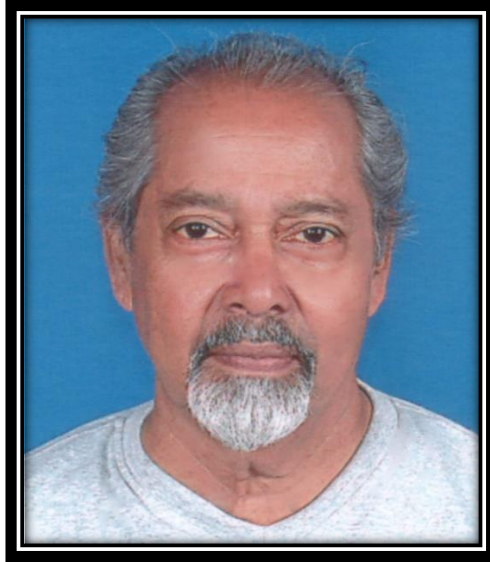


In Loving Memory of

Joseph Francis Fernandes



1st March 1935 - 30th December 2013

The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel Catholic Church, Hythe

Friday 10th January 2014 – 1pm



Entrance Hymn

I Watch the Sunrise

I watch the sunrise lighting the sky,
Casting its shadows near.
And on this morning bright though it be,
I feel those shadows near me.

Chorus:

***But you are always close to me
Following all my ways.
May I be always close to you
Following all your ways, Lord.***

I watch the sunlight shine through the clouds,
Warming the earth below.
And at the mid-day, life seems to say:
"I feel your presence near me."

For you are always . . .

I watch the sunset fading away,
Lighting the clouds with sleep.
And as the evening closes its eyes,
I feel your presence near me.

For you are always . . .

I watch the moonlight guarding the night,
waiting till morning comes.
The air is silent, earth is at rest –
only your peace is near me.

For you are always . . .

First Reading

(Read by Dylan Fernandes)

A reading from the Prophet Isaiah (25:6-9)

The Lord will destroy death for ever.

On this mountain
the Lord of hosts will prepare for all peoples
a banquet of rich food.
On this mountain he will remove the mourning veil
covering all peoples,
and the shroud enwrapping all nations,
he will destroy death forever.
The Lord will wipe away
the tears from every cheek:
he will take away his people's shame
everywhere on earth,
for the Lord has said so.
That day, it will be said: See, this is our God
in whom we hoped for salvation;
the Lord is the one in whom we hoped.
We exult and we rejoice that he has saved us.

This is the word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God

Psalm (to be sung)

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 in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished me
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 forevermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

Gospel

A reading from the holy Gospel according to Luke
(7:11-17)

Young man, I tell you to get up.

Jesus went to a town called Nain, accompanied by his disciples and a great number of people. When he was near the gate of the town it happened that a dead man was being carried out for burial, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. And a considerable number of the townspeople were with her. When the Lord saw her he felt sorry for her “Do not cry,” he said. Then he went up and put his hand on the bier and the bearers stood still, and he said “Young man I tell you to get up.” And the dead man sat up and began to talk and Jesus gave him to his mother. Everyone was filled with awe and praised God saying, “A great prophet has appeared among us; God has visited his people.” And this opinion of him spread throughout Judaea and all over the countryside.

This is the Gospel of the Lord

Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.

Bidding Prayers

(Read by Alwyn, Ian, Caroline, Melissa, Charlie and Matthew)

In baptism our dad was given the pledge of eternal life, we pray that he now be admitted to the company of the saints.

Lord hear us.
Lord graciously hear us

Let us pray for carers and all those who dedicate their lives to the sick and needy especially those who cared and supported our dad during his illness.

Lord hear us.
Lord graciously hear us

Lord we ask you to bless our church, our Pope Francis and all our leaders. May they show us examples of your love and concern for all people.

Lord hear us.
Lord graciously hear us

May the memory of Grandpa Joe's kindness, generosity and laughter enable those whose lives he touched bear witness to the mystery of Jesus' love in their lives.

Lord hear us.
Lord graciously hear us

We pray for all the family and friends Grandpa Joe has left behind. Lord, comfort them at this time of sorrow.

Lord hear us.

Lord graciously hear us

Grandpa Joe was a sportsman and we have often looked at his collection of trophies with admiration. May his enthusiasm for sport live in each of us.

Lord hear us.

Lord graciously hear us

Let us pray to Mary, our Mother, as we say ...

Hail Mary, full of grace ...

Offertory Procession

(Matthew and Melissa D'Souza)

Offertory Hymn

Make me a Channel of your Peace

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred let me bring your love.
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord
And where there's doubt, true faith in you.

Chorus:

***Oh, Master grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console
To be understood as to understand
To be loved as to love with all my soul.***

Make me a channel of your peace
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope
Where there is darkness, only light
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Chorus

Make me a channel of your peace
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned
In giving to all men that we receive
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Chorus

Communion Hymn

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Chorus:

***So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.***

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary.

Chorus

In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see,
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me.

Chorus

To that old rugged cross I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
where his glory forever I'll share.

Chorus

Recessional Hymn

Hymn to St Francis Xavier

St Francis Xaviera vodda kunvra
Rat-dis amchea mogan lastelea
Bessanv ghal Saiba xarar Goenchea
Samballun sodancal gopant tujea... x2 line 3/4

Beporva korun sonvsarachi
Devachi tuvem kelii chakri
Ami somest magtanv mozot tuji
Kortai mhonn milagrir, milagri.... x2 line 3/4

Prarthonam ani magnnim korun
Devalaguim ghe kurpa mellun
Ami somest magtanv hatu zoddun
Amkam sorgar vhor patkam bhogsun... x2 line 3/4



Thank you all

Florrie, Alwyn, Ian and Caroline would like to thank all family and friends for their kind messages of sympathy and support during our time of bereavement.

The cremation ceremony will be held immediately after the funeral mass at:-
Hawkinge Crematorium
Aerodrome Road, Folkestone, Kent CT18 7AG

After the cremation ceremony, you are all welcome to join us for refreshments at:-
The Fountain Inn, Seabrook Road, Hythe

Please leave your tribute to Joe at:-
www.fernandesweb.co.uk/joe



Miss Me But Let Me Go ROBYN RANCMAN

When I come to the end of the road
and the sun has set on me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free.

Miss me a little--but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low,
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me--but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart,
Go to the friends we know.
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,
Miss me--but let me go

