

*To Celebrate the Life
of*



**Constance Madeline Dakin
'Connie'**

22nd September 1947 - 30th December 2022

Wilford Hill Crematorium, Main Chapel

Monday 16th January 2023
at 9.00 am



Order of Service

Processional Music

Have I Told You Lately

Rod Stewart

Welcome



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)

Prayer





15th June 1968



Tribute to Connie

from Sally and Simon

written by Simon

Dear Mum,

Dad, Sally and me are heartbroken that you have been taken from us in such a cruel way. It seems so unfair that you've been taken during your autumn years when you were enjoying life so much, and had so much to live for and give to your family and friends.

As a parent you formed an amazing double act with Dad. Sally and I were blessed to have you as our mother. You washed, cleaned, ironed, cooked and mended to make sure that we, our home and our belongings were always immaculate - we didn't always understand your obsession with always achieving the highest of standards in everything that you did, and often teased you, but we grew up with this ingrained and it's undoubtedly been key in our own achievements. These were also the standards to which you loved and cared for us - together with Dad you sacrificed so much to make sure that Sally and I could always pursue our dreams and interests; ballet, Brownies, Guides, guitar and piano for Sally, and football, football and more football for me. All I ever wanted as a child was to be a footballer, and you did everything you could to allow me to achieve that dream.

You've inspired Sally and me to love and care for our own children in the way that you did.

I'll never forget our wonderful childhood caravan holidays to Sheringham, which were everything a family holiday should be - sun, sea, sandcastles, ice cream, fish and chips, playing cards, cricket and putting. Although, I was never quite convinced by the tinned vegetables that were occasionally served up!

When Sally and I faced difficult times as adults you were right by our sides, offering the love and support that would help see us through - your love and support never wavered. We'll be forever grateful for this.



With Sally and me finally 'off the books', you embarked on a new phase of your life. You were the driving force in exchanging holidays in Sutton, Sheringham and Devon for the likes of South Africa, Cayman, USA, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, France, Spain, Germany, Norway, Denmark, Iceland, Mauritius and Barbados - the girl who lived her life in the village of Ruddington truly saw the world. You learned to swim, and took up yoga and pilates, and all of this allowed you to make many new friends. We are so proud of you!

It goes without saying that your grandchildren were loved and cared for in the same fashion as Sally and me. They all love a sleepover at Grandma's, Grandma's amazing Sunday roasts, chocolate buttons and many other treats. They were all also blessed to have the Sheringham caravan holiday experience.

Your love for Dad is endless - 61 years of true devotion is a wonderful achievement. There are no words that can fully express his pride and love for you, and how much he will miss you, but he's going to be okay because he will keep on achieving those standards that you set together in everything that he does - knowing that you will always be watching over him.

I know that you would not want us to be sad, and you would say, "Look how lucky I have been to have lived such a wonderful life, with my beautiful family who I am so proud of." So our promise to you is to keep on going and striving for those standards, knowing that you will be with us every step of the way, with a smile, love and encouragement, as you always are.

May God bless you, Mum. x



Poem

Goodnight, God Bless, Grandma
written by Connie's granddaughter, Ellie

The winner gets an extra scone,
Following the heavy boule she had just thrown.
“Closest to the white ball” she would say,
But this is a special game, only big girls get to play.

Psst, come on, it's time to go swimming,
“Now, eat that banana, or no race you'll be winning.
Come on now, it's time to get out” she would say.
“Please, Grandma, just five more minutes to play.”

Her famous roast dinners and shepherd's pie
Were the tastiest, you cannot lie.
Whether Sundays, Christmas Eve or Boxing Day,
There would be never be any left to throw away.

Slotting in 2ps she had saved all year,
Despite hundreds going in, there'd rarely be a cheer!
But Dave's fish and chips are here to save the day,
“Sit on the towel, mi'duck, watch it doesn't blow away!”

After Peter Rabbit, Hungry Caterpillar or Rupert Bear,
She would wash my hands and face and comb my hair,
Kiss my forehead and tuck me in tight,
And say, “Now, don't let the bed bugs bite.”

Before leaving, she would give me the brightest smile,
Say “Na-night, God bless, I'll see you in a while.”

Now the time comes for us to say, “Na-night, God bless.”
You fought so hard, our angel, but now we must stress.
You must get some rest, for your battle is over;
And when summer comes, you can enjoy the warm beaches of Cromer.



Reflection
(They Long To Be) Close To You
Carpenters

Psalm 23
The Lord Is My Shepherd



Hymn

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)



Committal and Commendation

Benediction Prayer

Recessional Music

Super Trouper

ABBA





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

After the service you are welcome to join the family
for refreshments at the Cottage Hotel,
Easthorpe Street, Ruddington, Nottingham NG11 6LA.

Donations in memory of Connie for
James Peacock Foundation,
which is to benefit the Children of Ruddington,
may be sealed in the donation envelope and
placed in the box on leaving the service.

A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

45 Easthorpe Street
Ruddington
NG11 6LB

www.lymn.co.uk

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