

The family thank you for being here today and warmly invite you to join them for refreshments at The Barsby Catering Suite, G. Seller (75 Upper Bond Street, Hinckley, LE10 1RH. Car park access via Druid Street) to further share your memories of John together.

Donations may be made in memory of John
payable to **'LOROS '** 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
75 Upper Bond Street | Hinckley | LE10 1RH
01455 637 457 | 0116 278 5634

A service of thanksgiving
to celebrate the life of



John Gibbs

21st May 1938 – 2nd January 2024

Service

St. Peter's Catholic Church, Hinckley

Thursday 18th January 2024

at 12:30pm













Order of Service

Entrance Music
Sheep May Safely Graze

Welcome

Hymn
I, The Lord Of Sea And Sky

I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin my hand will save.
I, who made the stars of night, I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them? Whom shall I send?

Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord? I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me. I will hold your people in my heart.

I, the Lord of snow and rain. I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them. They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone, give them hearts for love alone
I will speak my words to them. Whom shall I send?

Chorus

I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them. My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them. Whom shall I send?

Chorus

Family Tribute
By Andy Gibbs

Reading
John XIV
Read by Fr Frank

Homily
Fr Frank

Hymn
How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hands have made.
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee;
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee:
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin;

Chorus

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

Chorus

Poem
A Cricketer's Last Boundary
Read by Rachel Marvin

Weeping willows formed an honour guard
For the cricket ball writ with a noble name
A team of ten, which had once been eleven
Would never be the same side again

No bails united the forlorn stumps
Since this wicket had fallen some days ago
And as the bowler delivered to the lone batsman
The hushed crowd willed a six to go

The magical sound… of leather on willow
The sweet smell… of freshly cut grass
The cricketer… crossing the last boundary
To his final innings that would forever last

Prayer Commendation

Departure Music
The Impossible Dream
by Frank Sinatra

We will now proceed to Burbage Cemetery
(Lychgate Lane, Burbage) to lay John to rest.












