



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

Donations in memory of Ken for the  
**Bob Willis Fund**  
may be sealed in the donation envelope  
and placed in the box on leaving the service,  
left online at  
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**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF



**KEN PATTENDEN**

1926 - 2021

Thursday 3rd June 2021  
St Michael and All Angels' Church at 1.00 pm  
followed by interment at  
Stapleford Cemetery

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## ENTRANCE MUSIC

New World Symphony  
Prague Symphony Orchestra

## THE SENTENCES

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

## THE COMMENDATION

## BLESSING

## EXIT MUSIC

Born Free by Matt Monro

*Interment will now take place at Stapleford Cemetery*

## THE 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

Morning has broken, like the first morning;  
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!  
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning  
Born of the one light Eden saw play!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's re-creation of the new day!

*Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)*

### EULOGY

Lisa Pattenden

### READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6 and 27

### THE ADDRESS

David Edinborough

### 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)*