

*Service Of Thanksgiving
For The Life Of*



Blanche McKee

20th January 1929 - 30th November 2016

Saturday, 3rd December 2016
Welcome Evangelical Church,
Cambrai Street
8.45am

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 for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

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, the 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 the 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,
when His glory for ever I'll share

So I'll cherish . . .

*The family circle would like to thank you for your presence here today,
and for your support and prayers at this sad time.*

*Family and friends will be made welcome for refreshments at:
The Mountainview Social Club
Olive Street*