



There will be a retiring collection in Dick's memory in aid of the
British Heart Foundation.

You will find a box for your gifts as you leave the chapel.

Pamela, Paul and Christopher thank you very much for your support and presence here today, and for the many kind messages of condolence they have received at this sad time.

They would like to invite you to join them, after the ceremony, at
The Cottage Hotel,
Suttons Courtyard, Easthorpe Street,
Ruddington, Nottingham NG11 6LA
for some refreshments, and to continue to remember Dick together.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Albert Oliver and Sons
45 Easthorpe Street
Ruddington
NG11 6LB

www.lymn.co.uk

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To Celebrate the Life of



William Richard Marshall 'Dick'

14th January 1935 - 4th August 2019

Wilford Hill Crematorium
Thursday 5th September 2019
at 11.00 am



Order of Service

*When the cortège enters the chapel,
if you are able, will you please stand.*



Closing Words

Recessional Music
County's The Team For Me by Jimmy Willan



Final Farewell and Committal

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.



Entrance Music

Air On The G String by J. S. Bach

Welcome and Opening Words

Jeremy Pemberton, Civil Celebrant

Poem

My Grandad
Claudia Marshall



Hymn

Morning has broken like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird;
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them springing fresh from the word!

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall on the first grass;
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise ev'ry morning
God's recreation of the new day.

The Tribute

Reflection Music

I Believe by Frankie Laine
Instrumental



Poem

God Saw You Getting Tired

God saw you getting tired
And a cure was not to be,
So he put His arms around you
And whispered, "Come to me."

With tearful eyes we watched you
As you slowly slipped away,
And though we loved you dearly
We couldn't make you stay.

Your golden heart stopped beating,
Your tired hands put to rest,
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best.

attributed to Frances and Kathleen Coelho

