

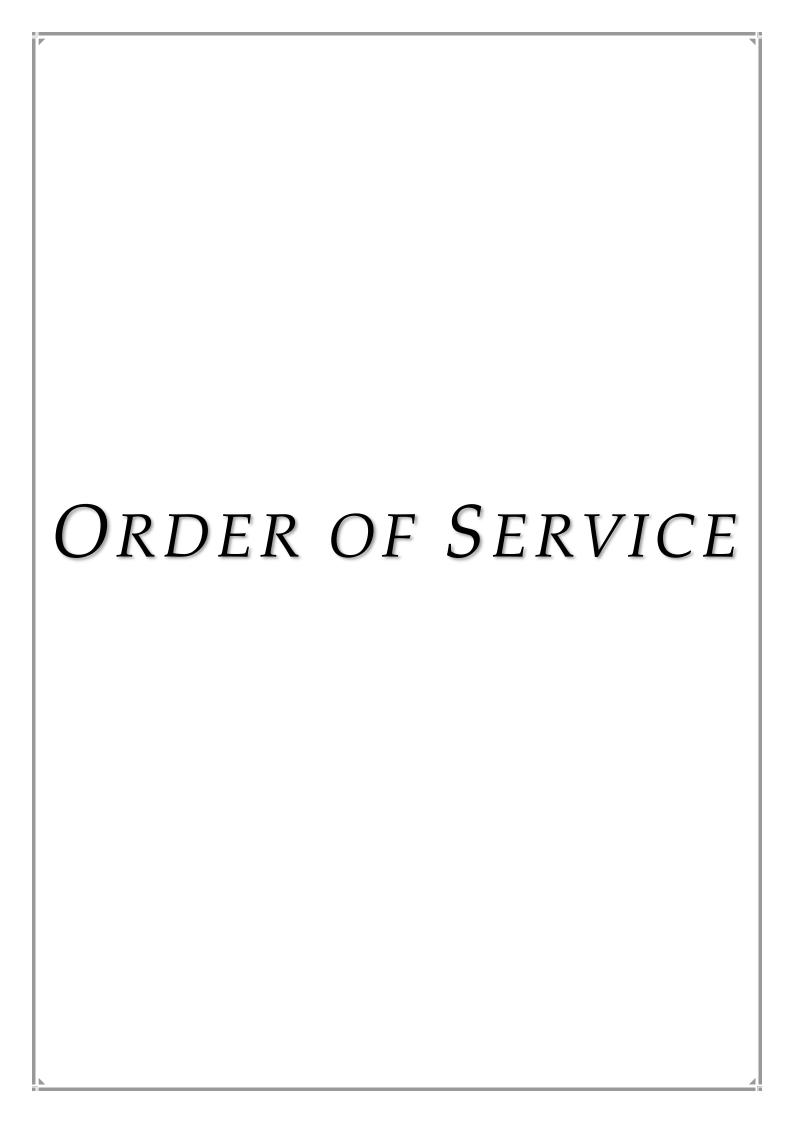
A Service of Celebration for the life of

Kenneth Stanley Payne

30th May 1921 ~ 29th June 2022

The Church of the Holy Rood Wool

> Thursday 14th July 2022 11:00am



Entrance Music

Nimrod, The Coldstream Guards Band

Welcome & Opening Prayer

Mrs Jenny Hunt LLM

Hymn

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

Read by Julie

Poem

Just me and the sea, Read by Sue

Bible Reading

Ecclesiastes 3. 1-8

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

Prayers and 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

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 colours, he made their tiny wings:

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

The tall trees in the greenwood, the meadows where we play, the rushes by the water we gather every day:

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

Commendation

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.

Closing Prayers

Exit Music

The Push Bike Song, The Mixtures



There will be a Retiring Collection in memory of Ken for the RAF Benevolent Fund or donations may be sent to Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham, Dorset, BH20 4QU.

Or made online at www.funeraldirector.co.uk/ken-payne

Ken's family wish to thank you for all your kind messages of sympathy and support and for attending this Service.

You are all warmly invited for refreshments at The Royal British Legion, Colliers Lane, Wool, BH20 6DJ following this service.