

The Pottle family would like to thank you for the kind messages of sympathy they have received.



In memory of Bernard donations may be made to

**Kennington Memory Club**

and

**The Cedar Community Club**

online at [www.justgiving.com/crowdfunding/bernard-pottle](http://www.justgiving.com/crowdfunding/bernard-pottle)

or by cheque to S&R Childs Funeral Services, at the address below.



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Service of Thanksgiving to Celebrate the Life of

# *Bernard Wilfred Pottle*

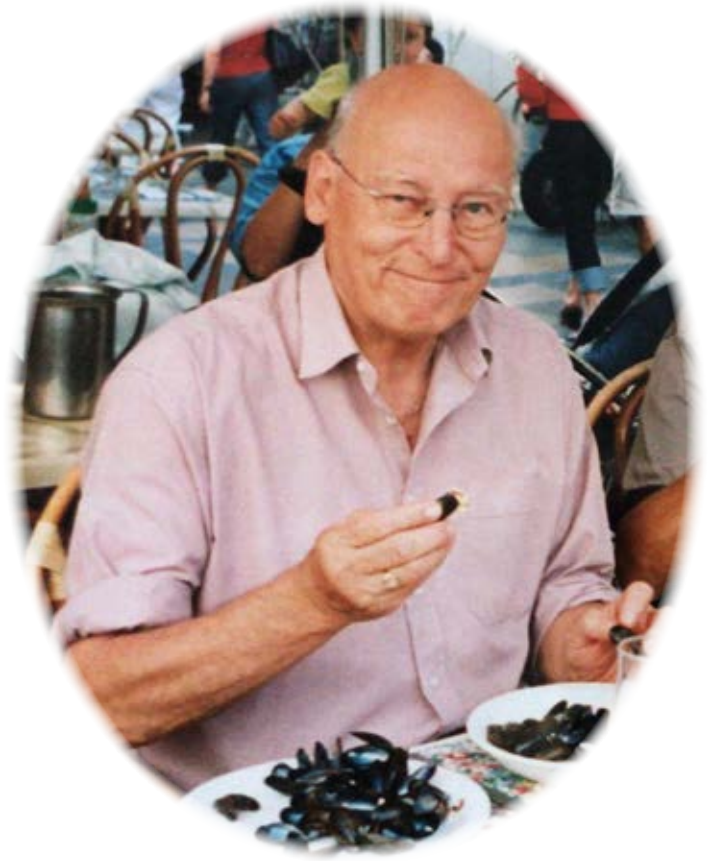
11th October 1930 - 11th March 2021



Wednesday 31st March

St Michael's Church at 1.00 pm

followed by the committal at South Oxford Crematorium



**THE COMMENDATION**

**FINAL PRAYER**

**EXIT MUSIC**

The Lark Ascending  
R. Vaughan Williams

**ENTRY MUSIC**

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik  
W. A. Mozart

**WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION**

**OPENING PRAYER**

*We listen to*  
**HYMN**

Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father,  
there is no shadow of turning with thee;  
thou changest not, thy compassions, they fail not;  
as thou hast been thou forever wilt be.

*Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy faithfulness!*  
*Morning by morning new mercies I see;*  
*all I have needed thy hand hath provided,*  
*great is thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me!*

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,  
sun, moon and stars in their courses above,  
join with all nature in manifold witness  
to thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,  
thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;  
strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,  
blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

*We listen to*  
**HYMN**

O Lord, my God, when I, in awesome wonder,  
consider all the works thy hand has 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!*

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:

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:

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

## READING

I Corinthians, Chapter 13

Tim

## READING

Let Me Go

Charlie

When I come to the end of the road,  
and the sun has set for me,  
I want no tears in a gloom-filled room.  
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not too much,  
and not with your head bowed low.  
Remember the love that we once shared,  
miss me, but let me go.

This is a journey we all must take  
and each must take alone;  
it's all a part of God's perfect plan,  
a step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart  
go to the friends we know.  
Bury your sorrows in doing good,  
miss me, but let me go.

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love.

But the greatest of these is love.

## REMEMBERING BERNARD

John

## ADDRESS

## PRAYERS

*ending with*

### 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.

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.



## READING

We Thought Of You  
Flossie

We thought of you with love today, but that is nothing new.  
We thought about you yesterday, and days before that too.

We think of you in silence and often speak your name.  
All we have are memories and a picture in a frame.

Your memory is a keepsake, with which we'll never part,  
God has you in His keeping, we have you in our heart.