



A CELEBRATION OF LIFE

**HERMIN BEVERLEY
ROBINSON-FRANCIS**

26TH OCTOBER 1947 - 2ND SEPTEMBER 2022

FRIDAY 14TH OCTOBER 2022

ST MARK'S CHURCH, PURLEY CR8 3QQ AT 12.30 PM

THEREAFTER TO GREENLAWNS MEMORIAL PARK AT 2.00 PM

— ORDER OF SERVICE —

PROCESSION

You Are Everything (Marvin Gaye and Diana Ross)

WELCOME

Reverend Fiona Weaver

FIRST HYMN

Amazing Grace

EULOGY

READING

When Great Trees Fall

SECOND HYMN

How Great Thou Art

TRIBUTES

READING

One At Rest

PSALM 23

SERMON

MOMENT OF REFLECTION

PRAYERS *leading to* **THE LORD'S PRAYER**

END OF SERVICE

Three Little Birds (Bob Marley)



— HYMN —

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

— EULOGY —

read by Barrington Robinson



READING

When Great Trees Fall – Maya Angelou
read by Grace Ononiwu CBE

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.

— 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 power throughout the universe displayed!

Chorus

*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!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.

Chorus

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





READING

One At Rest - Anon
read by Dawn Blair

Think of me as one at rest,
for me you should not weep.
I have no pain, no troubled thoughts,
for I am just asleep.
The living, thinking me that was
is now forever still
and life goes on without me now,
as time forever will.

If your heart is heavy now
because I've gone away,
dwell not long upon it, friend,
for none of us can stay.
Those of you who liked me,
I sincerely thank you all,
and those of you who loved me,
I thank you most of all.

And in my fleeting lifespan,
as time went rushing by,
I found some time to hesitate,
to laugh, to love, to cry.
Matters it now if time began,
if time will ever cease?
I was here, I used it all,
and now I am at peace.

TRIBUTES

Yvonne Grabban
Audley Stewart

— PSALM 23 —
read by Nathan Stewart-Jarrett

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He makes me lie down in green pastures.

He leads me beside still waters.

He restores my soul.

He leads me in paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
you anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

 SERMON AND MOMENT OF REFLECTION



— 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 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.





Donations, if desired, to
Maggie's and Pancreatic Cancer Action
may be made via the Much Loved tribute page via the link below
herminrobinson-francis.muchloved.com

Hermin is survived by her children, grandchildren,
great-grandchildren and many family and friends.

— INTERMENT —

Greenlawn Memorial Park
10 Chelsham Road
Warlingham CR6 9EQ

The family would like to express their sincere thanks and gratitude to
everyone who has shown support through prayers, blessings and cards.

They would like to invite everyone back to
Club Langley, 2 Hawksbrook Lane, Beckenham, Kent BR3 3SR
for refreshments in celebration of Hermin's life.

 **RowlandBrothers**
Independent Funeral Directors

Warlingham
Tel: 01883 623067
www.rowlandbrothers.com