

JANE FRANCES LAKE BIRT

(1943–2025)



FUNERAL SERVICE AND BURIAL

2 PM, 10TH OCTOBER 2025

ST MARY, CRICKADARN,

BUILTH WELLS,

POWYS, LD2 3PJ

Followed by a celebration

ERWOOD MARKET HALL,

THE OLD MANSE,

ERWOOD, LD2 3EQ



THE RECEPTION

OPENING MUSIC PLAYED ON ENTRANCE

Byn Terfel, Shenandoah (audio)

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

OPENING PRAYERS

FIRST HYMN

Guide Me O Thou Great Redeemer (Bread of Heaven),
Williams/Hughes (1907)
Aberhonddu & District Male Voice Choir and congregation

Guide me, O my great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
where the healing waters flow.
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
ever be my strength and shield,
ever be my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside.
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever sing to you,
I will ever sing to you.

EULOGY
Jay Jay Birt

GOSPEL READING

John 14:1–3, KJV. Kevin McMullen.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

PRAYERS FOR THE OCCASION AND FOR THE FAMILY

(Followed by The Lord's Prayer)

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that 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

There Was A Day When We All Met Jane for the First Time
Michael Birt

A ribbed glass door and a small porch divided our hall from the front door.
My father had gone to Lime Street Station to collect John, his new girlfriend
Jane and her friend Peggy.
Standing behind the opened glass door, a blur of images passed by,
it felt important.
They were the first Americans I had ever met or heard, I had just turned ten.
I was excited and my life changed.
In an unsettled childhood Jane brought a new and happy world,
all of it fun and different.
Jane became my best friend; remarkably she was a best friend to us all.

PSALM 23
Sarah Thomas

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

SECOND HYMN

Jerusalem,

Blake/Parry (1916)

Aberhonddu & District Male Voice Choir and congregation

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.



THE COMMENDATION

FINAL HYMN

Morning Has Broken,
Farjeon/Bunessan (1931)
Aberhonduu & District Male Voice Choir and congregation

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 God's 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 recreation
of the new day!

Music played on exit: Sir Duke by *Stevie Wonder*

Our loved one is processed from the church and we accompany
our loved one to the place of the commital.

Bagpipes accompaniment from Church gate to resting place.
Amazing Grace, Newton/Walker (1835). Patrick Bodenham.

After the burial service, please join us for a celebration of Mum
at Erwood Market Hall. We will enjoy a Welsh tea and hear
some further tributes.

We ask for family flowers only. If you would like to make a
donation in honour of Mum, we enclose details of The Wildlife
Trust of South and West Wales at www.westwildlife.org





For Jane -
my beautiful friend and TOUAS partner.
Peggy