

Close the Gate: (For Gramps)

Read by Elizabeth Measures

For this one farmer the worries are over,
lie down and rest your head,
Your time has been and struggles enough,
put the tractor in the shed.
Years were not easy, many downright hard,
but your faith in God transcended,
Put away your tools and sleep in peace,
the fences have all been mended.
You raised a fine family,
worked the land well and always followed the Son,
Hang up your shovel inside of the barn;
your work here on earth is done.
A faith few possess led your journey through life,
often a jagged and stony way,
The sun is setting, the cattle are all bedded,
and here now is the end of your day.
Your love of God's soil has passed on to your kin;
the stories flow like fine wine,
Wash off your work boots in the puddle left by
blessed rain one final time.
You always believed that the good Lord would provide
and He always had somehow,
Take off your gloves and put them down,
no more sweat and worry for you now.
Your labor is done, your home now is heaven;
no more must you wait,
Your legacy lives on, your love of the land,
and we will close the gate.

Organ Music for Reflection
Bible Reading & Short Address

Prayers

The 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.

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### **Final Prayer, said by everyone:**

*Loving Father,*  
*in darkness and in light,*  
*in trouble and in joy,*  
*in laughter and in tears,*  
*help us to trust your love,*  
*to do your will,*  
*and always to give you thanks and praise,*  
*through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen*

## **HYMN: THE OLD RUGGED CROSS**

*On a hill far away, stood an old rugged Cross  
The emblem of suff'ring 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.*

*To the old rugged Cross, I will ever be true  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear  
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away  
Where His glory forever I'll share  
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.*