



"Reunited"

The family would like to thank everyone who has attended the service and for the many cards and messages of sympathy received.

You are warmly invited to
The Royal Hotel, Bideford
for refreshments after the service.

Donations, if desired, may be given for
Devon Air Ambulance or St Margaret's Church
by retiring collection or c/o
Braddicks & Sherborne Funeral Directors,
1 Abbotsham Road, Bideford, EX39 3AF

In Loving Memory
Of



Phyllis Mary Pickard 'Mary'

Who passed away peacefully on Saturday 26th December 2015

Aged 96

Service at St Margaret's Church, Northam
On Monday 11th January 2016 at 2.30pm
followed by cremation.

HYMN

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

HYMN

Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, 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 grace 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 Heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

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
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
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.