



Stewart and Ilean on their Engagement

Little Things Mean a Lot

When I am asked for something
Which gives me greatest pleasure,
It's simple thoughts that come to mind
That we always seem to treasure.

Bells calling us to Worship
Welcome at Kirk sure to please,
Aroma of bacon rolls, from the kitchen,
Wafting through on a breeze.

The joy we receive on attending,
When the world doesn't seem to care,
With many friends round about us,
Sharing our simple faith there.

(Ilean Greig)

**The Family would like to thank you for attending Stewart's funeral, whether
in person or online.**



Stewart Greig

26th February 1931 – 3rd October 2020

**Warriston Crematorium
Lorimer Chapel**

Wednesday 14th October 2020

Funeral Service conducted by Rev. Norman Smith

Entrance Music – Moonlight Serenade (Glenn Miller)

HYMN – Guide me, O thou great Jehovah (CH4 - 167)

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
*Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Where the living stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
*Be Thou still 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, songs of praises,
*I will ever give to Thee.

Prayer

Readings: Isaiah 40: 26-31

Romans 8: 31-39

Psalms 107: 23-32

Tribute to Stewart

Reflective Music – Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

Prayer

HYMN – The King of Love, My Shepherd is (CH4 – 462)

The King of love my shepherd is,
whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
and he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
my ransomed soul he leadeth,
and where the verdant pastures grow,
with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
but yet in love He sought me,
and on his shoulder gently laid,
and home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;
thy rod and staff my comfort still,
thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
thy unction grace bestoweth;
and O what transport of delight
from thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
within thy house for ever!

Exit Music – Don't sit under the Apple Tree (Stept, Brown & Tobias)