

Thanksgiving Service

for the life of

Lelle Fusti-Molnar

10 December 1948 – 10 March 2013



Carey Baptist Church, Reading

Thursday, 21st March 2013

2:30pm

ORDER of SERVICE

There is a Redeemer, Jesus, God's own Son,

Precious Lamb of God, Messiah, Holy One,

*Thank you, O my Father, for giving us Your Son,
And leaving your Spirit, till the work on earth is done.*

Jesus my Redeemer, name above all names,
Precious Son of God, Messiah, Lamb for sinners slain.

When I stand in glory, I will see His face,
And there I'll serve my King for ever, in that holy place.

Keith and Melody Green

Closing Prayer and Benediction

The service is led by David Magowan, one of the pastors of Carey Baptist Church. The address is by John Angliss, pastor of South of Reading Christian Fellowship. The organist is Dr. James Cordle.

The music before the service (Lelle's songs) and after the service are from Lelle and Reka's CD "Favourite Fruits".

*Donations in memory of Lelle will be divided between **The Mount Moriah Trust** helping needy Jewish and Arab believers in Israel and **'4H'** assisting Christians in Greater Hungary.*

Violet and Reka would like to thank you all for coming to the service today and for your love, prayers and support through Lelle's illness and for the many cards, emails and other gifts received in recent weeks.

Welcome and Prayer

Jesus! The name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky:
Angels and men before it fall, And devils fear and fly.

Jesus! The name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus! The prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

O, that the world might taste and see,
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that welcome me,
Would all mankind embrace.

His righteousness alone I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
This is my work on earth below,
To cry, Behold the Lamb!

Happy, if with my final breath
I may but gasp His name:
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley 1707-88

Bible Reading: 1 Corinthians 15:19-26, 54-57

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the Church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing;
for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is naught without thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love:
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

Edmond Budry 1854-1932

Bible Reading: Revelation 21:1-7

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Where the healing waters flow;
let the fiery, cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong deliverer, ever be my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, I will ever sing to you.

William Williams 1717-91

Tribute

CD : Lelle Molnar : My Portion (Psalm 119:57)

When peace, like a river, attends all my way,
When sorrows like sea-billow roll;
Whatever my path, you have taught me to say,
'It is well, it is well, with my soul.'

Though Satan may buffet, though trials may come,
Let this calm assurance control,
That Christ knows my need and my helplessness here,
And has shed His own blood for my soul.

The joy, O the joy of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For me it is Christ, it is Christ now to live!
Though death's waters over me roll,
No fear shall be mine, for in death as in life
You will whisper your peace to my soul.

But, Lord, for your coming in glory we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
The trumpet shall sound and the Lord shall descend;
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, O my soul!

Horatio G Spafford 1828-88

Prayer

Address

King of Kings, Majesty, God of heaven living in me
Gentle Saviour, closest friend,
Strong Deliverer, Beginning and End
All within me falls at Your throne

*Your Majesty, I can but bow, I lay my all before You now
In royal robes I don't deserve, I live to serve Your Majesty*

Earth and heaven worship You, Love Eternal, Faithful and True
Who bought the nations, ransomed souls
Brought this sinner near to Your throne
All within me cries out in praise

Jarrold Cooper