

Funeral Service

For: ~~Mr. Jones~~

By: Rev. Wm. Harrison

TEXT: John 14:1-27

When Dwight L. Moody's baby died, he said to the minister who was to conduct the ^{memorial} funeral service, "Let there be no sorrow on this occasion." He knew that he could trust the Lord and that the Lord had done only that which was best. I am sure that we feel the same way as we come for the last service of Wes Nelson ~~Wes Nelson~~. While it is a time of sorrow for those who loved him, ^{GLady} for his beloved wife, for his family, never the less it is a wonderful day for ~~him~~ Wes

They have triumphed who have died;
They have passed the porches wide,
Leading from the House of Night,
To the splendid lawns of light,
They have gone on that far road
Leading to their new abode,
And from curtained casements we
~~was~~ Watch their going wistfully.

They have won, for they have read
The bright secrets of the dead;
And they gain the deep unknown,
Hearing Life's strange undertone.
In the race across the days
They are victors; theirs the praise,
Theirs the glory and the pride
They have triumphed, having died.

I read from The Gospel of John chapter 14 the words of Jesus who said, " Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, ~~and~~ believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many dwelling places; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to myself; that where I am, there you may be also. "

Thank God for his promises. And let us thank him for keeping his promise. He prepared heaven for us. Heaven is just as much a place as ALameda or OAKLAND. Jesus called it a place and he said that he prepared ~~it~~ it with us in mind.

Victor Hugo, the French author, wrote, "When I go down to the grave, I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin ~~at~~ the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, and opens on the dawn."

Rev. Robert J. Burdette, shortly before his death wrote: "I watch the sunset as I look out over ~~the~~ rim of the blue Pacific, and there is ~~no~~ mystery beyond the horizon line, because I know what there is over there. I have been there. I have journeyed in those lands. Over there where the sun is sinking is Japan. That star is rising over China. In that direction lie ~~the~~ Philippines. I know all that. Well, there is another land that I look toward as I watch the sunset. I have never seen it. I have never seen anyone who has been there, but it has a more abiding reality than any of these lands which I know. This land beyond the sunset, this land of ~~im~~ortality, this fair and blessed country of the soul--why, this heaven of ours is the one thing in the world which I know with ~~absolute~~ absolute, unshaken, unchangeable certainty. This I know with a knowledge that ~~is~~ never ~~ending~~ ends.

Wes

WHAT SHALL WE SAY IN MEMORIAL OF GEORGE'S LIFE?

Wes

1. In the first place, I believe we can say that George kept the faith with his wife Glady. When two people enter the bonds of marriage, they do so as an adventure of faith. Neither one knows that the other ~~is~~ will always be attractive or co-operative. They accept each other on faith, taking their vows, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," Faith is a lovely thing at the marriage altar, but it is far more lovely after many, may widding anniversaries have been celebrated at which one can say, "Now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love.

GLADY - Wes married in 1944 years

Wes

George was the kind of man who kept faith with his wife.

2. But also George kept faith with his friends.

Wes

An unknown poet has written:

My greatest joy on earth shall be,
 To find at the turning of every road,
 The strong hand of a comrade kind,
 To help me onward with my load.
 But since I have no gold to give
 And only love can make amends,
 My daily prayer in life shall be,

"God make me worth of my friends.

I believe ~~this~~ from many of the wonderful things that the family shared with me Thursday yesterday, that this prayer was answered in the life of Wes ~~George~~ Roberts. Truly, he was worthy of his friends

~~Mr Elmer~~ was the kind of man who kept faith with his wife.

*Michelle
Margaret*

(2) ^{And} ~~Secondly~~, ^{Wes} ~~Elmer~~ kept the faith with his children. When parents bring children into the world, that too, is an adventure of faith. They cannot be sure the child will be sick or healthy. They do not know whether the child will bring honor or shame to the family; they proceed with faith. On the other hand, the children cannot know whether the parents will keep faith with them. They may disappoint them, or forsake them. The poet Gillima said of his father:

He was my own until I fully knew
And never could forget how deep and true
A father's love for his own son may be.
It drew me nearer God Himself; for He
Has loved his son. These are but grateful tears
That he was with me all those happy years.

(3) One final thought I would like to leave with you. ^{Wes} ~~Elmer's~~ life leaves many, many precious memories. ~~My~~ During all the days that are left to ^{GLADY} ~~(Elmer's wife - his children)~~ -- they will have many, many sweet memories. These memories will bless and enrich you forever. You will remember the worth while things ~~he~~ said and the many unselfish things he did. And I truly believe your lives will be richer for these memories. Let us remember the ^{words of the Apostle} ~~principle of God's~~

^{Paul} ~~Word~~: "Whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, what is of good repute, if there is any excellence and if anything worthy of praise, let your mind remember these things."

^{Wes} ~~Elmer~~ was a ~~man~~ who left us many fine memories.

-5-

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest,
Lay down thy ~~head~~ upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus Loves thee best--
Good-night! My Beloved, Good-night!

Calm is thy chamber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to ~~tail~~ and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest secure and deep,
Good-night! My beloved, Good-night!

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise...
Good-night! My beloved! Good-night!

Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine...
Good-night! My Beloved! Good-night!

Only "Good-night" beloved - not farewell
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In Hallowed union indivisible...
Good-night! My Beloved! Good-night!

Prayer

Now May The God of Peace
make you perfect in every good work
to do his will - through Jesus
Christ; to whom be glory for
ever and ever - Amen

(6)

It is worth working for, planning for, sacrificing for, and laying up treasures for. When you and I die, only one thing matter: not how much money we have, not how many flowers decorate the chancel, not how may people attend, not how may lodges we belonged to - only one thing - what is in your soul? How much of Jesus Christ is there? We can say of Mrs. Summers that a great deal of Christ was in her heart and life. To her goes the victory.

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine
O what a foretaste of glory, diveine
Heir of salvation, purchased of god,
Born of his spirit, washied in his blood.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

This is my stoyr, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour, all the day long.

~~This is my song~~