



Shirley's family would like to thank you for attending today. You are warmly invited to join them afterwards, to continue sharing memories of Shirley, at the Jubilee Inn, Main Rd, Flax Bourton, Bristol BS48 3QX.

Donations in memory of Shirley, to the Alzheimer's Society, can be sent c/o Thomas Davis Funeral Directors, or using the QR code below.

Thomas Davis EST. 1840
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Southville Lodge, Southville, Bristol, BS3 1DJ
Tel: 0117 966 3268



Shirley Glynis Lorraine Haydock

15th September 1931 - 4th May 2021



South Bristol Crematorium
Wednesday 26th May 2021 at 12 pm

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Moon River - by Andy Williams



WELCOME & PRAYER



JERUSALEM

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 these 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 and pleasant land.



EULOGY

POEM - THE BROKEN CHAIN

We little knew that morning
that God was going to call your name,
in life we loved you dearly; in death we do the same.

It broke our hearts to lose you, you did not go alone.
For part of us went with you, the day God called you home.

You left us peaceful memories, your love is still our guide,
and though we cannot see you, you are always at our side.

Our family chain is broken, and nothing seems the same,
But as God calls us one by one, the chain will link again.



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.

POEM - DEATH IS NOTHING AT ALL

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I, and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other, that we still are.

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 effect, without the trace of a 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?
All is well.



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 dewfall 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 re-creation of the new day!

COMMITTAL



BLESSING



MUSIC CLOSE

Stranger On The Shore - Acker Bilk