



Anne Stobart

2nd February 1954 – 2nd May 2020

Borders Crematorium 3 o'clock Friday 15th May 2020



Processional Music
Blackbird

Introduction
Rev Colin Johnston

Prayers



Hymn
Hills Of The North Rejoice

Hills of the North, rejoice;
River and mountain spring,
Hark to the advent voice;
Valley and lowland, sing;
Christ comes in righteousness and love,
He brings salvation from above.



Isles of the Southern seas,
Sing to the listening earth,
Carry on every breeze
Hope of a world's new birth:
In Christ shall all be made anew,
His word is sure, his promise true.

Lands of the East, arise,
He is your brightest morn,
Greet him with joyous eyes,
Praise shall his path adorn:
The God whom you have longed to know
In Christ draws near, and calls you now.

Shores of the utmost West,
Lands of the setting sun,
Welcome the heavenly guest
In whom the dawn has come:
He brings a never-ending light
Who triumphed o'er our darkest night.

Shout, as you journey on,
Songs be in every mouth,
Lo, from the North they come,
From East and West and South:
In Jesus all shall find their rest,
In him the sons of earth be blest.

Reading

Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills

Reading

1 Corinthians 13:1-13

The greatest of these is love



Reading
Sonnet 43
Elizabeth Barrett Browning



How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.



An appreciation of the life of Anne



Time for reflection



Words of comfort and encouragement with a prayer of thanksgiving



Hymn

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction, grace bestoweth:
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.



Committal

Benediction

Closing music
You Got A Friend



Donations please to:

Cancer Research Campaign
www.cancerresearchuk.org

Macmillan Cancer Support
www.macmillan.org.uk

Grateful thanks to:

Kyle Bros Funeral Directors
www.kylebrothers.co.uk

Dr Leri Williams, Kelso Medical Centre
www.kelsohealthcentre.co.uk

