

IN LOVING MEMORY OF AND IN THANKSGIVING
FOR THE LIFE OF

GLENYS BUTLER

4TH SEPTEMBER 1948 – 8TH DECEMBER 2019



MONDAY 23RD DECEMBER 2019 AT 2.00P.M.

WOODLANDS EVANGELICAL CHURCH,
BLENHEIM PARADE,
ALLESTREE,
DERBY
DE22 2GP

PSALM 103

¹ Praise the Lord, my soul;
all my inmost being, praise his holy name.

² Praise the Lord, my soul,
and forget not all his benefits—

³ who forgives all your sins
and heals all your diseases,

⁴ who redeems your life from the pit
and crowns you with love and compassion,

⁵ who satisfies your desires with good things
so that your youth is renewed like the eagle's.

⁶ The Lord works righteousness
and justice for all the oppressed.

⁷ He made known his ways to Moses,
his deeds to the people of Israel:

⁸ The Lord is compassionate and gracious,
slow to anger, abounding in love.

⁹ He will not always accuse,
nor will he harbor his anger forever;

¹⁰ he does not treat us as our sins deserve
or repay us according to our iniquities.

¹¹ For as high as the heavens are above the earth,
so great is his love for those who fear him;

¹² as far as the east is from the west,
so far has he removed our transgressions from us.

¹³ As a father has compassion on his children,
so the Lord has compassion on those who fear him;
¹⁴ for he knows how we are formed,
he remembers that we are dust.
¹⁵ The life of mortals is like grass,
they flourish like a flower of the field;
¹⁶ the wind blows over it and it is gone,
and its place remembers it no more.
¹⁷ But from everlasting to everlasting
the Lord's love is with those who fear him,
and his righteousness with their children's children—
¹⁸ with those who keep his covenant
and remember to obey his precepts.
¹⁹ The Lord has established his throne in heaven,
and his kingdom rules over all.
²⁰ Praise the Lord, you his angels,
you mighty ones who do his bidding,
who obey his word.
²¹ Praise the Lord, all his heavenly hosts,
you his servants who do his will.
²² Praise the Lord, all his works
everywhere in his dominion.
Praise the Lord, my soul.

ORDER OF SERVICE

A warm welcome to this Thanksgiving service for Glen,
a loving wife to Hedley, Mum to Jonathan and Joanne,
Mum-in-Law to Liz,
and Nana to Daniel, Joshua and Gracie-Mae.

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

Warrick Martin

HYMN

Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne.
Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those he came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of love,
Behold his hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of Heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown him with many crowns,
As thrones before him fall;
Crown him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For he is King of all.

Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou has died for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

POEM

“Journey’s End”

written by Glen and read by Joanne

I will place my hand within the Saviour’s
And let Him guide my every move.

For He will never leave me

And I His love have proved.

So prepare me gracious Father

To appear before Thy throne,

Not condemned but justified

Trusting in my Saviour alone.

For after tears Jesus’ Sun will shine again

And I will no longer be a stranger

To drawing waters of joy!

In the beauty of His recognised presence

I will praise Him for the shepherding of my soul.

SO

Lord, how long must we wait to see you descend

To this sin-drenched earth?

How long before all sorrow, dying and sin is done?

How we long for you to

“Come, Lord Jesus”

And take us Home.

HYMN

When peace, like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

*It is well, with my soul,
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trumpet shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.

PRAYER

TRIBUTE

Jonathan

INTERLUDE

‘Thorns In The Straw’
by Graham Kendrick

READING

John 14, verses 1-6 and 27 (NIV)

¹ “Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. ² My Father’s house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? ³ And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am. ⁴ You know the way to the place where I am going.” ⁵ Thomas said to him, “Lord, we don’t know where you are going, so how can we know the way?” ⁶ Jesus answered, “I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.” ²⁷ “Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid.”

MESSAGE

Tim Gunn

HYMN

It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from Heaven
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept and toiled, and mourned and died,
For love of those who loved Him not.

I cannot tell how He could love,
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful
If He could die my love to win.

I sometimes think about the cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails, and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.

But, even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part,
Of that great love which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know,
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see,
My love for him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love Thee, Lord:
O light the flame within my heart
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

TRIBUTE

Hedley

HYMN

I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
How He left His home in glory
For the cross of Calvary.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray,
Raised me up and gently led me
Back into the narrow way.
Days of darkness still come o'er me,
Sorrow's path I often tread,
But His presence still is with me;
By His guiding hand I'm led.

He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
Sing it with His saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

CLOSE AND PRAYER

'The Lord Bless You And Keep You'
by John Rutter

Thank you very much on behalf of all the family
for coming today and for all your prayers and
practical help, care and support in recent weeks.
Please do stay for refreshments.

Any donations please to
Release International
or via www.releaseinternational.org.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Meek House
521 Burton Road
Littleover
Derby
DE23 6FT
www.lymn.co.uk

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