

If you would like to leave a note to the family please go to www.newhopefh.com
and sign the guestbook in the obituary section.

He Was Not Willing

“He was not willing that any should perish”;
Jesus enthroned in the glory above,
Saw our poor fallen world, pitied our sorrows,
Poured out His life for us, wonderful love!
Perishing, perishing! Thronging our pathway,
Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear:
Jesus would save, but there’s no one to tell them,
No one to lift them from sin and despair.

“He was not willing that any should perish”;
Clothed in our flesh with its sorrow and pain,
Came He to seek the lost, comfort the mourner,
Heal the heart broken by sorrow and shame.
Perishing, perishing! Harvest is passing,
Reapers are few and the night draweth near:
Jesus is calling thee, haste to the reaping,
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.

Plenty for pleasure, but little for Jesus;
Time for the world with its troubles and toys,
No time for Jesus’ work, feeding the hungry,
Lifting lost souls to eternity’s joys.
Perishing, perishing! Hark, how they call us;
Bring us your Savior, oh, tell us of Him!
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim.

“He was not willing that any should perish”;
Am I His follower, and can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
Lost for the lack of the help I might give!
Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing;
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
Live with eternity’s values in view.

(Lucy R. Meyer, 1849 -1922, Hymns of Truth and Praise, 1971)

Specially prepared for the Nichols family by:



In Loving Memory
Ralph Marion Nichols
May 30, 1918 ~ July 5, 2010





**To the Glory of God and in Thanksgiving
for the life of**

Ralph Marion Nichols

May 30, 1918---July 5, 2010

Prelude	Mr. Colin Howland
Welcome	Mr. Mike Amis, Elder Believers Bible Chapel
Congregational Hymn #10	"Praise Ye the Lord the Almighty"
Reflections	Mr. Mike Amis
Two Signature Songs Congregational Hymn #482 Family Ensemble and Congregation	Helen May Nichols "When the Roll is Called" "He was not willing"
Reflections	Frank Carmical
Hymn # 266	"I will sing of My Redeemer"
Thank you from family	Mike Amis
Choral Postlude	"Free At Last" Mr. Jeff Berta
Reception	Everyone is invited Mike Amis



Going Home

No journey is easier. None is half so simple unless it be a short distance traveled by an infant in its mother's arms.

Be the road ever so rough and steep and perilous or the seas ever so threatening which the Christian traverses through life, the actual homegoing is effortless.

He has absolutely nothing to do. No baggage to pack, none to be burdened and harried with enroute. Everything, including all our cares and responsibilities, all our unfinished tasks, is left behind in the competent hands of the ruler of heaven and earth.

No schedule need be studied. No reservations need be made. The transportation is sure and swift. The destination is fixed. The marvelous precision with which men were landed on the moon and returned safely to earth but faintly echoes the perfection of the program that launches the weakest and sorriest earthbound saint out of this world and lands him in the Father's house completely acclimated, infinitely beyond moon and Mars and sun and all the galaxies of heaven. Instantly –

Entrusted by the Lord with carrying the gospel to the Gentiles — the whole gospel, including what has been opprobriously termed church truth — burdened daily with the care of all the churches, and the spiritual welfare of innumerable converts, and bearing in his body many marks of faithful service, Paul could yet say on the verge of departure, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Carefree, in absolute confidence he could lay his head on the block, trusting Him whom he had so faithfully served to consummate those things which through Paul He had begun.

We lesser Christians who have achieved so very little and who have left so much undone, yet can as confidently commit what we leave behind to Him. And we also can set out with untainted joy to our journey Home. Why? Because He bore all the pain. He drew all the sting from death by that which He accomplished at Jerusalem.

(From INTEREST magazine, author unknown)



We Look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of Our Faith.
Hebrews 12:2