

**A Service Of Thanksgiving For
The Life Of**

Ann Daykin

7th December 1935 - 3rd May 2025



Weymouth Crematorium
Wednesday 28th May 2025 at 10.45am
Service led by Tim Oddy

Music On Entry
'Annie's Song' by John Denver

Welcome

Hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen!
And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among those dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold;
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear, O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!
I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green & pleasant Land

Tribute

Poem

'Death Is Nothing At All' by Henry Scott Holland

Read by Vicky Kardas

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.

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

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.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

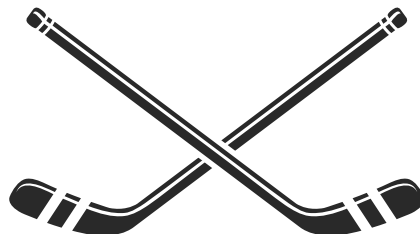
Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

Commendation & Committal

Final Words

Music On Exit

'Bless The Road' by Mary Black







Donations in memory of Ann are in aid of
The Dorset Wildlife Trust

Donate online:

www.funeraldirector.co.uk/ann-daykin

Alternatively cheques can be sent to:

Douch & Small Funeral Directors
7 Leigh Road, Wimborne BH21 1AB.

