

THE VALE CREMATORIUM, FLADBURY



A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of

Helen Ann Fowler

14th December 1939 - 27th January 2021

May Joy and Peace surround you,
contentment latch your door and happiness be with you
now and bless you evermore.

May the road rise up to meet you.

May the wind be always at your back.

May the sun shine warm upon your face;
the rains fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

Wednesday 24th February 2021 at 12noon

MUSIC ON ENTRY

I Vow to Thee my Country - Jupiter (Bringer of Joy) Gustav Holst

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

by the Revd Sarah Dangerfield - Parish Priest of The Five Alive Parish

HYMN

(to listen to)

Shine, Jesus Shine

REFLECTIONS

Memories of Aunty Helen - Samantha Oh

Memories of Grandma - Elizabeth Brillante

BIBLE READING

1 Corinthians 13

read by Sue Hiscocks

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE

A Reflection on Helen's Christian Life - Revd Sarah Dangerfield

HYMN

(to listen to)

Love Divine, all Loves Excelling

PRAYERS

Including 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 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

HYMN

(to listen to)

Guide me O Thou Great Redeemer - Cwm Rhondda

The Treorchy Male Voice Choir

COMMENDATION

COMMITTAL

BLESSING

MUSIC ON EXIT

What a Wonderful World - Louis Armstrong

WHEN GREAT TREES FALL

By Maya Angelou

When great trees fall, rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down in tall grasses, and even elephants
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall in forests, small things recoil into silence,
their senses eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die, the air around us becomes light, rare, sterile.
We breathe, briefly. Our eyes, briefly, see with a hurtful clarity.

Our memory, suddenly sharpened, examines,
gnaws on kind words unsaid, promised walks never taken.
Great souls die and our reality, bound to them, takes leave of us.
Our souls, dependent upon their nurture, now shrink, wizened.
Our minds, formed and informed by their radiance, fall away.
We are not so much maddened as reduced to the unutterable
ignorance of dark, cold caves.

And when great souls die, after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always irregularly.

Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed. We can be. Be and be better.
For they existed.

Donations in memory of Helen are invited
for the work of

**Versus Arthritis, Dementia UK
and Charlton Church**

(cheques please to E Hill & Son Ltd)

These may be left in the collection box as you leave
or sent to

**E. Hill & Son Funeral Directors,
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