

Samuel Lewis Cuthbertson

(Oct 21st 2003 - Dec 12th 2003)

18th December, 2003



Samuel, with love.

Opening Prayer

Reading: Tigger has Breakfast

Hymn: Lord of all hopefulness

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Tribute

Reading: Mark 10:13-16

Sermon

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.

Poem: We do not need a special day

Hymn: There's a friend for little children

There's a Friend for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Though earthly friends may fail us,
And change thro' passing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear name He bears.

There's a home for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

There's a song for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing,
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship him as King.

Committal