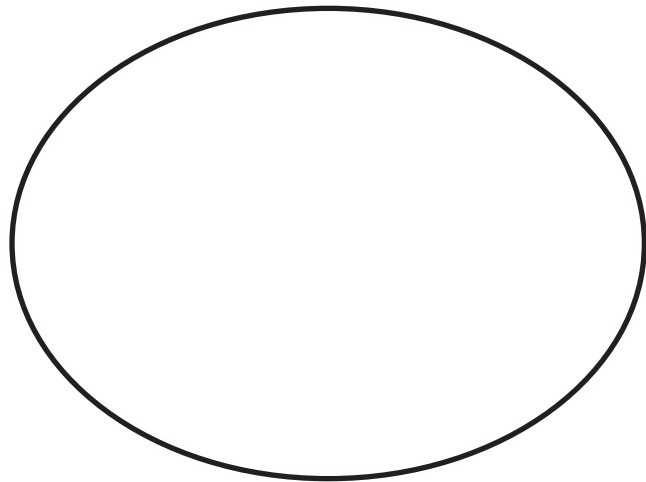


The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, which 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 them that 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

Blessing

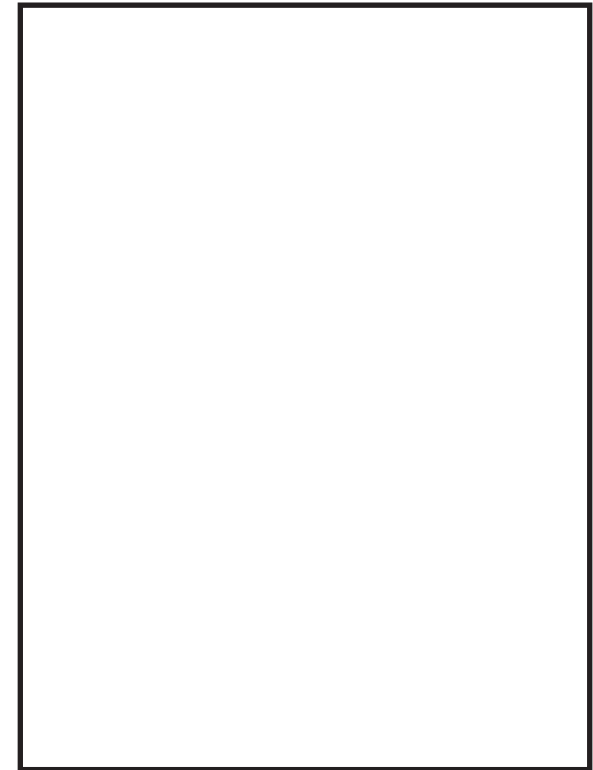
Closing Music



**Everyone is welcome to join the family for refreshments after
the service**

In Loving Memory of

15th December 1934 - 7th September 2012



Service at Northern Cemetery Chapel
17th September 11.00am
Service conducted by

Entrance Music

Welcome and Introduction

Hymn

The Lord's My Shepherd [Crimmond]

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 in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff my 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 evermore
My dwelling - place shall be.

Francis Rous (1579-1659), William Whittingham (1524-1579),
Scottish Psalter (1650) CM

Psalm 103

Gospel Reading

John 14:1 - 6, 18 - 19, 27

Poem

Death Is Nothing At All

Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away to the next room.
I am I and you are you. Whatever we were to each other, That, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you
always used. Put no difference into your tone, Wear no forced air of
solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play,
smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word
that it always was, let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a
shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same that it ever was; there is
absolute unbroken continuity. What is this death but a negligible accident?
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting
for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner.

All is well.

Henry Scott Holland 1847 - 1918 Canon of St Paul's Cathedral

Eulogy

Music

Prayers