

Eulogy For My Dad

Daddy, your life with us will always be remembered. You enjoyed life your own way, regardless, and you believed in helping others. You were a strong-minded person who, no matter what life threw at you, believed in carrying on and hoping for better days. I loved your positive attitude towards life.

To me, you are the man who loved your family, loved your music, and loved watching sport and world news, and you loved God.

As your daughter, I believe you were a good father and supported me when I needed it, especially through difficult times. But to me you were just Dad, someone I took for granted and believed would be around for a lot longer.

To your brother and sister you remained a caring and loving brother, always there to contribute positively to peace and togetherness.

To pork farms you dedicated over twenty years of service up till retirement. You climbed gracefully through the rungs of your career and became a Trade Union Representative, which you enjoyed working as.

To the church you were a valued member of the congregation and will be sadly missed.

To your friends and neighbours you were the peacemaker - I never remember you to have a quarrel with anyone. You were always there to help, advise and give support.

You remained gentle and kind up to your death. I am so proud to be your daughter. It is painful to lose you now, Dad, but God knows what's best. We wish you farewell as you join your Father our Lord.

Dad: He wasn't a man of sentimental words, but I knew he loved me. I didn't always agree with him - we were far too alike in many ways - but I always loved him and always will.

Your loving daughter, Nicola.

A.W.LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Rex Bartley

30th September 1940 - 4th January 2017

Evangelical Free Church

Friday 27th January 2017

at 11.30 am

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:
Then sings my soul...

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;
Then sings my soul...

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!
Then sings my soul...
Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)

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 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.

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.

James Milton Black (1856-1938)

HYMN

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| 1. 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. | 4. The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures. |
| 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed! | 5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease:
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace. |
| 3. Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home. | 6. 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'd first begun. |

John Newton (1725-1807)