

*In Loving Memory of*



*Jeffrey Bryan Islip*

13th September 1933 - 17th June 2025

Wednesday 9th July 2025  
at 12.00 noon

Gedling Crematorium





*Order of Service*

*Entrance Music*

‘Amazing Grace’

*Introduction and Opening Prayers*



## *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 Thysel, 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)*



*Eulogy*

*Bible Reading*

Romans, Chapter 8: verses 34 -35 and 37-39

Jesus Christ, who suffered, died and was raised to new life for us, is sitting at the place of highest honour next to God, pleading for us. And I am convinced that nothing can ever separate us from his love.

Death can't, and life can't. The angels can't, and the demons can't.

Our fears for today, our worries about tomorrow and even the powers of hell can't keep God's love away.

Whether we are high above the sky or in the deepest ocean, nothing in all creation will ever be able to separate us from the love of God, which is revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord.



*Poem*

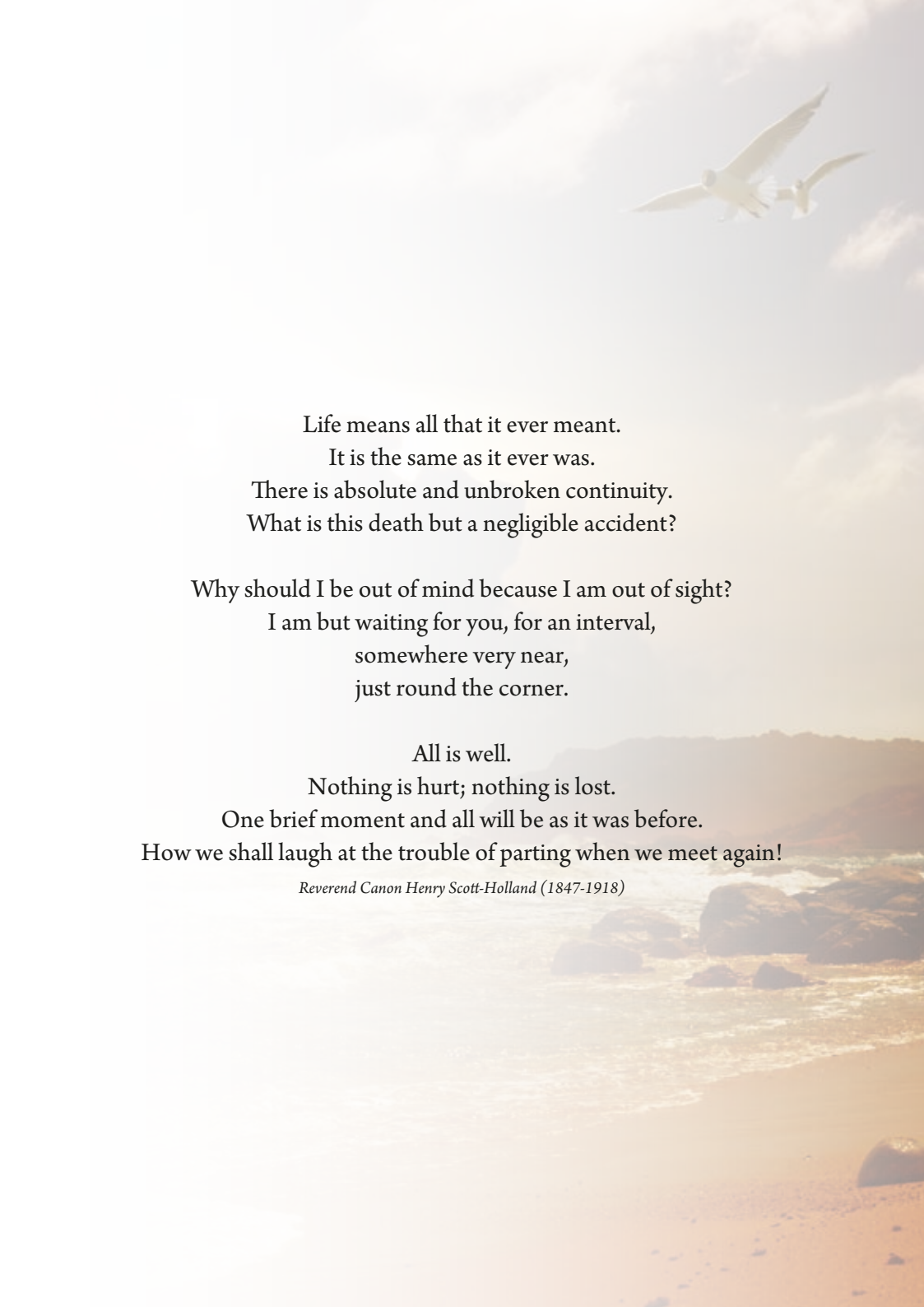
'All Is Well'  
read by Ashley

Death is nothing at all.  
It does not count.  
I have only slipped away into the next room.  
Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.  
I am I, and you are you,  
and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.  
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.  
Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.  
Put no difference into your tone.  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.



Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was.  
There is absolute and unbroken continuity.  
What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?  
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,  
somewhere very near,  
just round the corner.

All is well.  
Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.  
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.  
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

*Reverend Canon Henry Scott-Holland (1847-1918)*



*Prayers*

*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*

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,  
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:  
*Then sings my soul...*

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,  
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin;  
*Then sings my soul...*

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,  
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!  
*Then sings my soul...*

*Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)*



*Prayer of Commendation*

*Committal*

*Closing Prayer*

*Blessing*

*Exit Music*

'So Long, Farewell' by Julie Andrews





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

All are welcome for light refreshment at  
Bestwood Lodge Hotel,  
Bestwood Lodge Country Park,  
Nottinghamshire  
NG5 8HT.

Donations in memory of Jeffrey 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](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)**  
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service\**

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