

***ENTRANCE HYMN***

*Morning has Broken*

Morning has broken like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning  
Born of the one light, Eden saw play  
Praise with elation, praise every morning  
God's recreation of the new day

Morning has broken like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

-

***EULOGY***

*Read by Liz*

-

***OPENING PRAYER***

-

## ***FIRST READING BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES***

*Read by Sophie*

There is a season for everything, a time for every occupation under heaven:

A time for giving birth, a time for dying;

a time for planting, a time for uprooting what has been planted.

A time for killing, a time for healing;

a time for knocking down, a time for building.

A time for tears, a time for laughter; a time for mourning, a time for dancing.

A time for throwing stones away, a time for gathering them;

a time for embracing, a time to refrain from embracing.

A time for searching, a time for losing;

a time for keeping, a time for discarding.

A time for tearing, a time for sewing,

a time for keeping silent, a time for speaking.

A time for loving, a time for hating; a time for war, a time for peace.

What do people gain from the efforts they make?

I contemplate the task that God gives humanity to labour at.

All that he does is apt for its time; but although he has given us an awareness of the passage of time, we can grasp neither the beginning nor the end of what God does.

I know there is no happiness for a human being,

except in pleasure and enjoyment through life.

And when we eat and drink and find happiness in all our achievements,  
this is a gift from God.

This is the word of the Lord.

***HYMN***

*The Lord is My Shepherd*

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.

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.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished me  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house forevermore,  
My dwelling place shall be.

-

***GOSPEL ACCLAMATION***

-

***GOSPEL***

-

***HOMILY***

-

***BIDDING PRAYERS***

*Read by Amaia*

That God may reward Grandma Sue for all the love and kindness  
that she shared. Lord, hear us.

R. Lord Graciously hear

That in his boundless mercy God may blot out the sins she committed  
through human weakness. Lord, hear us.

R. Lord Graciously hear us

That God may visit Grandma Sue's family and friends with comfort and peace.  
Lord, hear us.

R. Lord Graciously hear us

That our departed relatives and friends may be freed from every shadow of death,  
and take their place in the new creation. Lord, hear us.

R. Lord Graciously hear us

-

***OFFERTORY HYMN***

*Queen of the May*

O Mary we crown thee with blossoms today!  
Queen of the Angels and Queen of the May.  
O Mary we crown thee with blossoms today,  
Queen of the Angels and Queen of the May.

Bring flowers of the rarest  
bring blossoms the fairest,  
from garden and woodland and hillside and dale;  
our full hearts are swelling,  
our glad voices telling  
the praise of the loveliest flower of the vale!

Their lady they name thee,  
Their mistress proclaim thee,  
Ah, grant that thy children on earth be as true  
as long as the bowers  
are radiant with flowers,  
as long as the azure shall keep its bright hue

Sing gaily in chorus;  
the bright angels o'er us  
re-echo the strains we begin upon earth;  
their harps are repeating  
the notes of our greeting,  
for Mary herself is the cause of our mirth

-

***EUCHARIST PRAYER***

-

***MEMORIAL ACCLAMATION***

## *COMMUNION HYMN*

### *Colours of Day*

Colours of day dawn into the mind,  
The sun has come up, the night is behind.  
Go down in the city, into the street,  
And let's give the message to the people we meet.

So light up the fire and let the flame burn,  
Open the door, let Jesus return.  
Take seeds of His Spirit, let the fruit grow,  
Tell the people of Jesus, let His love show.

Go through the park, on into the town;  
The sun still shines on, it never goes down.  
The light of the world is risen again;  
The people of darkness are needing a friend.

So light up the fire and let the flame burn,  
Open the door, let Jesus return.  
Take seeds of His Spirit, let the fruit grow,  
Tell the people of Jesus, let His love show.

Open your eyes, look into the sky,  
The darkness has come, the Son came to die.  
The evening draws on, the sun disappears,  
But Jesus is living, His Spirit is near.

So light up the fire and let the flame burn,  
Open the door, let Jesus return.  
Take seeds of His Spirit, let the fruit grow,  
Tell the people of Jesus, let His love show

***RECESSIONAL HYMN***

*I Watch the Sunrise*

I watch the sunrise lighting the sky,  
Casting its shadows near.  
And on this morning bright though it be,  
I feel those shadows near me.

But you are always close to me  
Following all my ways.  
May I be always close to you  
Following all your ways, Lord.

I watch the sunlight shine through the clouds,  
Warming the earth below.  
And at the mid-day, life seems to say:  
I feel your brightness near me.  
For you are always . . .

I watch the sunset fading away,  
Lighting the clouds with sleep.  
And as the evening closes its eyes,  
I feel your presence near me.  
For you are always . . .

I watch the moonlight guarding the night,  
Waiting till morning comes.  
The air is silent, earth is at rest  
Only your peace is near me.  
Yes, you are always...

*May the road rise up to meet you.  
May the wind always be at your back.  
May the sun shine warm upon your face,  
and rains fall soft upon your fields.  
And until we meet again,  
May God hold you in the palm of His hand*

*- An Irish Blessing*