

GOD IS LOVE



A Service of Thanksgiving  
for the Life of

# JOHN WALTER SMITH

1<sup>st</sup> June 1930 – 30<sup>th</sup> September 2010

*The family would like to invite you all to join them for  
refreshments at The Manor Hotel after the service.*

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*Donations in John's memory to Anytown Hospice can be  
sent c/o Hedley Price Funeral Directors, Mart Road,  
Minehead, Somerset, TA24 5BJ. Tel: 01643 703111*

Service at St George's Church, Anytown  
on Tuesday 10<sup>th</sup> October 2010 at 2.30pm

## *Order of Service*

### **ENTRANCE MUSIC**

*Hallelujah Chorus* – Handel

### **WELCOME & INTRODUCTION**

#### **HYMN**

Morning has broken, like the first morning,  
blackbird has spoken like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!  
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,  
like the first dewfall on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning  
born of the one light eden saw play!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's re-creation of the new day!

#### **TRIBUTES**

By John's Grandsons, Matthew & Jack

### **QUIET REFLECTION MUSIC**

*Amazing Grace* – Elvis Presley

### **BIBLE READING**

John 14:1-6, 27

### **PRAYERS**

#### **THE LORD'S PRAYER**

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;  
thy kingdom come; thy will be done; on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into  
temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom,  
the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

#### **HYMN**

And did those feet in ancient time  
walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
on England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
till we have built Jerusalem  
in England's green and pleasant land.

### **COMMITTAL**

### **CLOSING MUSIC**

*My Way* – Frank Sinatra