

To Celebrate the Life of



JUDITH ANNE INGRAM

10th July 1946 ~ 11th May 2020

Reflection Chapel,
Bramcote Crematorium

Wednesday 27th May 2020
at 2.15 pm



A serene sunset over a beach. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm, golden glow across the sky and the water. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds. The ocean waves are breaking gently onto the sandy beach, creating a rhythmic pattern of white foam and blue-green water. The sand in the foreground is smooth and light-colored, with some faint tracks or patterns visible.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Led by Richard Marshall

MUSIC ON ENTRY

Paradise ~ George Ezra

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

HYMN

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings:
All things bright and beautiful...

The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky:
All things bright and beautiful...

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one:
All things bright and beautiful...

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well:

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful
The Lord God made them all.*



POEM

God Saw You Getting Tired
read by Michelle

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
And saw you pass away,
And although we loved you dearly,
We could not make you stay.

A golden heart stopped beating,
Hard-working hands at rest,
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best.

It broke our hearts to lose you,
But you did not go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God took you home.

A wide, sandy beach at sunset. The sky is a mix of soft pinks, purples, and oranges, with a large, fluffy white cloud catching the light. In the background, a dune covered in sparse, leafless trees stretches across the horizon. A small wooden walkway is visible on the left side of the dune. The foreground is a vast, flat expanse of sand, with a series of footprints leading from the bottom right towards the center of the frame.

TRIBUTE
read by Richard Marshall

TRIBUTE
from Len Miller, friend and neighbour



MUSIC FOR REFLECTION
Footprints In The Sand ~ Leona Lewis

One night a man had a dream.
He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord.
Across the sky flashed scenes from his life.
For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand,
one belonging to him and the other to the Lord.
When the last scene of his life flashed before him,
he looked back at the footprints in the sand.
He noticed that many times along the path of his life
there was only one set of footprints.
He also noticed that it happened
at the very lowest and saddest times in his life.
This really bothered him
and he questioned the Lord about it.
'Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you,
you'd walk with me all the way.
But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times
in my life, there is only one set of footprints.
I don't understand why, when I needed you most,
you would leave me.'
The Lord replied, 'My precious, precious child,
I love you and I would never leave you.
During your times of trial and suffering,
when you see only one set of footprints,
it was then that I carried you.'

READING

Death Is Nothing At All

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away to 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 it to me in the same 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 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 on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
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 around the corner.
All is well.

Canon Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)



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.

A serene sunset over a beach. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm, golden glow across the sky and the water. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds that catch the light of the setting sun. The ocean waves are gentle, with white foam washing onto the sandy shore. The sand is a light, warm tone, and the overall atmosphere is peaceful and contemplative.

COMMITTAL AND FAREWELL

CLOSING WORDS

MUSIC ON EXIT

Someone You Loved ~ Lewis Capaldi



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

Memorial donations for
Nottinghamshire Hospice
may be left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

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