

*“Together forever from hereon in”*  
*(Mary’s quote)*



*PS...*

*A Service of Thanksgiving  
for the Life of*



**Mary Sneath**

15th December 1925 - 4th June 2019

Friday 21st June 2019

at 12.00 noon

St Leonard’s Church, Wollaton



# Order of Service

Conducted by the Reverend Robert Breckles

**Opening Music**  
Morning Has Broken

**Welcome and Opening Prayer**

## Hymn

In heavenly love abiding, no change my heart shall fear.  
And safe in such confiding, for nothing changes here.  
The storm may rage around me, my heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me, and can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me, no want shall turn me back.  
My Shepherd is beside me, and nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waking, His sight is never dim.  
He knows the way He's taking, and I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me, which yet I have not seen.  
Bright skies will soon be over me, where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure, my path to life is free.  
My Saviour has my treasure, and He will walk with me.

After today's service, you are all most welcome to  
11 Burnbreck Gardens.  
Please join all of Mary's family for some tea, coffee and  
light refreshments. It's what Mary would have wanted!

Any donations will go to the  
**Lincs & Notts Air Ambulance.**

(Gift Aid envelopes available)  
Alternatively you may donate online at  
[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)  
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*The Family Funeral Service*

Deer Park House  
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## Blessing

### Exit Music

Side Saddle - Russ Conway

## Bible Reading

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13: verses 1-13

read by Peter Lewington

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love,  
I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal.  
And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge,  
and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains,  
but have not love, I am nothing.  
If I give away all I have, and if I deliver up my body to be burned,  
but have not love, I gain nothing.  
Love is patient and kind; love does not envy or boast; it is not arrogant  
or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful;  
it does not rejoice at wrongdoing, but rejoices with the truth.  
Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.  
Love never ends. As for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues,  
they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away.  
For we know in part and we prophesy in part,  
but when the perfect comes, the partial will pass away.  
When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a  
child. When I became a man, I gave up childish ways.  
For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part;  
then I shall know fully, even as I have been fully known.  
So now faith, hope, and love abide, these three;  
but the greatest of these is love.

## **Eulogy**

Andrew Sneath

## **Poem**

Mary

written by John Sneath

read by Terry Holmes

A wife whose love has seen me through;  
A life that makes each day brand new;  
A smile that warms the coldest day;  
A laugh that chases blues away.

A heart so full of love and giving;  
Each beat telling of life worth living.  
To all her loved ones quite unique.  
So firm and resolute, yet so meek.

Our life together so long, so brief,  
It's brought such joy beyond belief.

## **Poem**

written and read by Chris Sneath

## **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,  
Forever and ever.  
Amen.

## 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 shining colours,  
He made their tiny wings.  
*All things bright and beautiful...*

The purple headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning  
That brightens up the sky.  
*All things bright and beautiful...*

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.  
*All things bright and beautiful...*

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes in the water  
We gather every day.  
*All things bright and beautiful...*

## Song

I Believe - The Bachelors

I believe for every drop of rain that falls a flower grows,  
I believe that somewhere in the darkest night a candle glows.  
I believe for everyone who goes astray someone will come to show the way.  
I believe, I believe.

I believe above the storm the smallest prayer will still be heard,  
I believe that someone in the great somewhere hears every word.  
Every time I hear a newborn baby cry or touch a leaf or see the sky,  
Then I know why I believe.

Every time I hear a newborn baby cry or touch a leaf or see the sky,  
Then I know why I believe.

## Poem

written and read by Tom Marshall



## In My Own Words

written and read by Kathryn Marshall

## Poem

Grandchildren

written by John Sneath  
read by the grandchildren

It's granny this, it's granny that,  
It's grandpa can we play?  
It's can we have our favourite meal  
You promised us today.  
It's can we go and play outside,  
It's let's play hide and seek,  
It's show us how to throw and catch.  
We're old and getting weak.  
It's come and sit down on the floor,  
It's help us build these bricks,  
It's show us how to build a house,  
There's nothing we can't fix.  
It's can we stay and play some more,  
It's can we stay the night?  
It's tell a story that we love,  
And then kiss us good-night.  
It's falling down and grazing knees,  
It's tears that turn to laughter,  
It's coming down and hushing noise,  
Our quiet time comes after.  
It's wanting to sit down and rest,  
It's been a busy day,  
It's granny this, it's granny that,  
It's grandpa can we play?