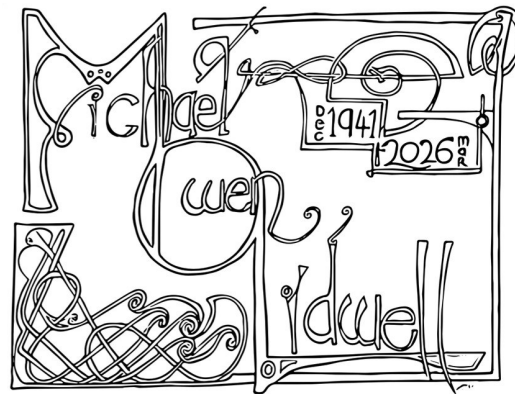


St Michael & All Angels

Helensburgh



Tuesday 28th April 2026

13:00

INTROIT | O Lord My God

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

HYMN | All Things Bright and Beautiful

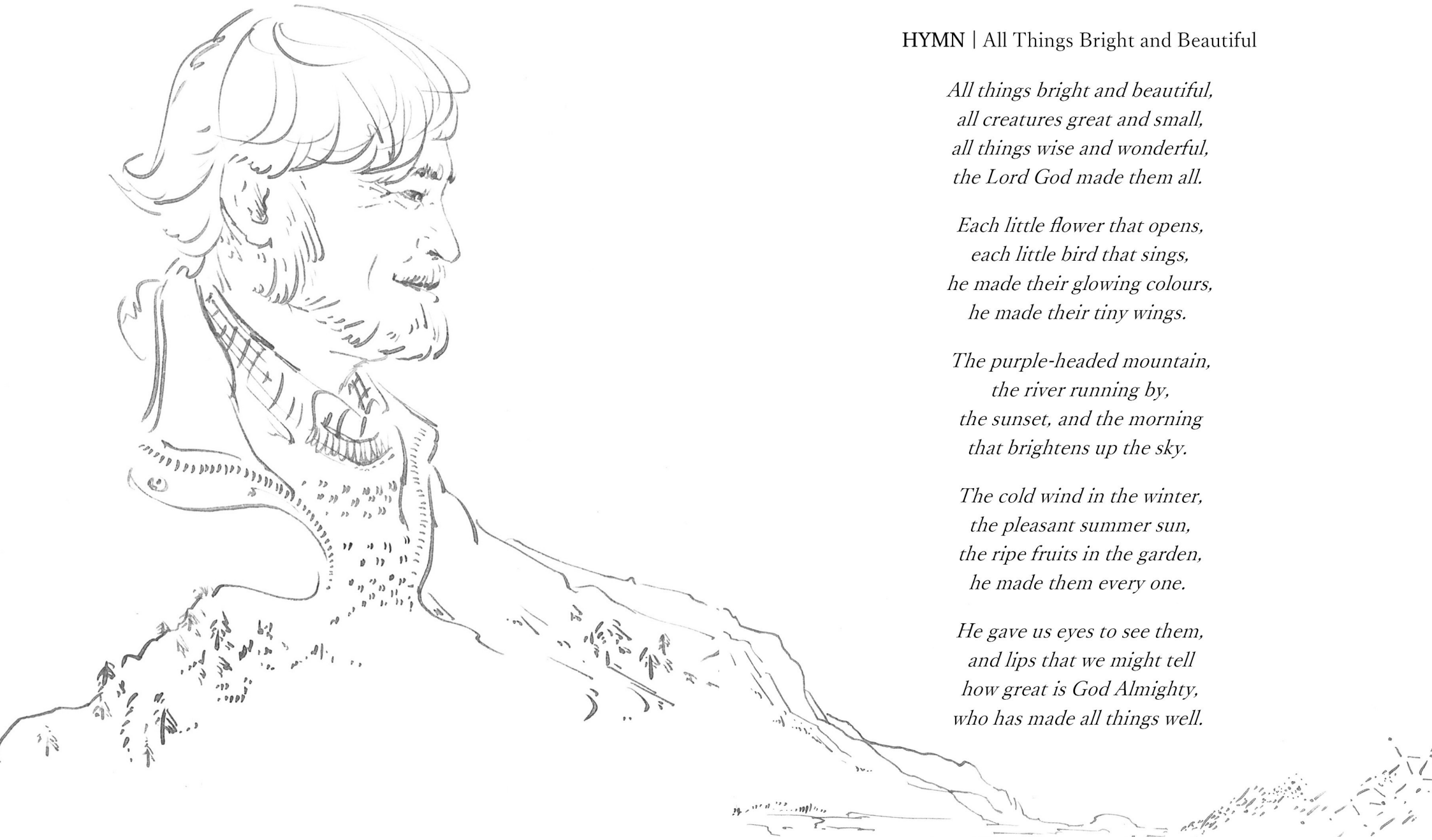
*All things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful,
the Lord God made them all.*

*Each little flower that opens,
each little bird that sings,
he made their glowing colours,
he made their tiny wings.*

*The purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset, and the morning
that brightens up the sky.*

*The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden,
he made them every one.*

*He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty,
who has made all things well.*



God surely planned the pattern:
Each thread, the dark and fair,
Is chosen by His master skill
And placed in the web with care.

He only knows its beauty,
And guides the shuttles which hold
The threads so unattractive,
As well as the threads of gold.

Not till each loom is silent,
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Shall God reveal the pattern
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads were as needful
In the weaver's skilful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
For the pattern which He planned.

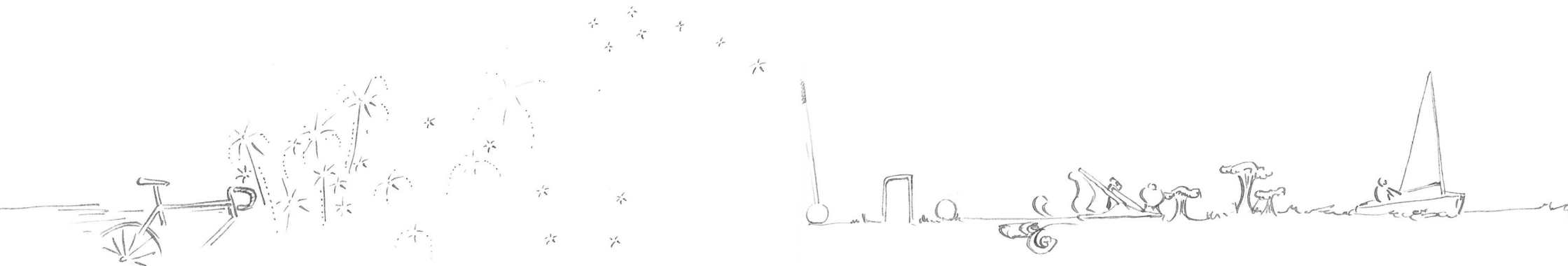
COLLECT

POEM | The Loom of Time | Author unknown

Man's life is laid in the loom of time
To a pattern he does not see,
While the weavers work and the shuttles fly
Till the dawn of eternity.

Some shuttles are filled with silver threads
And some with threads of gold,
While often but the darker hues
Are all that they may hold.

But the weaver watches with skillful eye
Each shuttle fly to and fro,
And sees the pattern so deftly wrought
As the loom moves sure and slow.



POEM | Crossing the Bar | Alfred Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

READINGS | Psalm 23:1-6 & 1 Cor 11:23-26

HYMN | Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

*Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways;
re clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise.*

*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.*

*O Sabbath rest by Galilee,
O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share with thee
the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love!*

*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.*

*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!*



TRIBUTE | Simon & Aline Lidwell

PRAYERS | Led by Christine Murdoch

HYMN | Be Thou My Vision

*Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art.
Thou my best Thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.*

*Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.*

*Be Thou my battle Shield, Sword for the fight;
Be Thou my Dignity, Thou my Delight;
Thou my soul's Shelter, Thou my high Tower:
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.*

*Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine Inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of Heaven, my Treasure Thou art.*

*High King of Heaven, my victory won,
May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright Heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.*

COMMENDATION

RECESSIONAL MUSIC | Toccata in F | Charles-Marie Widor

*The service continues in Cardross Crematorium
for the family and those who would like to join.*

*Everyone is warmly invited to join the family at
The Royal Northern and Clyde Yacht Club.*

CARDROSS CREMATORIUM

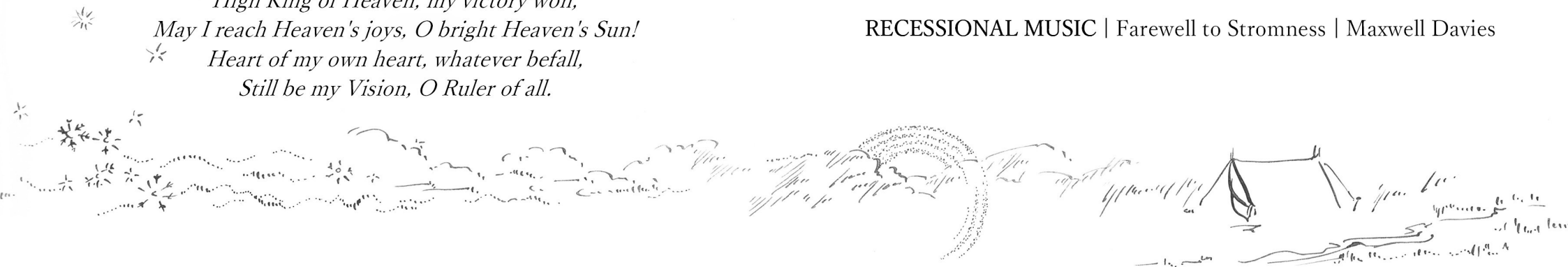
INTROIT | Crossing the Bar | Alfred Lord Tennyson

Music by Rani Arbo and arr. by Peter Amidon

COMMITTAL

BLESSING

RECESSIONAL MUSIC | Farewell to Stromness | Maxwell Davies





*'The grey rain-curtain turned all to silver glass and was rolled back,
and he beheld white shores and beyond them a far green country
under a swift sunrise'* JRR Tolkien



Collecting for British Red Cross, Contraflow, RNLI and SU Scotland
Officiant | The Revd Dominic Ind
Organist | Andrew Lockhart
Arrangements | James Auld Funeral Directors