# IN LOVING MEMORY OF BEATRICE MARTHA MOORE

3rd July 1930 - 10th October 2023





## ORDER OF SERVICE

OPENING MUSIC played by the organist, Tom Corfield

INTRODUCTION

PRAYERS OF PENITENCE

COLLECT

### **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)

### READING

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3: verses 1-8 read by Joan Williams, Beatrice's niece

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:

a time to be born, and a time to die;

a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;

a time to kill, and a time to heal;

a time to break down, and a time to build up;

a time to weep, and a time to laugh;

a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;

a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

a time to seek, and a time to lose;

a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

a time to rend, and a time to sew;

a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

a time to love, and a time to hate;

a time for war, and a time for peace.

### **ANTHEM**

For God So Loved The World by John Stainer sung by Christopher Simpson

God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

John, Chapter 3: verses 16-17



### **POEM**

I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud William Wordsworth read by Deborah Simpson

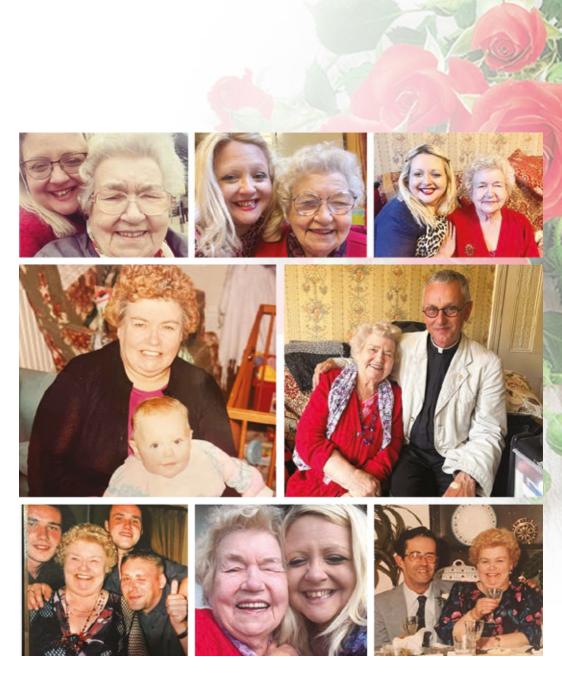
I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.





# PSALM 121 sung by Father Stephen Jones

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

> He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand; so that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

ADDRESS
Father Giles Orton



concluding with

### 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.

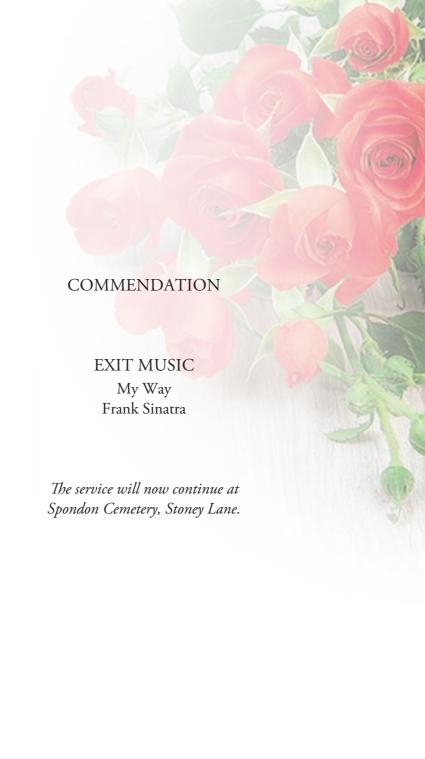
#### **HYMN**

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs and praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams (1717-1791)



### AT THE GRAVESIDE

### **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!

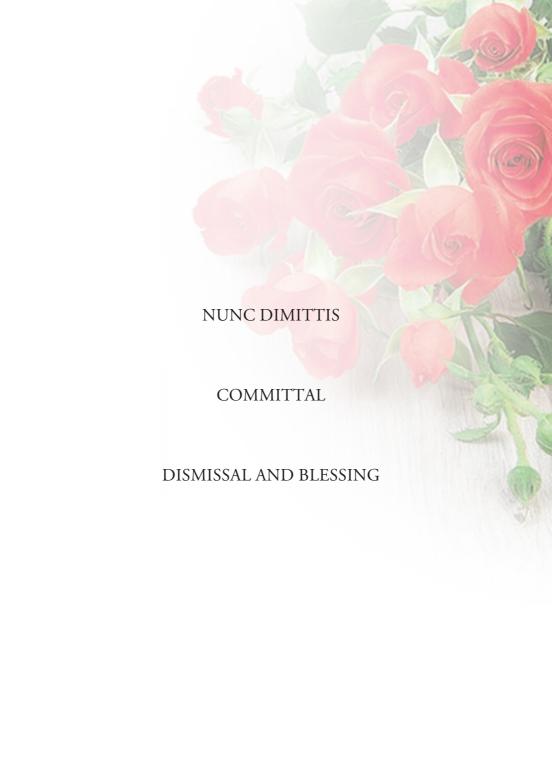
Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

All are welcome for light refreshment at Georgian House Hotel, 32-34 Ashbourne Road, Derby DE22 3AD.

Donations in memory of Beatrice for **St. Anne's Church** may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box on leaving the service.



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www.lymn.co.uk

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