

To Celebrate the Life of



Irvine's family thank you for attending today,
and for all your kind thoughts
and messages at this sad time.

They warmly invite you to join them
for light refreshments at
The Five Bells, 1 New Road, Upwell Wisbech PE14 9AA.

Donations in Irvine's memory for
Macmillan Cancer Support
may be made at the service or given at
<http://www.funeralzone.co.uk/obituaries/64610>
where memories may also be shared.

Irvine Arthur Webb

25th June 1951 - 2nd July 2019

Monday 22nd July 2019 at 4.00 pm

Mintlyn Crematorium

The **co-operative** funeralcare
Central England Co-operative
Old Royal Standard, Weasenham Lane, Wisbech PE13 2RY
Telephone: 01945 475495
www.centralengland.coop/funeralcare

'To whom the arrangements have been entrusted'







THE LORD'S PRAYER

THE COMMITTAL

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

Anywhere Is Enya

CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC

Wind Beneath My Wings

Bette Midler

Order of Service

ENTRY MUSIC

Bridge Over Troubled Water

Simon and Garfunkel

OPENING WORDS

Mrs Verne Lee

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION



POEM

Footprints In The Sand

One night I dreamed a dream.
As I was walking along the beach with my Lord,
across the dark sky flashed scenes from my life.
For each scene, I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand,
one belonging to me and one to my Lord.

After the last scene of my life flashed before me,
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.
I noticed that at many times along the path of my life, especially
at the very lowest and saddest times,
there was only one set of footprints.

This really troubled me, so I asked the Lord about it.
“Lord, you said once I decided to follow you,
You’d walk with me all the way.
But I noticed that during the saddest and
most troublesome times of my life,
there was only one set of footprints.

I don’t understand why, when I needed You the most,
You would leave me.”

He whispered, “My precious child,
I love you and will never leave you,
never, ever, during your trials and testings.
When you saw only one set of footprints,
It was then that I carried you.”

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 furnishedè
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)

TRIBUTE TO IRVINE