



A Service of Thanksgiving
for the Life of

Elisa Romelda Liburd
née Freeman (Melda)

27th December 1942 - 31st December 2021



MARLBOROUGH ROAD METHODIST CHURCH
69 Marlborough Rd, St Albans AL1 3XG

Friday 18th February 2022
at 11.00am



❧ ORDER OF SERVICE ❧

Led by the Reverend Rosemary J Fletcher, organist: Alan Sharp

ENTRY MUSIC

God is Standing By - George Nooks

OPENING SENTENCES

Jesus said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life.
Those who believe in me, though they die, yet shall they live,
And whoever lives and believes in me shall never die. (*John 11 v 25-26*)

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

By The Reverend Rosemary Fletcher

HYMN

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze; *Then sings my soul...*

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die - I scarce can take it in:
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin; *Then sings my soul...*

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home - what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art! *Then sings my soul...*

Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)



OPENING PRAYERS

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Let us now hear words from Holy Scripture that from them we may draw comfort and strength.

I Corinthians 13 v 4-13, read by Celia Hudson

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

John 14 v 1-6, read by Idy Osibodu

Jesus said: Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling-places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going.' Thomas said to him, 'Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?' Jesus said to him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life'

TRIBUTES BY MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

Cousin Kate

And Floyd Claxton



POEMS

A Silent Tear by Gaynor Llewellyn

Just close your eyes and you will see
All the memories that you have of me.
Just sit and relax and you will find
I'm really still there inside your mind.
Don't cry for me now I'm gone
For I am in the land of song.
There is no pain, there is no fear,
So dry away that silent tear.
Don't think of me in the dark and cold,
For here I am, no longer old,
I'm in that place that's filled with love
Known to you all, as "up above"

The Family Matriarch by Mike Hauser

She is the chalk that draws the line,
The sturdy rope, the ties that bind.
The go-to when times are rough,
The sweetness in the breath of love

She sets the rhythm of the day,
She is the all in all she's made,
And we, the gallery of her art.

She is the hope in all of us,
The shining light, the path of love.
She is the strength from out the start,
The very beat deep in the heart.

And after all when all is said,
Her children rise and call her blessed,
Accepting life through joy and scars.



HYMN

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not 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 weakness;
Take 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.

Joseph Medlicott Scriven (1819-1886)

ADDRESS

The Reverend Rosemary Fletcher

A TIME FOR REFLECTION

I'm Knocking on Heaven's Door - OBE Reggae



PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING AND INTERCESSION

THE LORD'S PRAYER

As our Saviour taught his disciples, so we pray:

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name;
 thy kingdom come; thy will be done; on earth as it is in heaven.
 Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses,
 as we forgive those who trespass against us.
 And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.
 For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,
 for ever and ever. Amen

HYMN

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 that 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 the old rugged cross....

In that 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 the old rugged cross....

To that 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,
 where his glory forever I'll share.
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross....

George Bennard (1873 - 1958)



COMMENDATION

FINAL PRAYERS

THE BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

She's Royal by Tarrus Royal

*We are going from this Service to the Committal at 12.30pm
Hatfield Road Cemetery*



AT THE GRAVESIDE WE WILL BE SINGING:

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour, all the day long;*

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour, all the day long*

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Refrain

Perfect submission, all is at rest
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Refrain



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,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no 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 forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

The Scottish Psalter Psalm 23 (Tune: Crimond)



When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound
and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

*Refrain: When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.*

On that bright and cloudless morning
when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of his resurrection share;
When his chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain

Let us labour for the Master
from the dawn till setting sun;
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care.
Then when all of life is over and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain

James Milton Black (1856 -1938)



The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

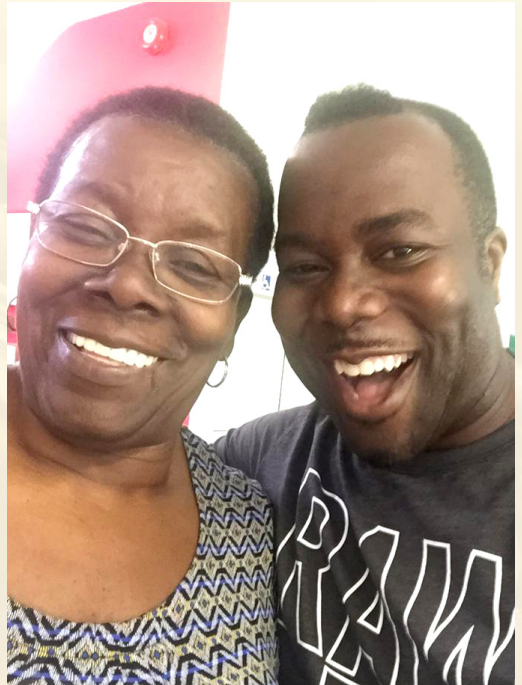
As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our friends beneath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826 - 1893)













Muriel and her family thank you for coming today and thank you for all cards, letters and messages of sympathy and support they have received at this sad time.

Donations, if desired, in memory of Melda are for the
Marlborough Road Methodist Church
or for **Sightsavers** <https://www.sightsavers.org/>
and can be left today in the collection box at the church
or cheques for Sightsavers can be sent to: Sight Savers International, Bumpers
Way, Bumpers Farm, Chippenham, SN14 6NG
or cheques for the Church can be sent to: Marlborough Road Methodist Church,
69 Marlborough Rd, St Albans AL1 3XG

Material printed under Christian Copyright Licensing International licence 8513

Recording of the Service by ACR photography www.acrbroadcast.com



Funeral arrangements by:
*Co-op Funeral Services, 39 The Parade,
Staines Road West, Sunbury-on-Thames TW16 7AB*