

**"...and all shall be well, and all shall be well,
all manner of things shall be well"**

*Julian of Norwich
(14th century)*

One of Nancy's favourite saints & sayings

*The family wishes to thank everyone for their kind thoughts,
prayers, letters and flowers.*

NANCY MARJORY GRIMSHAW

April 6th 1914 - May 23rd 2000



ALL HALLOWS' CHURCH

RINGMORE

Tuesday May 30th 2000

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



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CHICAGO, ILL.

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Hymn

Thine be the Glory,
Risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the 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, etc.

No more we doubt Thee,
Glorious Prince of life;
Life is nought without Thee:
Aid us in our strife;
Make us more like conquerors,
Through Thy deathless love;
Lead us in Thy triumph
To Thy home above.

*Thine be the glory, etc
Edmond L. Budry (1854-1932)*

**Everyone is welcome to join the family for a cream tea at
Middle Manor (or the church hall if raining)**

ORDER OF SERVICE

Introduction by Rev. Derek Matten

Hymn

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
who thee by faith before the world confessed,
thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light. Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
we feebly struggle, they in glory shine:
yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
and hearts are brave again and arms are strong. Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest:
sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
the saints triumphant rise in bright array:
the King of glory passes on his way. Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

William Walsham How (1823 -1897)

Scripture and Opening Prayer

Words of Welcome

Hymn

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him still the same for ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows;
in his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
ye behold him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before him;
dwellers all in time and space.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793 - 1847)

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
to enrol thee:
e'en eternity's too short
to extol thee. Alleluia!

George Herbert (1593 - 1633)

Psalm 121:⁸

The Lord will defend your going out and coming in from this time forward
and for evermore.

A retiring collection will be taken for the Church Mission Society.



Please follow the family to the graveside.

Psalm 103:¹³⁻¹⁷

As a father has compassion on his children, so has the Lord compassion on
all who fear Him. For He knows how we were made, He knows full well
that we are dust.

The Committal

Revelation 14:¹³

Moreover, I heard a voice from heaven, saying "Write this: "Happy are the
dead who die in the faith of Christ! Henceforth", says the Spirit "they may
rest from their labours; for they take with them the record of their deeds."

1 Timothy 1:¹⁷

Now to the King of all the worlds, immortal, invisible, the only God, be
honour and glory for ever and ever! *Amen*

Prayers Led by Michael Tagent

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our
trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us;
Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the Glory,
for ever and ever, *Amen*

The Grace

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the
fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all, evermore, *Amen*

Invitation to the Committal

Hymn

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee;
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
thou hast heard me;
thou didst note my working breast,
thou hast spared me. Alleluia!

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
and the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
thou didst clear me,
and alone, when they replied,
thou didst hear me. Alleluia!

Remembering Nancy: Reflections and Memories From her Grandchildren and Friends

Hymn

Be still, for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy One is here;
come bow before him now
with reverence and fear:
in him no sin is found –
we stand on holy ground.
Be still, for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy One, is here.

Be still, for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around;
he burns with holy fire,
with splendour he is crowned:
how awesome is the sight –
our radiant King of light!
Be still, for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around.

Be still, for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place:
he comes to cleanse and heal,
to minister his grace –
no work too hard for him.
In faith receive from him.
Be still, for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place

David J Evans

Reading by Richard Grimshaw

Psalm 139

O Lord, you have searched me and you know me. You know when I sit and when I rise; you perceive my thoughts from afar. You discern my going out and my lying down; you are familiar with all my ways. Before a word is on my tongue you know it completely, O Lord. You hem me in – behind and before; you have laid your hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, too lofty for me to attain. Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence? If I go up to the heavens, you are there; if I make my bed in the depths, you are there. If I rise up on the wings of the dawn, you are there, if I settle on the far side of the sea, even there your hand will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast. If I say, "Surely the darkness will hide me and the light become night around me," even the darkness will not be dark to you; The night will shine like day, for darkness is as light to you. For you created my inmost being; You knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well. My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in a secret place. When I was woven together in the depths of the earth, your eyes saw my unformed body. All the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to me. How precious to me are your thoughts, O God! How vast is the sum of them! Were I to count them, they would outnumber the grains of sand. When I awake, I am still with you. If only you would slay the wicked, O God! Away from me, you bloodthirsty men! They speak of you with evil intent; your adversaries misuse your name. Do I not hate those who hate you, O Lord, and abhor those who rise up against you? I have nothing but hatred for them; I count them as my enemies. Search me, O God, and know my heart; test me and know my anxious thoughts. See if there is any offensive way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Address by Rev. Derek Matten

Hymn

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heaven, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion,
pure unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart.

Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy host above;
pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation:
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation,
perfectly restored in thee.

Changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley (1707 – 1788)