



A Service In Loving Memory of

Alison Jane Milles

10th May 1930 - 5th July 2020



Jane's family would like to thank everyone for their messages of condolence and support during this sad time.

Dean Brothers Independent Funeral Services
Deans Court, Gores Lane, Formby, L37 7DF Tel: 01704 872023

St. Peter's Church, Formby
Monday 20th July 2020 at 1:45pm

service led by Rev'd Canon Anne Taylor

Welcome



Opening Prayers



Hymn

*T*he 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 none ill;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd
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 for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

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

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



The Blessing



Donations will be gratefully received in memory of Jane for
"The Southport Foodbank"
and can be placed in the box at the church door or sent to
Dean Brothers, 76 Gores Lane, Formby L37 7DF.

Poem: She Is Gone

(by David Harkins, read by Annie Milles)

You can shed tears that she is gone
Or you can smile because she has lived
You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love that you shared
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday
You can remember her and only that she is gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what she would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.



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 purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset, and the morning
that brightens up the sky:

Poem

read by Emma Willan

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not too long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared
Miss me but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of life's rich plan
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me but let me go. Anonymous



A Few Words

by Tom Bircher



Reading – Mark 9: 33-37, 10:13-16

Then they came to Capernaum; and when he was in the house he asked them, 'What were you arguing about on the way?' But they were silent, for on the way they had argued with one another about who was the greatest.

He sat down, called the twelve, and said to them,

'Whoever wants to be first must be last of all and servant of all.'

Then he took a little child and put it among them; and taking it in his arms, he said to them,

'Whoever welcomes one such child in my name welcomes me, and whoever welcomes me welcomes not me but the one who sent me.'

Jesus Blesses Little Children

People were bringing little children to him in order that he might touch them; and the disciples spoke sternly to them. But when Jesus saw this, he was indignant and said to them,

'Let the little children come to me; do not stop them;

for it is to such as these that the kingdom of God belongs.

Truly I tell you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God as a little child will never enter it.'

And he took them up in his arms, laid his hands on them, and blessed them.



Address

by Rev'd Canon Anne Taylor



Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.



Eulogy

by Jeannie Willan



Prayers & The Lord's Prayer