

Jenny, Ben, Issy and all the family thank you for the kind letters, cards, messages and thoughts. Your attendance here today is greatly appreciated.

Everyone is invited to Derek's "second home", after the service, to raise a glass in his memory, reminisce and reflect on happy times at:

The Plough Inn  
Main Street  
Wysall  
NG12 5QQ



*Polridmouth Cove, Menabilly, Cornwall 1966*

There will be a retiring collection for  
**The Childrens Development Centre NCH**  
and  
**Ward F20 at QMC** (may be *Gift Aided*)  
or by post to  
A.W. Lymn  
The Family Funeral Service.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Robin Hood House  
Robin Hood Street  
Nottingham  
NG3 1GF

[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

**“Last Orders”**  
for



# Derek Percival

22nd March 1942 - 11th March 2017

Wilford Hill Crematorium

Wednesday 22nd March 2017

# Order of Service

## **MUSIC ON ENTRANCE**

Make It With You - *Bread*

## **SENTENCES AND INTRODUCTION**

## **COMMENDATION AND BLESSING**

## **MUSIC ON LEAVING**

Last of the Summer Wine

## POEM

If ever there is a tomorrow - *A A Milne*  
*Read by Jackie Lymn Rose*

## 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)*

## 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)*

**READING**

The Rebecca Notebook - *Daphne du Maurier*  
*Read by David Percival*

**READING**

St John, Chapter 14: verses 1-7, 15-17 and 27

**ADDRESS**

*Revd. Canon Alan Haydock*

**PRAYERS**

**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.