Thank you



Everyone is welcome to join us at the graveside in
Highwood Cemetery
Hempshill Lane
Bulwell
NG6 7GA

The family wish to express their thanks to everyone for their love and support at this sad time and invite you all for light refreshments and to share fond memories of Wellsworth at the ACNA Centre

31 Hungerhill Road

NG3 4NB



Rose House 389 Nuthall Road Aspley NG8 5DB www.lymn.co.uk

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Celebration and Thanksgiving Service



Wellsworth Cleave Goulbourne

Born 7th February 1933 Gone to rest 21st December 2016

The New Whitmoor Baptist Church Friday 27th January 2017 at 9.30 am

Officiating Minister: Reverend John Huffadine





BIBLE READING

1 Corinthians, Chapter 15: verses 51-58 read by niece, Hope

SOLO

by family friend, Milly

FAMILY TRIBUTES

from grandsons, Wayne and Terrie

ADDRESS

by Reverend John Huffadine

PRAYERS

SONG

Precious Memories

THE GRACE

EXIT MUSIC

Many Rivers To Cross

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Precious Lord, Take My Hand

WELCOME

by Reverend John Huffadine

HYMN

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder Consider all the works Thy hand hath made, I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder, Thy power throughout the universe displayed;

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art, how great Thou art! Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art, how great Thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:

Chorus

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin;
Chorus

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

Chorus

Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)

PRAYER

BIBLE READING

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3: verses 1-13 read by granddaughter, Sosam

MAIN TRIBUTE

read by daughter, Marcia

HYMN

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll, is called up yonder,
When the roll, is called up yonder,
When the roll, is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Chorus

Let us labour for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Chorus

James Milton Black (1856-1938)