

In Loving Memory  
of

# Roger John Twidale

11th June 1937 - 1st April 2018



Wednesday 18th April 2018

at 1.15 pm

St Peter's Church, Widmerpool

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

Memorial donations for  
**Treetops Hospice**  
and  
**Nottinghamshire Hospice at Home**

may be left in the box provided  
on leaving the service, sent care of

A.W. Lymn

The Family Funeral Service

or left online at

[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)

*Never pass a little church,  
Always pay a visit,  
So when at last you're carried in  
The Lord won't say, 'Who is it?'*

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Albert Oliver and Sons

45 Easthorpe Street

Ruddington

NG11 6LB

[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

# Order of Service

## HYMN

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.  
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword.  
His truth is marching on.

*Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory hallelujah! His truth is marching on.*

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps.  
They have gilded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps.  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.  
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat.  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgement seat.  
O, be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
Whilst God is marching on.

*Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910)*

## BLESSING

**RECESSIONAL MUSIC**  
Chorus Of The Hebrew Slaves

## READING

He Is Gone  
by David Harkins  
read by Keith Whitehead

## PRAYERS

### A PRAYER FOR ROGER

### A PRAYER FOR WE WHO REMAIN

#### 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

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)*

**THE COLLECT OF HOPE**

**PSALM 121**

**READING**

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6  
read by David Brooke

**ADDRESS**

Reverend Stephen Hippisley-Cox

**TRIBUTES**

Marcus Twidale and Alistair Mathers

**HYMN**

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

*Jan Struther (1901-1953)*