

A Service of Thanksgiving
For the Life of



James Albert Green

20th March 1944 – 30th March 2018

All Saints Church, Cheltenham
Wednesday 2nd May 2018
At 12.00 noon



Processional Music
'Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam'
sung by the Crouch End festival Choirs

Order of Service

Welcome and Introduction

Hymn

And Did Those Feet In Ancient Time

Tune: Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
on England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
till we have built Jerusalem
in England's green and pleasant land.

Opening Prayer

Prayers of Penitence

Bible Reading

John 14, verses 1-8

The Eulogy

Given by Tim Green

A Masonic Tribute

Given by Roger Blake

Hymn

Guide Me, O Thy Great Redeemer

Tune: Cwm Rhondda

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of Heaven, bread of Heaven,
feed me now and evermore
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fiery cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs and praises, songs and praises,
I will ever give to Thee;
I will ever give to Thee.

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

Love Divine

Tune: Blaenwern

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love

Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

The Commendation

The Blessing

Recessional Music

'Radetzky March' played by The Band of The Royal Marines

A Private Committal will take place at the Crematorium

Thank You, I'm Fine

There's nothing the matter with me
I'm healthy as can be
I've arthritis in both my knees
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak, and my blood is thin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in

Arch supports I have for my feet
Or I wouldn't be able to be on the street.
Sleep is denied me night after night
But every morning I find I'm all right.
My memory is fading, my head's in a spin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral is this, as this state unfolds
That for me and you who are growing old
It's better to say, 'I'm fine' with a grin
Than to let folks know the shape we're in.

How do I know that my youth is all spent?
Well, my 'get up and go' has got up and went.
But I really don't mind when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places my 'get up' has bin.

Old age is golden, I've heard it said
But sometimes I wonder, as I get into bed
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup
My eyes on the table until I wake up.
Ere sleep overtakes me, I say to myself
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?

When I was young my slippers were red
I could kick my heels right over my head.
But when I grow older my slippers were blue
And still I could dance the whole night through.
Now, I am old, my slippers are black
I walk to the shop, and I puff my way back.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits
Pick up the paper and read the obits;
If my name is still missing I know I'm not dead
So, I get a good breakfast and go back to bed!

You are warmly invited for refreshments
and where the family will join you
at
Albion House Social Club
North Street
Cheltenham
GL50 4DJ

Donations in memory of Jim will be kindly received
and applied to the work of:



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