

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR RICHARD EMERSON

✧ Please rise in body or spirit.

PRELUDE

Terri Diers

✧ PROCESSIONAL HYMN 649 *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 has 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.

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.

OPENING WORDS AND PRAYER

READING

Catch Me Dad

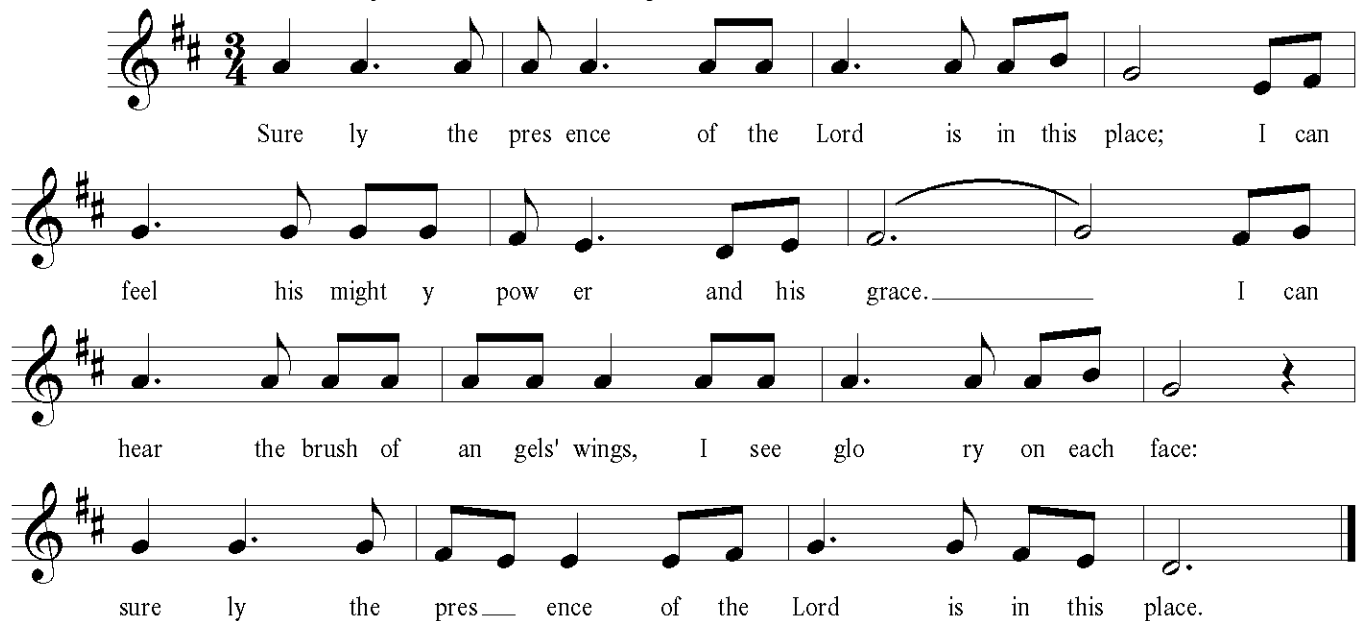
Rev. Mary Jo E. Holtey

MESSAGE/EULOGY

Lisa Emerson

HYMN

Surely the Presence of the Lord is in this Place



Sure ly the pres ence of the Lord is in this place; I can
feel his might y pow er and his grace. I can
hear the brush of an gels' wings, I see glo ry on each face:
sure ly the pres— ence of the Lord is in this place.

READING

The Lord is my Shepherd

SCRIPTURE READING

Psalms 139:1-12

OBITUARY

PASTORAL PRAYER & CLOSING WORDS

✦ HYMN 625

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 power throughout 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 through the woods and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
and hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:

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!

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)**

✧ **BENEDICTION**

Celtic Blessing

Sam Johnson

✧ **RECESSIONAL**

POSTLUDE