

In Loving Memory of
Joyce Margaret Tubbs

2nd June 1939 - 6th March 2023



Committal Service 10.00am & Celebration of Life 11.30am

15th April 2023

COMMITAL SERVICE

10.00am Hither Green Crematorium

Conducted by Peter Farley-Moore

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Simply the Best

by Tina Turner

COMMITAL

Spirit in the Sky

by Norman Greenbaum

EXIT MUSIC

Walking back to Happiness

by Helen Shapiro

SERVICE TO CELEBRATE

THE LIFE OF JOYCE TUBBS

11.30am St Johns Church, Deptford

Conducted by Rev Abigail Adetayo

Organist & pianist - Bert Page

Procession in My Mother (Piano/organ only)

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

Rev Abigail Adetayo

HYMN

O Love that will not let me go

Oh love that will not let me go
I rest my weary soul in thee
I give thee back the life I owe
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

Oh light that followest all my way
I yield my flickering torch to thee
My heart restores its borrowed ray
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

Oh joy that seekest me through pain
I cannot close my heart to thee
I trace the rainbow through the rain
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

Oh cross that liftest up my head
I dare not ask to fly from thee
I lay in dust's life's glory dead
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

POEM

Look For Me in the Rainbows
read by Jane Howorth

TRIBUTE

Gwen Randall

TRIBUTE

Sarah Holland-Leppard

TRIBUTE

Rev Pat Soer

HYMN

There is a Redeemer

There is a redeemer
Jesus, God's own Son
Precious Lamb of God, Messiah
Holy One

Jesus my redeemer
Name above all names
Precious Lamb of God, Messiah
Oh, for sinners slain

Thank you, oh my father
For giving us Your Son
And leaving Your Spirit
'Til the work on Earth is done

When I stand in Glory
I will see His face
And there I'll serve my King forever
In that Holy Place

Thank you, oh my father
For giving us Your Son
And leaving Your Spirit
'Til the work on Earth is done

There is a redeemer
Jesus, God's own Son
Precious Lamb of God, Messiah
Holy One

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And leaving Your Spirit
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EULOGY

Peter Farley-Moore (written by Jane Howorth)

POEM

Usually

read by Victoria McHolland-Pilcher

READING

We Give Our Loved Ones Back to God

read by Andrea Holland-Clarke

READING

Perhaps You Sent a Lovely Card

read by Charlotte Power-McLeod

SOLO

The Ash Grove (traditional) (Soprano: Elizabeth English)

Lyrics for 'The Ash Grove (Oliphant)'

Down yonder green valley, where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading I pensively rove
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander,
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove;
'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart!
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love;
Ye echoes, oh, tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
"She sleeps, 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove."

PRAYERS

The Life of Heaven - read by Elaine Newman
The Iona Community - read by Georgina Bolt
The Prayer of Mary Sumner - read by Georgina Bolt

PRAYER OF PENITENCE/ABSOLUTION

THE COLLECT

HYMN

Thine Be the Glory

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the Church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing;
for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is naught without thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love:
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*

BIBLE READING

Psalm 139 v1-18
read by Simon Riley

SERMON

Rev Abigail Adetayo

HYMN

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light, Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

PRAYERS

The Lord's Prayer

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,
e'en for his own name's sake.

My table thou hast furnished
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.

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

HYMN

The Day Thou Gavest, Lord is Ended

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
the darkness falls at thy behest;
to thee our morning hymns ascended,
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping,
and rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away;
thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
till all thy creatures own thy sway.

CLOSING PRAYERS & BLESSING



**Thank you for coming & also for your prayers,
cards & messages.**



After the service at St Johns, you are all invited
to have refreshments in the hall upstairs.

Donations to Mercy Ships, Crisis & Washhouse Youth Club
(Ascension Church Blackheath).

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