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CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF  
**Thomas Adolphus Isaacs**  
**‘Tom’**

Sunrise: 8th May 1933 - Sunset: 7th February 2020



Friday 20th March 2020 at 11.30 am

St Augustine's Church,  
Upper Dale Road, Derby  
DE23 8BP

Officiating Minister: Reverend Andy Ward

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Entrance Music

Over The Rainbow  
Eva Cassidy

Welcome and Prayer

The Reverend Andy Ward

Hymn

How Great Thou Art

Eulogy

Claudette Isaacs (daughter)

Tributes

Tribute in song by Yvonne Haslam  
School friend, Joss Green

Scripture Reading

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3: verses 1-8

Prayers of Penitence

The Reverend Andy Ward

The Collect

The Reverend Andy Ward

Scripture Reading

Psalms 23

Hymn

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

Scripture Reading

2 Timothy, Chapter 4: verses 7-8

Sermon

The Reverend Andy Ward

Prayers and The Lord's Prayer

Pastor Maurice Lawrence

Hymn

Rock Of Ages

Commendation and Farewell

The Reverend Andy Ward

Exit Music

Time To Say Goodbye  
Andrea Bocelli and Sarah Brightman

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## How Great Thou Art

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)*

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## What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?

Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged:

Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Can we find a friend so faithful,

Who will all our sorrows share?

Jesus knows our every weakness -

Take it to the Lord in prayer!

<sup>3.</sup> Are we weak and heavy-laden,

Cumbered with a load of care?

Jesus only is our refuge,

Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?

Take it to the Lord in prayer!

In His arms He'll take and shield thee,

Thou wilt find a solace there.

*Joseph Medlicott Scriven (1819-1886)*

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## Prayers

*including*

### 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.

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## Rock Of Ages

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure:  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgement throne;  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

*Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)*

*The interment, will now follow at Nottingham Road Cemetery, Derby DE21 6FN.*

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# Hymns at the Graveside

## The Old Rugged Cross

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 some day 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)*

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## When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,  
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;  
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

*When the roll, is called up yon-der,  
When the roll, is called up yon-der,  
When the roll, is called up yon-der,  
When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.*

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,  
And the glory of His resurrection share;  
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labour for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,  
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;  
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

*James Milton Black (1856-1938)*

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## Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)*

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## Amazing Grace

- <sup>1.</sup> Amazing grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.
- <sup>2.</sup> 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed!
- <sup>3.</sup> Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come:  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- <sup>4.</sup> The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.
- <sup>5.</sup> Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease:  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.
- <sup>6.</sup> When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

*John Newton (1725-1807)*

## The Lord's My Shepherd

- <sup>1.</sup> 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.
- <sup>2.</sup> 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.
- <sup>3.</sup> 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.
- <sup>4.</sup> My table Thou hast furnishèd  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- <sup>5.</sup> Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

*Scottish Psalter (1650)*

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## Sleep On, Beloved

Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,  
Lay down thy head upon the Saviour's breast;  
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best:  
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,  
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;  
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep:  
Good night! Good night! Good night!

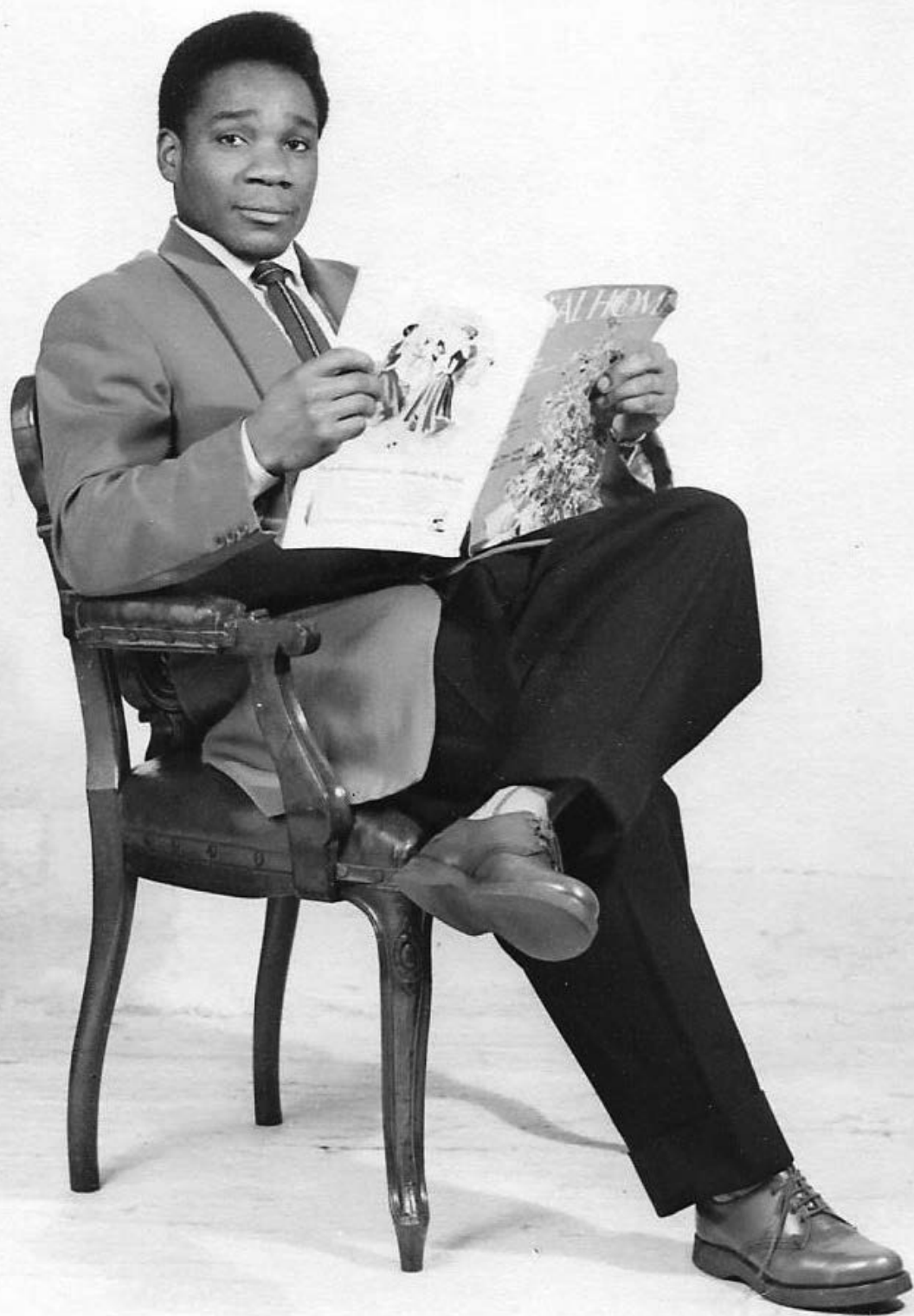
Until the shadows from this earth are cast,  
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,  
Until the twilight gloom be over past:  
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Until made beautiful by love divine,  
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine;  
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine:  
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Only "Good night," beloved, not "farewell;"  
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell  
In hallowed union indivisible:  
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Until we meet again before His throne,  
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own;  
Until we know Him even as we are known:  
Good night! Good night! Good night!

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Our family would like to express our sincere thanks to all friends and well-wishers for the sympathy and support they have shown us during this difficult time.

Thank you to everyone who helped with today's proceedings including:

Pallbearers: Beville Isaacs, Garry Isaacs, Brian Isaacs, Carl Isaacs, Dean Isaacs,  
and Trevor Barrett.

Music by Foundation – I-Roy (Daddy Roy) and Ben (DJ Lieous Ire)

Clive Mckenzie for preparing the food

Yvonne Haslam, Karen Mitchell and Melanie Barrett

The staff at Royal Derby Hospital for the care they provided.

Dan Barnes and the team at A. W. Lymn.

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