

The family would like to express their thanks for your presence at the service today and appreciate your prayers, support and expressions of sympathy during the past days.

Colin was much loved by his family. He loved the outdoors and country lifestyle, he was at home on the side of a mountain or by the edge of a lake.

Everyone is welcome to join the family for refreshments in Ewarts Bowling Club, 17 Somerdale Park, Belfast BT14 7HD.

Family flowers only please.
Donations in lieu if desired to



c/o Stephen McCosh Funeral Director
117 Shankill Road, Belfast BT13 1FD
or online stephenmccoshfuneraldirector.co.uk

Stephen McCosh Funeral Director
117 Shankill Road, Belfast BT13 1FD 028 9031 1041
11 Jennings Park, Newtownabbey BT37 0NB 028 9085 1414
www.stephenmccoshfuneraldirector.co.uk

SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
FOR THE LIFE OF



COLIN MCKEE
5TH NOVEMBER 1965 - 15TH FEBRUARY 2020

FRIDAY 21ST FEBRUARY 2020
ROSELAWN CREMATORIUM
9.30AM

CONDUCTED BY
REV. KEITH DUDDY

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.

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.

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.

My table Thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
my head Thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
and in God's house forevermore,
my dwelling place shall be.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
the darkness falls at Thy behest;
to Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping,
and rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.