

A Requiem Mass for the Life of



William Francis Higgins 'Billy'

who passed away on 9th May 2016

St Helen's Roman Catholic Church,
Barry
on Friday 20th May 2016
at 10.15 am
Followed by interment at
Barry Cemetery

Bernadette and family wish to thank you for your attendance today, for messages and support shown at this time.

You are welcome to join the family at St Andrews Major Golf Club, Coldbrook East, Barry after the service, for light refreshments and to share your memories of 'Billy'.

Donations, if desired, may be made at this service (donation box situated in foyer) or via Billy's online tribute page at www.valefuneralservice.co.uk to support **Dementia UK.**

Funeral arrangements entrusted to
Lyndsay Ellis



Order of Service

Father Andy Bord Officiating

Gathering Hymn

Morning has broken, like the first morning;
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's re-creation of the new day!

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)



Offertory Hymn

Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast and reviled -
Maiden! Hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Underfilled!
The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem this down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! Hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, list a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!
Ave Maria!

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

Poem

I'm There Inside Your Heart

Right now I'm in a different place
And though we seem apart,
I'm closer than I ever was,
I'm there inside your heart.

I'm with you when you greet each day
And while the sun shines bright,
I'm there to share the sunsets, too,
I'm with you every night.

I'm with you when the times are good,
To share a laugh or two,
And if a tear should start to fall,
I'll still be there for you.

And when that day arrives
That we no longer are apart,
I'll smile and hold you close to me,
Forever in my heart.

Communion 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)

Recessional 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 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)