

We will miss you Cathy, Mum, Nana



Cathy and family would like to thank you for your attendance here today, and for all the support you have shown at this sad time

In Loving Memory of Cathy



Catherine Ann Pope

11th January 1947 - 14th May 2020

Donations are being gratefully received in memory of Cathy for
Queenscourt Hospice, Southport
c/o **Coyne Bros Funeral Directors**

Tuesday 2nd June 2020
West Lancashire Cemetery & Crematorium

Entrance Music

The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine (Anymore)

The Walker Brothers

Welcome & Opening Prayer

Rev'd Canon Anne Taylor

Hymn

Morning Has Broken

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 rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dew fall 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!

Eleanor Farjeon

Reflection Music

(I've Had) The Time of My Life

Bill Medley & Jennifer Warnes

Prayers

Rev'd Canon Anne Taylor

Lord's Prayer

Committal & Blessing

Rev'd Canon Anne Taylor

Recessional Music

Any Road

George Harrison

Poem

Remember Me

Read by Ed Rimmer

Don't remember me with sadness,
Don't remember with me with tears,
Remember all the laughter,
We've shared throughout the years.

Now I am contented
That my life it was worthwhile,
Knowing that I passed along the way
I made somebody smile.

When you are walking down the street
And you've got me on your mind,
I'm walking in your footsteps
Only half a step behind.

So please don't be unhappy
Just because I'm out of sight,
Remember that I'm with you
Each morning, noon and night.

Memories

Hannah Drinkwater

Reading

1 Corinthians 13.4-7, 13

Read by Matt Drinkwater

Love is patient; love is kind;
love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude.
It does not insist on its own way;
it is not irritable or resentful;
it does not rejoice in wrongdoing,
but rejoices in the truth.
It bears all things, believes all things,
hopes all things, endures all things.
And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three;
and the greatest of these is love.



Poem
Cathy's Nest

Written by Mike, read by Helen Clays

Like the owl, you did have only one thing in mind,
To search and forage the area to find,
A place of safety to build your nest,
It was 'Lynwood' Carrs Crescent West.

You built the home with such love and care,
To protect the brood that sheltered there,
You fed and raised your offspring with vigour,
And watched with pride as they grew bigger.

Your mate would help maintain the home,
Around the countryside he would roam,
He would return with prey, every night,
For you to serve, to the brood's delight.

Then one day, the brood have all flown,
They have gone to build a home of their own,
Your mate is so sad, as you are now laid to rest,
Alone but safe at 'Lynwood', Carrs Crescent West.

Eulogy
Revd Canon Anne Taylor

Hymn
All things bright and beautiful

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

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 for our play,
The rushes by the water,
To 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.

Cecil Francis Alexander