

Remembering Joan

Celebrating her 85th birthday at her favourite restaurant and after her main course of fish 'n' chips - in true Joan style she always asked, "Are we having a pudding?"



As the funeral will be family flowers only, if you wish to make a donation to
Kidney Research UK

in memory of Joan this can be done by post,
telephone or website payment as detailed below:

Website payment - selecting amount of your choice at:

<https://kidneyresearchuk.org/support/donate/>

By phone: 0300 303 1100

By cheque payable to Kidney Research UK posted to:

Nene Hall,
Peterborough Business Park,
Lynch Wood,
Peterborough,
Cambridgeshire
PE2 6FZ

The **co-operative** funeralcare

Central England Co-operative

103 High Street, Coleshill, Birmingham B46 3BP

Telephone: 01675 462 276

Coleshill.funeral@centralengland.coop

www.centralengland.coop/funeral

In Loving Memory of



Margaret Joan Smallwood

5th September 1934 - 23rd June 2020



Woodlands Crematorium

Friday 17th July 2020

at 1.00 pm

Order of Service

Conducted by Reverend Stuart Dimes

Committal and Closing Prayers

Closing Music

Amazing Grace

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 has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

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.

John Newton (1725-1807)



Joan with Erika and Anita in early choir dresses



Joan at Woodstock Road, Nuneaton

Hymn

Be Still, My Soul

sung by Maureen Murphy and Canzona Chamber Choir
with Andrew Johnstone

Be still, my soul: The Lord is always near thee;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain.
Leave to thy God to comfort and to cheer thee;
In every change he faithful remains.
Be still, my soul: Thy heavenly friend will steer thee
Through thorny ways to His own domains.

Be still, my soul: thy God has undertaken
To be thy guide as always in the past.
Thy hope, thy love let nothing ever shaken;
All things unknown shall be learned at last.
Be still, my soul: the winds and waters know
He who ruled them while he dwelt below?

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends are taken,
And all is dark within the veil of tears,
Then shalt thou know he has not been forsaken,
But comes to soothe thy sorrows and fears.
Be still, my soul: thy god will always repay
In his own time all he takes away.

Be still, my soul: the hour is fast approaching
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
Then will our fears no longer be encroaching
Sorrows forgot, and our joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when worldly troubles have past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

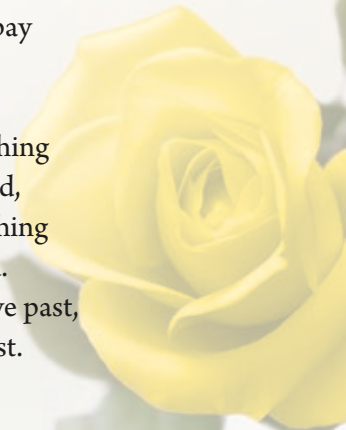
Katharina von Schlegel (b.1697)

Tune: Finlandia

Introductory Music

Guide Me, O Thou Great Redeemer (Cwm Rhondda)
sung by Guildford Cathedral Choir

Opening Prayers and Psalm





*Half World Cruise - Pacific and Australia
This was one bear she couldn't bring home*

Hymn

I, The Lord Of Sea And Sky
sung by Wells Cathedral Choir

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin,
My hand will save.
I who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain,
I have wept for love of them,
They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
Give them hearts for love alone,
I will speak my word to them.
Whom shall I send?

I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will tend the poor and lame,
I will set a feast for them,
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
Till their hearts be satisfied,
I will give my life to them.
Whom shall I send?

Dan Schutte (b.1947)



*Joan (centre) aged 17 - Miss Attleborough - 31st May 1951
at Nuneaton on Festival Float*

Prayers
including
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.



Joan - Rotary Wild West Weekend at Bournemouth - October 2000

Poem

Life Must Go On
read by Erika Pyatt

One soul goes out through the gateway of death,
Another arrives and draws its first breath,
One is brought forth to the light of the day,
One spirit enters, and one slips away.
One heart stops working, another starts to beat;
One life beginning, another complete.
Some weep for joy at the wonder of birth,
While others shed tears on the unyielding earth.

Grief seems to freeze-up the springs of desire,
The dawn has no glory, the sunset no fire.
Stunned with bereavement, we hear no glad song
And yet this is happening all the day long.
Life must go on, for God takes and God gives,
Our loved ones must go, but their memory lives.
Hearts may be broken, the dearest thing gone,
But Time stops for no man, and life must go on.



*Joan and Rick
Early Cruising - Together on the 'Southern Cross'*

Eulogy

Reverend Roy Allen

Poem

When I Must Leave You by Helen Steiner-Rice
read by Audrey Horsley

*This piece is taken from Joan's collection of treasured things she saved
because she loved the wording, or it held special meaning for her.*

When I must leave you for a little while,
Please do not grieve and shed wild tears
And hug your sorrow to you through the years,
But start out bravely with a gallant smile
And for my sake and in my name
Live on and do all things the same.
Feed not your loneliness on empty days,
But fill each waking hour in useful ways.
Reach out your hand in comfort and in cheer
And I, in turn, will comfort you and hold you near;
And never, never be afraid to die,
For I am waiting for you in the sky!