



A Service of Remembrance and Thanksgiving
for the life of

GWENYTH CONSTANCE
BEATRICE WHITE

3rd February, 1928 - 9th June, 2020

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROOD
WOOL

Friday 26th June
at 11:00am

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entry Music -

Pie Jesu, Sarah Brightman

Welcome & Opening Prayer

The Reverend Carol Langford

Hymn

Huddersfield Choral Society

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 rains 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.

Tribute to Gwen

The Lesson

The Parable of the Sower

The Gospel of St Mark - Chapter 4, verses 1 – 8

Read by Ashley

⁴Again Jesus began to teach by the lake. The crowd that gathered round him was so large that he got into a boat and sat in it out on the lake, while all the people were along the shore at the water's edge. ²He taught them many things by parables, and in his teaching said: ³'Listen! A farmer went out to sow his seed. ⁴As he was scattering the seed, some fell along the path, and the birds came and ate it up. ⁵Some fell on rocky places, where it did not have much soil. It sprang up quickly, because the soil was shallow. ⁶But when the sun came up, the plants were scorched, and they withered because they had no root. ⁷Other seed fell among thorns, which grew up and choked the plants, so that they did not bear grain. ⁸Still other seed fell on good soil. It came up, grew and produced a crop, some multiplying thirty, some sixty, some a hundred times.'

This is the word of the Lord

Thanks be to God.

The Address

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.

Hymn

The Guildford Cathedral Choir

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, Lord, 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.

Commendation

Exit Music: –

Mother of mine, *Tommy Keene*
We'll meet again, *Vera Lynn*
Moonlight Serenade, *Glenn Miller*
Secret Love, *Doris Day*

This Service will conclude with interment in the re-opened grave space of her late husband Jack in the Churchyard.

There will be a retiring collection in memory of Gwen for the Dorset & Somerset Air Ambulance, or donations may be sent to Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham, BH20 4QU.

You may also donate online at **www.funeraldirector.co.uk/gwen-white**

Or scan the following QR code with your Smartphone.



Helen, Jackie and their families wish to thank you all for your support, kind messages of sympathy and for attending this service.



The Church of Holy Rood, 8th Sept 1951