



Iris's family thank you for your presence here today and warmly invite you to join them, after the service, for refreshments at The Coplow Centre, Uppingham Road, Billesdon LE7 9FL.

Donations in memory of Iris will be forwarded to the
Pancreatic Cancer Research Fund
and
Epilepsy Research UK.

The Co-operative Funeralcare
Coventry Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire LE16 9BX
Telephone: 01858 431012

A Celebration for
the Life of



Iris May Hargreaves

12th April 1922 - 24th September 2016



Friday 7th October 2016

A private family cremation
followed by a service at
Billesdon Baptist Chapel at 3.30 pm



WELCOME

MUSIC

All I Ask Of You by Michael Ball

INTRODUCTION

PRAYER

HYMN

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

John Newton (1725-1807)

BLESSING

MUSIC

We'll Meet Again by Vera Lynn



BIBLE READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6 and 27
by Barrie Keast

A MOMENT OF REFLECTION

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:

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one:

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

Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)



THE LIFE OF IRIS HARGREAVES

TRIBUTES

Iris as seen by Simon Keast

Granny Iris as seen by Natasha Whearity

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)