



Special music for the funeral service of **Ellie Horachek**



Mothers Never Die

You have never lost your mother, Though you've said your last goodbyes
Though there's heartbreak in parting, no one's mother really dies.

If you love to hear the old songs, for the memories they bring,
It's because you had a mother, who taught you how to sing.

If you stop to help a neighbor, search your heart and you will find,
It's because you had a mother, who's taught you to be kind.

If you go to church when weary, seeking God to guide your way,
It's because you had a mother, who taught you how to pray.

No you've never lost your mother, though you've said your last goodbyes,
Through your thoughts and deeds she's living, no one's mother really dies.



Be Not Afraid

You shall cross the barren desert,
but you shall not die of thirst.
You shall wander far in safety though
you not know the way.
You shall speak your words in foreign lands
and all will understand.
You shall see the face of God and live.

**Chorus: Be not afraid, I go before you always.
Come follow me and I will give you rest.**

If you pass through raging waters in the sea,
you shall not drown.
If you walk amid the burning flames,
you shall not be harmed.
If you stand before the pow'r of hell
and death is at your side,
Know that I am with you through it all.

Chorus

Blessed are your poor, for the kingdom
shall be theirs.
Blest are you that weep and mourn,
for one day you shall laugh.
And if wicked men insult and hate
you all because of me,
Blessed, blessed are you!

Chorus

Here I Am Lord

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin
My hand will save.
I who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

Chorus

**Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.**

I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them.
They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
Give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my word to them.
Whom shall I send?

Chorus

I, The Lord of wind and flame,
I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them.
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
Till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them.
Whom shall I send?

Chorus