

A Service of 'Thanksgiving
for the Life of
Maria Jacoba Niemantsverdriet
Rita

28th February 1926 ~ 11th August 2026



Rustington Methodist Church
Friday 11th September 2026
12 noon

Service conducted by The Reverend Rosemarie Clarke

Order of Service

Gathering Music

Morning, Peer Gynt

Welcome and Prayer

Hymn

When we walk with the Lord
In the light of His word,
What a glory He sheds on our way!
While we do His good will,
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey!

*Trust and obey!
For there is no other way
To be happy in Jesus,
But to trust and obey.*

Not a shadow can rise,
Not a cloud in the skies,
But His smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt or a fear,
Not a sigh or a tear,
Can abide while we trust and obey!

Not a burden we bear,
Nor a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay:
Not a grief or a loss,
Not a frown nor a cross,
But is blessed if we trust and obey!

But we never can prove
The delights of His love
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favour He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for those who will trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go;
Never fear, only trust and obey!

Readings

Psalm 23

Romans 8: 28, 31b~35, 37~39

Photo Reflection

Don't Cry for me Argentina (instrumental)

Reflection on Mum's Life

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

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

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain—
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
Amazing love! How can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all: th'Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above
So free, so infinite His grace—
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O my God, it found out me!
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray—
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th'eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
Bold I approach th'eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Blessing

Closing Music

Over the Rainbow, EvaCassidy



You are warmly invited to gather after the service
for refreshments in the church hall.

Donations in memory of Rita
may be made to Cancer Research UK
c/o H. D. Tribe Ltd
63 Sea Lane
Rustington BN16 2RQ
or online at www.hdtribe.co.uk