



— ❖ —
WE'LL REMEMBER HER
A LOVING WIFE, MOTHER,
GRANDMOTHER, GREAT
GRANDMOTHER, AUNTY
AND FRIEND.
— ❖ —



Shall we gather at the River

— ❖ —
1. Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Refrain:

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day. [Refrain]

3. Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. [Refrain]

4. Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. [Refrain]




IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Elizabeth Rose Faulds

29/03/1936 - 01/04/2026
— ❖ —

Romans 14:8-9

*For if we live, we live to the Lord; and if we die,
we die to the Lord. Therefore, whether we live
or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ
died and rose and lived again, that He might be
Lord of both the dead and the living.*



The Lily of the Valley

I have found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll;
He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne,
In temptation, He's my strong and mighty tower;
I have all for Him forsaken, and all my idols torn
from my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.

Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt me
sore, through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal:
He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

He will never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
while I live by faith and do His blessed will,
It's a wall of fire about me, but I've nothing now to fear,
with His manna, He my hungry soul shall fill.

Then I'll go sweeping up to glory, to see His blessed face,
where rivers of delight shall ever roll;
He's the Lily of the Valley, He's the Bright and Morning
Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

It is well with my soul

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control, That Christ has regarded
My helpless estate, and hath shed His own blood for my
soul.

It is well (it is well),
With my soul (with my soul),
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, o my soul!

It is well (it is well),
With my soul (with my soul),
It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well (it is well),
With my soul (with my soul),
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Order of Service

OPENING PRAYER

HYMN

The Lily of the Valley

EULOGY

Michelle Pilcher

TRIBUTES

Grandchildren and great grandchildren

HYMN

It is well with my soul

SCRIPTURE READING

Gordon Liddle

HYMN

Shall we gather at the River

CLOSING PRAYER