

## *In Her Own Words*

It won't be long –  
the sun is slowly  
slipping out of sight;  
lengthening shadows  
deepen into dusk;  
still winds whisper;  
all is quiet;  
it won't be long –  
– till night

It won't be long –  
the tired eyes closed;  
her strength is nearly gone;  
frail hands that  
minister to many  
lie quiet, still;  
Light from another world!  
Look up, bereaved!  
It won't be long  
– till dawn!

*Ruth Bell Graham's Collected Poem*

*by Ruth Bell Graham*

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Bakers Books, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

## *Celebrating the Life Of* **Ruth Bell Graham**



**June 10, 1920 – June 14, 2007**

**Saturday June 17, 2007**

**12:30 pm**

**Billy Graham Library  
Charlotte, North Carolina.**

## *Order of Service*

*Musical Prelude..... As the Deer Pants*  
*Introduction ..... Open Remarks*  
*Opening Hymn..... Amazing Grace*  
*Opening Prayer ..... Rev. Richard L White*  
*Readings ..... Anne Graham Lotz*  
*Hymn ..... Great is Your Faithfulness*  
*Eulogy..... Ruth, Ned, Gigi, Franklin Graham*  
*Poem..... Time to Adore (Gigi Graham)*  
*Music ..... In Christ Alone*  
*Sermon..... Rev. Richard L White*  
*Hymn..... It is Well*  
*Closing Remark..... Franklyn Graham*  
*Music..... Total Praise*  
*Committal & Blessings ..... Rev. Richard L White*  
*Recessional*

## *Amazing Grace*

*Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost, but now am found  
Was blind but now I see*

*Was Grace that taught my heart to fear  
And Grace, my fears relieved  
How precious did that Grace appear  
The hour I first believed*

*Through many dangers, toils and snares  
We have already come  
T'was Grace that brought us safe thus far  
And Grace will lead us home  
And Grace will lead us home*

*Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost but now am found  
Was blind but now I see*

## Scripture Reading

### Roman 8:31-39

<sup>31</sup>What then shall we say to these things? If God is for us, who can be against us? <sup>32</sup>He who did not spare His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? <sup>33</sup>Who shall bring a charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies. <sup>34</sup>Who is he who condemns? It is Christ who died, and furthermore is also risen, who is even at the right hand of God, who also makes intercession for us. <sup>35</sup>Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? <sup>36</sup>As it is written:

“For Your sake we are killed all day long;

We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.”

<sup>37</sup>Yet in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us. <sup>38</sup>For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, <sup>39</sup>nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

## *Great is Thy faithfulness*

*Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father  
There is no shadow of turning with Thee  
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not  
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be*

*Great is Thy faithfulness, great is Thy faithfulness  
Morning by morning new mercies I see  
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided  
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me*

*Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest  
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above  
Join with all nature in manifold witness  
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love*

*Great is Thy faithfulness, great is Thy faithfulness  
Morning by morning new mercies I see  
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided  
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me*

## Ruth Bell Graham Eulogy

On June 10, 1920, Ruth Bell Graham was born in Qingjiang, Kiangsu, China, to Dr. Lemuel Nelson Bell and Virginia Leftwich Bell - medical missionaries at the Presbyterian Hospital. Ruth spent her childhood days with her parents and siblings Rosa, Virginia, and Clayton on China's mission field. Like her parents, Ruth enjoyed taking care of the needs of others and planned to be a medical missionary in Tibet.

At the age of 13, Ruth attended the International Mission boarding school in Pyongyang, North Korea, where she studied for three years. However, she finished her high school education in the beautiful Montreat village of North Carolina, while her parents were there on a leave of absence from missionary work.

In the fall of 1937, at age 17, Ruth moved to the United States and enrolled at Wheaton College, outside Chicago, Illinois. Three years later, at this same institute, she met her life partner, Billy Graham, a North Carolinian farm boy, who was also a student at

Wheaton; they dated for about three months before becoming engaged.

On August 13, 1943, after graduating, Ruth McCue Bell married Billy Graham. They had five beautiful children: Anne, Virginia (Gigi), Ruth (nickname "Bunny"), Franklin, and Nelson Edman (Ned), whom she raised – at times on her own – while Billy engaged in world-wide evangelistic crusades. Ruth was a virtuous wife and an ardent student of the Word of God. She was also the closest confidant, most trusted advisor, and dearest friend to husband Billy Graham; she would help him research and prepare his sermons. She also helped Billy write some of his books.

Ruth was an accomplished philanthropist, author, artist, and poet. She authored or coauthored more than twenty-two books, including *Prayers from a Mother's Heart*, *One Wintry Night*, *Prodigals* and *Those Who Love Them*, *Collected Poems*, and *Sitting by My Laughing Fire*. She played an integral role in Ruth and Billy Graham Children's Health Center Foundation, Asheville, North Carolina. For 60 years Ruth remained married to Billy Graham until the age of 87, when the Lord called her from this life.

## *Time To Adore*

And when I die, I hope my soul ascends slowly,  
so that I may watch the earth receding out of sight,  
Its vastness growing smaller as I rise,  
savoring its recession with delight.

Anticipating joy is itself a joy

And joy unspeakable and full of glory  
needs more than “in a twinkling of an eye,”  
more than “in a moment.”

LORD, who am I to disagree?

It's only we have much to leave behind;  
so much ...

Before, these moments of transition will, for me,  
be time to adore.

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## *It is Well with My Soul*

*When peace like a river attendeth my way  
When sorrows like sea billows roll  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say  
It is well, it is well with my soul*

*It is well (it is well)*

*With my soul (with my soul)*

*It is well, it is well with my soul*

*Though Satan should buffet,  
though trials should come*

*Let this blest assurance control*

*That Christ has regarded my helpless estate  
And has shed His own blood for my soul*

*It is well (it is well)*

*With my soul (with my soul)*

*It is well, it is well with my soul*