In Loving Memory of

Sydney Thomas Lusted

17th June 1928 - 12th March 2024

Markeaton Crematorium, Round Chapel Friday 12th April 2024 at 2.00 pm



Order of Service

Entrance Music

Adagio for Strings Samuel Barber and Alexander Warenberg

Welcome

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.

And, when this heart and flesh 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 first begun.

John Newton (1725-1807)



Sydney's Story Oh, what a great Dad and Grandad he was, And dear Uncle Syd to lots more, We come here today to celebrate him, And think of what went before.

"A sickly baby" his parents were told, Who wouldn't be living for long. But he showed them all and put up a fight, And his ninety-five years proved them wrong.

Off to Wales for the War, along with big sister, Back to Folkestone again four years on, To their Mum, Dad and of course little sister, To find next door flattened by a bomb!

He worked for the Railway at Ashford, Married Jane had a daughter and then. Moved to Spondon where he lived for fifty odd years, Tried retiring but grew restless again.

His great love of history prompted him to Research his own family tree. He joined friends in a local history group, And at the museum, often working for free.

For many more years he researched for them both, Till his eyesight failed with old age. His writing will be his legacy now, And these words serve to close his own page. *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)

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

Final Words

Exit Music

In A Monastery Garden A. W. Ketelbey and Arendal Byorkester





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

All are welcome for light refreshments at 67 Chesterton Road, Spondon DE21 7EP.

Donations in memory of Sydney for Alzheimer's Society

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. YMN

The Family Funeral Service*

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