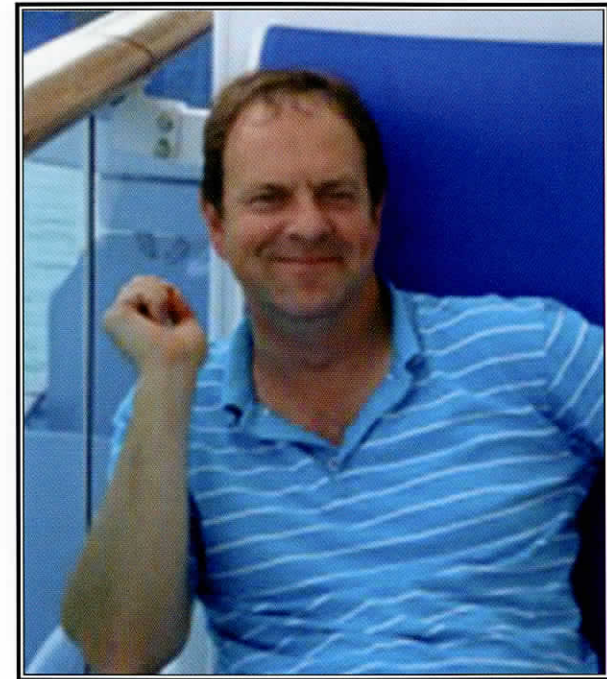


## Order of Service

# *Nicholas Simon Hitchen Palmer*

23rd April 1959 - 10th September 2015



### Following the service:

The family would like to welcome you to Polstead Village Hall following this service, to celebrate Nick's life.

We would also like to request that instead of flowers, any donations in Nicholas's memory are made to either the Motor Neurone Disease Association or the SITraN charities c/o Kingsbury & Saunders Funeral Service at the address below.



### Thanks

Julie, Mark and Megan would like to thank all their family, friends, neighbours and church for their support and messages of condolence. We would particularly like to thank Neil and Carol Marshall for their friendship and assistance over many years. Nick's life with MND was eased so often because of their selflessness and willingness to help. We would also like to thank the young people working for Bluebird Care in Ipswich, especially Radu and Livia who helped to care for Nick for the last couple of years. Their bright, cheery chatter and considerate care for Nick helped make a difficult situation so much easier.

Funeral arrangements entrusted to:  
Kingsbury & Saunders Funeral Service  
61 George Street, Hadleigh, Suffolk IP7 5BW  
Tel: 01473 823117

St Mary's Church, Polstead  
Thursday 1st October 2015 at 11.30 am

## ENTRANCE

### *23rd Psalm*

Brother James's Air

## WELCOME AND PRAYERS

### HYMN

#### *We Plough The Fields And Scatter*

We plough the fields, and scatter the good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand;  
He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes and the sunshine, and soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all His love.*

He only is the maker of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him, by Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread.

*All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all His love.*

We thank Thee, then, O Father, for all things bright and good,  
The seed time and the harvest, our life, our health, and food;  
No gifts have we to offer, for all Thy love imparts,  
But that which Thou desirest, our humble, thankful hearts.

*All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all His love.*



FIRST READING  
*Revelation 21: 1 - 7*

ADDRESS

HYMN

*Lord Of All Hopefulness*

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

EULOGY

by Colin Greenwell



SECOND READING

*The English Country Lane*

written by Chris Plows, read by Roger Arundale

There is no path I'd rather roam,  
than these narrow lanes about my home,  
to leave my troubles far behind,  
as I follow its track to places kind.


Past verges green and crops of gold,  
up gentle hill, along valley fold,  
past flower meadow, over silver stream,  
as I lose my thoughts to nature's dream.

Perhaps this is the path my ancestors walked,  
where a lonely shepherd dreamt, where lovers talked,  
I feel their spirits wander by,  
as we journey unseen together, beneath summer sky.

A distant church spire, tall and grand,  
beneath which villagers pray, for health of their land.  
I join with them in a silent prayer,  
for the beauty around me I see, I solemnly swear.

For along your path there is no wrong  
just pretty flower, and bird of song  
Nature's beauty all around,  
to fill my sight, to fill my sound.

Past English oak, through pastures new,  
wherever you lead I shall follow you,  
for you are my England, you are my home  
and along your country lanes, my soul shall forever roam.



## THANKSGIVING

written by the family, read by John Fitzgerald

Let us thank God for Nick Palmer, for his love of his family  
and the way he prioritised them over everything else,  
For his faith and his knowledge that he was going to a better place,  
For his sense of humour, and how he was always ready to smile,  
even when he couldn't finish an anecdote for laughing too much,  
For his friendship, always being open to meeting new people  
and being welcoming to those who came into his life,  
For his patience,  
For his sense of conviction, how if he was going to do something  
he would see it done well,  
For his honesty, and his sense of fairness that he showed both  
in his personal and professional life,  
For his competitive spirit and love of sport, whether playing hockey or squash,  
watching Norwich City football club or supporting others,  
For his ability to not take himself too seriously,  
For his supporting and encouraging nature, always giving the right advice to his  
children if and when asked and never letting anything be too much trouble,  
For his love of the countryside, and how he never felt more at home than when  
out for a walk, up the field with the tractor or in the vegetable patch after work,  
For his art, and all the gifts he has left behind for us to treasure,  
For his optimism, courage and perseverance,  
For his inquiring mind and love of travel,  
For how he dealt with his illness with fortitude and the inspiration  
he has become to so many, never asking 'why me' but instead asking  
'what's new with you?'  
But most of all, we thank God for the impact he has made on our all lives;  
a caring son to John, a playful brother to Tim, a faithful husband to Julie,  
the most dedicated and loving of fathers to Mark and Megan,  
and a true friend to all.

Carpe Diem.

## TIME FOR REFLECTION

### *I Know You By Heart*

by Eva Cassidy

## PRAYERS

## HYMN

### *Thine Be The Glory, Risen, Conquering Son*

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.*

## FAREWELL

## RECESSION

### *Hold On Tight*

by ELO

(one of Nick's favourite songs which summed up his attitude to life)

