



*To Celebrate
the Life of*

Rosina Maffucci

14th September 1921 - 6th December 2018



Holy Spirit Church
Wednesday 19th December 2018
a 1.00 pm



Order of Service

Rosa is Brought into Church

Music: Ave Maria
Pavarotti

Welcome





Hymn

Make me a channel of Your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me bring Your love;
Where there is injury, Your pardon, Lord;
And where there's doubt, true faith in You.

*O Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of Your peace.
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope,
Where there is darkness, only light,
And where there's sadness, ever joy.
O Master, grant that I may never seek...

Make me a channel of Your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving to all men that we receive,
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928-1997)

Opening Prayer

First Reading

from the Letter of St. Paul to the Romans,
Chapter 8: verses 31-35 and 37-39

With God on our side who can be against us?
Since God did not spare his own Son, but gave him up to benefit us all,
we may be certain, after such a gift,
that he will not refuse anything he can give.

Nothing therefore can come between us and the love of Christ,
even if we are troubled or worried, or being persecuted,
or lacking food or clothes, or being threatened or even attacked.
These are the trials through which we triumph,
by the power of him who loved us.

For I am certain of this: neither death nor life, no angel,
no prince, nothing that exists, nothing still to come, not any power,
or height or depth, nor any created thing, can come between us
and the love of God made visible in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The Word of the Lord.
All: Thanks be to God.





Psalm 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,
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 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 for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter (1650)

Tune: Crimond

Gospel Acclamation

Alleluia, Alleluia!

**It is my Father's will, says the Lord,
that whoever believes in the Son
shall have eternal life,
and that I shall raise him up on the last day.
Alleluia**





Gospel

A reading from the holy Gospel according to John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

Jesus said to his disciples:

‘Do not let your hearts be troubled.

Trust in God still, and trust in me.

There are many rooms in my Father’s house;
if there were not, I should have told you.

I am now going to prepare a place for you,
and after I have gone and prepared you a place,

I shall return to take you with me,

so that where I am you may be too.

You know the way to the place where I am going.’

Thomas said, ‘Lord, we do not know where you are going,
so how can we know the way?’

Jesus said, ‘I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.

No one can come to the Father except through me.’

This is the Gospel of the Lord.

All: Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.

Homily

Eulogy

Elisa and Giovanni

Period of silence for people to sit with their own thoughts and prayers

Bidding Prayers

Offertory Procession

Communion

Final Prayers





Final 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)

Exit Music

Caruso
Pavarotti





The family would like to thank you for your kind messages
of sympathy and support at this difficult time.

Donations in memory of Rosina for
Dementia UK
may be sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

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