

A service of thanksgiving for the life of

SYD GREY

18th October 1941 – 27th July 2017



Monday 7th August 2017

Independent Methodist Church, Easington Lane
at 11.30am

Service conducted by
Mrs Jean Merton & Mr Ian Wren



In.

Congregation to sing

MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, His covenant, and blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When every earthly prop gives way,
He then is all my Hope and Stay.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found,
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Introduction





Hymn:

BEULAH LAND

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

Chorus:

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home for evermore!

My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is Heaven's borderland.

Chorus

A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flowers that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

Chorus

The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of Heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

Chorus





Philip Grey

Reading:

PSALM 121

Ian's Reflections

Hymn:

LOVE DIVINE

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heaven, to earth come down;
fix in us thy humble dwelling;
all thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus thou art all compassion,
pure, unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation;
enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit;
let us find that second rest.
Take away our love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
end of faith, as its beginning,
set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
let us all thy life receive;
suddenly return and never,
nevermore thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above,
pray and praise thee without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish, then, thy new creation;
pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see thy great salvation
perfectly restored in thee;
changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Richard Grey

THE HOLY CITY

sung by

Stuart Cameron accompanied by Paul Malcolm on piano

EULOGY

Jean Merton





Andrew Grey

CLOSING PRAYERS AND LORD'S PRAYER

Hymn:

WILL YOUR ANCHOR HOLD

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift or firm remain?

Chorus:

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
And the cables passed from His heart to mine,
Can defy the blast, through strength divine.

Chorus

It will firmly hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers have told the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

Chorus

It will surely hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill our latest breath;
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide within the veil.

Chorus





COMMENDATION

Leaving:

Congregation to sing

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Chorus:

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Chorus

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

Chorus

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

Chorus

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Chorus

Burial to follow in Easington Lane Cemetery

Mary and the family of Syd would sincerely like to thank you
for attending today's service and invite you to the ELCAP Hall
for refreshments.

*Please keep this order of service in remembrance
of Syd's ministry and dedication to our community*





We encourage you to accept this gift from Syd, keep it somewhere safe and “Take Courage” from the beautiful words

Take Courage

*I can't change what you're
going through,*

*I have no words to make a
difference,*

*no answers or solutions to
make things easier for you.*

*But if it helps in any way,
I want to say I care.*

*Please know that even when
you're lonely you're not alone.*

*I'll be here, supporting you
with my thoughts,*

*cheering for you with all my
strength,*

*praying for you with all my
heart.*

*For whatever you need, for as
long as it takes – lean on my
love.*

We ask you as a family to listen quietly in your own time to the song
Thank You (Live) by Ivan Parker as you reflect on today's service





Poem
IF

by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
'Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,
if neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

Andrew Grey Funeral Directors

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