

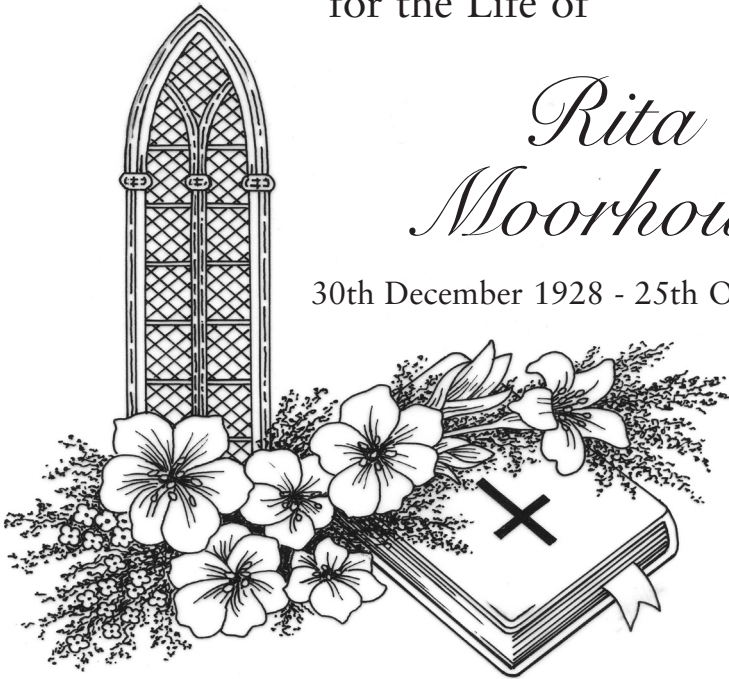
St Francis of Assisi Roman Catholic Church, Morley



A Service of Thanksgiving
for the Life of

*Rita
Moorhouse*

30th December 1928 - 25th October 2017



Friday 10th November 2017
at 1.00 pm



All stand

ENTRANCE PROCESSION

played on the organ

WELCOME

HYMN

The Lord's My Shepherd, No. 661

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.

OPENING PRAYER

Please be seated

FIRST READING

Isaiah 25: 6 - 9

The Lord will destroy death for ever

Please stand

HYMN

Make Me A Channel Of Your Peace, No. 470

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.

Chorus:

*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.

Chorus

Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving of ourselves that we receive,
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

THE GOSPEL

John 6: 37 - 40

Whoever believes in the Son has eternal life

Please be seated

HOMILY

EULOGY

Please stand

THE BIDDING PRAYERS

FINAL COMMENDATION AND
COMMITTAL PRAYERS

HYMN

Servant King (From Heaven You Came)

From heaven You came,
Helpless Babe,
Entered our world, Your glory veiled;
Not to be served but to serve,
And give Your life that we might live.

This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow Him,
To bring our lives, as a daily offering
Of worship to the Servant King.

There in the garden of tears,
My heavy load, He chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not My will but Yours' He said.

This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow Him,
To bring our lives, as a daily offering
Of worship to the Servant King.

Come see His hands and His feet,
The scars that speak, of sacrifice,
Hands that flung stars into space
Two cruel nails surrendered.

This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow Him,
To bring our lives, as a daily offering
Of worship to the Servant King.

So let us learn how to serve,
And in our lives, enthrone Him;
Each other's needs to prefer
For it is Christ we're serving.

This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow Him,
To bring our lives, as a daily offering
Of worship to the Servant King.





There are collection boxes for donations in Rita's memory to be given to the Haematology department at the Leeds General Infirmary where Rita worked for many years.

You are invited to join the family for some of Rita's favourite refreshments in the church hall following the service.



Park House, Queen Street, Morley, Leeds LS27 8EB
Tel: 0113 253 2087
www.jwbinks.co.uk