

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
Ills 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;