

A tribute

A home made



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.

Orinoco Flow *Enya*

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We would like to help cure this disease. If you can, please donate.



By cheque: Made payable to **Blood Cancer UK** and send to James Smith Funeral Directors, 60a Kings Road, Swanage, Dorset. BH19 1HR

Or online: www.funeraldirector.co.uk/anne-field

A service celebrating the life of



1952 - 2021

11pm Monday 22nd March 2021
Bournemouth Crematorium

Band Of Gold *Freda Payne*



Ecclesiastes 3:1-4

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...

Death Is Nothing At All

By Henry Scott-Holland

Death is nothing at all.
It does not count.
I have only slipped away
into the next room.
Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.
I am I, and you are you,
and the old life that we lived so fondly
together is untouched, unchanged.
Whatever we were to each
other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.
Speak of me in the easy way which
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 that 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 an effort,
without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute
and 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 but waiting for you,
for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just round the corner.

All is well.



All Things Bright and Beautiful

Hymn

*All things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful, the Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens, each little bird that sings,
he made their glowing colors, he made their tiny wings.

All things bright and beautiful...

The purple-headed mountain, the river running by,
the sunset, and the morning that brightens up the sky.

All things bright and beautiful...

The cold wind in the winter, the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden, he made them every one.

All things bright and beautiful...

He gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell how
great is God Almighty, who has made all things well.

All things bright and beautiful...



Epilogue: The Wife of Noble Character

Proverbs 31:10-31

I dreamed a dream *Les Miserables*

We, the boys

You live in us and everything we
are is you. From the blossom,
down in to the deepest roots.

You have made us what we are and
we will always love you for your
devotion to us and all our families.

We are so proud to be your sons and
we will cherish every memory forever.

We garden, we cook, we celebrate,
we drink. We laugh.

We love, cherish and
support one another.

We love our pets. Eleven and counting.
We are kind. We are generous
and we are all parents... well, nearly.

We apologise.

For the stray football that
met perfectly manicured flowers.

For doing it again.

And again.

For being unable to match your
dancing prowess,
For all the mess. The noise. The stress.
For which you always forgave
and made it fun.

So, for now, we leave you hidden away
in the warmth and tranquillity of
your summer house. We know that
you're there. But *just* out of view.

xxx