

*Service of Thanksgiving for the life  
of*



**Sheila Margaret Duthie  
(née Jackson)**

10th February 1935 - 19th January 2024

St Barnabas' Church, Derby

Tuesday 20th February 2024  
at 11.15 am



**Music before service**

'I know that my Redeemer liveth' (G. F. Handel)

**Order of Service**

Led by Reverend Derek Honour

**Opening Prayers**



## **Hymn**

'My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness'

## **Reading**

1 Peter, chapter 1, verses 3-9 (Dorothy Oliver)

## **Sheila's journey** (Malcolm)

## **Reading**

Revelation, chapter 7, verses 9-17 (Malcolm)



## **Hymn**

‘In Christ alone my hope is found’

## **Reading**

John, chapter 11, verses 17-27 (Daniel Lim)

## **Hymn**

‘Crown Him with many crowns’

**Address** by Reverend Derek Honour

## **Hymn**

‘Before the throne of God above I have a strong and perfect plea’

**Prayers** (Reverend Derek Honour)



## Hymn

‘Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son’

**Blessing** (Reverend Derek Honour)

**Music while we remain seated**

‘Hallelujah’ (G. F. Handel)



“The time has come for my departure. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me on that day.”  
(2 Timothy, chapter 4, verses 6b-8)

“I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.”  
(Psalm 23, verse 6b)



Everyone is invited to stay for a light lunch after the service.



## Mum and Granny

Something that we didn't know about Mum, was that her name, Sheila Margaret, meant 'Heavenly Pearl' - we love this! She is indeed now heavenly, and she was so beautiful (inside and out) and precious.

What we do know was that she was the most wonderful Mum and Granny in every way. I am so thankful for her unconditional love, her support, her encouragement, her guidance, her wisdom, her sharing Jesus with me, her sense of humour, her quietly (but determinedly!) being a role model and just for Mum being 'Mum'. I also feel blessed to have been her daughter for 46 years.

Mum was 42 when she had me and, on the maternity ward, was referred to as the 'geriatric mum'! Having older parents didn't bother me in my younger days, but when Malc and I married, and Matthew (18) and then Daniel (16) arrived, I often wondered how long Mum and Dad would have with their grandsons. I needn't have worried!! To see Granny with her grandsons, whether it was when they were causing chaos in the kitchen together or cuddled up for a story, or in later life sitting together to watch TV, was always a joy.

When we think about Mum and Granny, we think of her infectious smile, the colour blue, her ever-ready hugs, copious amounts of coffee, her always seeing the best in everyone, her infamous tea bread, bus trips into town with Granny and Grandad, Florentyna perfume, her slightly last minute time-keeping, warm milk and marble runs at Granny and Grandad's after school, her making sure everybody was always well fed, her singing 'It's A Long Way To Tipperary' with the lovely Lauren at Willowcroft, eating Granny's chocolate-cherry trifle, playing Risk and Mum making up her own mission as she didn't like the idea of 'destroying' us, making the Christmas cake with Granny ... but most of all, her steadfast and unswerving faith and her unconditional love for family, friends and strangers alike.



Mum always made time for everyone, no matter who they were, where they were, when it was or what was needed. When I was younger, I remember our home was always 'busy' with people, which I loved, but I also remember that I never missed out on any 'Mum time'. I have no idea how she did it, but she did!

We have received so many lovely cards, emails and messages telling us how Mum's warmth, gentleness, hospitality, love and faith have touched peoples' lives. I would love to include some of these messages, but I know Mum wouldn't want that. She would just say 'I did what I could, and the Lord did the rest'.

I remember being struck, a couple of years ago, by something Chris Evans (the radio DJ) said, when his Mum died. Listeners were phoning in to say that they were so sorry to hear the sad news. His reply was "Don't be! It's ok, in fact, it's very ok! Mum needed to be at peace. Ultimately, there was no battle lost, only a life won." This comes back to mind now. We aren't sad for Mum. It's a blessing for her, her body and mind were worn out and she was ready to be welcomed Home. It's just hard to face the reality that, for the time being, we won't see her beautiful (and sometimes cheeky!) smile, hold her gentle hand or hear about how she was planning to start playing hockey again!

I recently found a letter that Mum's mum had written to her, for her to read after she had gone to Heaven, in 1968. In it, she writes that she 'thanks God for giving her such a wonderful daughter'. We can now join her in thanking God for giving us such a wonderful Mum and Granny, too, who we are amazingly proud of.

So, knowing that she is 'renewed, radiant and rejoicing with the Lord', we will forever treasure the precious memories of our time with Mum and Granny, and do our very best to live our lives following her gentle example of a life lived with

'love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control.' (Galatians, chapter 5, verses 22-23)

*Anne, Malc, Matthew and Daniel*





The family would like to thank the 70+ people who have sent messages of sympathy and support.

Donations in memory of Sheila for the  
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and the  
**Overseas Missionary Fellowship**  
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*The Family Funeral Service\**

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