



Jo, Mum, Granny

Funeral Service for

Josephine Johnson

8th March, 1937 – 3rd December, 2020

Poole Crematorium

Tuesday 15th December, 2020
At 1.00pm

Up-hill

*Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.*

*But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.*

*Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.*

*Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.*

Christina Rossetti

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entry Music - Clair de Lune, *Debussy*

Welcome & Introduction

Canon Simon Everett

Opening Prayer

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 Him, Praise Him,
praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise Him still the same forever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise Him, Praise Him,
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,
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 Him, Praise Him,
praise with us the God of grace.

Bible Reading

Ecclesiastes chapter 3, verses 1-14

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under the heavens:
a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,
a time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to tear down and a time to build,
a time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance,
a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,
a time to search and a time to give up,
a time to keep and a time to throw away,
a time to tear and a time to mend,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,
a time to love and a time to hate,
a time for war and a time for peace.

Address

Poem

Caring, kind, full of grace.
Jo's loving nature marked her face.
Through the years she didn't change,
Wider still her charm did range.
A welcoming smile always shown
To friends and family in her home.
In my heart she'll always be
That gracious friend serving tea.

Reflection Music

Beethoven's Piano Sonata No 31 A flat major Op 110
3 Adagio

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

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 Thy 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:

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of Life;
life is naught without Thee: aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors through Thy deathless love;
bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above:

Commendation & Committal

Blessing

Exit Music - Nimrod, from Enigma Variations, *Elgar*

Donations in memory of Jo for the NSPCC, UNICEF and a flower fund in her name may be sent to Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham, Dorset, BH20 4QU.

Or made online at:

www.funeraldirector.co.uk/josephine-johnson

I Am Standing Upon the Seashore

*I am standing upon the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her white
sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength.
I stand and watch her until at length
she hangs like a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky come
to mingle with each other.
Then, someone at my side says;
"There, she is gone!"
"Gone where?"
Gone from my sight. That is all.
She is just as large in mast and hull
and spar as she was when she left my side
and she is just as able to bear her
load of living freight to her destined port.
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.
And just at the moment when someone
at my side says, "There, she is gone!"
There are other eyes watching her coming,
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout;
"Here she comes!"
And that is dying.*

Henry Van Dyke

*May we look
Backward with gratitude
Forward with courage
Upward with confidence*