



In Loving Memory and  
In Celebration of the Life  
of



*Acknowledgements*

*The family would like to thank everyone for their kind messages of sympathy and support.*

*Donations in memory of Sheila will be given to Centrepont and The Samaritans.*

*Following the service everyone is warmly invited for refreshments in the garden at Sheila's home, Rose Villa, Almeley, HR3 6LQ*

**Sheila Primrose Finlayson**

**1937 - 2021**

Funeral Service at the Church of St. Mary, Almeley,  
at 2.00 pm on Thursday 16th September 2021

Funeral arrangements and printing by Oak Tree Funeral Services,  
incorporating our Chapels of Rest at Kington & Leominster Cemeteries.  
Tel: 01544 327829 or 01568 250030

Conducted by the Reverend Marcus Small  
and the Reverend Bob Mullis



# Order of Service

## 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.

### Music

'Dona Nobis Pacem'  
sung by Kate and Lucy

### Commendation

### Choir Benediction

### Music

'The Swan'  
played by Joris Boon  
accompanied by Hilary Norris

### Nunc Dimittis

*In the church yard:*

### Committal

## Prayer at the door

### Opening Music

'My Lagan Love'  
sung by Kate

## Welcome and notices

### Hymn

*(to the tune 'Ye Banks & Braes')*  
We cannot measure how you heal  
Or answer every sufferer's prayer,  
Yet we believe your grace responds  
Where faith and doubt unite to care.  
Your hands, though bloodied on the cross,  
Survive to hold and heal and warn,  
To carry all through death to life  
And cradle children yet unborn.

The pain that will not go away,  
The guilt that clings from things long past,  
The fear of what the future holds,  
Are present as if meant to last.  
But present too is love which tends  
The hurt we never hoped to find,  
The private agonies inside,  
The memories that haunt the mind.

So some have come who need your help  
And some have come to make amends,  
As hands which shaped and saved the world  
Are present in the touch of friends.  
Lord, let your Spirit meet us here  
To mend the body, mind and soul,  
To disentangle peace from pain  
And make your broken people whole.

## Collect

### **Tributes**

by Roshan and Kal  
to include the poem  
“On the day I die” by Rumi

### **Bible Reading**

1 John 4: 7 - 17

### **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.

### **Address**

The Reverend Bob Mullis

### **Hymn**

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
that saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost, but now I'm found;  
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
and grace my fears relieved.  
How precious did that grace appear  
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come.  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
his word my hope secures;  
he will my shield and portion be  
as long as life endures.

When we've been there a thousand years,  
bright shining as the sun,  
we've no less days to sing God's praise  
than when we first begun.