



Inter-Denominational

Remembrance Sunday Service

Fauldhouse War Memorial
Bridge Street
Sunday 8th November 2020, 1pm

The service will stream live at facebook.com/FauldhouseToday

1. Introduction followed by solo rendition of "Abide with me" by Robin Campbell
2. Prayer by Peter Dunn (St John the Baptist's Church)
3. Prayer by Alan Bellshaw (Salvation Army)
4. 'The Last Post' will be sounded by Jeff Wilson
5. TWO minutes silence in memory of 'The Fallen'
6. A 'Lament' will be played by piper Gillian Burns
7. Prayer by Reverend S Raby (St Andrew's Church)
8. "In Flanders Fields" a poem read by Jim Cole (British Legion)
9. LAYING OF THE WREATHS by those involved in the service
10. The Tryst, a poem for 'The Fallen' recited by Frank Lannie

"They shall grow not old
as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them
Nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
And in the morning,
We will remember them."

All Respond: "WE WILL REMEMBER THEM"

11. 'Reveille' sounded by Jeff Wilson
12. Blessing – By all three church leaders/representatives
"The blessing of God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit
be with you all now and forever."

All respond: "AMEN"

13. Solo rendition of "O God, our help in ages past"
by Robin Campbell
14. Kohima Epitaph – Recited by Royce Graham
"When You Go Home, Tell Them of Us and Say,
For Their Tomorrow, We Gave Our Today."
15. National Anthem

Abide with me

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changes not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour; What but thy grace can
foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud
and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless; ills have no weight and
tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where grave thy victory? I triumph still,
if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heavens morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

O God, our help in ages past

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come
our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of thy throne, thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone, and our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame,
from everlasting, thou art God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight, are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last, and our eternal home.



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