

A Thanksgiving Service to Celebrate the Life of

*Margaret Elder Taylor*



26<sup>th</sup> May 1932 – 17<sup>th</sup> January 2018

Rugby United Reformed Church  
Tuesday 30<sup>th</sup> January 2018, 11.30am



## ENTRANCE MUSIC

Berceuse from Dolly Suite by Faure

## WELCOME

### HYMN

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
to his feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
who like me his praise should sing?  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour  
to our fathers in distress;  
Praise him still the same for ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father like, he tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame he knows:  
In his hands he gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;  
ye behold him face to face;  
sun and moon, bow down before him,  
dwellers all in time and space.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

## **READING**

Romans 8: 35, 37 – 39

*Read by Julian Miles*

## **PRAYER**

## **EULOGY**

*Read by John Baston*

## **POEM**

The Four Friends *by AA Milne*

*Read by Tessa and Lucy Baston*

## **PRAYER**

## **READING**

John 14: 1 – 7

*Read by Ali / Julian Miles*

## **ADDRESS**



## HYMN

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewry rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

O thou, whose infant feet were led  
Within thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,  
Were all alike divine;

We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,  
We ask his grace alone,  
Through every stage of life till death,  
To keep us still thine own!

## PRAYER

## READING

She is gone *by David Harkins*  
*Read by Zoe & Craig Taylor*

## HYMN

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 furnishèd  
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.

## COMMENDATION

## BLESSING

## EXIT MUSIC

Scottish Medley



*Margaret's family would be pleased  
if you could join them for refreshments  
after this service in the church hall.*



Donations in memory of Margaret for the  
Friends of St Cross Hospital

or

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