

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

All are welcome for refreshments at
The Wollaton Pub and Kitchen, Lambourne Drive,
Nottingham NG8 1GR.

Memorial donations, in lieu of flowers, for
Blind Veterans UK and the **British Red Cross Society**
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Deer Park House
359 Wollaton Road
Nottingham
NG8 1FQ
www.lymn.co.uk

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To Celebrate the Life
of



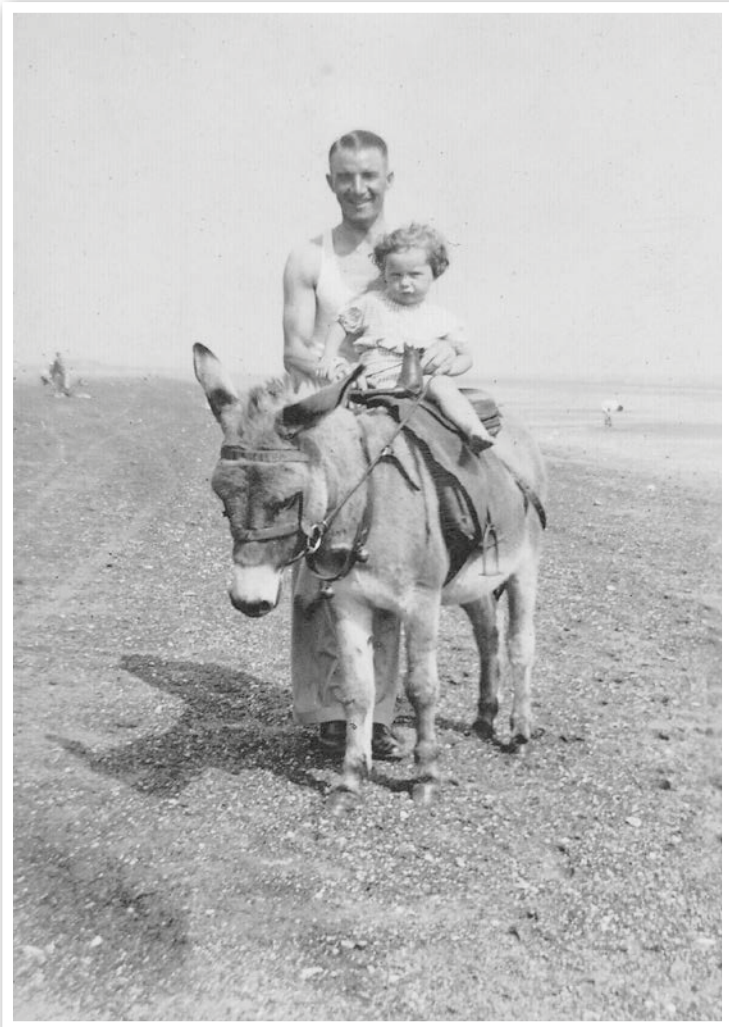
Jean Audrey Humphreys

30th December 1933 - 2nd August 2019

Wilford Hill Crematorium, Main Chapel

Thursday 29th August 2019
at 12.00 noon















Order of Service

Entrance Music

I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls
by Enya

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Jan Struther (1901-1953)

Tribute



Reading

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

Address

Prayers *ending with* The Lord's Prayer

Hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake (1757-1827)

Commendation and Committal

Blessing

Exit Music

Sailing
by Rod Stewart

