

ORDER OF SERVICE FOR THE LATE MADAM GRACE LEFOE LARYEA.

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Rev. James N. K. Okine

CHOIR MASTER

Bro. Godwin Armah

AT THE ORGAN

Cornelius Quarshie

ORDER OF SERVICE

PART ONE

1. Processional Hymn - MHB 830
2. Sentences
3. Announcement of Purpose
4. Hymn - MHB 80
5. Prayer
6. Hymn - MHB 356
7. Tributes and Ministrations
8. Hymn - MHB 679
9. Scripture Reading - Psalms 90
John 14:1-6, 27
10. Hymn - MHB 653
11. Sermon
12. Apostles' Creed
- ANTHEM - Church Choir
13. Offertory
14. Hymn - MHB 831
15. Thanksgiving, Commendation & Concluding Prayers

16. The Lord's Prayer
17. Announcements
18. Hymn - MHB 975
19. Benediction
20. Dead March in Saul
21. Recessional Hymn - MHB 651

PART TWO - AT THE GRAVESIDE

1. Processional Hymn - MHB 977
2. Hymn - MHB 976
3. Committal
4. Prayer
5. Vote of Thanks - Family Member
6. Closing Hymn - MHB 948
7. Benediction

MHB 830

HARK! The sound of holy voices
Chanting at the crystal sea
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee
Multitude, which none can number

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me
Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!



MHB 976

NOW the labourer's task is o'er
Now the battle-day is past
Now upon the farther shore
Lands and voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping
There let the penitents who turn

To the Cross their dying eyes
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in paradise

Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Calmly now the words we say
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.

MHB 948


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.

I need Thy presence every passing hour
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

Like the stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel holding
Palms of victory in their hand

They have come from tribulation
And have washed their robes in blood
Washed them in the blood of Jesus
Tried they were, and firm the stood
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented
Sawn asunder, slain with sword
They have conquered death and satan

By the might of Christ the Lord
Marching with Thy Cross their banner
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation
Thee, their Saviour and their King
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered
Gladly, Lord, with Thee the died
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified
God of God, the One-begotten
Light of Light, Immanuel
In whose body joined together
All the saint for ever dwell




Pour upon us of thy fullness
That we may forever more
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

MHB 80

THEE will I praise with all my heart,
And tell mankind how good Thou art,
How marvellous Thy works of grace;
Thy name I will in songs record,
And joy and glory in my Lord,
Extolled above all thanks and praise.

The Lord will save His people here;
In times of need their help is near
To all by sin and hell oppressed;
And they that know Thy name will trust
In Thee, who, to thy promise just,
Hast never left a soul distressed.
A helpless soul that looks to Thee
Is sure at last thy face to see,
And all thy goodness to partake;
The sinner who for Thee doth grieve,
And longs, and labours to believe,
Thou never, never wilt forsake.




Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in the cloudless love.

MHB 977

SAFE home, safe home in port
Rent cordage, shattered deck
Torn sails, provision short
And only not a wreck
But O they joy upon the shore
To tell the voyage-perils o'er

The prize, the prize secure
The athlete nearly fell
Bare all he could endure
And bare not always well
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on
The exile is at home

O nights and days of tears
O longings not to roam
O sins, and doubts and fears
What matters now grief's darkest day?
The King has wiped those tears away



When the breath of life is flown
When the grave must claim its own
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown
Life for evermore

MHB 651

HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angel s of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!


Onward we go; for still we hear them singing:
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing
Kind Shepherd turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;

MHB 356

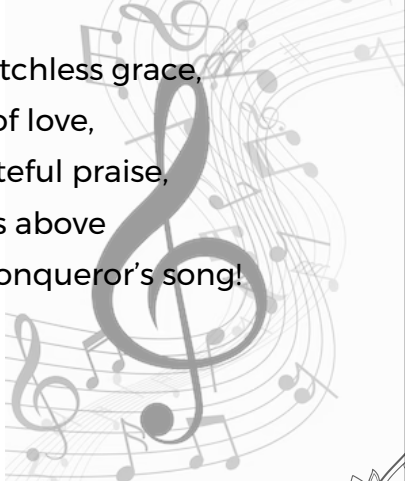


1.GREAT God of wonders all Thy ways
Display the attributes divine;
But countless acts of pardoning
grace Beyond Thine other wonders shine:
*Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?*

2. In wonder lost, with trembling
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with Jesu's blood:

3. Pardon from an offended God!
Pardon for sins of deepest dye
I Pardon bestowed through Jesu's
blood I Pardon that brings the rebel nigh

4. O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This God-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
As now it fills the choirs above
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!



MHB 653

SWEET place: sweet place alone!
The court of God most high,
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty!

O happy place! When shall I be
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?
There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.

The patriarchs of old
There from their troubles cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.

Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.

MHB 831

1. GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.



2. Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I asked them whence their victory came
They, with united breath:
Ascribed their conquest to the lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

MHB 975

WHEN the day of toil is done
When the race of life is run
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore

When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day
Bid us hail the cheering ray
Light for evermore

