

Order of Service

Music: Theme from Dances With Wolves

Service and Welcome: Rev. Rosemary Goddard

Guide Me, O Thou Great Redeemer

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me now and evermore,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow,
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee,
I will ever give to thee

Tribute: Alan Ellison

Prayers

Make me a Channel of Your Peace

Make me a channel of Your peace
Where there is hatred let me bring Your love;
Where there is injury, Your healing pow'r,
And where there's doubt, true faith in You.

Make me a channel of your peace,
Where there's despair in life let me bring hope;
Where there is darkness - only light,
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console;
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved as to love with all my soul –

Make me a channel of Your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving of ourselves that we receive,
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

The Committal

Music: *Dream a Little Dream* (Beautiful South)

Anyone for Tennis? Yes Please Game, Set and Match

Did anyone play the game of life, fairer or more wisely?

Did you know anyone who was more prepared to set to and 'get things' done? Can anyone match the love and support that there was for her family and friends? Probably not! So

Always game, never afraid to set to and forever match-less.

A word of advice from Brenda to Bill, and everyone

Lord, thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will some day be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking that I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom it seems a pity not to use it all but thou Lord knowest that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of other's pains, but help me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and less cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint - some of them are so hard to live with - but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me ability to see good things in unexpected places, and talents in unexpected people. And give me, O Lord, the grace to tell them so.