



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

All are welcome for light refreshment at the Seven Oaks Inn, Ilkeston DE7 4QU.

Donations in memory of Kenneth for
Prostate Cancer UK

may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box on leaving the service, left online at

www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

West Park House
33 Lime Grove
Long Eaton
Nottingham
NG10 4LD
www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305



In Loving Memory
of



Kenneth Edward Griffin

13th November 1936 - 11th February 2022

St Giles' Church, Sandiacre
Wednesday 2nd March 2022
at 12.30 pm

Order of Service

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Jerusalem
played by the organist

WELCOME AND PRAYER

At the Graveside

THE COMMITTAL

THE BLESSING

POEM

read by Kenneth's granddaughter

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

EXIT MUSIC

Fields Of Gold
Eva Cassidy

HYMN

Morning has broken, like the first morning;
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's re-creation of the new day!

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)

THE EULOGY

read by the family

THE 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.

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)