

A CELEBRATION OF JOYCE



Joyce Elizabeth Helen Cross

— 11 • Feb • 1932 - 21 • April • 2026 —

Order of Service

FRIDAY, 8TH MAY 2026
15:30 • UK TIME

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*She touched many lives wherever she was, and in
places she never visited.*

*She was known for being full of love,
and was much loved by many in return.*

ORDER OF SERVICE

Joyce Elizabeth Helen Cross

i

The Entrance

Entrance music **As I Kneal Before You**

Opening welcome

ii

Opening Reflections

A tribute to Joyce's spirit and values

iii

Stories of Joyce

Tributes from the family
her personality, her humour, her kindness

iv

The Reading

A Child's Creed

A gift and a legacy Joyce leaves behind.

v

Period of Reflection

pictures of Joyce's life over the years

vi

Closing Prayer & Family Reflections

A final blessing and a thank you for Joyce's life

Final reflections from the family

vii

The Farewell

Closing music **Wind Beneath My Winds**

Bette Midler

A CHILD'S CREED – (Anon)

I believe in Mother, more than any other.

*I believe in Mother's hands,
Why, the wonders they can do,
No one really understands,
Only me – not even you:
Only Mother's hands can make,
Scrumptious pie and sandwich cake.
No one's hands but hers can ease,
Poor bruised elbows, bleeding knees.*

*I believe in Mother's eyes,
Always loving, yet so wise,
They've a way of seeing straight,
Not too soon, and not too late;
She can beckon with them, too,
'Til I know just what to do,
And they're often full of fun,
Through the funny things I've done.*

*I believe in Mother's "**NO**" –
Yes, I really do, although –
You may very truly guess,
I delight in Mother's "**YES.**"*

*I believe in Mother's feet,
Day and night, in cold and heat,
You should see how she can run,
To her helpless little one;
Why, the very strongest man,
Can't make haste, like Mother can.
No one else is half so quick,
When I'm frightened, sad, or sick.*

*Mother's ears are keener far,
Than anybody else's are,
'Tis most strange that she should know,
Just the time I want her so.
Doors may deafen, walls may smother,
But they can't deceive my Mother:
Often in the silent night,
I have wakened in a fright,
Couldn't call and couldn't cry,
Gave a little frightened sigh;
Quick, a warm hand lulled my fears;
I believe in Mother's ears.*

*I believe in Mother's way,
Of making time to watch and pray,
I know she gets alone to spend,
A quiet moment with her **Friend**,
And although I can't keep still a minute,
I do believe there's something in it,
Something that takes away the fret,
Something that helps her to forget,
Someone, **Who** shows her how to be,
The lovely thing she is to me.
Oh, she can rule without the rod:
And - I believe in Mother's God.*