



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
BILL CARSWELL

13th July 1929 - 17th December 2023

Monday 15th January 2024
Orchardhill Parish Church at 11.30 am
Thereafter to The Linn Crematorium



CHURCH SERVICE

ENTRY MUSIC

I Giorni

Gabriel's Oboe

The Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen

Ashokan Farewell

accompanied by a visual tribute

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

Gillian Rooney

PRAYER OF APPROACH

HYMN

Praise, My Soul, The King Of Heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress.
Praise him, still the same as ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

Fatherlike he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows.
In his hand he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows!

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

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

READING

Psalm 121

read by Karen Carswell and Hilary Carswell

A song of ascents.

I lift up my eyes to the mountains –
where does my help come from?

My help comes from the Lord,
the Maker of heaven and earth.

He will not let your foot slip –
he who watches over you will not slumber;

indeed, he who watches over Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord watches over you –
the Lord is your shade at your right hand;

the sun will not harm you by day,
nor the moon by night.

The Lord will keep you from all harm –
he will watch over your life;

the Lord will watch over your coming and going
both now and for evermore.

READING

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13: verses 1-13
read by Doug Carswell

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love.
But the greatest of these is love.



REFLECTION

EULOGY

read by Andy Carswell

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

INTIMATIONS

HYMN
To God Be The Glory

To God be the glory, great things he has done!
So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,
who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
and opened the life-gate that all may go in.

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

Let the earth hear his voice!

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

Let the people rejoice!

*Oh come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
and give him the glory! Great things he has done!*

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
to every believer the promise of God;
for every offender who truly believes,
that moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

Great things he has taught us, great things he has done,
and great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son:
but purer, and higher, and greater will be,
our joy and our wonder when Jesus we see.

Frances Jane Crosby (1820-1915)

BLESSING

MUSIC ON EXIT
Highland Cathedral



CREMATORIUM SERVICE

MUSIC ON ENTRY
Selection of Robert Burns songs

WELCOME
Gillian Rooney

PRAYER

HYMN
How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hands 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.

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.

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!

Russian hymn; translated Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)

READING

Isaiah, Chapter 40: verses 21-31

read by Gillian Rooney

Do you not know? Have you not heard?
Has it not been told you from the beginning?
Have you not understood since the earth was founded?
He sits enthroned above the circle of the earth,
and its people are like grasshoppers.
He stretches out the heavens like a canopy,
and spreads them out like a tent to live in.
He brings princes to naught and reduces the rulers of this world to nothing.
No sooner are they planted, no sooner are they sown,
no sooner do they take root in the ground,
than he blows on them and they wither,
and a whirlwind sweeps them away like chaff.

‘To whom will you compare me? Or who is my equal?’ says the Holy One.
Lift up your eyes and look to the heavens: who created all these?
He who brings out the starry host one by one
and calls forth each of them by name.
Because of his great power and mighty strength, not one of them is missing.

Why do you complain, Jacob?
Why do you say, Israel, ‘My way is hidden from the Lord;
my cause is disregarded by my God?’
Do you not know? Have you not heard?

The Lord is the everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth.
He will not grow tired or weary, and his understanding no one can fathom.
He gives strength to the weary and increases the power of the weak.
Even youths grow tired and weary, and young men stumble and fall;
but those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength.
They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary,
they will walk and not be faint.

COMMITTAL

PRAYER

INTIMATIONS

BENEDICTION

MUSIC ON EXIT

Bluebell Polka

and

When The Saints Go Marching In



Donations, in lieu of flowers, to the stoma charity;
Chameleon Buddies
www.chameleonbuddies.org.uk

The family would like to thank you for joining them today.
If you are able to, you are welcome to join the family
for refreshments at The Busby Hotel from 1.30 pm.



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CCL No. 1188119