

In Loving Memory

of

Jeanette Madeline Florence Edwards
'Jean'

Jean's family would like to thank you for your presence here with them today, and for your kind thoughts and prayers at this sad time.

You are warmly invited to join them, after the service, at
The Sandboy, Gayton Road, King's Lynn PE32 1EP,
for light refreshments and to share memories.

10th May 1924 - 26th March 2018



*The Co-operative Funeralcare
Old Royal Standard, Weasenham Lane, Wisbech PE13 2RY
Telephone: 01945 475495
'To whom the arrangements have been entrusted'*

St Edmund's Church, Emneth
Monday 30th April 2018
at 11.00 am

ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC

played by the organist

WELCOME

OPENING PRAYERS

PSALM

MINTLYN CREMATORIUM

ENTRANCE MUSIC

The Lord's My Shepherd

PRAYER

THE COMMITTAL

PRAYER

BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended



THE COMMENDATION

EXIT MUSIC

played by the organist

*The cortege will now proceed to
Mintlyn Crematorium.*

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)

READING

EULOGY

PRAYERS

HYMN

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord: Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826-1893)

