

John's family would like to thank you for your presence here with them today, and for your kind thoughts and messages at this sad time.

You are warmly invited to join them, after the service, at  
Wisbech and District Ex-Services Club,  
Alexandra Road, Wisbech PE13 1HQ,  
for light refreshments.

Donations in John's memory for  
**Ronald McDonald House Charities**  
may be made at the service, or given via  
[www.funeralzone.co.uk/obituaries/56017](http://www.funeralzone.co.uk/obituaries/56017)  
where memories may also be shared.

The **co-operative** funeralcare  
Central England Co-operative  
Old Royal Standard, Weasenham Lane, Wisbech PE13 2RY  
Telephone: 01945 475495  
[www.centralengland.coop/funeralcare](http://www.centralengland.coop/funeralcare)

*'To whom the arrangements have been entrusted'*

In Loving Memory of

# John McCrudden

20th July 1938 - 19th December 2018



Friday 18th January 2019  
at 1.00 pm

Mintlyn Crematorium, King's Lynn



**TRIBUTE**

**WORDS OF COMFORT**

**A MOMENT TO REFLECT**

The Way Old Friends Do  
ABBA

**WORDS OF FAREWELL**

**EXIT MUSIC**

Highland Cathedral  
André Rieu

# Order of Service

**ENTRY MUSIC**

Amazing Grace  
Pipes and Drums of the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards

**WELCOME**

## HYMN

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,  
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:  
*Then sings my soul...*

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,  
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin;  
*Then sings my soul...*

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,  
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!  
*Then sings my soul...*

*Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)*

## POEM

I have been called home to St Andrew's place,  
The eternal land where life has no pace.

The place of green mountains and where blue rivers flow,  
And on the hillside the heather and thistle do grow.

I have made it to the heavenly highlands at last,  
But on my way there I did have a blast.

Back to the place where I thrived as a child and grew,  
To become the man that all of you knew.

I have at last made it to the place of pure light,  
The place where sickness and death have no right.

I am in the place where all Scotsman long to be,  
So remember to smile and be happy when you think of me.

I'm home where the bagpipes may play all day,  
So please, don't be sad, I've been called away.

I have been called home to St Andrew's place.