you...

Without regard to what was possible,
Mum promised, “I can do” and actually did.

Looking after our children and others too,
who often just turned up without any necessary explanation.

Walter would be taken to the doctor.

Two dozen scotch eggs made...

Philippa would just need a lift to some airport at midnight.

Anastasia’s puppy would be fed, and don’t forget
little Harry, who would be taken a cake.

PRAYERS OF ADORATION

BIBLE READINGS

Hebrews, Chapter 11: verses 1-6 *and*

James, Chapter 2: verses 14-19

THE LIFE OF PAM CLARK

HYMN

I will sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me,
how He left the realms of glory
for the cross on Calvary:

*Yes, I’ll sing the wondrous story
of the Christ who died for me,
sing it with His saints in glory,
gathered by the crystal sea.*

I was lost; but Jesus found me,
found the sheep that went astray,
raised me up, and gently led me
back into the narrow way.

Yes, I’ll sing the wondrous story...

Faint was I, and fears possessed me,
bruised was I from many a fall;
hope was gone, and shame distressed me;
but His love has pardoned all:
Yes, I’ll sing the wondrous story...

Days of darkness still come over me;
sorrow's paths I often tread;
but the Saviour still is with me,
by His hand I'm safely led:
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story...

He will keep me till the river
rolls its waters at my feet;
then He'll bear me safely over,
where the loved ones I shall meet:
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story...

A TRIBUTE TO PAM'S FAITH

PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING AND INTERCESSION

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 them that 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.

HYMN

Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine:
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
born of His Spirit, washed in His blood:

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.*

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture burst on my sight;
angels descending bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

This is my story...

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blessed;
watching and waiting, looking above
filled with his goodness, lost in His love.

This is my story...

BLESSING