

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
SYLVIA IRIS TOKLEY

9TH MARCH 1937 ~ 19TH JANUARY 2025



Halo Ceremony Hall
Poole Crematorium

Friday 28th February 2025
1pm

Entry Music
Amazing Grace

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Readings

Eulogy

Reflection Music and Slideshow
Wherever You Will Go, *Charlene Soraia*

Prayers of Thanks

The Lords 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

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.
My table Thou hast furnished
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 forevermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

Commendation and Committal

Exit Music

Amazing Grace



Sylvia's family wish to thank you for being here today and warmly welcome you to join them for refreshments at The Clay Pipe Inn, 8 Organford Road, Holton Heath, BH16 6JY following this service.

There will be a retiring collection in memory of Sylvia for The Dogs Trust. Donations may be sent to Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham, Dorset, BH20 4QU
or made online at:
www.funeraldirector.co.uk/sylvia-tokley

Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped into the next room
I am I and you are you
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used
Put no difference in your tone,
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes 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 effect, without the trace of shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near,
Just around the corner.
All is well.

