James Sidney 'Sid' McCann

3 October 1932 - 2 August 2020

Held at the
St Thomas More Catholic Church
Wycliffe Street, Onekawa, Napier

Thursday 6th August 2020 at 10:30am

Followed by Interment at Swanson Cemetery,
O'neills Road, Swanson, Auckland

Priest: Father Damian Caccioppoli s.m.
Musician: Losefo Penitito
Funeral Director : Katherine Dunstall

Dunstall's
Where no two farewells are the same

Processional Hymn
When The Saints Go Marching In

O when the saints go marching in,
O when the saints go marching in,
O Lord, I want to be in that number
when the saints go marching in.

O when the sun refused to shine,
O when the sun refused to shine,
O Lord, I want to be in that number
when the sun refused to shine.

O when they crown him Lord of all,
O when they crown him Lord of all,
O Lord, I want to be in that number
when they crown him Lord of all.

First Reading
Genesis 1:1-2; 26-31; 2:1-3
read by Timothy Ball

Psalm 78 Give Heed My People

Second Reading
Exodus 20:1-17
read by Ciara White

Gospel
John 11:1-45

Homily

Prayers of The Faithful
Grandchildren

Offertory Hymn
How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the works Thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed;

Then sings my soul, my saviour God to Thee;
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my saviour God to Thee;
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died, to take away my sins.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
And I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

Offertory
Orla White and Richard Livingston

Communion Hymn
Gentle as Silence

Oh, the love of my Lord is the essence
of all that I love here on earth.
All the beauty I see he has given to me
and his giving is gentle as silence.

Every day, every hour, every moment
have been blessed by the strength of his love.
At the turn of each tide he is there at my side,
and his touch is as gentle as silence.

There've been times when I've turned from his presence,
and I've walked other paths, other way's
But I've called on his name in the dark of my shame,
and his mercy was gentle as silence.

Recessional Hymn
Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He has loosed the faithful lightning of his terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on.

Glory, Glory hallelujah
Glory, Glory hallelujah
Glory, Glory hallelujah
His truth is marching on .

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps
His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me
As he died to make men holy let us die to make men free
His truth is marching on.

Following this hymn we will listen to Danny Boy by Celtic Woman

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Sid's family thank you for your presence here today
and warmly invite you to join with them following the service for
light refreshments and a time of fellowship in the Church Hall.

Thereafter you are welcome to join with them at the
Marist Rugby Clubrooms, Clyde Jeffery Drive.