



The family are grateful for your kindness,  
words of support and for your presence today.

You are warmly invited to join them for light refreshments at  
The Village Club, 13 Chapel Street, Spondon, Derby DE21 7JP  
after the service.

Donations made in loving memory of Bruce will support  
**Macmillan Nurses** (Royal Derby Hospital).

Jesus said: "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God,  
trust also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions...  
I am going there to prepare a place for you."

*from John, Chapter 14*

*Service conducted by Reverend James Lindsay*

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Barton House  
31 Chapel Side  
Chapel Street  
Spondon  
Derby  
DE21 7JQ

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TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF



**BRUCE CAMERON FAULDS**

17th October 1947 - 17th December 2016

Markeaton Crematorium

Monday 9th January 2017  
at 2.00 pm

## **OPENING MUSIC**

Scotland The Brave

Pipes and Drums Band of the Royal Highland Fusiliers

## **SCRIPTURES OF HOPE**

## **PRAYERS FOR COMFORT**

### **POEM**

God's Garden  
read by Kirsty

God looked around his garden  
And found an empty place,  
He then looked down upon the earth  
And saw your tired face.

He put his arms around you  
And lifted you to rest,  
God's garden must be beautiful,  
He always takes the best.

He knew that you were suffering,  
He knew you were in pain;  
He knew that you would never  
Get well on earth again.

He saw the road was getting rough  
And the hills were hard to climb,  
So he closed your weary eyelids  
And whispered, 'Peace be Thine.'

It broke our hearts to lose you,  
But you didn't go alone,  
For part of us went with you  
The day God called you home.

*(Author unknown)*

## **BIBLE READING AND HOMILY**

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love,  
I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy  
and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move  
mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give  
over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.  
It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no  
record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.

It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails...For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror;  
then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully,  
even as I am fully known. And now these three remain: faith, hope and love.

But the greatest of these is love!

## **COMMENDATION**

## **MUSIC FOR REFLECTION**

Flower Of Scotland

## **PRAYER AND BLESSING**

## **CLOSING MUSIC**

Sailing - Rod Stewart

### 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!

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)*

### PSALM 23

#### HYMN

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 someday for a crown.*

O that 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 that 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,  
Where His glory forever I'll share.  
*So I'll cherish...*

*George Bennard (1873-1958)*

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come;  
Thy will be done; on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.  
For Thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

## **EULOGY TO BRUCE**

### **HYMN**

Now thank we all our God,  
With hearts and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In Whom His world rejoices;  
Who from our mother's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God  
The Father now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With Them in highest Heaven,  
The one eternal God,  
Whom earth and Heaven adore;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Martin Rinkart (1586-1649)*

## **PERSONAL TRIBUTES**

by Jill, Kirsty and Craig, Daz and Caroline

### **READING**

Epitaph On A Friend  
by Robert Burns

An honest man here lies at rest,  
The friend of man, the friend of truth,  
The friend of age, and guide of youth:  
Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,  
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.