



A warm invitation is offered to you all to proceed immediately after this service at The Beeches Hotel on Wilford Lane for fellowship and refreshments.

On your way out of the church you will find a basket for any donations you might wish to make in memory of Lorna. All of your donations will go to The Friary (The Friary Drop-In)..

Thank you for all your kind expressions of sympathy. Your attendance here today is greatly appreciated and is a source of real comfort.

Organist: Mrs Elizabeth Pike.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Rutland House  
128 Melton Road  
West Bridgford  
NG2 6EP

[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305



A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIFE OF  
**LORNA WARD**

15th September 1928 - 28th January 2019



Friary United Reformed Church  
Thursday 7th March 2019  
at 3.00 pm

A very warm welcome to you all  
and thank you for coming

# Order of Service

## **VOLUNTARY**

Nimrod by Edward Elgar

## **WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS**

She Is Gone by David Harkins

## **STATEMENT OF PURPOSE**

### **OPENING PRAYER**

*followed by*

### **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.





**BENEDICTION**

**VOLUNTARY**

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth from *The Messiah* by G. F. Handel

**HYMN**

**The Lord's My Shepherd**

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,  
ev'n for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
yet will I fear no ill;  
for thou art with me, and thy rod  
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished  
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 for evermore  
my dwelling-place shall be.

*William Whittingham (1524-79)*

**READINGS**

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6 and 27  
read by Judith Booth  
1 Corinthians, Chapter 13

**HYMN**  
**And Can It Be**

And can it be that I should gain  
an interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! How can it be  
that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:  
who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
to sound the depths of love divine!  
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,  
let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above,  
so free, so infinite His grace;  
emptied Himself of all but love,  
and bled for Adam's helpless race.  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;  
for, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
my chains fell off, my heart was free;  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
and clothed in righteousness divine,  
bold I approach the eternal throne,  
and claim the crown, through Christ my own.

*Charles Wesley (1707-88)*

**REFLECTIONS ON LORNA'S LIFE**  
given by Chris Ward

**PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING AND INTERCESSION**

**HYMN**  
**Guide Me, O Thou Great Redeemer**

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
Bread of Heaven,  
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs and praises,  
I will ever give to Thee.

*William Williams (1717-91)*