



*To Celebrate
the Life of*

Mary Phillips

7th July 1951 - 3rd March 2026



Friday 24th April 2026
Wilford Hill, Main Chapel at 1.00 pm
followed by graveside service at
Southern Cemetery at 2.00 pm



Order of Service

Entrance Music

The Lark Ascending
by Vaughan Williams

Welcome

Pastor Milan Gugleta

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 Thyself, 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

Family member or a friend





Poem

When Tomorrow Starts Without Me

When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not the one to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
Are lifted with tears for me.

I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today
While thinking of the many things
We didn't get to say.

I know how much you loved me,
As much as I loved you,
And each time you think of me,
I know you'll miss me, too.

But when tomorrow starts without me,
Please try to understand
That an angel came and called my name
And took me by the hand.

So, when tomorrow starts without me,
Don't think we're far apart,
For every time you think of me,
I'm right here in your heart.

Hymn

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)





Words Of Comfort

Pastor Milan Gugleta

Prayer

Exit Music

1812 Overture
by Tchaikovsky

At the Graveside

Reading

Pastor Milan Gugleta

Committal

Pastor Milan Gugleta

Prayer

Pastor Milan Gugleta



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

All are welcome for light refreshment at
Willis Lodge, St Thomas Avenue, Kirkby in Ashfield, NG17 7DX.

Donations in memory of Mary for
Help for Heroes and **Fire Fighters Charity**
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 by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

Rutland House
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West Bridgford
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www.lymn.co.uk

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