

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

All are welcome for refreshment at The Stadium, 190 Nottingham Road, Nottingham NG5 1EG.



Robin Hood House Robin Hood Street Nottingham NG3 1GF www.lymn.co.uk CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

IN LOVING MEMORY OF GLADYS WILLIAMS

22nd October 1922 - 27th April 2017



St Christopher's Church, Colwick

Wednesday 31st May 2017 at 11.30 am

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.

The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my shield and portion be As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease: I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.

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)

EXIT MUSIC Time To Say Goodbye ~ Andrea Bocelli and Sarah Brightman

ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Bring Him Home from Les Misérables

READING

The Beatitudes from the Gospel of Mark, Chapter 5: verses 1-12 read by Winston, son

TRIBUTES

from Sinead, granddaughter, and Tony, son

PRAYERS

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

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)

