

RECESSIONAL HYMN

HOW GREAT THOU ART

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the works Thy hands hath made.

I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

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.

Then sings my soul...

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.

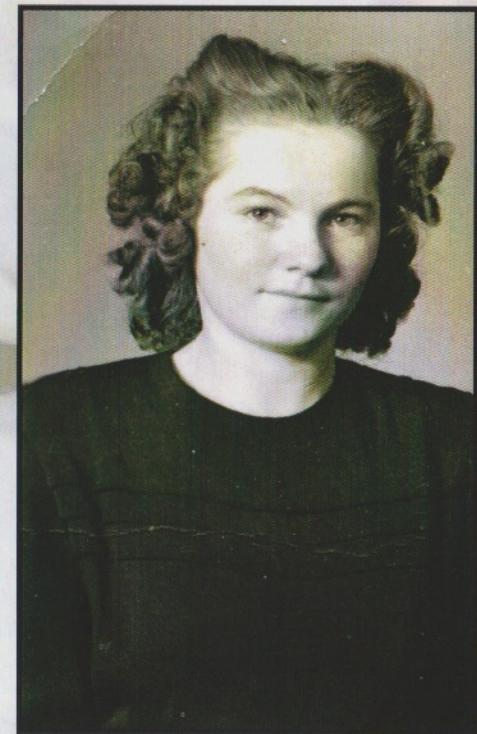
Then sings my soul...

When Christ shall come
with shout of acclamation,
And take me home what joy shall fill my heart,
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God how great thou art.

Then sings my soul...



In Loving Memory Of



MEMORIAL BOOK

You are invited to sign the pages for the
Memorial Book located in the foyer.
This will serve as a permanent record
of those present today.

DONATIONS

Anyone wishing to make a donation to Wellington
Free Ambulance in memory of Maria, may leave it
in the donation box located in the foyer.

INVITATION

Maria'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 Foyer for fellowship and
refreshments and thereafter for the interment
at Akatarawa Cemetery.

The cortège will depart for the cemetery
at approximately 1.00pm.

**Czeslawa Borowicz
(Maria)**
12 March 1930

~

19 February 2015

**ST JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH
UPPER HUTT
MONDAY, 23 FEBRUARY 2015
AT 11.00 AM**

OFFICIATING
Father Ron Bennett

OPENING HYMN

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 none 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 for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

WELCOME

READING
Ecclesiastes 3: 1-11

RESPONSORIAL PSALM 103
Response: "The Lord is kind and merciful"

GOSPEL
John 14: 1-6

HOMILY

EULOGY
*Henry Borowicz,
Grandughters Angela, Michelle and Toni*

PHOTO MEMORIES

OFFERTORY PROCESSION
Irena Banas & Zygmunt Szadkowski

CZARNA MADONNA

Jest zakątek na tej ziemi, gdzie powracać kazdy chce,
Gdzie króluje Jej oblicze na nim cięte rysy dwie,
Zwrok ma smutny, zatroskany, jakby chciała prosić cię,
Byś w Matczyną Jej opiekę oddał się.

**Madonna, Czarna Madonna,
jak dobrze Twym dzieckiem być,
O pozwól, Czarna Madonna
w ramiona Twoje się skryć.**

W jej ramionach znajdziesz spokój
I Uchronisz się od zła,
Bo dla wszystkich swoich dzieci, Ona serce czułe ma.
I opieką cię otoczy, gdy Jej serce oddasz swe,
Gdy powtórzyusz Jej z radością słowa te!

Dziś gdy wokół nas nieppkój
gdzie się człowiek schronić ma,
Gdzie ma pójść jak nie do matki, która ukojenie da.
Wiec błagamy of Madonno,
skieruj wzrok na dzieci swe
I wysłuchaj jak śpiewamy prosząc Cię.

COMMUNION HYMN

PAN KIEDYS STANAL NAD BRZEGIEM

Pan kiedys stanal nad brzegiem,
szukal ludzi gotowych pojsc za Nim,
by lowic serca slow Bozych prawda.

**O Panie, to Ty na mnie spojrzales,
Twoje usta dzis wyrzekly me imie,
swoja barke pozostawiam na brzegu,
razem z Toba nowy zaczne dzis low.**

Jestem ubogim człowiekiem,
moim skarbem sa rece gotowe,
do pracy z Toba i czyste serce.