Service Of Thanksgiving For The Life Of



Elizabeth Mills (Betty)

9th November 1928 - 15th May 2017

Thursday 18th May 2017 10.00am Zion Tabernacle Church 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 the 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 the 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 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, when his glory for ever I'll share.

So I'll cherish...

What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bearall because we do carry everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weaknesstake it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy-laden, cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, thou wilt find a solace there.

