



*Thanksgiving for the life of
Florence Adelaide Bryson McMaster*

March 12, 1915– October 25, 2003

Prayers, The Lord's Prayer

The Commendation, page 595

The Committal

The Benediction

Closing Hymn 520: "Unto the Hills Around" (Sandon)

Unto the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes.
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise?
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made.

He will not suffer that thy foot be moved:
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall his eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold our God, the Lord, he slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in his holy care.

Jehovah is himself thy keeper true,
Thy changeless shade;
Jehovah thy defense on thy right hand
Himself hath made.
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

From every evil shall he keep thy soul,
From every sin:
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,
Thy coming in.
Above thee watching, he whom we adore
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

November 8, 2003

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Words of comfort from scripture, page 589

Lighting of the Paschal candle: Jacob Leith, *(Florence's grandson)*

Hymn: "God Be In My Head"

God be in my head, And in my understanding;
God be in mine eyes, And in my looking;
God be in my mouth, And in my speaking;
God be in my heart, And in my thinking;
God be at mine end, And at my departing.

Eulogies: Andrew McMaster, Joanna Leith, Philip McMaster,
(Florence's children)

"Sarabande", John Helmers, cellist, *(Florence's nephew)*

Psalms 139

Lord, you have searched me out and known me;
you know my sitting down and my rising up;
you discern my thoughts from afar.
You trace my journeys and my resting-places
and are acquainted with all my ways.
Indeed, there is not a word on my lips,
but you, O Lord, know it altogether.

You press upon me behind and before
and lay your hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
it is so high that I cannot attain to it.

Where can I go then from your Spirit?
where can I flee from your presence?
If I climb up to heaven, you are there;
if I make the grave my bed, you are there also.

If I take the wings of the morning
and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there your hand will lead me
and your right hand hold me fast.

If I say, "Surely the darkness will cover me,
and the light around me turn to night,"
Darkness is not dark to you;
the night is as bright as the day;
darkness and light to you are both alike.

Hymn 353, "Praise My Soul the King of Heaven"

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet your tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our forebears in distress;
Praise him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him,
You behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Reading: Ecclesiastes 3: 1-14, read by Alison McMaster
(Florence's granddaughter)

Reading: Revelation 21: 1-7, read by Emma Leith,
(Florence's granddaughter)

Solo: Ave Maria, by Sarah Helmers, *(Florence's great niece)*

Reading: Matthew 5: 1-12, read by Christopher Gardner,
(Florence's grandson)

Hymn 547, "The Lord's My Shepherd" (Crimmond)

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,
Even 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 for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Address: The Ven. Mary Irwin-Gibson, Rector

The Creed, page 592



*La famille McMaster tient à vous remercier
de votre présence et vous invite à vous joindre à eux
pour une réception dans la salle paroissiale et après chez eux.*

*The McMaster family everyone present to join them
for a reception in the church hall.
The celebration will continue afterwards
at the McMaster home in Val Morin.*



Holy Trinity Anglican Church

12 Préfontaine St. West, Ste-Agathe-des-Monts, Québec, J8C 1C3
The Ven. Mary Irwin-Gibson, rector
organist: Mrs. Winona Sewell