



A Celebration of the Life of  
**Timothy Christopher Fuller**  
24/09/1953 ~ 11/10/2023

Held at St Edmund's College Chapel  
on  
Saturday 25th November 2023 at 11am

In God's care you rest above.  
In our hearts you rest with love.

Welcome and Introduction  
by Father Peter Lyness

"The Life of Timmo"

Hymn 1 ~ Thine Be The Glory

1 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.

Refrain:

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

2 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: [Refrain]

3 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: [Refrain]

Rozy

Memories of our Friend  
Michael Mason

## Hymn 2 ~ Amazing Grace

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

'Twas 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  
'Twas grace has brought us safe thus far  
And grace will lead us home

When we've been there ten thousand years  
Bright, shining as the sun  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we've first begun

Memories of my Uncle and Godfather  
Simon (Hobbs) Jones

Memories of our Friend  
Matthew Tisbury

Time for those who wish to share memories

## Final Hymn ~ Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountain 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 those 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.

## Blessing

by Father Peter Lyness

"Remembering Timmo"

