



*The family would like to thank you for your kindness,
understanding and messages of support at this sad and difficult time.*

*Donations in Sylvia's memory made payable to
'Colchester and Ipswich Hospitals Charity'
for The Children's Appeal may be made via
www.hunnaball.co.uk*



*Hunnaball of Ipswich,
Dove House, 291 Norwich Road, Ipswich, IP1 4BP,
Tel: 01473 748808*

ST MARY'S CHURCH
CODDENHAM



IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
SYLVIA MARY HARRIS
12TH FEBRUARY 1937 – 16TH JANUARY 2021

WEDNESDAY 24TH FEBRUARY 2021
AT 2:00PM

PRAYERS
read by Ian Galbraith

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.

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

BLESSING

RECESSIONAL MUSIC
"Country Road"
by John Denver

*The Committal, with only family members in attendance,
will take place after this service at Ipswich Crematorium.*

ORDER OF SERVICE
Officiated by Reverend Helen Norris

ENTRY MUSIC
"Annie's Song"
by John Denver

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYERS

TRIBUTE
read by Sam Harris

COLLECT

POEMS
from "My Own Bits and Pieces"
written by Sylvia Harris and read by Sylvia Bickers

HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

BIBLE READING
Ephesians 3: 14-21
read by Ray Collins

ADDRESS
by Reverend Helen Norris

HYMN

When a knight won his spurs in the stories of old,
He was gentle and brave, he was gallant and bold;
With a shield on his arm and a lance in his hand,
For God and for valour he rode through the land.

No charger have I, and no sword by my side,
Yet still to adventure and battle I ride,
Though back into storyland giants have fled,
And the knights are no more and the dragons are dead.

Let faith be my shield and let joy be my steed
'Gainst the dragons of anger, the ogres of greed;
And let me set free, with the sword of my youth,
From the castle of darkness, the power of the truth.

