

The family circle would like to thank you for your presence here today,
and for your support and prayers at this sad time.

Family and friends will be made welcome for refreshments at
Jacqueline's parents home - 17 Brae Hill Parade, Belfast.

Family flowers only.
Donations in lieu if desired to:
N.I. Hospice
c/o Sandy Close Funeral Services
404-412 Shankill Road, Belfast
BT13 3AE
or online sandyclosefuneralservices.com

*Woodvale Funeral Services 404/412 Shankill Road Belfast BT13 3AE
Tel: 02890 333313*

*Service Of Thanksgiving
For The Life Of*



**Jacqueline Roberta
Cosby**

29th October 1976 - 17th April 2017

Friday 21st April 2017
3.00pm
Roselawn Crematorium

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
in pastures green; He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill;
for Thou art with me, and Thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
my head Thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
and in God's house forevermore,
my dwelling place shall be.

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 grown 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.

Hold Thou Thy cross 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!