



The family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and support at this sad time.

Memorial donations for
Fitzroy Nottingham
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

The family would be pleased for you to join them in the Meeting Room of the church at the end of the service for refreshments.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

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In Loving Memory
of



Christine Ann Whitaker

11th August 1959 - 31st January 2018

Thursday 22nd February 2018

at 11.00 am

The Church of the Holy Rood, Edwalton

Order of Service

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

Reverend Kath Batte

READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

BLESSING



*At the end of the service the music played will be from
musicals that Christine enjoyed.*

HYMN

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He.
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said He.*

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me,
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;
They came with me and the Dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high,
And they left me there on a Cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black;
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,
But I am the Dance and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me:
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He.

Sydney Bertram Carter (1915-2004)

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)

POEM

'You Can Shed Tears'
by David Harkins

You can shed tears that she is gone,
Or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her,
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she is gone,
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,
Or you can do what she would want: smile, open your eyes,
love and go on.

EULOGY

REFLECTION

Reverend Kath Batte

PRAYERS *finishing with* 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.