

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE
OF OUR DEAREST

Glenn Milham

14th April 1964 – 1st May 2007



St Michael & All Angels
Foamcrest Avenue, Newport

7th May 2007

Conducted by: Reverend Peter Carmen

ORDER OF SERVICE

**Song for Glenn: her favourite
"Bright Eyes" (Art Garfunkel)**

Sentences: Rev Peter Carmen

Psalm 91

He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High
will rest in the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the LORD, "He is my refuge and my
fortress, my God, in whom I trust."

Surely he will save you from the fowler's snare
and from the deadly pestilence.

He will cover you with his feathers,
and under his wings you will find refuge;
his faithfulness will be your shield and rampart.

You will not fear the terror of night,
nor the arrow that flies by day,

nor the pestilence that stalks in the darkness,
nor the plague that destroys at midday.

A thousand may fall at your side,
ten thousand at your right hand,
but it will not come near you.

You will only observe with your eyes
and see the punishment of the wicked.

If you make the Most High your dwelling—
even the LORD, who is my refuge

then no harm will befall you,
no disaster will come near your tent.

For he will command his angels concerning you
to guard you in all your ways;

they will lift you up in their hands,
so that you will not strike your foot against a
stone.

You will tread upon the lion and the cobra;
you will trample the great lion and the serpent.

“Because he loves me,” says the LORD, “I will
rescue him;
I will protect him, for he acknowledges my
name.

“He will call upon me, and I will answer him;
I will be with him in trouble,
I will deliver him and honour him.

“With long life will I satisfy him
and show him my salvation.”

**Reading from the New Testament
Revelations 7:13-17: Caroline Jarvis**

13. Then one of the elders asked me, "These in white robes—who are they, and where did they come from?"
14. I answered, "Sir, you know." And he said, "These are they who have come out of the great tribulation; they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."
15. Therefore, "they are before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple; and he who sits on the throne will spread his tent over them.
16. Never again will they hunger; never again will they thirst. The sun will not beat upon them, nor any scorching heat.
17. For the Lamb at the centre of the throne will be their shepherd; he will lead them to springs of living water. And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes."

**Song for Glenn: her wedding song
"Longer" (Dan Fogelberg)**



Eulogy: Liz King

Eulogy: Gina Dickmann

Eulogy: John Milham, with Connor, Luke and Rebecca

Video Tribute

"To Where You Are" (Josh Groban)

Homily: Rev Peter Carmen

Committal: Rev Peter Carmen

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your Name,
Your Kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours
Now and for ever. Amen

Prayers: Rev Peter Carmen

"Last Post"
Played by James Morrison

Procession



**We say our final goodbyes to Glenn,
all the while knowing she will never leave
our hearts and our thoughts.**

**Thank you all so much for your incredible support during this
devastating time and for sharing this day with us.**

**Please join the family for an afternoon and
evening of stories and smiles at Newport Surf Club
following the service.**

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

(W.H. Auden)

