

In Loving Memory of



MARION LOGAN
UPTON

24th April 1931 - 25th December 2020

Serenity Chapel, Bramcote Crematorium
Tuesday 19th January 2021
at 2.45 pm



ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRY MUSIC
Flower Of Scotland
The Munros and David Methven

WELCOME PRAYER
Reverend Andy Wilson

HYMN
The Old Rugged Cross
John Berry

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
How I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

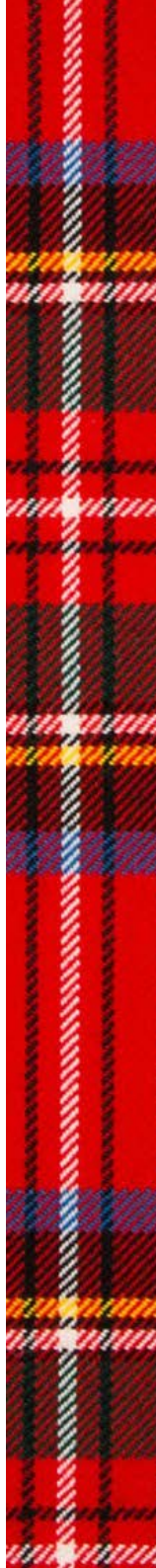
*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.*

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left his glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish...

Then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where his glory forever I'll share.

So I'll cherish...





EULOGY
Fiona Upton

A SCOTTISH POEM
The Whistle
Charles Murray

He cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden-tree,
He trimmed it, an' he wet it, an' he thumped it on his knee;
He never heard the teuchat when the harrow broke her eggs,
He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the seggs,
He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they strayed,
But you should hae seen the whistle that the wee herd made!

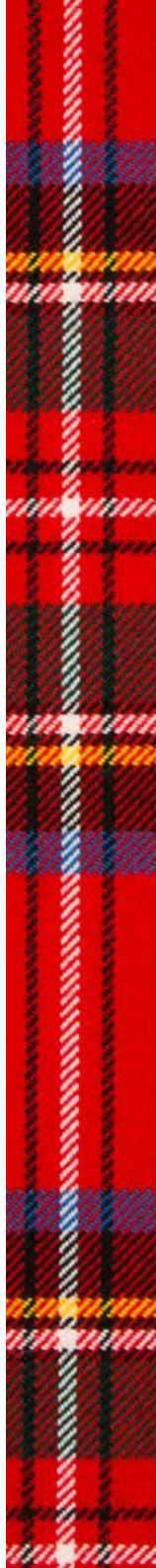
He wheepled on't at mornin' an' he tweetled on't at nicht,
He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank oot o' sicht,
The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them up the closs,
The kitlins got his supper syne, an' he was beddit boss;
But he cared na doit nor docken what they did or thocht or said,
There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd made.


For lycin' lang o' mornin's he had clawed the caup for weeks,
But noo he had his bonnet on afore the lave had breeks;
He was whistlin' to the porridge that were hott'rin' on the fire,
He was whistlin' ower the travise to the baillie in the byre;
Nae a blackbird nor a mavis, that hae pipin' for their trade,
Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd made.

He played a march to battle, it cam' dirlin' through the mist,
Till the halflin' squared his shou'ders an' made up his mind to 'list;
He tried a spring for wooers, though he wistna what it meant,
But the kitchen-lass was lauchin' an he thocht she maybe kent;
He got ream an' buttered bannocks for the lovin' lilt he played.
Wasna that a cheery whistle that the wee herd made?

He blew them rants sae lively, schottisches, reels an' jigs,
The foalie flang his muckle legs an' capered ower the rigs,
The grey-tailed fut'rat bobbit oot to hear his ain strathspey,
The bawd cam' loupin' through the corn to 'Clean Pease Strae';
The feet o' ilka man an' beast gat youkie when he played –
Hae ye ever heard o' whistle like the wee herd made?

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' an the winter brocht him dool,
When in spite o' hacks an' chilblains he was shod again for school;
He couldna sough the catechis nor pipe the rule o' three,
He was keepit in an' lickit when the ither loons got free;
But he aften played the truant – 'twas the only thing he played,
For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee herd made!





BIBLE READING
John, Chapter 1: verses 1-14

ADDRESS

HYMN
Amazing Grace
Celtic Woman

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!

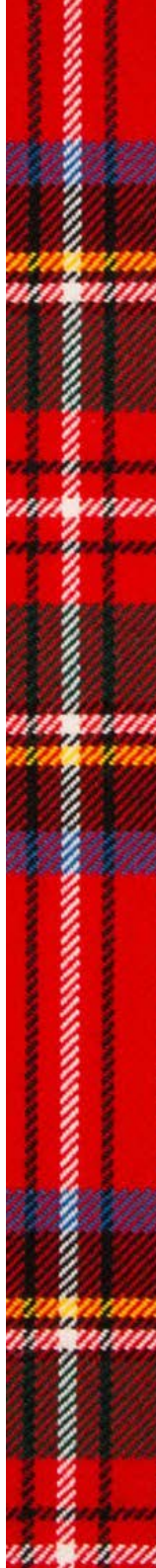
Through many dangers, toils and snares
We have already come;
'Twas grace that brought us safe thus far,
and grace will lead us home.

PRAYERS

COMMITTAL

BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC
Highland Cathedral
David Jags



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

A special thanks to Reverend Andy Wilson
for conducting the service today.

Memorial donations for
Alzheimer's Research UK
and the
Stroke Association

may be sealed in the donation envelope in your Order of Service
and placed in the temporary box on leaving the service,
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A.W. LYMN

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