

THE BEAN ORDER OF SERVICE

Entrance of the Bride to You're the Inspiration by Chicago

Welcome by Reverend Ruth Framton and Opening Prayer

Hymn:

All things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small, all things wise and wonderful, the Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens, each little bird that sings, he made their glowing colours, he made their tiny wings.

Chorus

The purple-headed mountain, the river running by, the sunset and the morning that brightens up the sky.

Chorus

The cold wind in the winter, the pleasant summer sun, the ripe fruits in the garden, he made them every one.

Chorus

The tall trees in the greenwood, the meadows for our play, the rushes by the water, to gather every day.

Chorus

He gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell how great is the Almighty, who has made all things well.

Preface and Declarations

Bible reading - Corinthians 13:4-8 - Read by Terry

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end.

Address

Hymn:

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost, but now I'm 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 I have already come. Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home. The Lord has promised good to me, his word my hope secures; he will my shield and portion be as long as life endures. When we've been there a thousand years, bright shining as the sun, we've no less days to sing God's praise than when we first begun.

The Marriage

Wild Awake by Hilary T. Smith - read by Brooke

People are like cities: We all have alleys and gardens and secret rooftops and places where daisies sprout between the sidewalk cracks, but most of the time all we let each other see is a postcard glimpse of a skyline or a polished square. Love lets you find those hidden places in another person, even the

ones they didn't know were there, even the ones they wouldn't have

thought to call beautiful themselves.

