

The family would like to express their sincere appreciation for the kindness and sympathy shown during their bereavement, for your attendance at the funeral service, and would be pleased to welcome you to Journey's End Ringmore after the service.

Donations for British Heart Foundation may be made through the retiring collection or sent to the funeral director at the address below.

The **co-operative** funeralcare

Ermedale Chapel, Fore Street, ☎ 01752 690890
Ivybridge PL21 9AB



*In Loving Memory
of
Harold Parent*

*who passed away on
Friday 4th February 2011
aged 80 years*

*Service at
All Hallows Church Ringmore
Friday 25th February 2011
11.00 am*

Service conducted by Mr Michael Tagent

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

HYMN

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost but now am 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 has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His work my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

TRIBUTE

READING

John chapter 14 verses 1-6

ADDRESS

PRAYERS

HYMN

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, O 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 need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord 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.

COMMITTAL

BLESSING