

Hurley Reformed Church
Hurley, New York
November 15, 2024

A Service of the Resurrection
Sandra Gregory
October 1, 1950– November 7, 2024

HYMN #97 Be Still, My Soul

VOTUM

SENTENCES

SALUTATION

***HYMN #606, “In the Garden”**

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

PRAYER FOR COMFORT AND ILLUMINATION

SCRIPTURE: Psalm 23 (pg. 443)
Revelation 7:9-17 (pg.1005)

SERMON

***HYMN #33 How Great Thou Art**

*AFFIRMATION OF FAITH
Apostles Creed

Eulogy-Rev. Charles Stickley

TIME OF SHARING
Brandon Gregory
Tyler Gregory

THANKSGIVING AND INTERCESSION

COMMENDATION

***HYMN: #85, “Amazing Grace”**

*POSTLUDE

**Please stand if you are able*



The family thanks you for sharing in this celebration of life.

Officiant: Rev. William Appleyard-Pekich
Organist: Joy Pollard



Hurley Reformed Church
Hurley, New York

The Rev. William Appleyard-Pekich
Minister of Word and Sacrament

Welcome!

*May the doors of this church be wide enough to receive
all who need human love and fellowship, and a Father's care;
and narrow enough to shut out all envy and hate.*

Enter to Worship

Depart to Serve

#97 Be Still My Soul

Be still my soul; the Lord is on thy side.
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain.
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul, thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul; the waves and wind still know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul; the hour is hast'ning on
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

#606 In the Garden

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

And He walks with me,
And He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

And He walks with me,
And He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

I stayed in the garden with Him
Though the night around me is falling,
But He bids me go; thro' the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

And He walks with me,
And He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

#33 How Great Thou Art

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r thro'out the universe displayed.

Refrain:

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee.
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee.
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

When thro' the woods and forests glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountains grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze,

Refrain

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Refrain

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim: my God, how great Thou art!

Refrain

#85 Amazing Grace

Amazing grace!
how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

The Lord has promised good to me;
His Word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come.
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright, shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

