

IN LOVING MEMORY

OF

*Doug House*



2nd August 1929 - 11th November 2017

Friday 1st December 2017 at 2.00 pm

South Oxfordshire Crematorium

# *Order of Service*

## **ENTRY MUSIC**

Clair de Lune - Debussy

## **WELCOME**



## HYMN

*All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings:

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset, and the morning  
That brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one:

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well:

*Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)*

## POEM AND READING

### EULOGY

### REFLECTION MUSIC

*to listen to*

The Lark Ascending - Vaughan Williams

### PRAYERS OF SUPPORT

#### 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 who 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

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
The emblem of suffering and shame;  
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best  
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
Till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it someday for a crown.*

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
Has a wondrous attraction for me;  
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above  
To bear it to dark Calvary.

*So I'll cherish...*

In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,  
A wondrous beauty I see,  
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,  
To pardon and sanctify me.

*So I'll cherish...*

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true;  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,  
Where His glory forever I'll share.

*So I'll cherish...*

*George Bennard (1873-1958)*

**COMMENDATION**

**COMMITTAL**

**BLESSING**

**EXIT MUSIC**

Spring from Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons*



Grandad  
written by Poppy Smyth

To the bestest ever Grandad,  
I miss you so much,  
As does everyone who knew you;  
This isn't goodbye as such.

You're not here physically,  
But we're never far apart,  
You're in the place that matters most;  
Safe in my heart.

You were an avid golf player,  
A member of the Rotary Club,  
Sometimes you'd see your friends  
Down the road, at the pub.

My favourite memories of you  
Were your childhood stories you told;  
I always hoped my Grandad  
Would never get old.

You've got two fantastic granddaughters,  
I'm biased you see,  
And a lovely daughter  
My wonderful Mummy.

Don't worry about Grandma,  
Your marvellous wife,  
Let's not be too sad,  
So we can celebrate your life.



Doug's family thank you for attending  
and warmly invite you for refreshments at  
La Fontana, East Hanney OX12 0HP.

Donations, if desired, in Doug's memory are to

**TVAA**

and may be sent c/o

H J Knapp & Sons

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