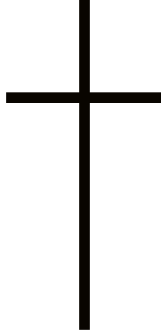


In Loving Memory of



*Elizabeth Anne O'Brien*

17th June 1932 - 12th July 2022

Friday 29th July 2022

at 11.00 am

Wilford Hill Crematorium





*Order of Service*

**Entry Music**  
Stranger In Paradise

**Welcome and Introduction**



## **Opening Prayer**

### **First Reading**

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3: verses 2-4

For everything its season, and for every activity under heaven its time.

A time to be born and a time to die.

a time to plant and a time to uproot;

a time to kill and a time to heal;

a time to pull down and a time to build up;

a time to weep and a time to laugh;

a time for mourning and a time for dancing.

The Word of the Lord.

**Thanks be to God.**



## Second Reading

Proverbs, Chapter 31

A perfect wife, who can find her?  
She is far beyond the price of pearls.  
Her husband's heart has confidence in her,  
from her he will derive no little profit.  
Advantage and not hurt she brings him all the days of her life.  
She is always busy with wool and with flax,  
she does her work with eager hands.  
She sets her hands to the distaff,  
her fingers grasp the spindle.  
She holds out her hand to the poor,  
she opens her arms to the needy.  
Charm is deceitful and beauty empty;  
the woman who is wise is the one to praise.  
Give her a share in what her hands have worked for,  
and let her works tell her praises at the city gates.

The word of the Lord.

**Thanks be to God.**



## Poem

### Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep;  
I am not there, I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow,  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush,  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there. I did not die.

*Mary Elizabeth Frye (1905-2004)*

## Eulogy

Read by Robert



## Hymn

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,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

*John Newton (1725-1807)*



## Poem

### Death Is Nothing At All

Death is nothing at all.

It does not count.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.

I am I, and you are you,

and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.

Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.

Put no difference into your tone.

Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.

Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.

Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was.

There is absolute and unbroken continuity.

What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval,

somewhere very near,

just round the corner.

All is well.


Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.

One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

*Canon Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)*





**Intercessions**  
Lord, in your mercy.  
**Hear our prayer.**

**Our Father**

**Commendation Prayers  
and Sprinkling with Holy Water**

**Final Blessing**



## Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever child-like, no cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

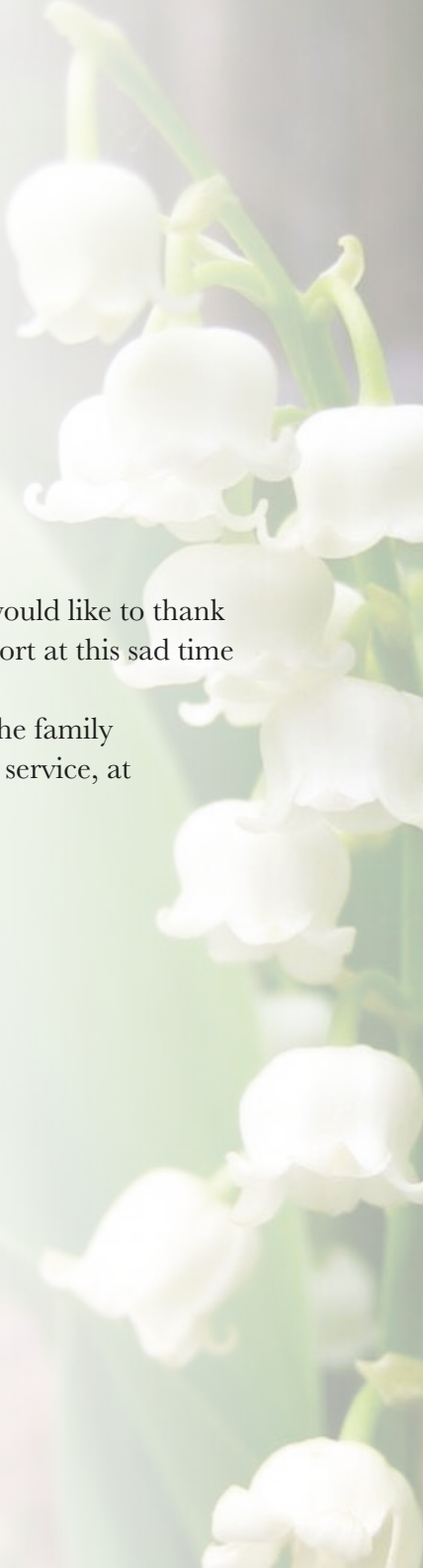
Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

*Jan Struther (1901-1953)*

## Exit Music

Lara's Theme from *Doctor Zhivago*



Martin, Catherine, Claire and Paula would like to thank everyone for their kind words and support at this sad time

All are very welcome to join the family for light refreshments, after the service, at  
Colwick Hall Hotel  
Colwick Park Close,  
Racecourse Road,  
Nottingham  
NG2 4BH.

Donations in memory of Anne for the  
**British Heart Foundation**  
may be sealed in the donation envelope  
and placed in the box on leaving the service,  
left online at  
**[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)**  
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service\**

Rutland House  
128 Melton Road  
West Bridgford  
NG2 6EP

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