

Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of

James Rodney Gibson
‘Jim’



22nd September 1939 – 19th August 2026

The Parish Church of St John Baptist, Broughton
on

Thursday 10th September at 12.45pm

followed by

Committal at Preston Crematorium

Service officiated by Reverend Canon Fleur Green



Music to enter Church

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring - J. S. Bach

Welcome

Hymn

When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of Glory died;
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the death of Christ, my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

The Eulogy

A Tribute to Jim

Memories of Jim

Christine & Les Green

Music for Reflection

Summertime by George Gershwin.

Sung by Singing for You Choir

Reading

Corinthians 13

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing.

If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrong doing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways.

For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face.

Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

Homily

Hymn

The King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

The Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who 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 those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the Kingdom,
the power and the glory
for ever and ever.
Amen

Hymn

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Prayer of Commendation

Final Blessing

Music to leave Church

Pie Jesu – Faure Requiem

Nunc Dimittis

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word. For
mine eyes have seen: thy salvation;
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Preston Crematorium

Entrance Music

Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves - Budapest State Opera Choir & Orchestra

Exit Music

My Way – Frank Sinatra





Jim's family would like to thank everyone for the cards, letters of condolence, messages of sympathy and attendance at the funeral today.

Following the committal at Preston Crematorium, you are very welcome to join the family in continuing to share precious memories of Jim, alongside refreshments, at St Martin's Parish Hall, Broadway, PR2 9TH

Any donations will be gratefully received on behalf of Jim to St Catherine's Hospice or Blue Flamingo Dementia Cafe.

Martin's

The Funeral Directors

Stonebridge Parade
Preston Road, Longridge,
PR3 3AP. Tel 01772 782121

186-188 Tulketh Brow,
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