

# Funeral of Gladys Lister

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Date: 09 March 2016

Preacher: Peter Robinson

[ 0 : 00 ] The Award letteruloash his Looking She She Amen.

Amen. Amen.

Amen. Amen.

Please be seated. Good afternoon and welcome to Whitby Evangelical Church.

My name is Peter Robinson and I'm the minister here. Thank you for making the time to join with us and the family of Gladys Lister as we take time to give thanks to God for her life, as we commit her into his care and as we ourselves seek the comfort and the care of the Lord Jesus Christ as we face again the sorrow and the mystery of death.

[ 3 : 40 ] Gladys herself was someone of very clear and great faith in the Lord Jesus as her saviour and it's because of that reason that we can come and seek God's help for ourselves at this time.

Let's begin by asking God to be with us and to help us as we come to him in prayer. Let us pray together. You, O Lord, are the only God, the true God, the maker of heaven and earth, the God who gives all things, the God from whom we have received every blessing.

You're the God who gives us life. Not just life that we might be born into this world, but sustaining life for every moment of every day.

You give us every breath. We are dependent entirely upon you. We thank you, O God, that it is in your perfect understanding that you not only give life, but that you take it as well.

It's your right to do so and yours alone. We thank you, O Lord, that our lives as well as our deaths are in your hands, that nothing happens by chance, nothing is simply an accident or coincidence, but, Lord, we are those who are upheld by you.

[ 5 : 08 ] We thank you, O Lord, that you're the God who not only cares for us in our body, but also in our mind and heart and soul. You're the one who gives life to us that we might know you, true spiritual life that we might enjoy you, not just now in this world, but in that world which is to come, that eternal, everlasting world.

We thank you that Jesus Christ himself, the very Son of God, came from that eternal, everlasting world into our world to make known the reality that you are the God who lives and the God who speaks and the God who acts and the God who saves.

We thank you that in Jesus Christ we have the very answers to the big questions of life. And in the Lord Jesus Christ we have more than that.

We have a comforter. We have one who has experienced sorrow and grief and trial and difficulty himself and yet did not sin. We have one who went to the cross and suffered and died to deliver us from death and all of its power and sting to bring us hope and everlasting peace.

We ask that again as we are gathered this morning, this afternoon, that, O Lord our God, you would draw near to us, that by your Holy Spirit that you would help us, particularly be with those who mourn, particularly be with those who are brokenhearted, particularly be with those of us who are fearful and anxious over death.

[ 6 : 49 ] Help us to hear your words of truth and of life and to put our faith afresh in you. And we ask these things now as we come to you, our God, in and through the name of your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen. We're going to take up our order of service and sing the first of three hymns that we have to sing this afternoon.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. Let's stand as the music begins to play as we sing this hymn. Let's stand as the music begins to play as we sing this afternoon.

In the music begins to play as we sing this afternoon.

Within the past, the righteousness, In all of his love, name is me.

[ 8 : 40 ] Let's sit down. We're going to have three tributes to Gladys, one from her son Stephen, first of all, and then from her granddaughter Sarah Jo, and then from close friend Michael.

So if in that order I could ask Stephen, please, to come up here and bring his tribute to Mum. Just here because of the microphone more than nothing else, that's okay. Thank you. Gladys Mary Bladen was born number seven school street in Great Outland, West Yorkshire.

She was the fourth, was it the third, of six children. And they lived in a poor miner's house.

I remember two up, two down, tin bath, a large black grange, stone sink, toilet out in the yard.

Six children, alternate boys and girls. A father who, for various reasons, couldn't work in the mines.

[ 10 : 05 ] The town was overshadowed by the blackness of the West Yorkshire coal fields. And the six children grew up in this small house.

My granddad, William, eat to living by working part-time in the farms roundabout.

And the children grew up under those conditions. Probably as meagre, mean conditions as could exist in the 1920s.

When Gladys left school, 15, she eventually managed to find employment with a lawyer and his wife, who was a school teacher, in a place called Hawbury.

And she found employment as a housemaid. A couple of years later, she was joined by her younger sister, Doreen, who is with us today.

[ 11 : 20 ] She met my father, Robbie, who was a painter and decorator in the same town. But then the war occurred. And Robbie went away to do his duty.

And left Gladys. And he came back. He came back from Dunkirk.

Out of five, from his battalion, returned. And he said, right, Les, we're getting married. And then, one of those little quirks of fate that changes a life, he was selected by the brigadier to be his personal servant.

And when they married, the brigadier said, if you're married, Lister, can your wife cook? And he said, oh boy, can she cook? And so she went down to London to be the brigadier's cookhouse keeper.

If you remember, upstairs, downstairs, she was the Mrs. Bridges. And they had a lovely war. Or, albeit they were in London, albeit there was the Blitz.

[ 12 : 42 ] But most of the time, they were together. And generally speaking, they were okay. When the brigadier was appointed to governorship of Jamaica and commander of the Jamaican forces, West Caribbean forces, for some reason, which we never quite got to the bottom of, Bob and Gladys declined to go with him.

Life could have been very different if they had done. However, Gladys continued her occupation as a cookhouse keeper, worked for a well-to-do family in North Yorkshire, up in the Dales.

And when the time came from Dad to leave the army and was free to follow his own wishes, he wished to be a painter and decorator again, they came to Whitby.

Again, I'm not quite sure how they chose Whitby, but they did. Bought a house, set it up, and life then went on, peacefully, quietly.

A life of normality, of hard work, just ordinary life. I grew up loved, cared for, free to roam the beaches, free to roam the moors and a marvellous childhood.

[ 14 : 20 ] When I left home to go to college, university, at the same time, my father made a great change in his life.

He started to work at Whitby Hospital and from there he progressed, he studied and he became the operating theatre technician, he qualified.

This brought some improvement in their life. Gladys still worked for various families around.

Eventually she answered an advertisement for a family you may have known, the bottomless who had the Mount Antiques.

By the way, is Michael here? No? Okay. The next 20 years she spent as cook house keeper for the bottomless house down at Bog Hall and brought up the two boys and in the meantime I'm married, got my own daughter and our life is going on nicely.

It was a nice, comfortable life they had, a life of hard work but happy. When they eventually retired, my dad had heart attacks and wasn't so well, he retired and they took to travel.

[ 15 : 57 ] They went abroad every winter, every winter they would spend November to April in Spain having a good life. But in due course my father passed away and on the way back from the crematorium foreshadowing the journey we're going to make today, I said to my mother in the back

of the car, you've got two choices now, love.

You can sit in the corner and be the widow lister and wait to die or you can answer every invitation that you get and you can continue to live your life.

And she did. She amassed about a hundred weight of fridge magnets from all the places that she visited. She went abroad, went to Spain again with Sarah.

She went to Austria with us and travelled all over the country whenever she got the opportunity.

And then came the invitation that was to change her life completely.

Maxine, are you here? Thank you, Maxine. Maxine invited Gladys to come here. And here she found a second home.

[ 17 : 28 ] here she found a second family. And here she found her faith. We had long discussions because we do not share the same views of our faith.

So our long conversations were always interesting. But I was a long family. We were grateful for you wonderful people. That you cared for her, you were her friends.

And in times when we couldn't be here, you were here for her. And for that, I thank you. For that, I thank your faith.

you all. On behalf of me, my family, and above all, on behalf of Gladys, who found peace in this place.

Thank you. Thank you, Stephen, very much. Sarah, are you okay? Thank you. Yes, of course.

[ 18 : 49 ] I feel really sad to lose my grandma, my friend, grandma, my mom to my boys, Gladys to many, Gladys Mary to Bob, mum to my dad.

Never glad, she didn't like that, but happy to my Uncle Dick. But she always used to say to me, now Sarah, don't be sad when I go.

I've had a good life, nobody's had a better one than me. When grandma passed away, she was 94 years old.

She'd seen changes in the world beyond my imagination. She'd lived in her own home, right up to the last few weeks, which is what she'd always wanted.

She passed away in a ward in Whitby Hospital, where Grandad Bob had worked. It was a special place to her with special friends, and she had a view of Whitby Abbey. Whitby's always been so special, her special home, where she always wanted to be.

[ 20 : 07 ] She'd never wanted to move out of Whitby, she'd never wanted to go into a care home or anything like that. So for those things, we're grateful. We're also grateful for all the care and attention she had in the last few weeks, that her wishes to not have any invasive treatment, was respected, and that as far as we know, she wasn't in any pain and suffering in the last few weeks of her life.

So for those things, we're grateful, and we're not sad for you, Grandma, but we're terribly sad for us. I started coming to Whitby as a baby, and when I was three years old, my mum and dad let me start coming on my own because my mum and dad were school teachers and I'd sometimes come in the holidays every year when the school holidays were different.

She'd absolutely spoil me rotten and buy me all the treats you could imagine, and then when mum and dad came to pick me up at the end of the week, she'd say, what was your favourite thing, Sarah?

And I'd always say, walking on the library wall, which after all the money she'd spent on me, she could never really understand. As a child, she taught me many skills, baking, shortbread biscuits with pink icing and pink sugar, gardening, a love of music with granddad Bob and my dad, singing and playing my flute with them, cleaning and housework and how to keep a house, how to respect money, how to live frugally and not overstep what you had.

So I grew up as a teenager with her and learnt many things for her. And when I was married, she supported me and told me lots of things about married life, which I'll keep to myself.

[ 22 : 08 ] love. And then I had wonderful times with her visiting in Spain.

Grandma was never more happy, I don't think. She was like a different person. When she was in Spain with my granddad walking down the promenade in Benel Madena, she really enjoyed being in the sun, getting a tan.

and she was very alive and lively when she was in Spain. And then of course she started to get a little bit older. She had many friends locally in Whitby and enjoyed things like the bingo, knitting.

And then when my own sons came along, she knitted all their little baby outfits. And she was so thrilled. And not many people get to know their great grandchildren. And she was so thrilled to know the boys. And she loved them and was proud of them. And was always amazed that they remembered her. Although of course they absolutely loved her and adored her to pieces.

[ 23 : 19 ] We'll miss Grandma the long talks sitting in her house surrounded by the photographs of the family and the extended family and the friends and the people she really cared about.

If you were Grandma's friend or family, she was fiercely loyal to you and she cared a lot about you. I miss the long chats about all the history of the family, all the goings-on in Whitby, all the little niggles and ailments.

But as long as you had a pot E45 cream and some brown flakes, you were never going to have a problem with your health. I really miss the letters dropping through the door, that long-lost art of letter writing that Grandma kept alive.

And we had a kind of bond between us and often I'd ring her up and she'd say, oh no, Sarah, I've just written all the news this morning, I can't tell you anything until you've read my letter. letter. So I'll miss the letters.

And with the children, of course, I'll miss walking to the park with Grandma and coming and sitting on the bench when we're on the beach and watching the children play.

[ 24 : 42 ] And I'll really miss knowing that that person who's been constant through my whole life won't be there anymore. And it's very sad for all of us.

So we're not sad for you, Grandma. Things ended the way you probably wanted. But we're very devastated for ourselves and you will be missed.

Thank you, Sarah. Well done. Thank you, Stephen, as well. Well done. Let's come to the Lord in prayer together. Let us pray once more. Oh, Lord, our God, we do want to give you thanks again for Gladys' life.

Thank you for the things that we've heard from Stephen and Sarah Jo as well. But each one of us has our own memories, our own thoughts of her.

each one of us has had opportunity to talk with her by herself. Lord, we thank you for the memories that we do have of this lady.

[ 26 : 00 ] we ask, oh, Lord, that you would help us in the coming weeks and months, particularly the close family, the great grandsons.

Pray, oh, Lord, that you would again help them in the midst of that sense of loss to give thanks and be grateful for all that they did enjoy.

we thank you again, oh, Lord, that you are the God who is able to comfort in the midst of sorrow and grief in a way that no one else can.

We pray again, oh, Lord, that each of us may draw closer to you because of Gladys, remembering her faith, remembering her trust, her hope, remembering her delight as she spoke about the things of Jesus.

May we share in something of that same faith, oh, Lord, we pray, and may we have that same hope and assurance that she has. We ask you to continue, oh, Lord, to be with us in the coming weeks ahead, in the coming years ahead, especially those times of anniversary of birthdays and Christmas.

[ 27 : 17 ] Though there be times of missing her, may there be also times of rejoicing in all that she gave us. Hear these requests as we bring them to you now, for we ask them in the name of Jesus Christ.

Amen. We're going to take up our order of service and sing the second of our hymns. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear.

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds. Let's stand as the music begins. best of those uh... out of their naar the■■ will beECT magic.

In the name of Jesus' name, In the believers here, It soothes his sorrows, Heals his looks, And drives away his care.

It breaks the moon and spirit home, And comes the troubled rest, Tis manner to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

[ 28 : 54 ] Till when I would I long proclaim With every pleading breath, And may the music of thy name Refresh thy soul in death.

Please be seated. Immediately following this service, there will be some refreshments served downstairs. Hopefully, depending on how long I preach, will be a little bit of time For the family to just to say hello, And to greet, If you want to do that, Before we need to make our way To the crematorium in Scarborough.

So please avail yourself of that time, If you need to, And would like to speak to the family. Also, there is a retiring offering at the back, And any gifts given will go to caring for life. I'd like to read briefly from a portion of the Bible, And then just to make a few thoughts concerning it. And it comes from the letter of Paul, Apostle to the Christians in Philippi.

And I'm going to break in a little bit To what he's been saying in verse 20 of chapter 1. I eagerly expect and hope that I will in no way be ashamed, But will have sufficient courage, So that now, as always, Christ will be exalted in my body, Whether by life or by death.

[ 30 : 31 ] For to me, To live is Christ, And to die is gain. If I am to go on living in the body, That will mean fruitful labor for me.

Yet what shall I choose? I do not know. I'm torn between the two. I desire to depart and be with Christ, Which is better by far.

But it's more necessary for you That I remain in the body. Convinced of this, I know that I will remain, And I will continue with all of you, For your progress and joy in the faith.

So that through my being with you again, Your boasting in Christ Jesus Will abound on account of me. I'm sure that Stephen and Sarah And other members of the family Have received many cards, Calls, perhaps even letters as well, From friends, Distant and near.

And often in those cards That all of us receive When we lose someone we love, Or in that phone call, We'll get something of the expression like this, I'm so sorry to hear of your loss.

[ 31 : 47 ] And clearly as Stephen and Sarah were speaking, There was that sense of loss for them. Certainly at more than any other time in our lives, Do we have a real sense of loss When we face the death of someone dear to us.

Someone who's been a very large part of our lives, Is gone. The place where they're occupied, Is empty. Their voice is no longer heard. Their face is no longer seen.

It's a very real loss. And of course we know it is a permanent loss. Of course we also recognize That for the person who has died, Their loss is far greater than ours.

Death is the loss of everything That we know in this world. It's the loss of life, Loss of family connections, Loss of love given and received, The loss of all things.

It's no wonder that so many people Find death terrifying. And feel that death is an unwelcome intrusion Into the calmness of our lives.

[ 32 : 59 ] There's such a thought, It's maybe a little bit surprising To find that as the Apostle Paul Writes about his own death, He doesn't speak of loss, But of something else.

He says this, For to me to live is Christ, And to die is gain. He viewed death not as loss, But as gain. That wasn't just only true for Paul, The Apostle, That's true for all genuine Christians, Gladys included. Someone who, as we heard, In the past several years, Really came to a faith, Which blossomed, And filled her life, Into a very real and certain trust, In Jesus Christ, As her God, And Savior.

She had, As we heard again, A great love for the fellowship here. She was always very sad, When she couldn't be, Here on a Sunday. When she wasn't well enough, To join us. Just on a very, Brief and personal testimony, I used to tease her, In saying that it was her fault, That I was here, As your minister.

Because the very first Sunday, That I came, About two and a half years ago, After the service, She took hold of my hand, In that strong and firm grip, And wouldn't let it go, Until I promised, That I would come here, As the pastor.

[ 34 : 21 ] I said, I couldn't give her that promise, But she still wouldn't let go, Until I gave some sort of an agreement, That if I could, I would come. Gladys herself, Of course, Looked upon her own death, As being the Lord, Taking her home.

When she was particularly unwell, In times of prolonged illness, She would pray, That the Lord would do just that. And so for Gladys, Entering death, Is the entering into an experience, Of more, And not less.

Like Paul of old, She would have said, For me to die is gain. True, She's lost earthly relationships, Earthly possessions, Earthly things, But in reality, She has exchanged them, For things that are

much, Much better.

That's why Paul himself, Says here, That I depart, In other words, To die and be with Christ, Which is better by far. Whatever our experience, Of life in this world, To be with Christ, In death, Is the best, Of all.

So what is it, That Gladys has gained, By her death? What is it, That she's enjoying, Even now? What is in store, For all those, Who, Like her, Have placed their hope, And their faith, In Jesus Christ, As their, Lord and Saviour?

[ 35 : 48 ] Three very simple things, That I want to bring out, That speak of the gain, That Gladys has, And that can be ours too, If we have like faith. The first thing is, That she has gained, Complete freedom.

Complete freedom. Jesus promised, All those who trust him, That if the son, Sets you free, You shall be, Truly free. In the gospel of John, He talks about that thing.

The Christian life, Is indeed one of freedom. It's not being brought, Under rules and regulations, It's being brought, Into the freedom, For which Christ, Purchased for us, At the cross.

Freedom from guilt, Freedom from fear, Freedom from the power of sin, Which holds over us, Such a sway. Freedom to enjoy God, As our friend, And our heavenly father.

Freedom to do his will, To do what is right, To turn away, From what is wrong. There is so much freedom, That is enjoyed, For the believer, Even here, In this world.

[ 36 : 55 ] But it's only a foretaste, Of what's to come. It's only just a smattering, Of the wonderful freedom, That comes when we pass, Through death, Into everlasting life.

Gladys, In those final years, The years that I knew her, Was often a frail lady. A lady who was confined, To an aging, Wearing body.

There was no freedom, In that sense, That she'd enjoyed before. But now, Now that she's been set free, From that aging body, And has been brought, Into life, With God, In heaven, She has a freedom, Which means that, She is not limited, In any way, By the pains, Or the aches, Or the sorrows, Of this world.

In the last book, Of the Bible, There's a promise, That God speaks about, And says, God will wipe, Every tear from their eyes, There'll be no more death, Or mourning, Or crying, Or pain.

What is it that spoils, Life in this world, But those things? What is it that robs us, Of the joy, Of the moments we share together, Is that they are only fleeting?

[ 38 : 07 ] Life is full of trial. It has many sorrows. But for the believer, Death is the freedom, From all of them, And the entrance, Into life, Unspoiled.

The second thing, That Gladys enjoys, And that is promised, For every believer, Is this, That there we shall, Not only know, Full freedom, But we shall know, Eternal riches, And treasures.

In one of the other letters, That Paul writes to Christians, He tells them this, In the coming age, That God may, May show, The incomparable riches, Of his grace, Expressed in his kindness to us, In Christ Jesus.

God's great love, For us, Makes us, His children, And makes us those, Who are the heirs, And the owners, Of all of the riches, That are his.

God is not a stingy God, Not a mean-spirited, Ebenezer Scrooge God, He is a God, Who lavishes, Upon us, Riches, And blessings, And good things, In this life.

[ 39 : 21 ] We enjoy the possession, Of his love, Knowing that we shall never, Be separated from it. We know the treasures, Of joy, Of peace, With ourselves, And with God.

That priceless possession, Of knowing his nearness, And his presence with us, In life, And in all things. There is such a richness, To be had, That cannot be compared, With anything that the world, Has to offer.

Not the biggest houses, Or the flashiest cars, Or the greatest holidays, Can even come close, To the riches, That the Christian enjoys, Even in this world.

But even then, They're just a small, Fraction. They're just a tiny percentage, Of what is yet to come. The riches that are yet, To be enjoyed. The riches of course, Of our world, Are riches that can be stolen, They can rust, They can wear out.

But those that we enjoy, That Gladys is enjoying, Even now, Are riches that can never, Spoil or fade. Here's what David said, In one of his Psalms, When he faced, And thought about death, He said, You Lord, Will not abandon me, To the grave.

[ 40 : 33 ] It's not the end, You see, When we die. Nor will you let, Your faithful ones, See decay. You have made known to me, The path of life. You will fill me, With joy in your presence, With eternal pleasures, At your right hand.

Heaven is not, Simply sitting on a cloud, And playing a harp. It's not being bored, For all eternity, For all eternity, For all eternity, For all eternity, For all eternity, And certainly death, Death is not the end, Of existence, And life, For us.

We have been created, By God in his image, And therefore we have, An everlasting soul, Which must spend, All eternity, Either in the presence, The joy, And the delight of God, Or in the sorrow, And the grief, And the abandonment, Of hell.

For Gladys, And for every believer, The promise of God is this, Riches and treasures, Beyond our wildest expectations, Not that we've earned them, Bought them, Or deserved them, By our good works, But God gives them freely, Because he is gracious, And merciful, And Jesus Christ, Has bought them for us.

There's one last thing, Just as we close, As we think about the gains, That Gladys is enjoying, Even now, As we are missing her. The greatest gain, For the Christian, That they shall have in heaven, Is that they shall be, With Jesus Christ.

[ 41 : 57 ] They shall gain, His undivided, Attention. That's why Paul, Says here, I'm torn between the two, I desire to depart, And be with, Christ.

The Lord Jesus Christ, The one who suffered, And died on the cross, Is the one who rose again, To everlasting life, He ever lives. And those who put their faith in him, Share in that life, And by, Imbued in power, So that they shall live with him, Forever as well.

That's the wonder of being a Christian, It's not about, Taking and acknowledging, A set of beliefs, It's coming into a living, And personal relationship, With the son of God himself.

It's knowing his nearness, It's knowing him by faith, It's knowing his spirit, Dwelling within us, It's knowing his fellowship, That we are never alone, That we have one, Who walks where we walk, One who sustains, And helps us, One who is ever, Closer, Closer, Closer, Than a brother.

But what a joy it is, For Gladys, And will be for every believer, When they open their eyes, In heaven and see Jesus, See him, Face to face, Speak to him, Face to face, Be in his presence, And never ever feel apart.

[ 43 : 18 ] That's what makes heaven, Heavenly for the Christian. That's one of the tests, I might put to you, To ask whether you are a Christian. Is it that you long, To see Jesus, To be in his company, Is he the love, Of your life, Is he the delight, And the joy of your soul?

Yes, Gladys enjoyed, And always spoke about, How she'd had such a good life. She always spoke about Bob, With great thanksgiving, She spoke with pride, About Stephen, And Sarah, And her great grandsons, She spoke about so many things, But when she spoke about Jesus, It was different.

She spoke about somebody, That she loved, With a love which was incomparable, Because he loved her, With an incomparable love. When she spoke about, His death upon the cross, The fact that he loved her, To such an extent, That he took her sin, And he suffered in her place, As he did for all those, Who put their faith in him, Then there was something special, In her smile.

She knew him, As the one who saved him, And rescued him from hell, The one who took the punishment, That her sins deserved, The one who indeed, Had gone before her, Into heaven, And was bringing her home, That's how every Christian feels, That's how every Christian feels, Christ is our everything, If Jesus wasn't in heaven, Then heaven would be the most awful, And boring, And terrible place on earth, But because he's there, He's what makes it heavenly, He's what makes it wonderful, Don't we enjoy, Being with those we love, How much more should we, And shall we enjoy, Being with the one, Who loved us, And who we love, You see dear friends, For the Christian, For people like Gladys, Ordinary, Everyday, People, Who've come to know, And experience, The love of God in Christ, Heaven, Sorry, Death is not lost, But it is gain,

It's not lost, It's the exchanging, Of what is temporary, And imperfect, For what is eternal, And complete, Why should we, Be worried about this life, About whether we're rich, Or poor, Whether we're happy, Or sad, Why should we be so concerned, To live for the here and now, When we know it has to pass away, Will we not, Seek to live for what is yet to come, All the gain, That Gladys enjoys, All the gain, That's promised for the believer, Is a gain, Which is given freely, Given undeservingly, Paid for in full, By the life and death, Of Jesus Christ, Paid with, The very blood of God's son, So that you and I, May have gain, And gain, And gain, Is that your hope, As you face,

This funeral service, Is that your certain, Hope as you face, The reality of your mortality, Have you put your faith,

[ 46 : 21 ] In Christ, I know that Gladys would urge, And I know that she prayed, That you would, I know that it was, Our heart's desire, That all should enter, Into that same joy, And I would encourage you, Urge you, To seriously, Seriously, Seek Jesus Christ, And find in him, Life, Beyond death, We're going to, Close our time together, With our final hymn, One particularly, That Gladys chose, Onward Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, When we finish, Singing the hymn, Would you please, Remain standing, For the blessing, And then, The family, And, The coffin, Will, Be removed, So let's stand, And sing again, As music begins to play, Onward Christian soldiers, Onward Christian soldiers, Marching as to war,

Onward Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, We'll pay down to Jesus, Who is come before, Christ the royal master, Leads against the war, Onward into battle, Onward Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, Onward Christian soldiers, Who is come before, Who is come before, At the name of Jesus,

Satan's host of fear, Onward Christian soldiers, Onward to victory, Else the nations clearer, At the shout of praise, Brothers in your voices, Round your anchors raise, Onward Christian soldiers, Onward Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, Onward ending people, Join the heavenly throne, Join the heavenly throne, And with us, O voices, In the giant song, Glory, praise, and honor, Unto Christ the King, This through countless ages, Onward Christian soldiers, Onward Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, We'll pay up to Jesus, Who is come before, For I am convinced, That neither death, Nor life, Neither angels, Nor demons, Neither the present, Nor the future, Nor any powers, Neither height, Nor depth, Nor anything else, In all creation, Will be able to separate us, From the love of God, That is in Christ Jesus, Our Lord.

Amen. Amen. Amen.

[ 50 : 59 ] Amen. Let, Try, Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Thank you.

Thank you.