In Celebration of the Life of



DONALD ANNABLE

27th November 1933 - 13th December 2019

MONDAY 20TH JANUARY 2020 AT 3.30 PM WEST CHAPEL WILFORD HILL CREMATORIUM

SERVICE CONDUCTED BY TIM HAR TELL



ENTRANCE MUSIC from Symphony No. 5 by Tchaikovsky

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

POEM
The Star
read by Carol

A light went out on Earth for me,
The day we said goodbye,
And on that day, a star was born,
The brightest in the sky;
Reaching through the darkness
With its rays of purest white,
Lighting up the heavens
As it once lit up my life;
With beams of love to heal
The broken heart you left behind,
Where always in my memory
Your lovely star will shine.

THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES FROM GEMMA

POEM

Garden Magic written by Marie Nettleton Carroll

This is the garden's magic, That through the sunny hours The gardener who tends it, Himself outgrows his flowers. He grows by gift of patience, Since he who sows must know That only in the Lord's good time Does any seedling grow. He learns from buds unfolding, From each tight leaf unfurled, That his own heart, expanding, Is one with all the world. He bares his head to sunshine, He's bending back, a sign Of grace, and ev'ry shower becomes His sacramental wine. And when at last his labours Bring forth the very stuff And substance of all beauty, This is reward enough.

HYMN Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken,
like the first morning;
blackbird has spoken,
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven, like the first dewfall on the first grass.

Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden, spring in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
born of the one light
Eden saw play.
Praise with elation,
Praise ev'ry morning,
God's re-creation
of the new day!

TRIBUTE TO DON

TIME OF REFLECTION

Too Young

Jimmy Young

POEM

My Garden Is My Sanctuary written by Marie Church

As I look out to my garden,
I feel a sense of pride.
It really is a lovely room
Except it is outside.

Where lovely things mix and match And greenery fills the walls; The sound of trickling water Coming from the gold fish pond.

I love the sight of stones and rocks
And driftwood and tree ferns too.
My hedge is trimmed as straight as it can be,
I know you would like it too.

With pride I walk around my garden And savour each scent and smell; Colours of yellow, red and gold, Striped cushion on a bench.

The bird bath has its own domain, It's placed beside a wooden arch Where all the birds come to bathe And drink when they are parched.

Ladybirds can hide away; Sometimes they come out to see What's happening around them With caterpillars and the bees.

There's not much more that I can say
Except if you have your own,
It won't take long to build it up;
Seeds will bloom once they are sown.

PRIVATE GOODBYES

THE FINAL FAREWELL

CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC Since I Lost You Genesis

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

All are welcome for light refreshments at The Wolds, Loughborough Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 7HZ.

> Memorial donations for the **PDSA**

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 sent care of



The Family Funeral Service

Chaworth House 24 Varney Road Clifton NG11 8EX www.lymn.co.uk

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