Peter and Sue thank you for being here today and for your kind support and warmly invite you to join them for refreshments here in the adjacent catering suite following this service.

Donations may be made in memory of Eirian payable to
'Alzheimer's Research UK and Operation Smile UK' c/o G. Seller
or you can donate online by scanning this QR code.

G Seller
Our Family Caring For Your Family

Hinckley | Newbold Verdon | Leicester
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A service of thanksgiving
to celebrate the life of



Eirian Davies

8th April 1929 – 27th July 2024

Service

The Barsby Service Chapel

Tuesday 3rd September 2024

at 1:00pm

Order of Service

Entrance music
Adagio for strings – Samuel Barber

Opening words and welcome

Hymn – The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Memories of Eirian
Shared by Emyr

A time for reflection with music
Nimrod – Elgar Enigma Variations

Poem
Do not stand at my grave and weep
written by Mary Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.















Hymn – Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Music for reflection
Gabriel's Oboe – Ennio Morricone

Closing words

We say farewell to Eirian

Music to depart
Schindlers List – John Williams