Service Of Thanksgiving For The Life Of



Elizabeth McMillan (Betty)

22nd December 1931 - 30th October 2016

Thursday 3rd November 2016 10.00am Woodvale Presbyterian Church The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie in pastures green; He leadeth me the quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again, and me to walk doth make within the paths of righteousness, e'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale, yet will I fear none ill; for Thou art with me, and Thy rod and staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished in presence of my foes; my head Thou dost with oil anoint, and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life shall surely follow me; and in God's house forevermore, my dwelling place shall be. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame; and I love that old cross where the dearest and best for a world of lost sinners was slain.

> 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.

O 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.

So I'll cherish...

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.

So I'll cherish...

To that 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.

So I'll cherish...

