

Closing Hymn

#578 How Great Thou Art Suzanne Nance



1. O Lord my God, when I in awe-some
2. When through the woods and for-est glades I
3. And when I think that God, his Son not
4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac-cia-

won-der Con-sid-er all the works thy hands have
wan-der And hear the birds sing sweet-ly in the
spar-ing, Sent him to die, I scarce can take it
ma-tion And take me home, what joy shall fill my

made, I see the stars, I hear the roll-ing
trees, When I look down from loft-y moun-tain
in That on the cross, my bur-den glad-ly
heart! Then I shall bow in hum-ble ad-o-

thun-der, Thy pow'r through-out the un-i-verse dis-played!
gran-deur And hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze,
bear-ing, He bled and died to take a-way my sin!
ra-tion And there pro-claim, "My God, how great thou art!"

Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior God, to thee: How great thou

art, how great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior God, to

thee: How great thou art, how great thou art!

Text: Stuart K. Hine, 1899-1989
Tune: HOW GREAT THOU ART, 11 10 11 10 with refrain; Stuart K. Hine, 1899-1989
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Vigil PRAYER SERVICE for PETER MORIN

*We shall not all fall
asleep, but will all be
changed, in an instant,
in the blink of an eye,
at the last trumpet.
-1 Corinthians 15:51-52*



St. Anastasia Catholic Church, St. Augustine, FL
Pastor - Rev. Timothy M. Lindenfelser, V.F.

Prelude**Frank DeProspero****Opening Hymn****#645 Amazing Grace****Cal Brown**

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
 3. The Lord has prom - ised good to
 4. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and
 5. When we've been there ten thou - sand



sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 me, His word my hope se - cures;
 snares, I have al - read - y come;
 years, Bright shin - ing as the sun,



I once was lost, but now am
 How pre - cious did that grace ap -
 He will my shield and por - tion
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus
 We've no less days to sing God's



found; Was blind, but now I see.
 pear The hour I first be - lieved!
 be As long as life en - dures.
 far, And grace will lead me home.
 praise Than when we'd first be - gun.

Text: St. 1-4, John Newton, 1725-1807; st. 5, attr. to John Rees, fl. 1859
 Tune: NEW BRITAIN, CM; *Virginia Harmony*, 1831; harm. by Edwin O. Excell, 1851-1921

First Reading**1 Corinthians 15:51-57****Kathleen Meehan**

Behold, I tell you a mystery. We shall not all fall asleep, but we will all be changed, in an instant, in the blink of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, the dead will be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For that which is corruptible must clothe itself with incorruptibility, and that which is mortal must clothe itself with immortality. And when that which is corruptible clothes itself with incorruptibility and that which is mortal clothes itself with immortality, then the word that is written shall come about:

“Death is swallowed up in victory.
 Where, O death, is your victory?
 Where, O death, is your sting?”

The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Responsorial Psalm Psalm 23: The Lord is my shepherd,
 there is nothing I shall want.

Gospel Reading Luke 12:35-40**Homily****Rev. Timothy M. Lindenfelser****Universal Prayer****Response: “Lord, have mercy.”****The Lord's Prayer****Concluding Prayer****Eulogies****John Geiger
Paul Brower****Blessing**