



**“... apron deep in the daisies
watching the clouds go by.
Now Mother will never grow older a day,
and the daisies will never die ...”**

Unknown



The Anglican Parish of Salt Spring Island

St. Mary's Church

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To the Glory of God and in Celebration of the Life of Mary Mollet



Anglican Parish of Salt Spring Island

**A SERVICE OF MEMORIAL
and
THANKSGIVING**

for the life of

Mary Eileen Mollet

**Date of Birth: January 13, 1920
on Salt Spring Island**

**Date of Death: April 14, 2016
on Salt Spring Island BC**

**Saturday, May 14th, 2016
1 p.m.**

St. Mary's Church

**Officiant: The Reverend Richard Stetson
Organist: Linda Quinn**



Poem: "God's Garden"

Dorothy Frances Gurney

Hymn: "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.

Refrain: 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.

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

Blessing

Postlude

Procession from Church to the Grave
Piper: Lorraine Lawrie



The family welcomes you to a reception
following the service.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true;
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.

George Bennard, 1913

The Responses and Prayers

The Lord be with you.
And with thy spirit.

Let us pray. Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name,
Thy kingdom come,
thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive them that trespass against us;
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,
For ever and ever. Amen.

O Saviour of the world, who by thy Cross and
precious Blood hast redeemed us;
Save us and help us,
we humbly beseech thee, O Lord.

Graciously look upon our afflictions, O Lord;
Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts.

Make thy servants to be numbered with thy saints;
In glory everlasting.

THE FUNERAL LITURGY

(Book of Common Prayer)

Prelude

Procession

Welcome and Sentences from Scripture

Hymn 352: "Amazing Grace"

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am 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.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'Tis Grace that brought me safe thus far
and Grace will lead me home.

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

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

**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've first begun.**

John Newton 1725-1807

Eulogy Anna Moncey
Remembrance Jeremy Mollet

Psalm 139:1-15, 12-18

O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me *
**thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising;
thou understandest my thoughts from afar.**

Thou art about my path, and about my bed *
and art acquainted with all my ways.

For lo, there is not a word in my tongue *
but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before *
and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me *
I cannot attain unto it.

For thou didst form my inward parts: *
thou didst knit me together in my mother's womb.

I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and
wonderfully made: *
**marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth
right well.**

My frame was not hid from thee, *
**when I was made secretly, and fashioned beneath in
the earth.**

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect *
and in thy book were all of them written;

Even the days that were planned for me *
when as yet there was none of them.

How dear are thy counsels unto me, O God! *
O how great is the sum of them!

If I count them, they are more in number than the sand: *
when I wake up, I am present with thee.

Reading: Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

Hymn: "The Old Rugged Cross"

**On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suff'ring and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.**

Refrain: **So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.**

**Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.**

**In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see,
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.**