

A Service to Celebrate the Life

— of —

Mary Shackleton

16th December 1925

to

22nd November 2023



Lucan Presbyterian Church

Wednesday: 29th November 2023

11.00am

Ministers: Rev Richard Houston

&

Rev Dr Trevor Morrow

Welcome

Call to Worship

Hymn 1: Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art
Thou my best thought, by day or by night
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light

Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true word
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord
Thou my great Father, and I Thy true son
Thou in me dwelling and I with Thee one

Riches I heed not, nor vain, empty praise
Thou mine inheritance, now and always
Thou and Thou only first in my heart
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art

High King of heaven, my victory won
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's sun
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall
Still be my vision, O ruler of all

Scripture Reading - Matthew 6: 25-34

Oration - Richard Shackleton and Tom Egan

Prayer

Hymn 2: Amazing Grace

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now can 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

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

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

Address - Rev Dr Trevor Morrow

Hymn 3: O Lord My God

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the worlds thy hands have made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling 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:

And when I think how God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the cross, my burdens gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin:

When Christ shall come with shouts of acclamation,
To take me home, what joy will fill my heart!
Then I will bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

Benediction *“And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us
all. Amen”*