

*In Loving Memory of*



*Christopher John Smith*

*8th July 1942 - 12th March 2018*



*Bramcote Crematorium  
Wednesday 4th April 2018  
at 2.15 pm*

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

Memorial donations for  
**Cancer Research UK**  
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](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)

All are welcome for refreshment at the  
Victoria Tavern  
40 Wilford Road  
Ruddington  
Nottingham  
NG11 6EQ

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Albert Oliver and Sons  
45 Easthorpe Street  
Ruddington  
NG11 6LB  
[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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*Commendation and Committal*

*Blessing*

*Music Out*

Time To Say Goodbye

Andrea Bocelli



### *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.

## *Order of Service*

### *Music*

Stranger On The Shore  
Acker Bilk

### *Opening Scripture*

John, Chapter 11: verses 25-26

### *Welcome*

### *Prayers*

## *Hymn*

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways;  
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,  
In purer lives Thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word  
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee  
The silence of eternity,  
Interpreted by love!

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and Thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still small voice of calm.

*John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)*

## *Reading*

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6 and 27

## *Family Tributes*

## *Reflection*