

In Loving Memory of



### Invitation

Ann, Heather and Rodney, Christina, Matthew, and Stuart thank you sincerely for your love, support and prayers at this time, and for your attendance today in person and online.

At the conclusion of the service Vern will depart for a private Committal, with his family. Light refreshments will be served while you share many more memories of Vern with the family and each other.

Vernon John Gill  
“Vern”

12 June 1939 ~ 12 October 2021  
AT REST

# Welcome to this service of celebration for Vern's Life

Held in St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Invercargill on Tuesday 19 October 2021 at 1:30pm

Officiants: Rev. Tekura Wilding and Teina Marie

Accompanist: Stanley Burns Fox

## The Old Rugged Cross

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.

### *Chorus*

*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.

### *Chorus*

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.

### *Chorus*

To the 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.

### *Chorus*

## What a Friend

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and grief's to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O 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.

## It is well with my soul

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, it is well with my soul!

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

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—  
My sin, not in part, but the whole,  
Is nailed to His Cross, and I bear it no more;  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
It is well with my soul!  
It is well, it is well with my soul!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;  
If dark hours about me shall roll,  
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life  
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.  
It is well with my soul!  
It is well, it is well with my soul!