



A Service of Thanksgiving & Celebration for the life of

**Friederike Louise
Wendland-Critchley**

15th January 1929 – 1st September 2020

Poole Crematorium

Monday 14th September
11.00am

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entry Music

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
he makes me down to lie
in pastures green; he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

Welcome & Introduction

Pastor Andy Binnington

Bible Reading

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13

¹³ If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. ²If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. ³If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

⁴Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. ⁵It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. ⁶Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. ⁷It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

⁸Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. ⁹For we know in part and we prophesy in part, ¹⁰but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. ¹¹When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. ¹²For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

¹³And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

This is the word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

The Address

Reflection Music

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hand has made,
I see the stars I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Then sings my soul my Saviour God to thee,
How great thou art ,How great thou art!
Then sings my soul my saviour God to thee,
How great thou art, How great thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.

And when I think that God his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die I scarce can take it in
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home what joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim my God how great thou art

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

Committal

Exit Music

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.

Donations in memory of Friederike for the British Red Cross may be sent to Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham, Dorset, BH20 4QU.

Or made online at www.funeraldirector.co.uk/friederike-wendland-critchley