

A Service of Thanksgiving and
Celebration for

John Brookes Smith

26th June 1928 – 26th January 2017



Thursday 9th February 2017
10:00am

The Avon Suite
Rainsbrook Crematorium

Service led by
Reverend Melanie Sopp

Order of Service

Entrance & Music

Welcome and Opening Words

Hymn

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flow'r that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountains,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

We Remember John

A Tribute To His Life shared by
Reverend Melanie Sopp

Hymn

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,
Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
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 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, forever and ever AMEN

A Loving Farewell to a Special Man

The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face - Roberta Flack

Closing Words

Exit & Music

Somewhere Over The Rainbow - Eva Cassidy

*When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free!
Miss me a little - but not for long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me, but let me go.
For this journey that we all must take
And each must go alone;
It's all a part of the Master's plan
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go to the friends we know,
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me, but let me go.*

All welcome at Rugby Golf Club.

Donations to Friends of St Cross Hospital



May be sent c/o

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