



Joan Lilian Mellor

18th March, 1920 — 25th June, 2024

Friday 26 July 2024, 11am

St Mary de Haura Church, Shoreham-By-Sea, Sussex

Service taken by Father Jerry Garton

Order of Service

Processional Music

Largo (*Ombra mai fu*)

George Frideric Handel (*1685-1759*)

Introduction and Welcome

Father Jerry Garton

Opening Prayer

Hymn

Who Would True Valour See

John Bunyan (1628 – 1688)

Who would true valour see, let him come hither;
one here will constant be, come wind, come weather;
there's no discouragement shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound, his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright: he'll with a giant fight,
but he will have the right to be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend can daunt his spirit;
he knows he at the end shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, fly away; he'll not fear what men say;
he'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

Tribute on Behalf of the Family

Wendy Mellor

Bible Reading

John 14:1–6, 27

Read by Andrea Danielli

“Do not be worried and upset,” Jesus told them.

“Believe in God and believe also in me. There are many rooms in my Father’s mansion, and I am going to prepare a place for you.

“I would not tell you this if it were not so.

“And after I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to myself, so that you will be where I am.

“You know the way that leads to the place where I am going.”

Thomas said to him, “Lord, we do not know where you are going; so how can we know the way to get there?”

Jesus answered him, “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no one goes to the Father except by me.

“Peace is what I leave with you; it is my own peace that I give you. I do not give it as the world does.

“Do not be worried and upset; do not be afraid.”

Sermon

Father Jerry Garton

Reading

Farewell my Friends

Rabindranath Tagore

Read by Michael Higham

It was beautiful
as long as it lasted
the journey of my life.
I have no regrets
whatsoever save
the pain I'll leave behind.
Those dear hearts
who love and care
and the heavy with sleep
ever moist eyes.
The smile, in spite of a
lump in the throat and the
strings pulling
at the heart and soul.
The strong arms
that held me up
when my own strength
let me down.

Each morsel that I was fed
with was full of love divine.
At every turning of my life
I came across good friends.
Friends who stood by me
even when the time raced by.
Farewell, Farewell my friends.
I smile and bid you goodbye.
No, shed no tears,
for I need them not.
All I need is your smile.
If you feel sad
think of me
for that's what I'd like.
When you live in the hearts
of those you love,
remember then...
you never die.

Prayer
The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your Name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done
on earth as in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those
who sin against us.

Save us from the time of trial,
and deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power, and the
glory are yours, now and for ever.

Amen.

Hymn

Praise, my Soul, The King of Heaven

Henry Lyte

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress.
Praise Him still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish
Blows the wind and it is gone
But while mortals rise and perish
God endures unchanging on
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the high eternal One

Fatherlike He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He Knows.
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

Angels help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Commendation and Committal

At the main door

Recessional Music

Chorale Prelude

Now Thank We All Our God
(Marche Triomphale)

Siegfried Karg-Elert (1877 – 1933)

Refreshments

Joan's family would love it if you could join us for refreshments after the service at the Sussex Yacht Club.

Donations

Joan's family have requested that donations are sent to The Mouth and Foot Painting Artists.

Donations can be made directly, or by scanning the code below.

We greatly appreciate the kindness shown at this time and any donations made in her memory.

Many thanks from all the family.



https://www.love2donate.co.uk//inmemory/identify_name.php?currentpage=1&chosen=69119

