

To celebrate the life of



James Cameron Aitken

10th November 1954 - 17th June 2023

Sherbrooke Mosspark Parish Church

Wednesday 2nd August 2023

at 7.00 pm

Order of Service

Welcome and Introduction
Reverend Adam Dillon



Hymn
Onward! Christian Soldiers

Onward! Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the royal Master leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see! his banners go:

*Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.*

At the sign of triumph Satan's legions flee;
On then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise;
Lift your hearts and voices, loud your anthems raise:

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail:

Onward, then, you people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song:
'Glory, laud and honour unto Christ the King!'
This, through, countless ages, we with angels sing:



Hymn
Will Your Anchor Hold

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

*We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!*

Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers roar and the reef is near?
While the surges rage, and the wild winds blow,
Shall the angry waves then your bark o'erflow?

Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the veil.

Will your eyes behold through the morning light
The city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
When life's storms are past for evermore?



Hymn
Thine Be The Glory

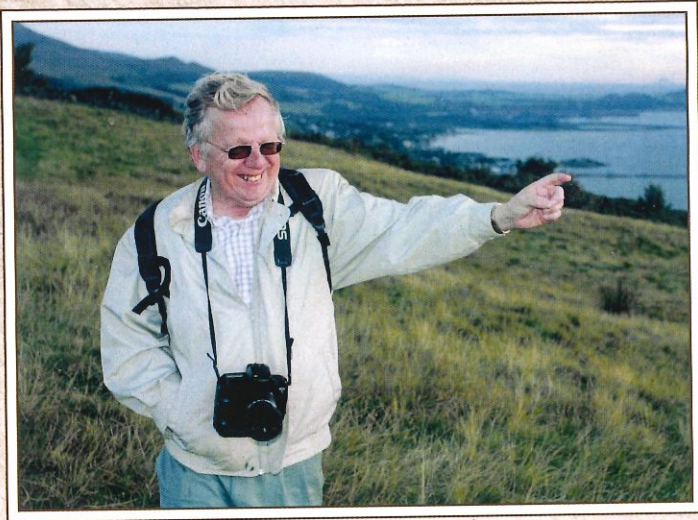
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes, where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth; death hath lost its sting.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of Life;
Life is naught without thee: aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love:
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.





He Is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone,
Or you can smile because he has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that he'll come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,
Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember him and only that he's gone,
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,
Or you can do what he'd want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins (b.1958)



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