

*May the road rise to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rain falls soft upon your fields
And, until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.*



Walter C. Parson
Funeral Directors

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Church of All Hallows
Ringmore



Naomi Juliet Warne

16th May 1921 - 16th May 2007

Friday 25th May 2007

*O Lord, support us all the day long,
until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes,
and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over,
and our work is done.*

*Then, Lord, in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging,
and a holy rest,
and peace at the last: through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was
Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a shadow in it
Life means all that it ever meant, it is the same as it ever was
There is absolute unbroken continuity what is death
but a negligible accident?
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you for an interval
Somewhere very near. just around the corner
All is well.
Nothing is past; nothing is lost
One brief moment and all will be as it was before
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

Henry Scott Holland, 1847 - 1918, Canon of St Paul's Cathedral.

Prayers

To the bidding - "Lord in Your Mercy"
All say "Hear Our Prayer"

And Did Those Feet In Ancient Time

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic mills.

Bring me my bow of burning gold
Bring me my arrows of desire
Bring me my spear, O clouds unfold
Bring me my chariots of fire.
I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Blessing

*Everyone is invited to Ringmore W. I Hall after the service.
Retiring collection for
Ringmore Church & The Royal British Legion*

Sentences

Bidding Prayer and Introduction

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,
Sprung 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 every morning
God's recreation, of the new day.

The Lesson

1 Corinthians 13

Read by Richard Warne

Lord of All Hopefulness

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy:
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts Lord at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is Contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Grandchildren's Memories

Followed by verse

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year:
Give me a Light that I may tread safely into the unknown,
And he replied: Go out into the darkness
and put thine hand into the hand of God.
That shall be to thee better than light and safer than a known way.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Redeemer

Guide Me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty
Hold me with thy powerful hand,
Bread of heaven
Feed me now and evermore.

Open new the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through
Strong deliverer
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side,
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Verse

Read by Gillian Woodward

You can shed tears that she is gone
But you can also smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left.

Your heart can be empty because you cannot see her
Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live for yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and ache that she's gone
But you can cherish her memory and let her live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,
Or you can do what she would want, smile,
open your eyes, love one another and go on.

Charles Henry Brent (1862 - 1929) Bishop of Washington

Address - Vicar

Verse

Read by Julia Searight

Death is nothing at all I have only slipped away into the next room
I am I and you are you.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still
Call me by my old familiar name. Speak to me in the easy way
you always used

Put no difference in your tone.

Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.