



Doris' family would like to thank everyone for all the kind messages of sympathy, friendship and support given to them at this time, and for your presence here today.

Memorial donations for
British Heart Foundation
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

You are warmly invited to join them for refreshments at
Moorbridge,
Derby Road,
Ilkeston,
Derbyshire
DE7 5FG.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Park House
1 Park Road
Ilkeston
Derbyshire
DE7 5DA

www.lymn.co.uk

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*To Celebrate the Life
of*



Doris Carroll

5th August 1931 - 9th July 2018

Markeaton Crematorium
Friday 27th July 2018
at 2.40 pm

Order of Service

Entry Music
The Power Of Love
by Jennifer Rush

Welcome and Prayer



Commendation

The Committal

Final Blessing



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

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)

Tributes

Poem

Let Me Go
author unknown
read by Paul

Reading

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

Address

Hymn

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)