

For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans 8:38–39

**Marybeth Tschumperlin**  
**April 29, 1948–October 22, 2022**

**Prelude**

**Opening Sentences**

**Processional Hymn 195** Bulletin page 5

“On a Hill Far Away”

**Greeting**

**Prayer**

**Holy God, whose ways are not our ways and whose thoughts are not our thoughts, grant that your Holy Spirit may intercede for us with sighs too deep for human words. Heal our wounded hearts made heavy by our sorrow. Through the veil of our tears and the silence of our emptiness, assure us again that ear has not heard, nor eye seen, nor human imagination envisioned, what you have prepared for those who love you. Amen.**

**Scripture**

Romans 8, Psalm 23 (unison), John 14

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

He makes me lie down in green pastures;

he leads me beside still waters;

he restores my soul.

He leads me in right paths for his name’s sake.

Even though I walk through the darkest valley,

I fear no evil;

for you are with me;

your rod and your staff—they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me

in the presence of my enemies;

you anoint my head with oil;

my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life,  
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord  
my whole life long.

## **Meditation**

**Hymn 547** Bulletin page 6

“Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound”

## **Prayers**

### **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 debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.**

### **Prayer of Commendation**

**Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Marybeth. Acknowledge, we humbly pray, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, and a daughter of your own redeeming. Receive her into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the company of the saints in light. Holy One, now let your servant depart in peace; your word has been fulfilled: my own eyes have seen the salvation which you have prepared in the sight of every people: a light to reveal you to the nations and the glory of your people Israel. Amen.**

**Final Hymn 472** Bulletin page 7

“Precious Lord, Take My Hand”

## **Benediction**

## **Postlude**

Pastor: Rev. David Huber

Pianist: Lynn McFadyen

*Following the service,  
the family invites you to remain  
for luncheon and fellowship.*

*After lunch, burial will be at St. John's Cemetery, Plum City, WI.*

# On a Hill Far Away

(The Old Rugged Cross)

Heb. 12:2; James 1:12

George Bennard, 1913; alt.



1 On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, the  
 2 Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de - spised by the world, has a  
 3 In that old rug-ged cross, which bore Love so di - vine, a  
 4 To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, its



em - blem of suf - fering and shame; And I love that old cross where the  
 won - drous at - trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left the  
 won - drous beau - ty I see, For up - on that old cross Je - sus  
 shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; When God calls me some-day to my



dear - est and best for a world of lost sin - ners was slain.  
 glo - ry of heaven to bear it to cold Cal - va - ry.  
 suf - fered and died to par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.  
 home far a - way, there God's glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

## Refrain



So I'll cher - ish the old rug - ged cross, till my



tro - phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug - ged



cross, and ex - change it some-day for a crown.

*While serving as an officer in the Salvation Army, George Bennard was ordained by the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the midst of his travels through the Midwest conducting revival services, he was inspired to write this hymn.*

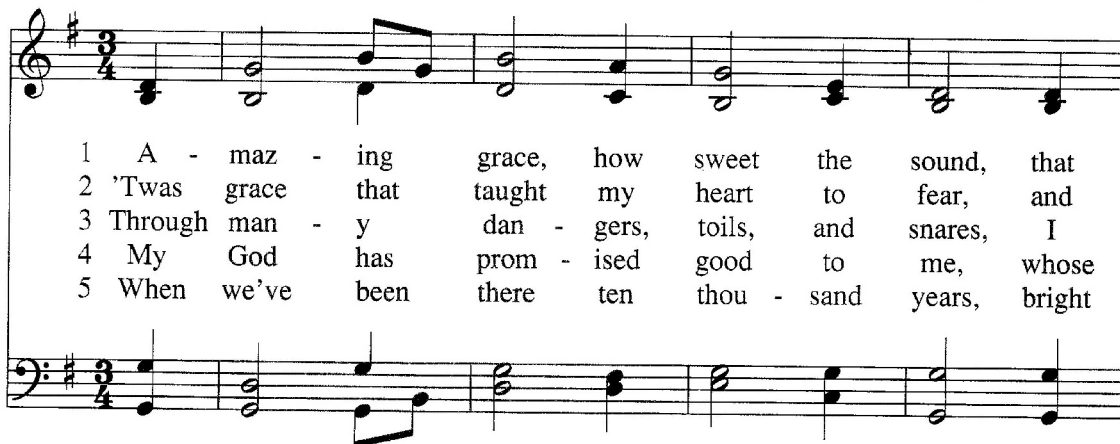
Tune: THE OLD RUGGED CROSS Irr.  
 George Bennard, 1913

# Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound

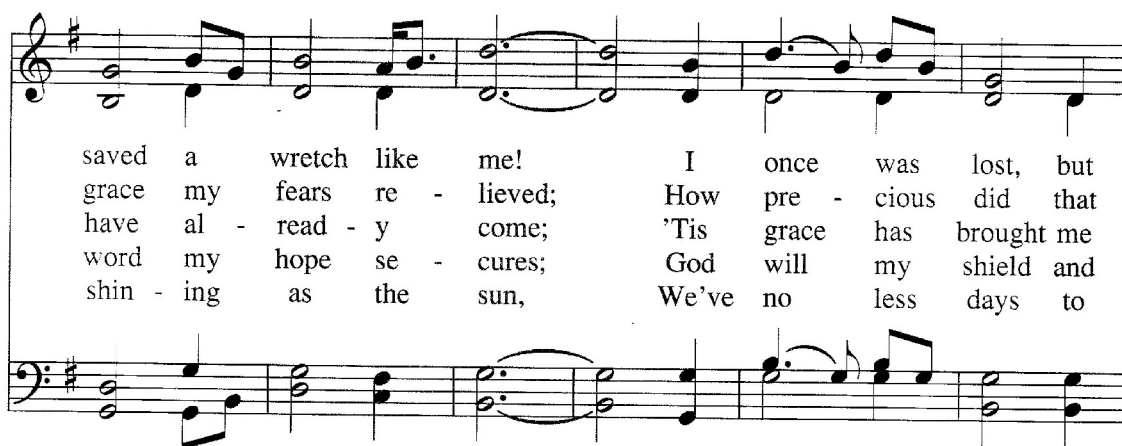
547

St. 1-4, John Newton, 1779; alt.

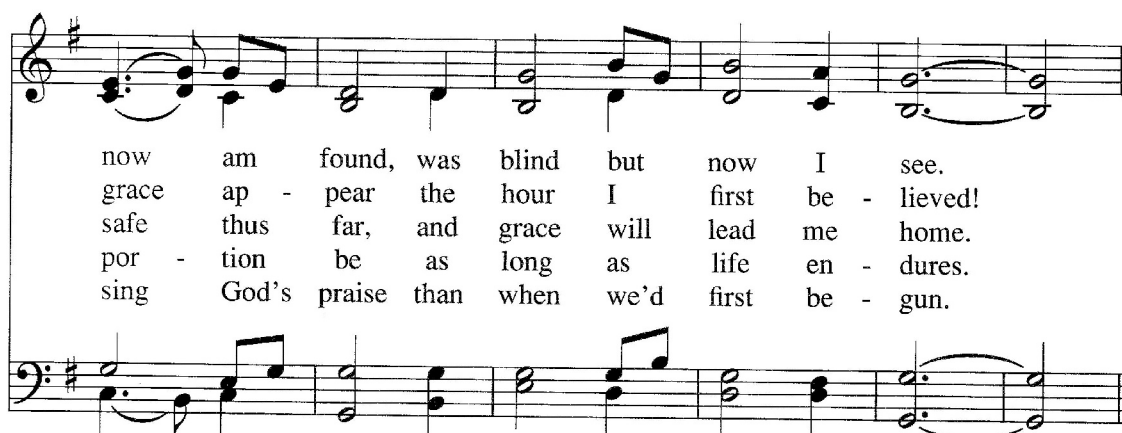
St. 5, A Collection of Sacred Ballads, 1790



1 A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, that  
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and  
 3 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I  
 4 My God has prom - ised good to me, whose  
 5 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright



saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but  
 grace my fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that  
 have al - read - y come; 'Tis grace has brought me  
 word my hope se - cures; God will my shield and  
 shin - ing as the sun, We've no less days to



now am found, was blind but now I see.  
 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!  
 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.  
 por - tion be as long as life en - dures.  
 sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

*John Newton's autobiographical hymn reflects his conversion from his earlier existence as a slave trader. While serving as curate in the English village of Olney, Newton met William Cowper, and together they published Olney Hymns, which included this hymn.*

Tune: AMAZING GRACE C.M.  
 (NEW BRITAIN)  
 Columbia Harmony, Cincinnati, 1829  
 Arr. Edwin O. Excell, 1900

# Precious Lord, Take My Hand

472

Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932; alt.

1 Pre-cious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,  
2 When my way grows drear, pre-cious Lord, lin-ger near,  
3 When the shad - ows ap - pear and the night draws near,

I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;  
when my life is al - most gone,  
and the day is past and gone,

Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light:  
Hear me cry, hear my call, hold my hand, lest I fall:  
At the riv - er I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand:

*Refrain*

Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.

Thomas A. Dorsey was known as "Georgia Tom" when he played piano for blues singer Ma Rainey. He started writing gospel songs after what he called "a definite spiritual change." This inspirational song, composed following the deaths of his wife, Nettie, and a newborn child, derives from the tune Maitland.

Tune: PRECIOUS LORD Irr. with refrain  
Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932