



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

Memorial donations for the **Alzheimers Dementia Care and Research** 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 refreshment at
The Tappers Harker, Main Street,
Long Eaton, Nottingham NG10 1GR.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

West Park House
33 Lime Grove
Long Eaton
Nottingham
NG10 4LD

www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
PETER ROLAND RUSSELL

27th August 1934 - 13th June 2018



Bramcote Crematorium
Monday 2nd July 2018 at 12.30 pm



COMMENDATION AND COMMITTAL

BLESSING

MUSIC ON EXIT

Time To Say Goodbye

by Andrea Bocelli and Sarah Brightman



POEM
He Is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone,
Or you can smile because he has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that he'll come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,
Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember him and only that he's gone,
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,
Be empty and turn your back.

Or you can do what he'd want,
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins (b.1958)

ORDER OF SERVICE

MUSIC ON ENTRY
Nimrod by Edward Elgar

WELCOME

PRAYERS



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)

READING

Romans, Chapter 8: verses 35-39

EULOGY

PRAYERS