



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

Donations in memory of Gladys for **Kidney Research UK** may be left in the donations box provided on leaving the service, sent care of A.W. Lymn The Family Funeral Service.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Albert Oliver and Sons
45 Easthorpe Street
Ruddington
NG11 6LB
www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
GLADYS MAY DUKE

20th March 1923 - 15th December 2017



Ruddington Methodist Church
Wednesday 10th January 2018
at 1.30 pm

ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC
In Heavenly Love Abiding
played by the organist

WELCOME

HYMN

Be thou my vision, O lord of my heart,
Be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;
Be thou my best thought in the day and the night.
Both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
Be thou ever with me, and I with thee Lord;
Be thou my great Father, thy child let me be;
Be thou in my dwelling, and I one with thee.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
Be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;
Be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower:
O raise thou my heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor earth's empty praise:
Be thou my inheritance now and always;
Be thou and thou only the first in my heart:
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright Sun.
O grant me its joys after victory is won;
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Words: Ancient Irish hymn;

trans. by Mary Byrne, 1905, and versified by Eleanor Hull, 1912

BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

Somewhere from *West Side Story*
written by Stephen Sondheim

PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

THE COMMENDATION

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.

CLOSING PRAYERS

HYMN

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

A 17th Century Scottish Psalter

OPENING PRAYERS

BIBLE READINGS

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6 and 26-27

TRIBUTE

POEM

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room;
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not too long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared;
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone,
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart,
Go to the friends we know,
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds;
Miss me, but let me go.

HYMN

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826-1893)