

*You are all warmly invited to make your way to
The Glendower Hotel, 32-36 North Promenade,
Lytham St Anne's FY8 2NQ
for refreshments after this service in church.*

*Cheryl and the family will join you
upon their return from the crematorium.*



*Donations in memory of Stewart may be sent to
Wesley's Community Café and Larder
Live Like Ralph
Lytham Dementia Singalong Group
Please consider donating online at
<https://stewartmorrison.muchloved.com>
Alternatively there is a collection box
at the back of church*

*David Pope
Lytham Funeral Service Ltd.
Tel. (01253) 733909*

Celebrating the life of

Stewart Morrison



*Aged 58 Years
1967 ~ 2026*

*The Parish Church of St. Anne
St. Annes on Sea*

Friday 20th March 2026

ORDER OF SERVICE



MUSIC AS STEWART ENTERS THE CHURCH

You're The Best Thing
The Style Council

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

Canon Brian Mayne

READING *Ecclesiastes 3: 1-12*
A time for everything

There is a time for everything,
and a season for every activity under the heavens:
a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,
a time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to tear down and a time to build,
a time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance,
a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,
a time to search and a time to give up,
a time to keep and a time to throw away,
a time to tear and a time to mend,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,
a time to love and a time to hate,
a time for war and a time for peace.

POEM

Look for Me in Rainbows
Read by Juliet Holden

Time for me to go now, I won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows, way up in the sky.
In the morning sunrise when all the world is new,
Just look for me & love me,
As you know I love you.
Time for me to go now, I won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows, high up in the sky.
In the evening sunset,
When all the world is through,
Just look for me & love me
And I'll be close to you.
It won't be forever, the day will come & then
My loving arms will hold you,
When we meet again.
Time for us to part now, we won't say goodbye;
Look for me in rainbows, shining in the sky.
Every waking moment and
All your whole life through
Just look for me & love me,
As you know I love you.
Just wish me near to you
And I'll be there with you.

WORDS OF COMMENDATION

MUSIC AS STEWART LEAVES THE CHURCH
On My Way (From "Brother Bear")
Phil Collins

ADDITIONAL TRIBUTE

Shared by Stewarts Niece Amber Hardman

MUSICAL TRIBUTE

Wishing On a Star

Sung by Louise Spiteri

PRAYERS

THE LORDS PRAYER

ALL 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.

What do workers gain from their toil?

I have seen the burden God has laid on the human race.

He has made everything beautiful in its time.

He has also set eternity in the human heart;

yet no one can fathom what God

has done from beginning to end.

I know that there is nothing better for people

than to be happy and to do good while they live.

That each of them may eat and drink,

and find satisfaction in all their toil – this is the gift of God.

HOMILY

Canon Brian Mayne

TRIBUTE

Shared by Stewarts Brother in Law Paul Adams on behalf of the family

VIDEO TRIBUTE

Photograph

Jamie Cullum

POEM

Do Not Weep for Me

Read by Jol Barlow on behalf of the Jolly Boys

Do not weep for me for I have not gone.

I am the wind that shakes the mighty Oak.

I am the gentle rain that falls upon your face.

I am the spring flower that pushes through the dark earth.

I am the chuckling laughter of the mountain stream.

Do not weep for me for I have not gone.

I am the memory that dwells in the heart of those that knew me.

I am the shadow that dances on the edge of your vision.

I am the wild goose that flies south at Autumns call

and I shall return at Summer rising.

I am the stag on the wild hills way.

I am just around the corner.

Therefore, the wise weep not.

But rejoice at the transformation of my Being.

