

Thanksgiving Service for the Life of

Peter John Wells

6 November 1950 - 5 May 2021



Order of Service

Friday 11 June 2021

Carey Baptist Church at 2:15 pm

Entrance music: Crimond

Welcome – Pastor David Magowan

Opening prayer

Hymn

Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea,
A great high priest, whose name is love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is written on His hands,
My name is hidden in His heart;
I know that, while in heaven He stands,
No tongue can force me to depart.
No tongue can force me to depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
I look to heaven and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God the just is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.
To look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there! The risen Lamb!
My perfect, spotless righteousness,
The great unchangeable I AM,
The King of glory and of grace!
One with Himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.
With Christ my Saviour and my God.

Charitie Lees De Chenez 1841-1923 (Tune: Before the Throne)

Tributes – Mike Davies, Colin Napper, David Haskew

Hymn

When peace like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll,
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

*It is well, with my soul,
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.*

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss 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, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live!
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh trump of the angel! Oh voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!

Horatio Gates Spafford, 1828-88 (Tune: It is well)

Prayer

Bible Reading, Romans 8:28-39 – read by David Haskew

²⁸ And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose. ²⁹ For those God foreknew he also predestined to be conformed to the image of

his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brothers. ³⁰ And those he predestined, he also called; those he called, he also justified; those he justified, he also glorified.

More Than Conquerors

³¹ What, then, shall we say in response to these things? If God is for us, who can be against us? ³² He who did not spare his own Son, but gave him up for us all—how will he not also, along with him, graciously give us all things? ³³ Who will bring any charge against those whom God has chosen? It is God who justifies. ³⁴ Who is he that condemns? Christ Jesus, who died—more than that, who was raised to life—is at the right hand of God and is also interceding for us. ³⁵ Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? ³⁶ As it is written:

“For your sake we face death all day long;
we are considered as sheep to be slaughtered.”

³⁷ No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. ³⁸ For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, ³⁹ neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

New International Version

Hymn

The sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks:
The summer morn I've sighed for -
The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty,
without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.

The Lamb with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgement
My web of time He wove
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided
I'll bless the heart that planned
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Emmanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,
but her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

I've wrestled on towards heaven
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leans upon his guide,
Amid the shades of evening
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
from Emmanuel's land.

Anne R Cousin 1824-1906

Based on the writings of Samuel Rutherford 1600-61 (Tune: Rutherford)

Address – Pastor James Muldoon

Hymn

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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

Edmund Louis Budry, 1854-1932, Tr by Richard Birch Hoyle 1875-1939 (Tune: Maccabaeus)

Closing Prayer

Exit music: Helmsley

Organist: Moira Haskew

Tech team: Tim Parker, Dave Gibbs, Richard Lawrence