In Loving Memory of



Anthony Rex Horner

18th August 1946 - 5th July 2017

Wednesday 9th August 2017 at 11.30 am St Peter's Church, Ruddington





Albert Oliver and Sons 45 Easthorpe Street Ruddington NG11 6LB www.lymn.co.uk

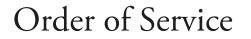
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COMMENDATION

BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

Apache The Shadows



ENTRANCE MUSIC Bring Him Home Collabro

INTRODUCTION AND OPENING PRAYER



PRAYERS

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, for ever and ever. Amen.

HYMN

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

Each little flower that opens, Each little bird that sings, He made their glowing colours, He made their tiny wings:

The purple-headed mountain, 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:

Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)

TRIBUTES

READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

ADDRESS

POEM

His Journey's Just Begun chosen by Wendy

Don't think of her as gone away, Her journey's just begun; Life holds many facets, This earth is only one.

Just think of her as resting From the sorrows and the tears In a place of warmth and comfort Where there are no days and years.

Think how she must be wishing That we could know today How nothing but our sadness Can really pass away.

And think of her as living In the hearts of those she touched, For nothing loved is ever lost And she was loved so much.

Ellen Brenneman

HYMN

The King of love my shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never; I nothing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul He leadeth, And where the verdant pastures grow With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder gently laid, And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, beside me; Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight; Thy unction grace bestoweth; And O what transport of delight From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days Thy goodness faileth never: Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house for ever.

Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)