

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  
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.

**Tribute: Betty's Contribution to the Church  
Rev Phil Hughes**

**Hymn: Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken**

Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He whose word cannot be broken  
Formed thee for his own abode:  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood:  
Jesus, whom their soles rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.

Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name:  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

### **Individual Tributes:**

#### **Abide with Me – Em Hurman**

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide  
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away  
Change and decay in all around I see  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless  
Alls have no weight, and tears no bitterness  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me  
Abide with me

### **Betty's Creativity – Cherry Hurman**

#### **Reading: She is Gone (David Harkins)- Jane Hawker**

You can shed tears that she is gone  
Or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes  
And pray that she will come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left.

Your heart can be empty  
Because you cannot see her  
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow  
And live yesterday  
Or you can be happy for tomorrow  
Because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she is gone  
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,  
Be empty and turn your back  
Or you can do what she would want:  
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

### **Open Tributes**

#### **Hymn: God Be in My Head**

God be in my head  
And in my understanding  
God be in my eyes  
And in my looking  
God be in my mouth  
And in my speaking  
God be in my heart  
And in my thinking  
God be at mine end  
And at my departing

#### **Reading: The Traveller (James Dillett Freeman) Pauline Warner**

She has put on invisibility.  
Dear Lord, I cannot see—  
But this I know, although the road ascends  
And passes from my sight,  
That there will be no night;  
That You will take her gently by the hand  
And lead him her on  
Along the road of life that never ends,  
And she will find it is not death but dawn.  
I do not doubt that You are there as here,  
And You will hold her dear.  
Our life did not begin with birth,  
It is not of the earth;