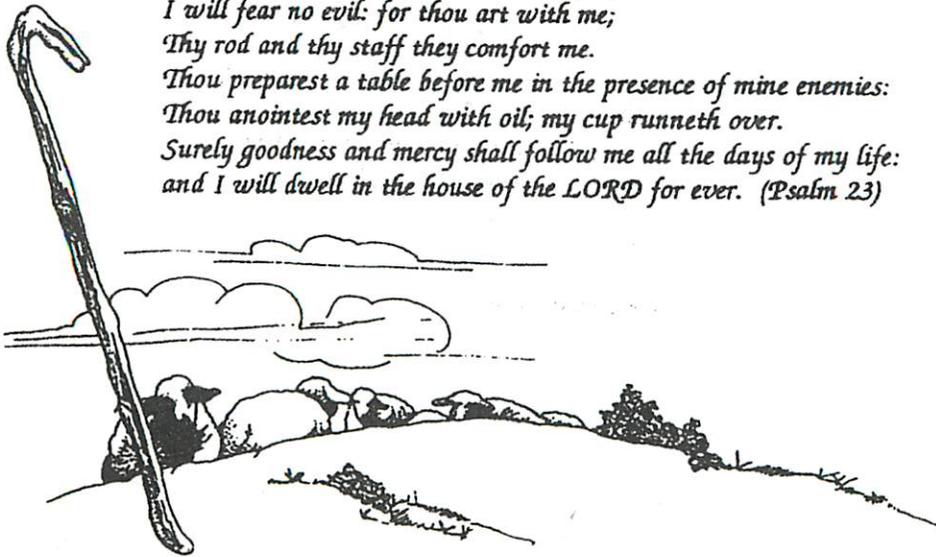


"Jesus said ...I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

St. John 11:25-26

*"The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever. (Psalm 23)*



GRACE BAPTIST CHURCH

*"Precious in the sight of the Lord
is the death of His saints"*

Psalm 116:15

*In
loving memory
of
Florence Pearson*

12th July 1912
to
13th January 1997

Called home to be with Christ

Service of Thanksgiving

Monday, 20th January 1997
at 2.15 pm

followed by committal
at Southport Crematorium

Princes Street, Southport

Hymn No. 1

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and
stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the heats of our
desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind,
and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

J. G. Whittier, 1807-92

Hymn No. 2

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest,
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy church, un-
sleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keep-
ing,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord, Thy throne shall
never
Like earth's proud empires pass away,
Thy kingdom stands and grows for
ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

JOHN ELLERTON 1826-93