

Order of Service



The family thank you for joining them today.

Donations in memory of Edith for Versus Arthritis
may be made at www.abwalker.co.uk or
by scanning the QR code below.



Edith Margaret Atkinson

1st December 1925 - 25th February 2021

Easthampstead Park Crematorium
Wednesday 17th March 2021
9.30 am

W

Help and support after a bereavement is available to all.
Contact support@abwalker.co.uk

www.abwalker.co.uk



Entrance Music

Fantasia On A Theme By Thomas Tallis
by R. Vaughan Williams

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Hymn

Tune: Crimond

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 none 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 for evermore my dwelling-place shall be.

Eulogies

by members of the family

Bible Reading

Ecclesiastes 3: 1 - 8

Address

by The Reverend Canon David Hodgson

The 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 day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended, the darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.
We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping, while earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping, and rests not now by day or night.
As o'er each continent and island, the dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent, nor dies the strain of praise away.
The sun that bids us rest is waking our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never, like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever, till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

The Prayer of Commendation

The Committal

The Blessing

Closing Music

The Lark Ascending
by R. Vaughan Williams