



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

Memorial donations for
Staffordshire Bull Terrier Trust
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.

All are welcome for refreshments at
Eaton Farm,
Wilsthorpe Road,
Long Eaton,
Nottingham
NG10 4AW.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Derwent House
9 Becket Street
Derby
DE1 1HT
www.lymn.co.uk

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*Service of Celebration and Thanksgiving
for the Life of*



Noreen Jamieson

31st October 1928 - 19th August 2018

West Park Cemetery

Tuesday 4th September 2018
at 11.00 am



Order of Service

Welcome

Prayer



Reading

Romans, Chapter 8: verses 31-35 and 37-39

If God is for us, who can be against us? He who did not spare his own Son, but gave him up for us all - how will he not also, along with him, graciously give us all things? Who will bring any charge against those whom God has chosen? It is God who justifies. Who is he that condemns? Christ Jesus, who died - more than that, who was raised to life - is at the right hand of God and is also interceding for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Prayers

Commendation and Farewell

Committal

Benediction



Service of Committal and Burial

Gathering Words and Welcome

Prayer

Introduction

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)

Reflection and Reading

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-7

'Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house there are many dwelling-places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going.'

Thomas said to him, 'Lord, we do not know where you are going.

How can we know the way?' Jesus said to him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.

If you know me, you will know my Father also.

From now on you do know him and have seen him.'

Reflection on a Life

Poem

Remember the good times,
Remember the laughter, not the tears.

The loving, not the upsets.

The courage and not the pain.

Your generous heart is still at last,
And your brave spirit has found peace.

You would not want us to be sad.

To mourn too long for those we love,
Is self indulgent.

But to honour their memory with a promise,
To live a little better for having known them,

Gives purpose to their life,
And some reason for their death.

Prayers

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)

Benediction

We will now proceed to the burial site for the service of committal.