



Elizabeth Jean Elston

August 28th 1930 - December 19th 2021

CELEBRATORY FUNERAL

Cathedral Church of St John the Evangelist, Brecon

2pm Friday 11th February 2022

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Suo Gân

Trumpet solo played by Mark Perry, arranged by Rod Paton.

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYERS

HYMN

By John Bunyan, requested by Liz to be sung at her funeral.

He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound -
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

READINGS

Scripture chosen and read by Liz's niece, Amanda McCullough.

Ruth 1-17 "Where you go, I will go;
where you lodge, I will lodge;
your people shall be my people,
and your God my God.

Where you die, I will die-
there will I be buried."

John 14: 1-6, 27 Jesus comforts his disciples before he leaves

“Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Parents house there are many rooms. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and will take you to be with me, so that you may also be where I am. You know the way to the place where I am going.”

Thomas said to him, “Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?”
Jesus said to him, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid”.

HOMILY

The Reverend Steven Griffith.

READING

Requested by Liz and read by John Greateorex

Reverend Eli Jenkins **Under Milkwood**

Every morning, when I wake,
Dear Lord, a little prayer I make,
O please to keep Thy loving eye
On all poor creatures born to die.
And every evening at sun-down
I ask a blessing on the town,
For whether we last the night or no
I'm sure is always touch-and-go.
We are not wholly bad or good
Who live our lives under Milk Wood,
And Thou, I know, wilt be the first
To see our best side, not our worst.
O let us see another day!
Bless us this holy night, I pray,
And to the sun we all will bow
And say goodbye - but just for now!

EULOGY

Phil Clark.



READING

Shakespeare, chosen by Anne Lees and read by Kathryn Davies.

Hamlet directs the Players who have arrived to entertain the royal court.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.

Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags. Pray you avoid it. But be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you over step not the modesty of nature. For anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature.

And let those that play the clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

HYMN

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet your tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like you his praise should sing?
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same as ever,
Slow to blame and swift to bless;
Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
All our hopes and fears he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia, alleluia!
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
You behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Praise him all in time and space.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

FAMILY TRIBUTES

Frances, Nick and Chris.



SONG

Suo Gân

Huna blentyn ar fy mynwes,
Clyd a chynnes ydyw hon;
Breichiau mam sy'n dynn amdanat,
Cariad mam sy dan fy mron;
Ni chaiff dim amharu'th gyntun,
Ni wna undyn â thi gam;
Huna'n dawel, annwyl blentyn,
Huna'n fwyn ar fron dy fam.

Huna'n dawel, heno, huna,
Huna'n fwyn, y tlws ei lun;
Pam yr wyt yn awr yn gwenu,
Gwenu'n dirion yn dy hun?
Ai angylion fry sy'n gwenu,
Arnat ti yn gwenu'n llon,
Tithau'n gwenu'n ôl dan huno,
Huno'n dawel ar fy mron?

Paid ag ofni, dim ond deilen
Gura, gura ar y ddôr;
Paid ag ofni, ton fach unig
Sua, sua ar lan y môr;
Huna blentyn, nid oes yma
Ddim i rod-di iti fraw;
Gwena'n dawel yn fy mynwes.
Ar yr engyl gwynion draw.

Sleep my darling, on my bosom,
Harm will never come to you;
Mother's arms enfold you safely,
Mother's heart is ever true.
As you sleep there's naught to scare you,
Naught to wake you from your rest;
Close those eyelids, little angel,
Sleep upon your mother's breast.

Sleep, my darling, night is falling
Rest in slumber sound and deep;
I would know why you are smiling,
Smiling sweetly as you sleep!
Do you see the angels smiling
As they see your rosy rest,
So that you must smile an answer
As you slumber on my breast?

Don't be frightened, it's a leaflet
Tapping, tapping on the door;
Don't be frightened, 'twas a wavelet
Sighing, sighing on the shore.
Slumber, slumber, naught can hurt you,
Nothing bring you harm or fright;
Slumber, darling, smiling sweetly
At those angels robed in white.

PRAYERS

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Brass group directed by Rod.





*Directly after the service you are welcome
to join the family for refreshments at the*

***Brecon Rugby and Football Club,
63 Watton, Brecon LD3 7EL***

*Donations in memory of Liz are invited to
Dementia UK c/o Funeral Director
A.V. Griffiths and Son
Delfan, Felinfach, Brecon LD3 0UD*