

In Loving Memory Of
Ethel Addis Ena Macdonald



8 August 1914 – 1 June 2002

Welcome & Prayer

Hymn: The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my Shepherd; I'll not want
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

Family Tributes: John and Barrie Macdonald

Wednesday, 5th June 2002

Today, we gather to reflect on and give
thanks for the life of

Ethel Addis Ena Macdonald

in

St Columba's Presbyterian Church,
Gloucester Street, Taradale

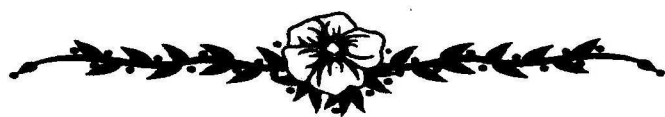
at 1.00pm

Celebrant:

Rev. Brett Walker

Organist:

Hanlie Marnewick



Ethel's Family thank you for your support
and presence here today and warmly invite
you to join them for refreshments in the church
lounge at the conclusion of the service.

Please sign the attendance record before leaving

Reading: Psalm 121

Hymn: Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

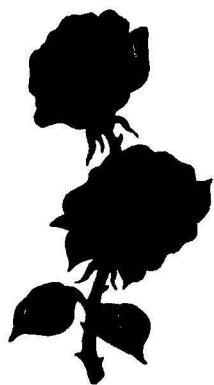
Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days
almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
thy justice like mountains high soaring above,
thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
of all thy rich graces this grace, Lord, impart
take the veil from our faces, the veil from our heart.

All laud we would render; O help us to see,
'tis only the splendour of light hideth thee;
and so let thy glory, Almighty, impart
through Christ in the story, thy Christ to the heart.

Words of Comfort



Hymn:

Abide With Me

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 fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where, death thy sting? Where, grave thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Committal

Benediction

Beth Shan

Funeral Directors

'Placing families first'

Funeral Director – Steve Hibberd