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IN LOVING MEMORY OF



Władysław Hremiako

17th DECEMBER 1922 - 16th AUGUST 2021

Greenford Park Cemetery,
11am Tuesday 7th September 2021





Entrance Music

Pie Jesu (Arrangement by Andrew Lloyd Webber)

Welcome and Opening Prayer

From Rev. Graham Miller

Hymn

Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see

Was Grace that taught my heart to fear
And Grace, my fears relieved
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed

Through many dangers, toils and snares
We have already come
T'was Grace that brought us safe thus far
And Grace will lead us home
And Grace will lead us home

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now am found
Was blind but now I see

Was blind, but now I see





Reflection

By Tony Hremiako, Son

Bible Reading

By Rev. Graham Miller
Book of Revelations 21:1-7

Then I saw “a new heaven and a new earth,” for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and there was no longer any sea. I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride beautifully dressed for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, “Look! God’s dwelling place is now among the people, and he will dwell with them. They will be his people, and God himself will be with them and be their God. ‘He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death’ or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.”

He who was seated on the throne said, “I am making everything new!” Then he said, “Write this down, for these words are trustworthy and true.”

He said to me: “It is done. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End. To the thirsty I will give water without cost from the spring of the water of life. Those who are victorious will inherit all this, and I will be their God and they will be my children.





Music

By Finn Hremiako, Grandson
Saxophone Sonata OP 19 Movement II – Paul Creston

Reflection

By Len Hremiako, Son

Death is Nothing at All

By Henry Scott-Holland
Read by Niamh Hremiako, Granddaughter

Death is nothing at all.
It does not count.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.
I am I, and you are you,
and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched,
unchanged.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.
Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.





Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed
together.

Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow
upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was.

There is absolute and unbroken continuity.
What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just round the corner.

All is well.

Prayers and The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name.
Thy Kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth,
As it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive them that 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





Hymn
Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?
Bring me my bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Prayer of Commendation
By Rev. Graham Miller

Committal will follow at the gravesite.

Exit Music
Jesu, joy of man's desiring (Bach)







Thank You

Serafina, Tony and Caroline, Len and Yvonne would like to thank you for attending today and for the endless support and sympathy you have shown at this time. You are warmly invited to join them for refreshments at 76 Greenway Gardens, Greenford.

