

A Celebration of the Life of Janet Ann Bangs
November 10, 1942 – December 13, 2020

10:00am, Monday January 4, 2021
Reverend DeAnn Eidem, officiating

Greeting

Invitation to Worship

Minister: God is gentle and loving.
God hears us in our grief and in our sadness.

**People: God wraps us in a loving embrace,
and assures us we are not alone.**

Minister: God is always working to bring new life.
Even sickness and death do not have the final word.

**People: God's love can turn grief into hope
and sadness into joy,
bringing new life into us and into the world.**

Minister: God of life and love,
please be present with us now, as only you can,
as we honor the life of our loved one, Jan,
and commend her spirit into your care.

**People: Fill us with your strength,
and heal us with your love,
we humbly pray.
Amen.**

Scripture Psalm 23 John 14:1-3

Sharing of Memories

Poem

Slide Show

Message & Pastoral Prayer

Pastor DeAnn Eidem

Hymn

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.*

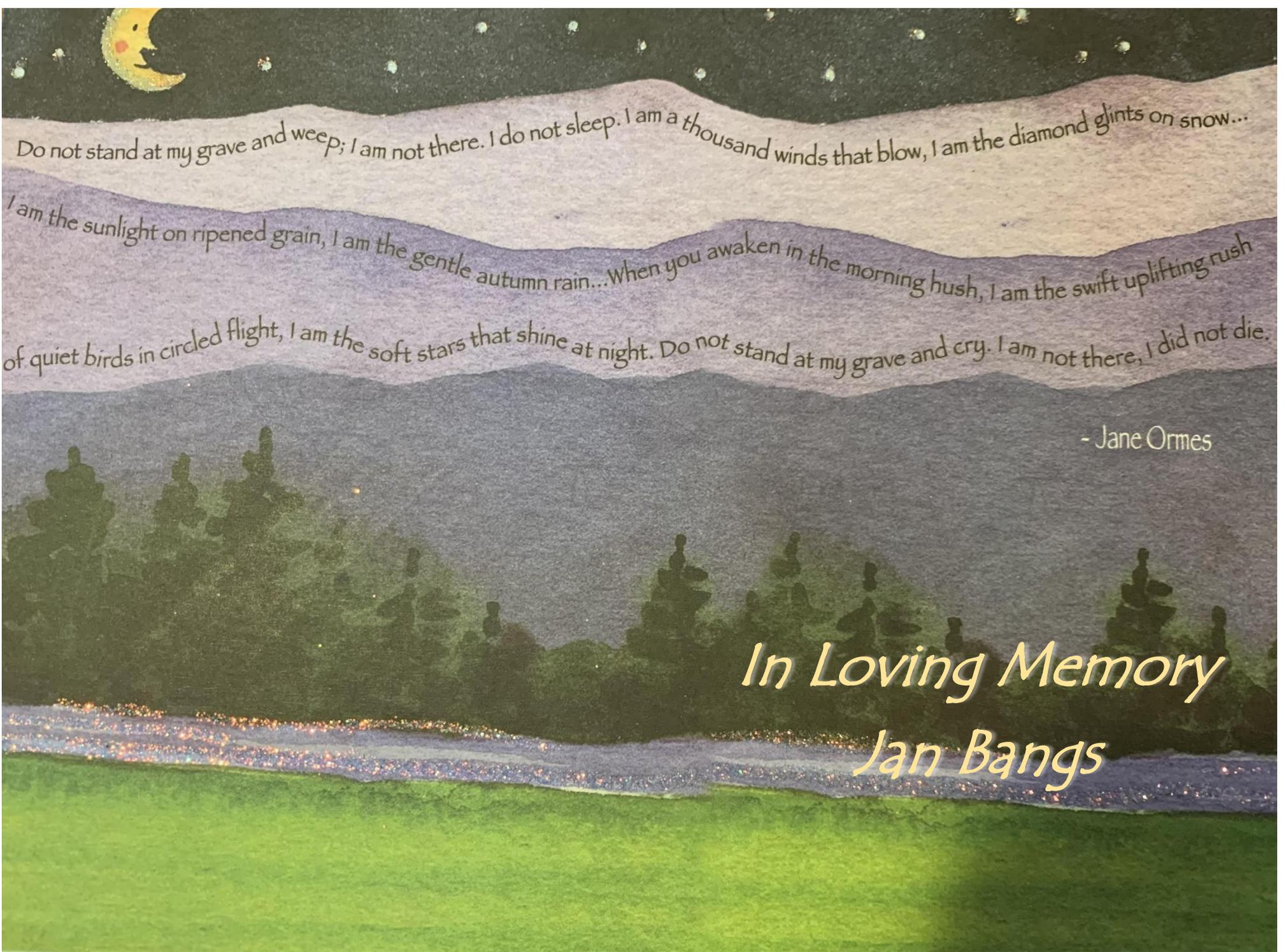
*Chorus So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
'til my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross
and exchange it someday for a crown*

*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*

*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.*

Committal & Benediction

**Almighty God,
into your hands
we commend your daughter, Jan,
trusting in your never-ending life and love offered
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Surround us now with your peace, grace, and hope,
that as we go forward in life,
remembering and honoring Jan,
we may be filled with your spirit
and renewed by your love.
Amen.**



Do not stand at my grave and weep; I am not there. I do not sleep. I am a thousand winds that blow, I am the diamond glints on snow...

I am the sunlight on ripened grain, I am the gentle autumn rain... When you awaken in the morning hush, I am the swift uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circled flight, I am the soft stars that shine at night. Do not stand at my grave and cry. I am not there, I did not die.

- Jane Ormes

In Loving Memory
Jan Bangs