

To Celebrate the Life of



Mary Agnes O'Brien

30th May 1922 - 3rd February 2020

Corpus Christi

Thursday 20th February 2020

at 9.00 am



Order of Service



Opening 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...



First Reading

A reading from the second letter to the Corinthians,
Chapter 5: verses 1 and 6-10

We have an everlasting home in heavens.

We know that when the tent that we live in on earth is folded up,
there is a house built by God for us, an everlasting home
not made by human hands, in the heavens.

We are always full of confidence, then, when we remember that to
live in the body means to be exiled from the Lord, going as we do by
faith and not by sight - we are full of confidence, I say, and actually
want to be exiled from the body and make our home with the Lord.
Whether we are living in the body or exiled from it, we are intent on
pleasing him. For all the truth about us will be brought out in the
law court of Christ, and each of us will get what he deserves for the
things he did in the body, good or bad.

The Word of The Lord.



Psalm 22

**The response to the psalm is: The Lord is my shepherd;
there is nothing I shall want.**

The Lord is my shepherd, there is nothing I shall want.
Fresh and green are the pastures
Where he gives me repose;
Near restful waters he leads me,
To revive my drooping spirit. **R.**

He guides me along the right path; he is true to his name.
If I should walk in the valley of darkness no evil would I fear.
You are there with your crook and your staff;
And these you give me comfort. **R.**

You have prepared a banquet for me
In the sight of my foes
My head you have anointed with oil;
My cup is overflowing. **R.**

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me,
All the days of my life,
In the Lord's own house shall I dwell
For ever and ever. **R.**



Gospel Acclamation

Alleluia, alleluia!

Come you whom my Father has blessed, says the Lord;
inherit the kingdom prepared for you since the foundation of the world.

Alleluia!

Gospel Reading

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

There are many rooms in my Father's house.

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 going now 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.’

The Gospel of the Lord.



Prayers of Intercessions

Priest: God, the almighty Father, raised Christ His Son from the dead;

With confidence we ask him to save all his people, living and dead:

Reader: For Agnes, who in baptism was given the pledge of eternal life, that she may now be admitted to the company of the saints.

Lord, in your mercy:

R. Hear our prayer.

For our sister Agnes who ate the body of Christ, the bread of life,
that she may be raised up on the last day.

Lord, in your mercy:

R. Hear our prayer.

For our deceased relatives and friends and for all who have helped us,
that they may have the reward of their goodness.

Lord, in your mercy:

R. Hear our prayer.

For those who have fallen asleep in the hope of rising again,
that they may see God face to face.

Lord, in your mercy:

R. Hear our prayer.

Continued...



For the family and friends of our sister Agnes, that they may be consoled in their grief by the Lord, who wept at the death of his friend Lazarus.

Lord, in your mercy:

R. Hear our prayer.

For all who are assembled here to worship in faith,
that we may be gathered together again in God's Kingdom.

Lord, in your mercy:

R. Hear our prayer.

We pray with Mary, Queen of Heaven; Hail Mary...

Priest: Father you have made us for yourself, and our hearts are not at rest until they rest in you. Hear these prayers we make for Agnes as we trust in your mercy, through Christ, Our Lord.

All: Amen.



Offertory Hymn

In bread we bring You, Lord, our bodies' labour.

In wine we offer You our spirits' grief.

We do not ask You, Lord, who is my neighbour?

But stand united now in one belief.

Oh, we have gladly heard Your Word, Your holy Word,

And now in answer, Lord, our gifts we bring.

Our selfish hearts make true, our failing faith renew,

Our lives belong to You, our Lord and King.

The bread we offer You is blessed and broken,

And it becomes for us our spirits' food.

Over the cup we bring, Your Word is spoken;

Make it Your gift to us, Your healing blood.

Take all that daily toil plants in our hearts' poor soil,

Take all we start and spoil, each hopeful dream,

The chances we have missed, the graces we resist,

Lord, in Thy Eucharist, take and redeem.

Eucharistic Prayer



Communion Hymn

I watch the sunrise lighting the sky,
Casting its shadows near.
And on this morning, bright though it be,
I feel those shadows near me.

*But You are always close to me,
Following all my ways.
May I be always close to You,
Following all Your ways, Lord.*

I watch the sunlight shine through the clouds,
Warming the earth below.
And at the mid-day, life seems to say:
I feel Your brightness near me.
For You are always...

I watch the sunset fading away,
Lighting the clouds with sleep.
And as the evening closes its eyes,
I feel Your presence near me.
For You are always...

I watch the moonlight guarding the night,
Waiting till morning comes.
The air is silent, earth is at rest -
Only Your peace is near me.
Yes, You are always...



Eulogy

Final Hymn

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 that 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 that 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,
Where His glory forever I'll share.
So I'll cherish...

Recessional Music

Going Home





A.W. LYMN

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