



Margaret Aileen Mitchell
'Peggy'

20th October 1921 - 11th July 2020

Poole Crematorium
Friday 24th July 2020
conducted by Stewart Russell

Order of Service



Music on Entry

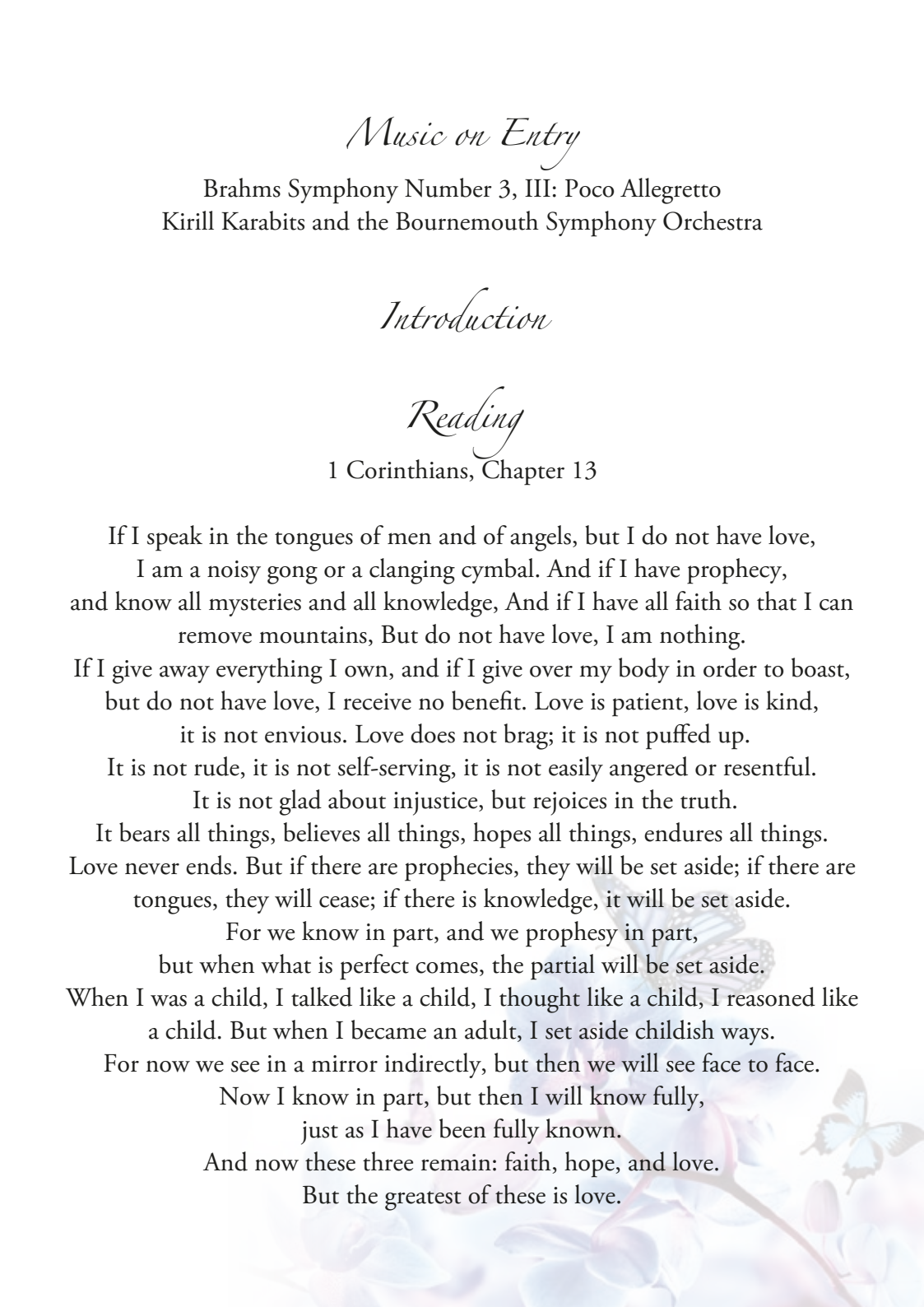
Brahms Symphony Number 3, III: Poco Allegretto
Kirill Karabits and the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra

Introduction

Reading

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but I do not have love,
I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophecy,
and know all mysteries and all knowledge, And if I have all faith so that I can
remove mountains, But do not have love, I am nothing.
If I give away everything I own, and if I give over my body in order to boast,
but do not have love, I receive no benefit. Love is patient, love is kind,
it is not envious. Love does not brag; it is not puffed up.
It is not rude, it is not self-serving, it is not easily angered or resentful.
It is not glad about injustice, but rejoices in the truth.
It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.
Love never ends. But if there are prophecies, they will be set aside; if there are
tongues, they will cease; if there is knowledge, it will be set aside.
For we know in part, and we prophesy in part,
but when what is perfect comes, the partial will be set aside.
When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like
a child. But when I became an adult, I set aside childish ways.
For now we see in a mirror indirectly, but then we will see face to face.
Now I know in part, but then I will know fully,
just as I have been fully known.
And now these three remain: faith, hope, and love.
But the greatest of these is love.

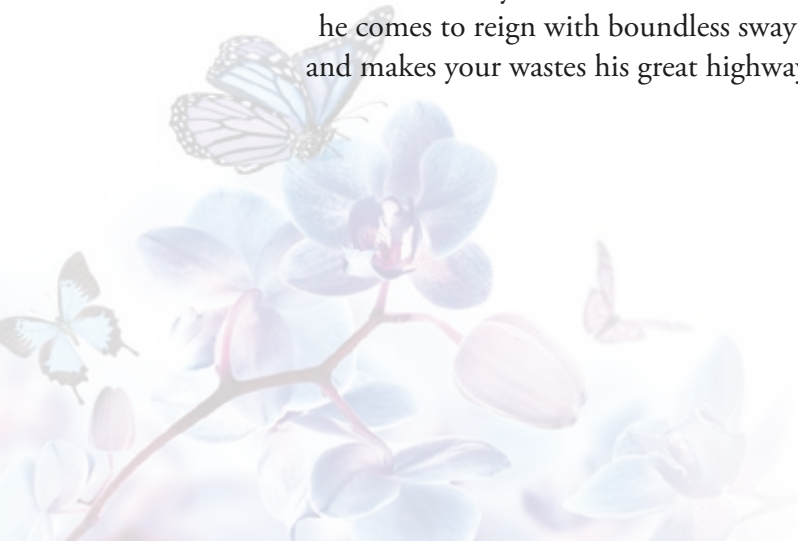


Music

Hills Of The North, Rejoice
by Guildford Cathedral Choir

Hills of the north, rejoice;
river and mountain spring,
hark to the advent voice;
valley and lowland, sing;
though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
he judgement brings and victory.

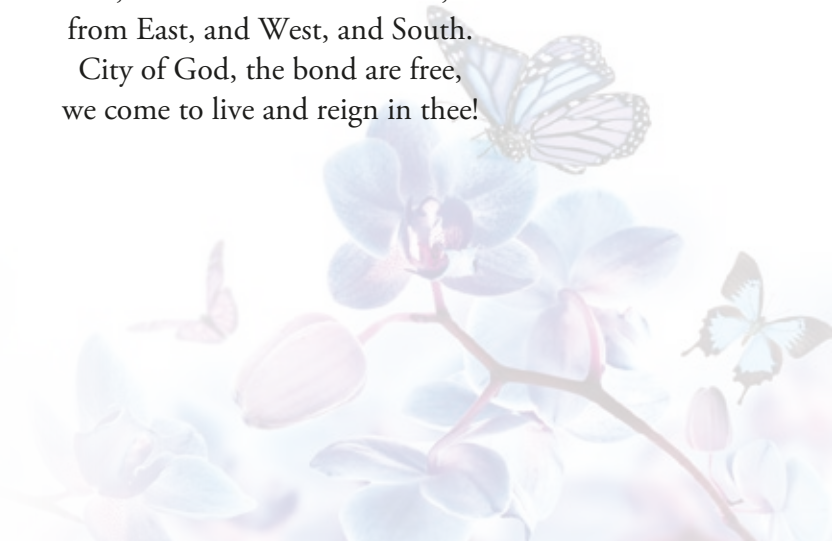
Isles of the southern seas,
deep in your coral caves
pent be each warring breeze,
lulled be your restless waves:
he comes to reign with boundless sway,
and makes your wastes his great highway.



Lands of the East, awake,
soon shall your sons be free;
the sleep of ages break,
and rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and gray,
has dawned the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost West,
ye that have waited long,
unvisited, unblessed,
break forth to swelling song;
high raise the note, that Jesus died,
yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

Shout, while ye journey home;
songs be in every mouth;
lo, from the North we come,
from East, and West, and South.
City of God, the bond are free,
we come to live and reign in thee!



My Mother
by Vanda

My Mother
by Mark

A Reflection of Memories

Music: Over The Hills And Far Away by Frederick Delius





The Farewell

Closing words in Comfort

Music on Leaving

Pożegnanie Ojczyzny (Farewell Polonaise) by Michał Kleofas Ogiński



Donations in memory of Peggy are for
WaterAid

Personal messages, memories and donations can be made online at
www.oharafunerals.co.uk

Nicholas O'Hara Funeral Directors
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