

How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the works Thy Hands hath made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

*Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.*

When through the woods, and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur
And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee...

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee...

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee...

Quiet Contemplation

And will anybody miss me when my footsteps fall no more
On the wild common land, or the dusty field floor?
And will anyone remember that I lived and loved and played...
Will my spirit ever linger when my body is decayed?

And will unborn generations who have yet to make their stand
Know that I, too, thought the world my own and sort that promised land?
Will my youthful love, or married life, the pride in bricks and mortar,
And the struggle of work, ever really, really mattered?

Have I really made a difference, have I taken---giving less?
Are there crimes of which I'm guilty and sins I should confess?
Was I mindful of my fellows as I fought to claim my space?
Did I have to be the winner in the frantic human race?

From childhood through to manhood, through vanity and pride,
Through the busy years of business that I took in my stride,
Did I know the clock was ticking, did I ever care at all?
Did I never think to stop and read the writing on the wall?

Why does wisdom only come with age? And years slip by so fast?
Had I chance, would I re-write the pages from my past?
The book of life was mine to write and on the final page
Like Shakespeare I will sign my name and exit from the stage.

Will the world go on without me---all my laughter and tears?
Any my precious, nurtured memories of such swiftly passing years?
Will the sun still rise each morning and the seasons wax and wane,
And will people share that splendour...will the beauty be the same?

This world with all its glory and its wonder and its grief,
Is only ours to borrow and our sojourn here is brief.
I would not wish to linger, but to leave them with a smile,
I'm only passing through, but yes--- my life has been worth while.

Eulogy and Memories

written by Helen Szilagy

Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God
Born of his Spirit, washed in His blood.

This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Saviour all the day long
This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Saviour all the day long
This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, all is at rest
I in my Saviour am happy and bless'd
Watching and waiting, looking above
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Saviour all the day long
This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Psalm 23

John 14: 1 - 6

Address

Prayers

Led by Billingshurst Family Church

Lord's Prayer

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.

Commendation

Committal