

The family would like to thank you all for your kind words and support at this sad time.

Memorial donations for **Nottingham Hospital Charity, Dialysis Unit**

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

All are welcome for refreshments at Willow Tree Inn, 311 Nottingham Road, Nottingham NG7 7DA.

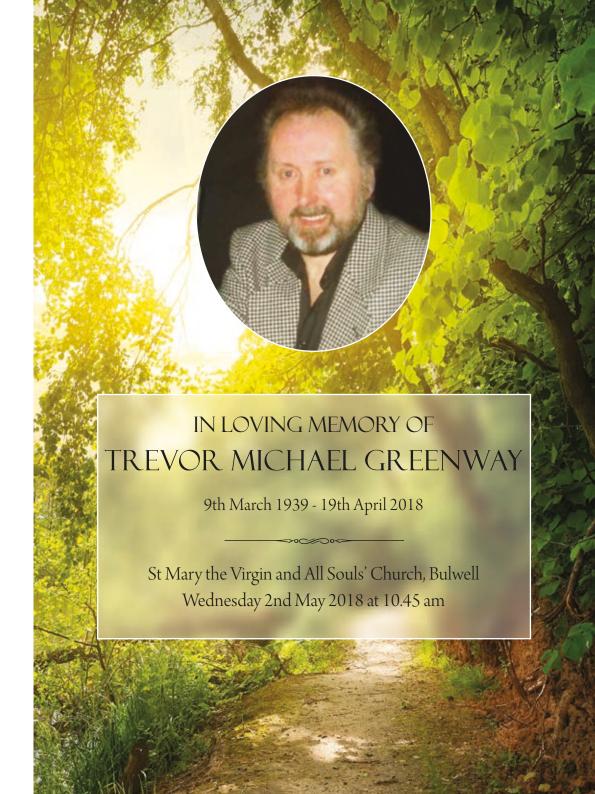


The Family Funeral Service

Middleton House 130 Main Street Bulwell NG6 8ET

www.lymn.co.uk

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HYMN

Make me a channel of Your peace.

Where there is hatred, let me bring Your love;
Where there is injury, Your pardon, Lord;
And where there's doubt, true faith in You.

O Master, grant that I may never seek So much to be consoled as to console, To be understood as to understand, To be loved, as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of Your peace.
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope,
Where there is darkness, only light,
And where there's sadness, ever joy.
O Master, grant that I may never seek...

Make me a channel of Your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving to all men that we receive,
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928-1997)

COMMENDATION

EXIT MUSIC
The Twelfth Of Never by Johnny Mathis

The committal will now take place at Bramcote Crematorium, Coventry Lane, Beeston, Bramcote NG9 3GJ.

HYMN

I cannot tell why he, whom angels worship,
Should set his love upon the sons of men,
Or why, as Shepherd, he should seek the wanderers,
To bring them back, they know not how or when.
But this I know, that he was born of Mary
When Bethl'em's manger was his only home,
And that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,
And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.

I cannot tell how silently he suffered,
As with his peace he graced this place of tears,
Or how his heart upon the cross was broken,
The crown of pain to three and thirty years.
But this I know, he heals the broken-hearted
And stays our sin and calms our lurking fear
And lifts the burden from the heavy-laden;
For still the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell how he will win the nations,
How he will claim his earthly heritage,
How satisfy the needs and aspirations
Of east and west, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see his glory,
And he shall reap the harvest he has sown,
And some glad day his sun shall shine in splendour
When he the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
When at his bidding every storm is stilled,
Or who can say how great the jubilation
When every heart with love and joy is filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
And myriad, myriad human voices sing,
And earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, will answer,
'At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!'

William Young Fullerton (1857-1932)

