



The family would like to express their heartfelt thanks to all relatives, friends and neighbours for the cards of condolence, words of comfort, kind support and sympathy shown to them during their recent sad time.

Please join the family at  
The Darran, Risca  
for light refreshments, following the funeral.

Donations, in lieu of flowers, are requested for the  
British Heart Foundation and may be given at the service.

Online donations and messages of condolence may be left at  
[www.ptsfunerals.co.uk](http://www.ptsfunerals.co.uk)



**PHILLIP TOM & SONS**  
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In Loving Memory of

# *Barbara Betty Jenkins*



6th April 1919 - 19th September 2019

St Mary's Church, Risca  
Monday 7th October 2019 at 10.15 am



## Words of Welcome and Opening Prayers

by Reverend Marion Redwood

### Hymn

The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended

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 brethren 'neath 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.

### Hymn

How Great Thou Art

Oh 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.

*Chorus:*

*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;

*Chorus*

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;

*Chorus*

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!

*Chorus*

*A short service of committal will now take place at  
The Gwent Crematorium, Cwmbran*