

All Things Bright And Beautiful

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, God made their tiny wings.

All things bright and beautiful ...

The purple-headed mountain, the river running by,
the sunset, and the morning that brightens up the sky:

All things bright and beautiful ...

The cold wind in the winter, the pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden, God made them. every one!

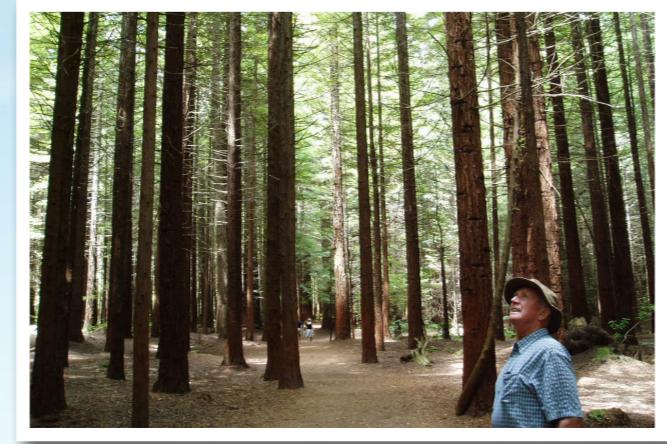
All things bright and beautiful ...

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

All things bright and beautiful ...

*As a lasting tribute, can we please ask you to sign the
memorial register.*

*Donations to Waikato Hospice would be appreciated and
may be left at the service*



In Loving Memory

Bruce Jeans
1st February 1926 - 16th November 2021



Welcome to this Service to Celebrate the Life of **Bruce**

Held at St Andrews Church,
Hamilton Road, Cambridge

On Tuesday, 23rd November 2021
at 1.00 p.m.

Followed by a private cremation

Officiating: Rev. Diana Court
Organist: Helen Lloyd

Order of Service

The Greeting

Opening Hymn – Abide with Me

Prayers

Time of Reflection and Thanksgiving

Readings: Donald Moffat

Psalm 121

Isaiah 40:28-31

Eulogies - Bronwyn Moffat, Karena & Rebecca

Homily by Priest

Prayers for the family

Closing Hymn – All Things Bright and Beautiful

Commendation & Committal

Recessional Music - Lord Of All Hopefulness



Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changes not, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me



The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven,hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come,your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins

as we forgive those who sin against us.

Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours
now and for ever. Amen.

