

RECEPTION OF COFFIN

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by Reverend Glyn

Gospel reading St. John Ch14 verse 1-6

HYMN

The Lord's My Shepherd

*1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
in pastures green; He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.*

*2 My soul He doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.*

*3 Yea, though I walk thro' death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill;
for Thou art with me, and Thy rod
and staff me comfort still.*

*4 My table Thou hast furnishéd
in presence of my foes;
my head Thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.*

Tribute to Alma read by Reverend Glyn

When Tomorrow Starts Without Me

David Romano

*When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not here to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
All filled with tears for me*

*I wish you wouldn't cry
The way you did today
While thinking of the many things
We did not get to say*

*I know how much you love me
As much as I love you
Each time that you think of me
I know you will miss me too*

*When tomorrow starts without me
Please try to understand
That an angel came and called my name
And took me by the hand*

*The angel said my place was ready
In heaven far above
And that I would have to leave behind
All those I dearly love*

*But when I walked through Heaven's Gates
I felt so much at home
When God looked down and smiled at me
From his golden throne*

*He said this is eternity
And all I promised you
Today for life on earth is done
But here it starts a new*

*I promise no tomorrow
For today will always last
And since each day's the exact same way
There is no longing for the past*

*So when tomorrow starts without me
Do not think we're apart
For every time you think of me
Remember I'm right here in your heart*

HYMN

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

George Bennard

*On a hill far away, stood an old rugged Cross
The emblem of suffering and shame
And I love that old Cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain*

*So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross
Till my trophies, at last, I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged Cross
And exchange it some day for a crown*

*Oh, that old rugged Cross so despised by the world
Has a wondrous attraction for me
For the dear Lamb of God, left His Glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary*

*So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross
Till my trophies, at last, I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged Cross
And exchange it some day for a crown*