



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

Memorial donations for
Cancer Research UK
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

All are welcome for refreshment at
Sycamore House
700 Mansfield Road
Sherwood
Nottinghamshire
NG5 3FW

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

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To Celebrate the Life
of



Margaret Wray Stokes

26th June 1916 - 11th December 2017

Wednesday 3rd January 2018
Wilford Hill Crematorium at 1.00 pm
St. Martin's Church, Sherwood at 2.00 pm



AT THE CREMATORIUM

Entry Music

Morning Mood from *Peer Gynt*
Edvard Grieg

Welcome and Prayer

The Reverend Bridget Baguley

Reading

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6 and 27
read by Alison Edwards

A Time to Remember Margaret

Morning Mood

Commendation

Committal

Blessing

Exit Music

Chorus Of The Hebrew Slaves
Verdi



Humbled for a season, to receive a name
From the lips of sinners unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it, spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious when from death He passed.

Bore it up triumphant with its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures, to the central height,
To the throne of Godhead, to the Father's breast;
Filled it with the glory of that perfect rest.

Name Him, Christians, name Him, with love strong as death
But with awe and wonder and with bated breath:
He is God the Saviour, He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped, trusted and adored.

In your hearts enthrone Him; there let Him subdue
All that is not holy, all that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain in temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you in its light and power.

Surely, this Lord Jesus shall return again,
With His Father's glory, with His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him King of glory now.

Caroline Maria Noel (1817-1877)

Blessing

Exit Music

played by the organist



Reading

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13
read by The Reverend Bridget Baguley

Address

Prayers *including* **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.

Hymn

At the Name of Jesus, every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him King of glory now:
'Tis the Father's pleasure we should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning was the mighty Word.

Mighty and mysterious in the highest height,
God from everlasting, very light of light:
In the Father's bosom with the spirit blest,
Love, in love eternal, rest, in perfect rest.

At His voice creation sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces, all the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations, stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders, in their great array.



AT THE CHURCH

Entry Music

played by the organist

Welcome

The Reverend Bridget Baguley



Hymn

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring!
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress!
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows.
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely as His mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

Remembering Margaret

Alison Edwards

Poem

She Is Gone by David Harkins
read by Anne Church

Hymn

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter (1650)