

The Priory Church of Lady St Mary
Wareham



A Service of Thanksgiving & Celebration for the life of

Lorna Ann Trood

6th January 1946 – 4th October 2023

Friday 20th October 2023

11:30am

Order of Service

Welcome & Opening Prayer

Canon Simon Everett

Hymn

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice, like mountains, high soaring above
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all, life Thou givest, to both great and small,
in all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
and wither and perish, but naught changeth Thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
all praise we would render, O help us to see
'tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee!

Bible Reading

Romans 8: 31-39

Childhood Memories

Ode To Sunnyside, *written by Lorna*

Reflection Music

Millennium Competition Entry, *written by Lorna*

Poem

Their Wings Come Beating By

Written by Enid Williams.

I stand alone by the rustling sedge,
In a wild-arched empty sky,
With a blood red sun on a black sea's edge,
As their wings come beating by.

Ivory feather, orange bills,
Etched in a frieze on high,
Snow white galleons 'gainst the darkening hills,
As their wings come beating by.

Webbed feet retracted, unswerving, taut,
On target fixed-course they lie,
Homing true by Nature taught,
Their wings come beating by.

Beating, beating up the Fleet,
Where sea wrack and sand wastes lie, Where brackish lagoon and salt sea
meet,

Their wings come beating by.

Past slumbering ocean, poised billows curled,
The airborne cohorts fly,
Austere, alone in their clean fresh world,
Their wings come beating by.

The swans plane down to the lonely land,
Where the salt winds gently sigh,
Their webbed feet land on the crinkled sand,
And their wings now folded, lie.

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.

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.

Blessing

Exit Music

Organ Music



*This service will be followed by Interment with Lorna's late son Grantly
in Connigar Lane Cemetery*

Lorna's family wish to express their appreciation for your presence here today and for the kind messages of sympathy received.

You are all warmly invited for refreshment at Wareham Parish Hall following this Service.

There will be a Retiring Collection in memory of Lorna for Macmillan Cancer Support. Donations may be sent care of Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham, BH20 4QU

or made online at www.funeraldirector.co.uk/lorna-trood