



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

All are welcome for light refreshment at Stapleford and Bramcote Conservative Club, 71 Derby Road, Stapleford NG9 7AR.

Donations in memory of Arthur for the **British Heart Foundation** 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

A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

Half Crown House
38 Derby Road
Stapleford
Nottingham
NG9 7AA
www.lymn.co.uk

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In Loving Memory of



ARTHUR LOVATT

28th February 1932 - 3rd November 2021

Bramcote Crematorium, Serenity Chapel

Wednesday 1st December 2021

at 1.00 pm



PRAYERS

including

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.

COMMENDATION AND COMMITTAL

THE BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

My Way
by Frank Sinatra

Order of Service

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Unforgettable
by Nat King Cole

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

ARTHUR'S LIFE

TRIBUTE
by Mark

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION
Softly As I Leave You
by Matt Monro

MEMORIES
by Amanda and Michelle

READING
John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

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)