

Family and friends are invited to join us afterwards
at The Beeches Hotel, 68, Wilford Lane,
West Bridgeford NG2 7RN.



If you would like to give a donation to
Cancer Research UK
in memory of Hether,
please send it c/o

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgeford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

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*In Loving Memory
of*



*Mary Hetherington Stuart
'Hether'*

1st November 1925 - 29th January 2018

Wilford Hill Crematorium, Main Chapel
Friday 16th February 2018 at 12.40 pm

Order of Service

Entrance Music

The Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen
by Robert Wilson with Jimmy Shand and his band

Welcome

The Reverend Colin Bones

Prayer of Commendation

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.

Blessing

Exit Music

Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life
Eric Idle

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)

Hymn

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,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
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.

Scottish Psalter (1650) Tune: Crimond

Family Tributes

Reflection

Sonata Pathétique Op. 13; Adagio Cantabile
Beethoven

Prayers for all who mourn

Reading

Death Is Nothing At All
Henry Scott Holland 1847 - 1918
Reverend Colin Bones

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I and you are you,
Whatever we were to each other,
That we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way 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 we always 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 effort,
Without the ghost of a shadow in it.
Life means all that it ever meant,
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
What is death but a negligible accident?
Why should I be out of mind
Because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you for an interval,
Somewhere very near,
Just around the corner.
All is well.

Canon Henry Scott-Holland, 1847-1918, Canon of St Paul's Cathedral