

*Elaine Margaret
Marsden*



8th July 1941 - 4th March 2025

St Michael & St John's Church
Monday 24th March 2025 at 11.00 am

Order of Service

Service led by Canon Paul Brindle

Entrance Hymn

Oh Lord My God

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 shouts 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...

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Reading

*from the book of Apocalypse C14 : V13
by Nat Marsden*



Hymn

The Lord's my Shepherd

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 in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
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 forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Gospel

Homily

Prayers of Intercession

Offertory Hymn

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light, Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Eucharistic Prayer

Our Father

Communion

(Ave Maria)

Eulogy

Read by Hal Crompton

Prayer

Read By Roger Marsden

Prayers of Commendation

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,
God made their glowing colours,
and made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountains,
the river running by,
the sunset and the morning
hat brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden:
God made them everyone.

God gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty,
who has made all things well.

Elaine's family would like to thank you
for all your kind support and messages at this sad time.

Following the service, you are warmly invited
for refreshments at **The Calf's Head, Worston**



Donations, if desired, may be made for the benefit of

Dementia Research UK