

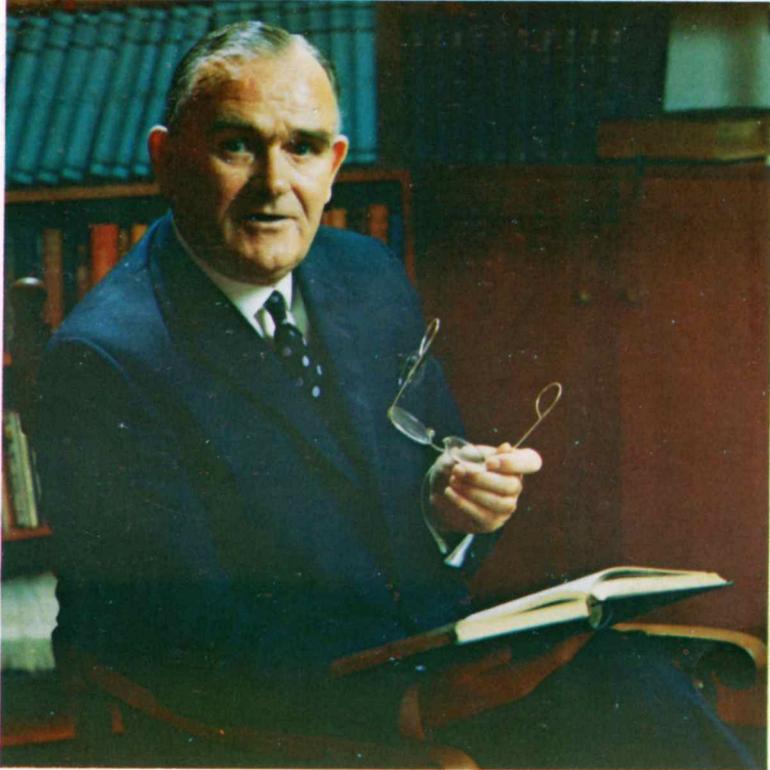
1911

1980

Memorial Service

for

Pastor William David Mullan



ULSTER HALL, BELFAST

LORD'S DAY, 11th JANUARY 1981

at 3.00 p.m.

"My presence shall go with you, and I will give you rest"—Exodus 33:14

HYMN

My times are in Thy hand;
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified!
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.

My times are in Thy hand;
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

Prayer Pastor Harvey Shaw (Elim Church, Lurgan)

Solo Mr. Joe Nabney

Special Tribute and Bible Reading Pastor James Irvine
(Retired Pastor of Newcastle Baptist Church)

Singers Woodvale Male Quintet

Chairman's Remarks . . . Pastor Jack Mitchell (Iron Hall, Belfast)

HYMN

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

OFFERING

Service

Singers Iron Hall Choir
Thanks Mr. Michael Mullan
Solo Mr. William Weatheral
Address Dr. Ian R. K. Paisley
(Minister, Martyrs Memorial Free Presbyterian Church, Belfast)

HYMN

When all my labours and trials are o'er
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

*Oh, that will be . . . glory for me, . . . glory for
me, . . . glory for me, . . .
When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me!*

When by the gift of His infinite grace
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to be there and to look on His face,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago;
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

BENEDICTION



Organist: Mr. Mark Spratt, A.L.C.M.

The Pastor's Poem

God manifest in flesh, oh wonder to behold!
Creative power within the breast that felt the blast of cold.
God in our likeness made, oh may we understand
The One who made the wondering worlds appear as lowly man!
He stood within the realm He fashioned with a thought;
His creatures gazed upon Him; alas they knew Him not,
They cried out for His blood, His claims cast down as dross,
They spat upon His princely face, then nailed Him to a cross.
BUT He made the tree for that cross of wood,
He made the hill on which it stood,
And in some hidden vein of land
He made the steel that pierced each hand;
He made the sun which hid its face;
He made the fathers of that race
Who, in their hatred knew Him not.
He made the fiends with which He fought,
And there, in death, he made a way
Back to Himself
Eternally.

Christmas 1940

Biographical Notes

Born in Newtownards, Co. Down, Pastor Mullan spent his early adult years as a tramp.

He was gloriously saved after hearing Dr. Tocher from Templemore Hall, Belfast preach in Newtownards Baptist Church.

Pastor Mullan's gift for preaching was quickly recognised and he soon had preaching engagements all over the Province. He has preached extensively in Great Britain and also Faeroes, Germany, Greece, Palestine, Syria and Canada.

His recordings are now listened to in every corner of the world.

For 27 years Pastor Mullan taught one of the largest Bible Classes in the United Kingdom, which was a source of great encouragement to many believers.

At the last day, many thousands shall testify that it was through the preaching of Willie Mullan that they found the Saviour.

The Mullan family wish to thank Ambassador Productions for assisting with today's arrangements and also for audio and video recording this Memorial Service.

In Memoriam

Pastor W. Mullan

***"He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill that he may set him with princes, even with the prices of his people"* — Psalm 113:7, 8**



In the year 1947 it pleased the Lord to have close-up dealings with a disreputable tramp whose appearance and life-style would have repulsed most people. But the Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. The resultant transformation in the life of Willie Mullan was a striking display of what happens when divine power and pity are brought to bear on human wreckage. Into a mind which had been a receptacle for sin, the truth of the Gospel was poured until this thought-life was moulded by it. The hands which had carried crude weapons of self-defence began to hold the sword of the Spirit, which as the Word of God would pierce many consciences. Instead of speaking blasphemies and lies, his lips began and continued to exalt Christ and Him crucified. Through this unusual instrument, sinners were converted to God.

From the base of his own pastoral ministry in the Lurgan Baptist Church, he was to travel far and wide preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. He was a regular and welcome visitor to the pulpit of Great Victoria Street Baptist Church, Belfast, and in his prime as a preacher he drew great crowds who wondered at the truth that the Lord 'raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill that he may set him with princes'. It was not unusual for extra seats to be installed even in our own church building when Willie came to preach. Within the fellowship there was a special relationship between the late Pastor Hugh Orr and Willie Mullan, and they were sometimes referred to as 'David and Jonathan'. In view of this, our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Mullan and to our own Mrs. Orr whose longer widowhood is bound to be saddened by the death of her friend.

Pastor Mullan was among the first to call at our Manse soon after we arrived in Ulster, and I am pleased to recall his warmth and prayers on that occasion. Since then we seldom met, and perhaps it was typical of his itinerant spirit that he remained a somewhat lonely figure despite his popularity. And yet so many people felt they knew him, and could identify their own human-ness with his. Such oneness between those of like precious faith belongs in a special way to 'the princes of His people'.

The tragic circumstances of his death may arouse much unhelpful comment, so it is wise to remember that there is a time to be silent. At least two things must be said, however. First, there are many Christians in Ulster today who feel bereft of their spiritual father and mentor. They need our prayers, that their heavenly Father's love and care will comfort and stablish their hearts. The preaching of Willie Mullan was a call to Christ, so although the preacher is gone, the Christ for ever remains, and He is able to give rest to the weary and joy to the sad. Second, we are living in evil days when the powers of darkness are particularly malicious towards the servants of God. The pressures aroused by these evil powers are vicious and unrelieved, so Christian people should pray continually for their spiritual leaders and pastors. To despair of life can happen even to an Elijah (1 Kings 19:4); it is therefore incumbent upon us to seek the Lord for his care and spiritual prosperity of His servants. Not to do so is to surrender them to their adversaries.

