

*In Loving Memory
of*



Peter Miller

12th September 1938 – 10th January 2016



Service at Daldowie Crematorium, Broomhouse,
Tuesday 19th January 2016, at 12:45pm,

Service conducted by Rev Terry Wright

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

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,
ev'n for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in 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 furnishd
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 for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

MORNING HAS BROKEN

Morning has broken like the first morning,
blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning,
Praise for them, springing fresh from the word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight; mine is the morning,
born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's recreation of the new day.

*AN HONEST man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so informed:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.*



Helen would like to thank you all for your attendance here today and she warmly invites you to join her at Sandyhills Golf Club for some refreshments.

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