

Mass of Thanksgiving for the Life of



Patricia Mary Tibbetts

St. Ignatius Catholic Church
Walkers Road, Grand Cayman

Saturday, 4 May, 2019

3:00 p.m.

Celebrant:

Fr. Naveen D'Souza, SAC

Deacon:

Rev. Mr. Joseph Biggs

Organist: Albert Chin

Cantor: Ms. Denise Tibbetts

Jesus, I Trust in You!

Order of Funeral Liturgy

Prelude: *The Covenant Hymn*..... Congregation

The Covenant Hymn

Wherever you go, I will follow,
Wherever you live is my home.
Though days be of blessing or sorrow,
Though house be of canvas or stone,
Though Eden be lost to the past,
Though mountains before us be vast,
Wherever you go, I am with you.
I will never leave you alone.

Whatever you dream, I am with you,
When stars call your name in the night.
Though shadows and mist cloud the future,
Together we bear the light.
Like Abram and Sarah we stand,
With only a promise in hand.
But lead where you dream: I will follow.
To dream with you is my delight.

And though you should fall, you will find me,
When no other friend can you claim,
When foes beat you down or betray you,
And others desert you in shame.
When home and dreams aren't enough,
And you run away from my love,
I'll raise you from where you have fallen.

Faithful to you is my name.
Wherever you die, I will be there
To sing you to sleep with a psalm,
To sooth with tales of our journey,
Your fears and doubts I will calm.
We'll live when journeys are done
Forever in mem'ry as one.
And we will be buried together,
And waken to great a new dawn.

Wherever you go, I will follow.
Behold! The horizon shines clear.
The possible gleams like a city:
Together we've nothing to fear.
So speak with words bold and true
The message my heart speaks to you.
You won't be alone, I have promised.
Wherever you go, I am there.

Processional Hymn: #360 *Sing With All the Saints in Glory*..... Congregation

Sing With All the Saints in Glory

Sing with all the saints in glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong.
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease;
In God's likeness, we awaken,
Knowing everlasting peace.

O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

Life eternal! Heav'n rejoices:
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Shout with joy, O deathless voices!
Child of God lift up your head!
Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await, the glory giv'n.

Life eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When amid earth's closing thunders
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See the glowing firmament,
Know, with you, O God immortal,
Jesus Christ whom you have sent!

The Introductory Rites

Priest: The Lord be with you.

All: And with your Spirit.

Sprinkling with Holy Water

Placing of Pall

A white pall in remembrance of the Baptismal garment is placed on the casket.



Placing of the Bible

Placing of the Crucifix

Placing of the Rosary

Opening Prayer

The Liturgy of the Word

First Reading: Revelation 21:1-5, 6-7 **Moira Abbott**

A Reading from the Book of Revelation

I, John, saw a new heaven and a new earth. The former heaven and the former earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. I also saw the holy city, a new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, "Behold, God's dwelling is with the human race. He will dwell with them and they will be his people and God himself will always be with them as their God. He will wipe every tear from their eyes, and there shall be no more death or mourning, wailing or pain, for the old order has passed away."

The One who sat on the throne said, "Behold, I make all things new. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give a gift from the spring of life-giving water. The victor will inherit these gifts, and I shall be his God, and he will be my son."

The word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God.

Responsorial Psalm: #405 The Lord is My ShepherdDenise Tibbetts

The Lord is my Shepherd;
He is Lord, and I am His guest.
Fresh and green are the pastures
Where He leads me to my rest.
Near peaceful waters He leads me
To cheer up my cheerless heart.
He guides me on the safe path,
He will always do His part.

You prepare a banquet in the sight of my foes.
You cool my head with oil,
And my cup now overflows.
Surely goodness and kindness will be with me all the way
The Lord's house for my dwelling,
I will thank Him every day.

Refrain:

*If I should ever walk in the valley of darkness,
No evil would I fear;
You are there to show the way.
If I should ever walk in the valley of darkness,
Your crook and Your staff,
They will lead me to the day.*

Glory be to the Father; glory to His only Son;
Glory be to the Spirit; glory, glory ev'ryone.

A reading from the Letter of Saint Paul to the Romans

Brothers and sisters:

If God is for us, who can be against us? He who did not spare his own Son but handed him over for us all, will he not also give us everything else along with him? Who will bring a charge against God’s chosen ones? It is God who acquits us. Who will condemn? It is Christ Jesus who died, rather, was raised, who also is at the right hand of God, who indeed intercedes for us. What will separate us from the love of Christ? Will anguish, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or the sword?

No, in all these things, we conquer overwhelmingly through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor present things, nor future things, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

The word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God.

Alleluia (Sung)

Gospel: Matthew 5:1-12 Rev. Mr. Joseph Biggs

Deacon: The Lord be with you.

All: And with your spirit.

Deacon: + A reading from the Holy Gospel according to Matthew

All: Glory to you, O Lord.

Deacon: When Jesus saw the crowds, he went up the mountain, and after he had sat down, his disciples came to him. He began to teach them, saying:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they who mourn, for they will be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the land.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be satisfied.

Blessed are the merciful, for they will be shown mercy.

Blessed are the clean of heart, for they will see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God.

Blessed are they who are persecuted for the sake of righteousness,
for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are you when they insult you and persecute you
and utter every kind of evil against you falsely because of me.
Rejoice and be glad, for your reward will be great in heaven."

The Gospel of the Lord.

All: Praise to you Lord Jesus Christ.

Homily: Fr. Naveen D’Souza, SAC

Prayers of the Faithful Fay Anne de Freitas



The Liturgy of the Eucharist

Presentation of the Gifts..... Anya Orlandini, Sacha Tibbetts & Lucas Tibbetts

Offertory Hymn: #504 Be Not Afraid Congregation

Be Not Afraid

You shall cross the barren desert, but you shall not die of thirst.
You shall wander far in safety though you do not know the way.
You shall speak your words in foreign lands and they
will understand.
You shall see the face of God and live.

*Refrain: Be not afraid. I go before you always.
Come follow Me, and I will give you rest.*

If you pass through raging waters in the sea, you shall not drown.
If you walk amid the burning flames, you shall not be harmed.
If you stand before the pow'r of hell and death is at your side,
know that I am with you through it all.

Blessed are your poor, for the kingdom shall be theirs.
Blest are you that weep and mourn,
for one day you shall laugh.
And if wicked men insult and hate you all because
Blessed, blessed are you!

Sanctus (Sung): Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Your Glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he who come is in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

Eucharistic Prayer

Memorial Acclamation (Sung): When we eat this Bread and drink this Cup, we proclaim your Death, o Lord until you come again.

Great Amen (Sung)

The Communion Rite

Our Father (Sung)

Sign of Peace

Lamb of God (Sung)

Communion

Communion Hymns: #32 *Amazing Grace* & #368 *Soul of My Saviour*..... Cantor and Congregation

Communion Hymn: #32 Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound,
That saved and set me free!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Thru' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

368 Soul of My Saviour

Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast;
Body of Christ be Thou my saving guest;
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in Thy tide,
Wash me with water flowing from Thy side.

Strength and protection may Thy passion be;
O Blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;
Deep in Thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;
So shall I never, never part from Thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign,
In death's dread moments make me only Thine;
Call me, and bid me come to Thee on high,
When I may praise Thee with Thy saints for aye.

Meditation Hymn: Ave Maria..... Denise Tibbetts

Prayer after Communion

Eulogy Tammi Sulliman

Tributes Anna Goubault

Final Commendation/Song of Farewell

Recessional Hymn #293 How Great Thou Art..... Congregation

Recessional Hymn: #293 How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rollig thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

Refrain:

*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!*

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.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, 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.

Pallbearers

Christian Victory
Derek Haines
Lawrence Edwards

Nick Freeland
O'Neil Miller
Raymond (Tip) DeLisser

Guest Book Attendant

Deborah Huggins

Kelcey Huggins

Ushers

Chris Duggan
Eli Kozaily

Karl Lopez.

Gary Huggins
Jennison Nunez



Eulogy of Patricia Tibbetts

Patricia was a proud, strong-willed, remarkable woman who always held her head high and possessed great faith.

Patricia Mary Tibbetts nee Giuliani was born on December 11, 1946 on the island of Tobago, the sister island of Trinidad. She grew up on her parents' small farm which overlooked the island's main town of Scarborough. Patricia was the fourth child of six, and played on the farm with her three older brothers and two younger sisters. Her parents owned and operated a guava jelly factory. At the age of 10, Patricia and her family moved from Tobago to Trinidad, and lived in Diego Martin, in the north-west part of the island, a stone's throw from the capital of Port-of-Spain. In the seventies, Patricia's family left Trinidad – her parents, two of her brothers and her two sisters migrated to Australia. Patricia's other brother left for Canada. Patricia would remain in Trinidad a little while longer for the second phase of her life.

Patricia and James met for their first date in July 1962 at a drive-in cinema. Patricia was the one who organized the date – Patricia got a friend of her brother Nigel to call James. James recalls that he picked her up for the first date in his 1957 Studebaker vehicle. He also notes that first date was 57 years ago. James says he has loved and cherished Patricia ever since that first date. At the time, Patricia was 15 years-old and their relationship grew stronger over the years. James recalls that after her father failed to teach her to drive, he took control of the steering wheel and helped her to pass the driving test. This was just before they both started to work on August 4th 1964.

James notes that not long after starting her new job, Patricia had an accident, (the only one she ever had) and was injured when she broke the steering wheel. She was so sure that James would be angry with her that she was in tears when he arrived there to see her. When she realized that James was far more concerned about her than the car, he believes that's when it dawned on Patricia just how much he loved her. James points out Patricia has had seatbelts in every car she has had since that accident.



Another fond memory James recalls is that Patricia used to love being taken to an Italian restaurant called Luciano's in Port-of-Spain where they always enjoyed a delicious meal together.

Patricia was a trained stenographer and worked until her marriage to James on July 20th, 1969 – the very same day when man landed on the moon for the first time. After marriage, she became a dedicated wife taking care of the home. In 1972, they purchased their first house in Maracas Valley, Trinidad. It had been vacant for some time, but James fondly recalls she soon had it looking beautiful and very comfortable. She loved the area and they soon bought the land next to it. Along came their son Sacha who was born 9 months after James' 30th birthday.

The family then built their second home, which was laid out the way Patricia wanted it. James says it was a beautiful and comfortable home, and they lived there for six years. Their daughter Anya was born while they lived there. However, the driving to James' office 36 miles away in south Trinidad was draining him and limited the time he had with their children. Having sold the first house, the family decided to buy another home which was much nearer to James' office. Patricia took control of the logistics to ensure a smooth transition for the family and organised a tenant for the Maracas Valley home. They moved into the San Fernando home which had been renovated to suit Patricia's taste.

During their marriage, the family enjoyed several trips abroad. Apart from their honeymoon in Miami, they enjoyed trips to Barbados and Tobago with friends before we were married. In 1972, they went to England where James was on business for three weeks and she stayed in London with her friend Jane Waddell. From London, they travelled to Long Island New York to meet and visit with James' mother's sister for a week, followed by a visit to his sister Judie who lived on the North Coast of Jamaica. The couple then went to Grand Cayman to visit James' family and to get to know a bit about his family's origins here.

Family has always been very important to Patricia. When Sacha was three-years-old, they had a great trip to visit family on both sides starting with a trip to Tampa where we spent a week with one of James' uncles and his family, followed by a week in Hawaii, then New Zealand and on to Sydney, Australia where they visited Patricia's mother. From there, they went to Cairns where most of her family had migrated. James had to leave to attend a meeting in Jamaica, and Patricia and Sacha stayed with her family for 6 weeks. Over the years, Patricia made several trips to Australia and had her mother visit Patricia's family several times.

The economy in Trinidad & Tobago crashed in 1985 and James and Patricia began selling off their assets in Trinidad. They made the decision to migrate to Grand Cayman in April of 1987 where they have lived until today. Patricia always considered Grand Cayman paradise. She had fallen in love with colours of Seven Mile Beach and the Caribbean Sea off the coast of South Sound. Once again, Patricia took control of the family's transition into the next phase of their lives and found the piece of land in South Sound where they built the house they have lived in since 1989. Patricia worked on the design and layout of the home, developed and landscaped the garden and redeveloped it after Hurricane Ivan in 2004.

Patricia was a woman of tremendous faith. After moving to the Cayman Islands, she became very active in St Ignatius Catholic Church. When an Adoration Chapel was developed at the back of the Church, she always ensured flowers were arranged and cared for while regularly spending time in Adoration. Her faith became so great after her transition to the Cayman Islands, that James himself converted to Catholicism and the family raised their children in the Catholic faith, attending church every weekend.

Patricia was very involved in helping the Cubans who arrived on Grand Cayman in 1994 in large numbers. James recalls she made many trips to Tent City off of Fairbanks to take food and clothing, and to assist in whatever way she could. Meals on Wheels, a programme to bring food to the elderly in their homes, was another of Patricia's charitable works. She was concerned about shut-ins and their nutritional health, and felt this was an important cause with which to be involved.

Likewise, Patricia felt strongly about education and worked hard on ensuring that Sacha and Anya had the best schooling available on the island, which resulted in both children graduating at the top of their respective classes. She encouraged them to go to universities and ensured they were both awarded scholarships by supporting their diligent studying and hard work.



Eventually both Sacha and Anya were married and brought grandchildren into Patricia's life. They turned out to be her greatest joy, after her love for God. Her first grandchild, grandson Lucas was a source of constant pride for Patricia. Along came second grandson Alexander, who Patricia fussed over often. Anya's son Cristian is Patricia's third grandson and indeed there was a special bond between the two. Her fourth grandchild and only granddaughter Guiliana was Patricia's little angel.

Patricia was always focused on healthy nutrition, with a focus on natural, homeopathic products. She shared her knowledge on this topic often with her friends and family, showing great care and regard for people's health.

Even when Patricia was first diagnosed with breast cancer in 1999, she kept her faith strong. In fact, James believes her deep faith was further fortified. While her battle with cancer continued for another 20 years, Patricia lived her life to the fullest, on her terms.

And these are James' words to his beloved wife: "Patricia, I will always be in awe and admiration of the immense grace with which you carried yourself, no matter the trial or tribulation faced. I will forever miss the tilt of your head and your mischievous grin. Patricia, you are so loved by your family. May you rest in peace, enveloped in the arms of Mary our Holy Mother, and may God continue to pour his abundant blessings onto you."



Tribute to Mom

Mom dedicated her life to her family and to God. From my earliest of memories until now, mom was there. She supported us, encouraged us and taught us right from wrong. She would tell us stories of her experiences so that we could learn about them and how the world works.

She was very involved with our schooling making sure that we had the best opportunities for an education. I remember her helping us research so many schools that we could attend and then she would research and provide us with information on scholarships for us to work towards. She and Dad opened most of the doors for us in life. Together, they have been the single biggest contributors to what we are today, and for that, I am eternally thankful.

She brought us up in the Catholic faith and lived her life by it. I can't remember a Sunday growing up that we didn't go to church with mum and dad. Well... that's not true, some weekends we would go on Saturday.

Mom loved watching her family enjoy life. I can recall all the times that she would watch us do activities and not just be there to make sure we didn't get hurt, but to experience those activities with us. The happiest I remember her was when she saw we were happy. When we were younger, she would come out on the boat with us, attend school events and take us travelling to the corners of the world, all just to experience life with us and see us enjoy it.

As we got older, those opportunities for Mom to spend time with us became less as we started our own families, however when the grandchildren came along, she was right there all over again enjoying life by watching her grandchildren enjoy life. She loved all of them dearly and each one of them had a special place in her heart and some ice cream ready for them in her freezer.

It is hard to put into words all the memories, experiences, thoughts and lessons that I got from Mom. She has been there for me all my life, even when I tried my best to be my own person and show my independence, she was always there. Even though there were times when I wished I could have gone it alone because I was being a stubborn and wanting to do my things my own way, I often came to find out, in the long run, that she was almost always right with her advice or observations.

I love you mom. I miss you so much already. The memories and lessons that you gave me will stay with me and guide me for life. Thank you.

Love,
Sacha



Being a mother is something I dreamt about as a little girl. I always wanted children and a family to care for. Growing up, my mum taught me by her example what it meant to care for and put your family first. She taught me how to be a mother, but I didn't realize it until I had children of my own. There was never a time when I couldn't pick up the phone and ask her advice while I adjusted to motherhood. She always knew what to say to make everything seem alright. I will miss hearing her voice the most as we chatted about life, the kids or nothing at all. She was happy to just talk and enjoy each other's company. As a mother, I appreciate her constant devotion to us and her grandchildren. She wanted us to be happy and was the first person to celebrate with us.

Mum devoted her life to me and Sacha. Coming from a humble upbringing, mum recognized how blessed we were to be in Cayman and devoted her life to making sure our family took advantage by encouraging us to pursue every opportunity afforded to us; both academically and socially. There were times where all I wanted to do was curl up with a book and read but she would lovingly nudge me to go out and play with friends and experience the world.

Even when I had the crazy idea to go to college in Europe, mum was right there at my side reassuring me and making sure I knew that I could do anything if I wanted it. When I decided that going to school closer to home was in my best interest she was right there beside me. Whilst away at school, we spoke often and mum always loved to hear about my adventures. She visited regularly and was just one of the girls. She touched so many people's lives without realizing it as so many of my friends remembered her kindness 20 years later.

She raised us to always love God and that the Lord came first. Her example of what a strong Christian woman has shaped how I approach life. No matter what, she never lost faith and it's an example that she gave me which I want my children to remember comes from their Nana.

When I was diagnosed with cancer, it was her tenacity and strength that inspired me to never give up hope and persevere through the pain and suffering and to do whatever it took for my children and family. She reminded me that we are all different, never listen to statistics as she had defied the odds for such a long time. We shared a common struggle but I will forever be humbled by her continued prayers to God to take all my pain and suffering away and give it to her. The devotion of a mother to her children knows no bounds.

Thank you for teaching me how to be a strong woman and mother. The legacy of what you taught me will live on as I raise my children how you raised us, with love, kindness and compassion.

I love you mum, always and forever. Miss you so already.

Anya

Tribute from Christine Young - Mum's Sister

Patricia my big sister

There are many facets to a person's life and one of Patricia's was as a sister, our big sister, who often took the roll of mother. Patches of memories I have of her as we were growing up, her holding our hand (Helen and myself) as we walked to our first school at the end of the street, she taught me to sew, she was the one that made Christmas a celebration at our house and provided a beautifully decorated Christmas tree, often giving me a lift home in her VW beetle that she was so proud of, she went shopping with me to buy my first bought dress for a teenage party, she often created special dresses for us even making Helen's wedding dress.

She was the one that our parents entrusted with the role of looking after our grandmother when we all left the Trinidad, she took on that role with care and compassion and arranged her funeral, there was no one of our family left in Trinidad to help her with this task. She also assist my parents in the sale and finalizing of their properties and finances in Trinidad while we lived in Australia a very big responsibility, but our parents trusted her ability because Patricia was very intelligent and organized person with a great deal of compassion. She was only in her early 20s.

I am very fortunate that I had a few precious moments with Patricia before she died, there was so much sadness but so much depth to her. There was a moment I remember in those last days when she demonstrating the complexity of the person she was. She was laying very ill on the sofa and she heard the rubbish collectors coming along the street with great urgency she said go quick and get them a cold drink and ice block, something she always did and it was not going to stop just because she was ill, even though she was raising hell with us indoors she remembered others that she could help.



Tribute from Helen Jonker - Mom's Sister

My mind still talks to you and my heart still looks for you but my soul knows your at peace.

Acknowledgement

We would like to thank our family and friends who have helped us in the planning and participating in this celebration of life for Patricia, particularly Angela Miller, Scott Ruby, Deanna Lookloy, the readers, ushers and pall bearers. To the CI Breast Cancer Foundation for all that they did during Patricia's illness to help with her wellness. To her care team lead by Dr Virginia Hobday and Dr Denise Osterloh and the staff at Cayman Clinic and to the Jasmine team as well as her caregivers including Cecille Avergonzado who spent many days and nights tending to her during the past few months. Thank you Yvonne Broderick who helped in many ways and kept her company frequently. Thank you, Suzanne Howden and Moira Abbott who spent many hours with her praying for and with her. Finally thank you to the St. Ignatius Catholic Church which has been a significant guiding light in Patricia's life and now her final celebration.

Condolences may be registered at Boddenfuneralservices.com & Bodden Funeral Service Facebook page



Other side of pages - top photos-
Robert, Richard, Patricia, Helen & Christine; Cairns, 1996
bottom photos Inspiration for the above photo. Theme by Paul Sausfield,
in Youngs probably about 1984.
Robert, Nigel leading Richard into line, and Patricia.



Orphan Children at Highmore dressed for the annual Carnival party at the
Latham Crown Hotel, Scarborough's Torrens, Feb. 1930. Characters team
from the current Blue Tracy cartoons in the newspaper.
Robert: Bob Flenty - a shy pipe smoking bilibili - mount fibre beard & hair.
Nigels: Grevil Gentle, his only wife with prominent eyelids & a smiling grin.
Richard: A Grim Slapper, one of the neighbourhood kids sneaking Blue Tracy.
Patricia: Spruce Flenty, their beautiful long haired daughter always in a jumpout
Was first prize of a criminal hit set.
Robert took a very dim view of the whole idea. He'd arrested. He'd in a screen &
not to be noticed not to walk in the parade. Nigel didn't like wearing a dress &
a egg carton eyelids. Patricia would wanted her pyjamas in company.
Was full "shy bother".





PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS

Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace.
 Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
 Where there is injury, pardon;
 Where there is doubt, faith;
 Where there is despair, hope;
 Where there is darkness, light;
 Where there is sadness, joy.

O, Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
 To be consoled as to console;
 To be understood as to understand;
 To be loved as to love;
 For it is in giving that we receive;
 It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
 It is in dying that we are born again to eternal life.

Graveside Hymns

My Soul Proclaims the Lord My God (Tune: Amazing Grace)

My soul proclaims the Lord, my God,
 My spirit sings His praise,
 He looks on me: He lifts me up;
 And gladness fills my days.

All nations now will share my joy.
 His gifts He has outpoured.
 His little one, He has made great;
 I magnify the Lord.

His mercy is forevermore,
 His name I praise again
 His strong right arm puts down the proud,
 And raises lowly ones.

He fills the hungry with good things,
 The rich He sends away.
 The promise made to Abraham
 Is filled to endless days.

Magnificat – Magnificat!
 Magnificat - Praise God!
 Praise God - Praise God!
 Praise God - Praise God!
 Magnificat - Praise God!

Blessed Are You Who Know You Are Poor (Tune: Blowing in the Wind)

Blessed are you who know you are poor
 The Kingdom of God in you lies;
 Blessed are you, who are gentle and kind,
 The earth that I made is your prize.
 Blessed are you who sorrow and grieve,
 I'll wipe every tear from your eyes.

Refrain:
Upon you, my friends,
A rich reward will come.
Upon you, a rich reward will come.

Blessed are you, who hunger and thirst
 To see truth and justice be done;
 Blessed are you, who show mercy and love,
 On you, my own mercy shall come,
 Blessed are you, whose hearts are all pure,
 You'll see God's face everyone.

Blessed are you, who strive to bring peace,
 You truly are sons in God's sight:
 Blessed are you, who is mocked and oppressed,
 In striving to what is right.
 Blessed are you, when men lie and insult,
 Rejoice then with all of your might.

Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine

Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine
 O what a foretaste of Glory Divine
 Heir of salvation, purchase of God
 Born of His Spirit, washed in His Blood.

Refrain:
This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Saviour all the day long
This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight!
 Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
 Angels descending, bring from above,
 Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
 I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
 Watching and waiting, looking above,
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.