In Loving Memory of

ALISON WHITLOCK

2nd September 1932 - 24th August 2022



ORDER OF SERVICE

GATHERING

HYMN

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed!

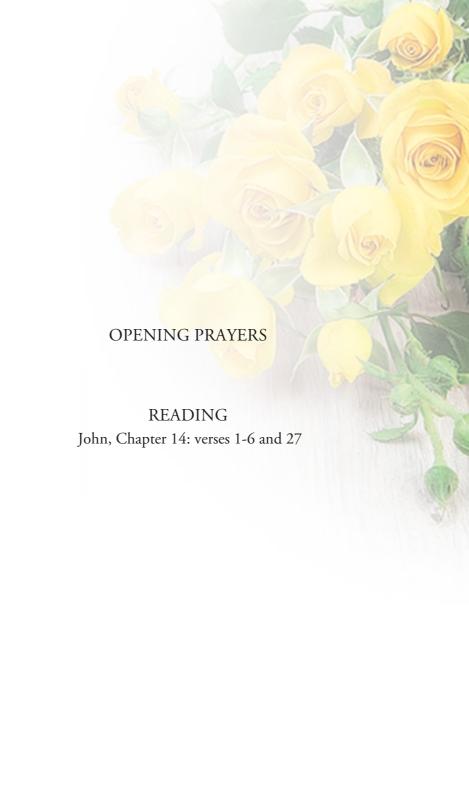
Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my shield and portion be As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease: I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we'd first begun.

John Newton (1725-1807)



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)

Tune: Crimond

TRIBUTE

PRAYERS AND 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

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.

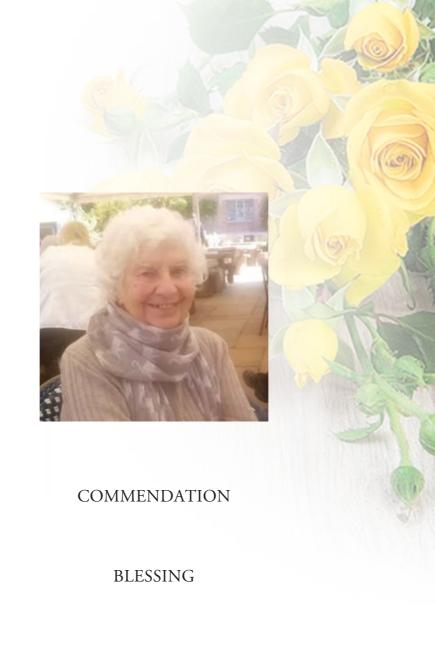
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

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)





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

Memorial donations for the

Stroke Association

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