

THE HOUR OF MY DEPARTURE'S COME

The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
at last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
and let thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run;
the combat's o'er, the prize is won;
and now my witness is on high,
and now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
and through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,
save for the friends I held so dear;
to heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
and to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
and shield me in the last alarms.
The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home:
now, O my God! let trouble cease,
now let thy servant die in peace.



An Invitation

Jim's family thank you for your presence today and for your kind words of comfort and support. Following this service, you are warmly invited to join the family in the Kingswood Lounge for fellowship and refreshments.

GEE & HICKTON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

WITH LOVE WE REMEMBER



◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇ **Jim** ◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇
James McCormack Brown

29 OCTOBER 1934 - 10 JULY 2025

KINGSWOOD, UPPER HUTT

MONDAY, 21 JULY 2025 AT 2.00PM

Officiating: Mr Kevin Nelson | *Organist:* David Trott

Processional Song

The Three Bells -
Sung by Kean O'Neill

Welcome and Words of Reflection

Hymn

The Lord's My Shepherd

Reading

The Last Rose - Read by Sharon

Memories of Jim's Life

Eulogy - Janette
Family Memories
Work Memories

Open Speakers

Family invites your personal
memories of Jim

Photo Memories

Nimrod (Elgar)

Concluding Words of Reflection

Hymn

The Hour of My
Departure's Come

The Lord's Prayer

Commendation and Committal

Recessional Music

Time To Say Goodbye -
Kathryn Jenkins

Bagpipes to play at the hearse as floral tributes are laid

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father which 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 them that trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory
forever and ever. Amen.

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forever more
My dwelling place shall be.

