

In Loving Memory of
Andrew Douglas Gordon
4th October 1971 - 16th March 1995
Aged 23 years

Funeral Service For

Andrew Douglas Gordon

Held in St. Luke's Anglican Church, Havelock North
on Wednesday 22nd March 1995 at 1.00 p.m.
followed by interment at the Havelock North Lawn Cemetery

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Officiating:	Rev. David Dinniss
Organist:	Victor Jones
Funeral Director:	Peter Giddens

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PALLBEARERS:

Stephen Gordon, Kevin Frater, Stuart Tolley, Craig Iorns, Don Wilson, David Lod
David Cheetham, Brendon Hutchinson, Semi Pulu, Craig Brain, Kevin Schwass, Davi

TRIBUTES:

David Wallis, David Cheetham

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HYMN:

HOW GREAT THOU ART

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the works thy hands have made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

Chorus

*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!

HYMN:

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

ON a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for the world of lost sinners was slain.

SO I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it someday for a crown.

O, the old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left his glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

IN the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died
To pardon and sanctify me.

TO the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me someday to my home far away,
When his glory for ever I'll share.

* * * * *

INVITATION:

Nikki & Thomas; Cath & Ivan and families wish to sincerely thank you all for the loving comfort and support received over recent days and by your attendance here today.

You are all warmly invited to share refreshments and fellowship with them at 21 Walton Way, Flaxmere, following the interment at the Havelock North Lawn Cemetery.

You are also invited to sign the tribute card in the Church foyer to record your presence here today.

To those whom I loved and those who loved me.

Now I am gone, release me, let me go,

I have so many things to see and do.

You must not tie yourself to me with tears,

be happy that we had so many years.

*I gave you my love, you can only guess how much you gave
me in happiness.*

*I thank you for the love you each have shown but now it is
time I travelled on alone.*

*So grieve a while for me, if grieve you must,
then let your grief be comforted by trust.*

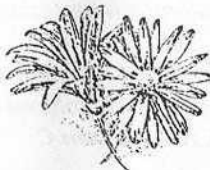
*It is only for a while that we must part,
so bless the memories within your heart.*

*I will not be far away, for life goes on,
So if you need me, call and I will come.*

*Though you cannot see or touch me, I will be near,
and if you listen with your heart, you will hear all of my
love around you soft and clear.*

*Then, when you must come this way alone,
I will greet you with a smile and a "Welcome Home".*

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