



*Weep if you must, Parting is hell,
But life goes on, So sing as well*

All are most welcome to join Mark and Jenny at
1, Sages, Fore Street, Dolton
to raise a glass, or two, of wine in memory of our
beloved mother, Bobbie Paine.

Donations, if desired, may be given for
RAF Benevolence Fund
by retiring collection or c/o
Braddicks & Sherborne Funeral Directors,
1 Abbotsham Road, Bideford, EX39 3AF or

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at
www.braddicksandsherborne.co.uk
and click Obituaries.

A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life and Love of



Barbara (Bobbie) Mary Catherine Paine

27th October 1921 ~ 18th January 2016

Service at St Edmunds Church, Dolton
On Friday 29th January at 4.00pm.

WELCOME BY REVEREND TONY CONNELL

HYMN

She who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster,
Let her in constancy follow the Master.
There's no discouragement shall make her once relent
Her first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset her round with dismal stories
Do but themselves confound - her strength the more is.
No foes shall stay her might; though she with giants fight,
She will make good her right to be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend us with Thy Spirit,
We know we at the end, shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away! I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

EULOGY

By Mark Paine on behalf of Tim Paine

HYMN

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:
the love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
that lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
the love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
the love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
we may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
and soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
and her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

READING JOHN 14: 1-6 & 27

By Jenny Paine

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.
In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare
a place for you.
And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that
where I am, there ye may be also.
And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.
Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.
Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your
heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

REFLECTION BY REVEREND TONY CONNELL

HYMN

God be in my head, and in my understanding;
God be in mine eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at mine end, and at my departing.

PRAYERS LED BY REVEREND TONY CONNELL

HYMN

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is thy victory thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes where the body lay.
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

Lo Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting:
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of Life;
Life is nought without thee: aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors through thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

BLESSING

