



In Loving Memory

of

George Albert Christie  
(Albert)

Who passed away on  
Tuesday, 20th January, 2015

Aged 90 years

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*The family would like to thank you all for being here today  
and welcome you to  
The Farmers Arms, Knights Hill Hotel  
for light refreshments after the service.*

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Donations if desired for the  
TWO ACRES CARE HOME AMENITY FUND  
may be made at the service or sent c/o  
Thornalley Funeral Services,  
Austin Street, King's Lynn, PE30 1QH

Funeral Service at Mintlyn Crematorium  
on Tuesday, 10th February, 2015 at 12.15 p.m.

## WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

### HYMN

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 changest not, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O 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.

### READING

### ADDRESS

### PRAYERS

### THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come,

thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation;  
but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom.  
The Power, and the glory.  
For ever and ever. Amen.

### HYMN

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 Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall  
sunlit from heaven,  
like the first dew-fall  
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 ev'ry morning,  
God's re-creation  
of the new day!

### COMMENDATION & COMMITTAL