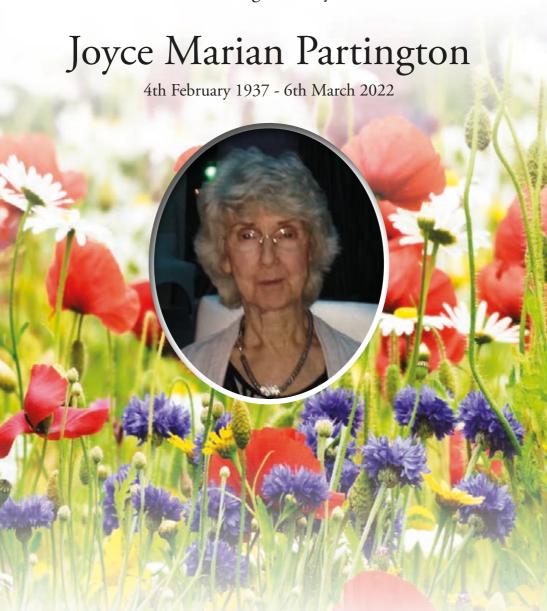
In Loving Memory of



Mansfield Crematorium, Newstead Chapel Friday 1st April 2022 at 2.00 pm





Conducted by Victoria Corder, Civil Celebrant



POEM

Dream written by Joyce

At night, I make my dreams come true when I come out to play,
For I am a fairy and sleep for most of the day.
I skip and slip through rushes green, and jump over toadstools high,
Making my way up in the air, I sometimes have to fly.

Through the hollyhocks and over the ferns, and by the grasses there, I spied my friend, the little elf, of me he's unaware.

Until I shake the bluebell and the dew drops on his head,
He wakes up very quickly and jumps right out of bed.

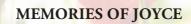
He joins me in my escapades and off we fly together,
Not knowing exactly where to go but going just wherever.
The plain is vast, the moon shines bright,
And, "Ho, the wonder of the night."

As side by side, we soar up high, Over the fields and over the stye, Through the woods dappled in dew And see a world of all things new.

Most of which is sleeping now,
Apart from the insects on the bough.
We sail downstream on our water barge
And whirl and twirl on our dock leaf large.

Smoothly down, we float along,
Happy together, singing our song,
But then comes the time for all things new,
To end with the sunrise in the morning dew.

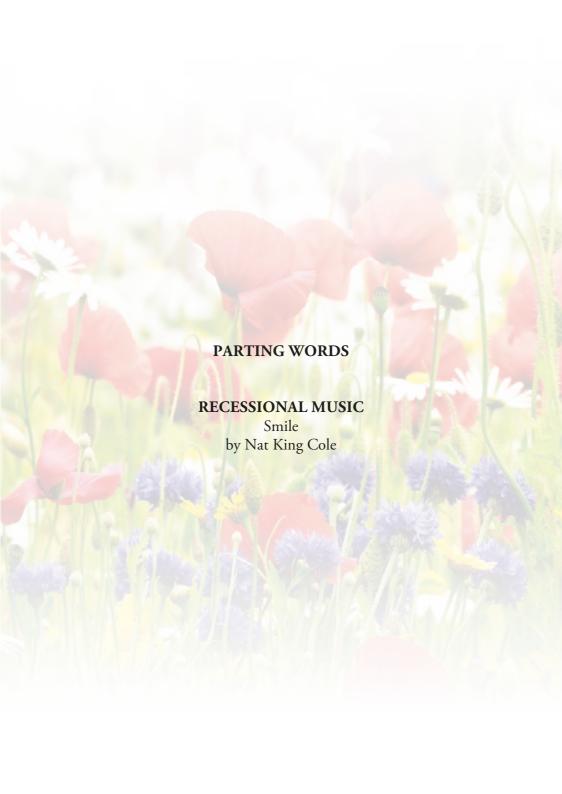
On the banks of the river we make our way, Our full night spent in joy and play. Hand in hand, we leave the ground, Upwards and onward, homeward bound.



TIME OF REFLECTION

You Have To Be There by Susan Boyle

A LOVING FAREWELL



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

Donations in memory of Joyce for the RSPCA

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



The Family Funeral Service®

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