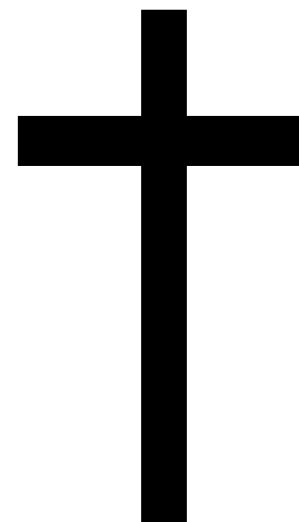


The family circle would like to thank you for your presence here today,
and for your support and prayers at this sad time.

No flowers by request.
Donations in lieu if desired to:
N.I. Chest, Heart & Stroke
c/o Sandy Close Funeral Services
404-412 Shankill Road, Belfast
BT13 3AE
or online at sandyclosefuneralservices.com

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

*Service Of Thanksgiving
For The Life Of*



**Ellen Jane Henderson
(Nellie)**

15th February 1918 - 24th May 2017

Tuesday 30th May 2017
9.30am
Roselawn Crematorium

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.*

O the old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish...

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see,
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish...

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
when his glory for ever I'll share.

So I'll cherish...

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!