



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, O 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.

Reveal Thyself 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

Donations by retiring collection shared between
All Hallows Church and Calibre Audio Library

Guy and the family invite everyone for refreshments at
The Journeys End immediately after this service.

**ALL HALLOWS CHURCH
RINGMORE**



A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life
of
MYRA FRANCES EDDY
04/08/1924-22/05/2012

Thursday 7th June 2012
2.30pm

Service conducted by Mr Michael Tagent

ORDER OF SERVICE

Opening sentences

Welcome

Hymn

THE DAY THOU GAVEST, LORD, IS ENDED,

The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Reading Psalm 23 by Myra's grandson Thomas

Eulogy by Myra's daughter Vivien

Prayers

Hymn

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH,

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 ever more,
Feed me now and ever more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, 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.

Poem read by Myra's son Colin
"Miss me but let me go"

When I come to the end of the road,
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in gloom-filled rooms,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little--but not too long,
And not with your head bowed low;
Remember the love that we once shared
Miss me--but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know,
And busy your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me - but let me go.

Final Prayers

Commendation