

*In Loving Memory
of*



Evelyn Mary Mackie

20th December 1953 - 27th May 2020

Wednesday 1st July 2020

12.30 p.m.

Gedling Crematorium

ORDER OF SERVICE

Service conducted by The Reverend Rachel Mitchell

Processional music: 'Praise, my soul, the King of heaven'

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

OPENING PRAYER

TRIBUTE

Dr. Meg Weir

POEM

Sally Mackie

'DEATH IS NOTHING AT ALL'

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 into 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.
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 that it ever was.
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
What is this 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!

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

BIBLE READING

St. John chapter 14, verses 1-6 & 27

Read by Charlotte Hudson

'Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going.' Thomas said to him, 'Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?' Jesus said to him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.'

'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid.'

REFLECTION

HYMN

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
the darkness falls at thy behest;
to thee our morning hymns ascended,
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping
and rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away;
thy kingdom stands and grows for ever,
till all thy creatures own thy sway.

PRAYERS

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who 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.
And 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.

COMMENDATION

Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace,
where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
where there is sadness, joy;

O Divine Master, grant that I may
not so much seek to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive;
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

COMMITTAL

GAELIC BLESSING

May the road rise up to meet you,
may the wind be always at your back,
may the sun shine warm upon your face,
and the rains fall soft upon your fields;
and until we meet again
may God hold you in the palm of his hand.

Recessional music: 'Ski Sunday Theme' and 'English Country Garden'



*To give and not to count the cost,
To fight and not to heed the wounds,
To toil and not to seek for rest,
To labour and not to ask for any reward
Save that of knowing that I do thy will.*

*Pray for me as I shall for thee:
That we may love and laugh again
When we meet merrily in heaven.*

*The value of life lies not in the length of days
But in the use of them.*

*Donations in memory of Mary for
Lincs & Notts Air Ambulance Charitable Trust
may be made online at
www.egillandsons.co.uk/funeral-notice.html
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