



There will be a retiring collection in Michael's memory for

**Trent Dementia**

*(may be gift aided)*. Alternatively, donations can be sent to:

A. W. Lymn, The Family Funeral Service  
Robin Hood House, Nottingham NG3 1GF.

Thank you all for kind messages and thoughts during  
this difficult time and for your attendance here today.

You are warmly invited to join Annette and  
family to raise a glass to Michael at:  
The Robin Hood Suite, Nottingham Forest Football Club,  
Pavillion Road, West Bridgford NG2 5FJ.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Robin Hood House  
Robin Hood Street  
Nottingham  
NG3 1GF

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A Service of Celebration and Thanksgiving for the Life of



# Michael Pownall

1938 - 2017

The Church of the Holy Rood,  
Edwalton

Friday 11th August 2017

# Order of Service

## MUSIC ON ENTRANCE

Nimrod  
Elgar

## SENTENCES AND INTRODUCTION

## COMMENDATION AND BLESSING

### MUSIC ON LEAVING

The Hills Are Alive from *The Sound Of Music*  
Rodgers and Hammerstein

Annette and the family will now attend  
the private burial in the churchyard.

### HYMN

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.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease:  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

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.

*John Newton (1725-1807)*

### 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)*

### A TRIBUTE TO DAD

by David Pownall, son

### READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6, 15-17 and 27

## ADDRESS

Reverend Canon Alan Haydock

## 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)*

## PRAYERS

### 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.

## POEM

God Saw You Getting Tired  
read by Michaela Johnson, granddaughter

God saw you getting tired,  
When a cure was not to be.  
So He wrapped his arms around you,  
And whispered, "come to me."  
You didn't deserve what you went through,  
So He gave you rest.  
God's garden must be beautiful,  
He only takes the best.  
And when I saw you sleeping,  
So peaceful and free from pain,  
I could not wish you back  
To suffer that again.