



LITURGY
of remembrance service

Jaap Klijn

* July 8, 1967 † August 4, 2026

Monday, August 10, 2026
Reformed Church, Giessenburg
Start time: 1:30 PM

Minister: Rev. J. Holtslag

Funeral Director: Nieko Noordzij



In loving
memory

Announcement

While Jaap is carried into the church we listen to the instrument-only version of Opwekking 488 “The power of Your love”

Text:

Lord, I come to you;
Let my heart be changed, renewed,
flowing from the grace
that I've found in You
And Lord I've come to know
the weaknesses I see in me
will be stripped away
by the power of Your love

Hold me close,
let your love surround me
bring me near,
draw me to Your side
And, as I wait,
I'll rise up like the eagle,
and I will soar with You.
our Spirit leads me on
in the power of your Love

Lord, unveil my eyes,
let me see You face to face
the knowledge of your love
as You live in me.
Lord, renew my mind,
as Your will unfolds in my life,
in living every day
in the power of Your love.

Hold me close,
let your love surround me
bring me near,
draw me to Your side

And, as I wait,
I'll rise up like the eagle,
and I will soar with You.
our Spirit leads me on
in the power of your Love

Welcome

Silent prayer

Encouragement and greeting

Opening text: 'I am He Who comforts you'
- Isaiah 51 verse 12

Singing: Een toekomst vol van hoop – from the music group Sela
“A future full with hope”

In de nacht van strijd en zorgen
During the night of struggle and worries
kijken wij naar U omhoog,
we look to You on high
biddend om een nieuwe morgen,
praying for a new morning
om een toekomst vol van hoop.
For a future full of hope
Ook al zijn er duizend vragen,
Eventhough we have a thousand questions,
al begrijpen wij U niet,
Eventhough we do not understand You,
U blijft ons met liefde dragen,
You keep on carrying us with love
U die alles overziet.
You who oversees it all

Chorus:

U geeft een toekomst vol van hoop;
 You provide a future full of hope;
dat heeft U aan ons beloofd.

 That You did promise to us.
Niemand anders, U alleen,
 Nobody else, You alone,
leidt ons door dit leven heen.
 leads us through this life

U heeft ons geluk voor ogen.
 You have our fortune/wellbeing in mind.
Jezus heeft het ons gebracht.
 Jesus brought and provided this to us.
Mens, als wij, voor ons gebroken
 Human, as we, broken for us
in de allerzwartste nacht.
 In the darkest of all nights.

Chorus:

U geeft een toekomst vol van hoop;
 You provide a future full of hope;
dat heeft U aan ons beloofd.

 that You did promise to us.
Niemand anders, U alleen,
 Nobody else, You alone,
leidt ons door dit leven heen.
 leads us through this life

U bent God, de Allerhoogste,
 You are God, the Most High,
God van onbegrensde macht.
 God of unlimited power
Wij geloven en wij hopen
 We believe and we hope
op het einde van de nacht.
 for the end of the night.

Chorus:

U geeft een toekomst vol van hoop;
 You provide a future full of hope;
dat heeft U aan ons beloofd.
 That You did promise to us.
Niemand anders, U alleen,
 Nobody else, You alone,
leidt ons door dit leven heen.
 leads us through this life (2X)

Words of remembrance and a poem

- by Anita, Jaap's lovely wife and sister-in-law Ilona

When Anita was discharged from the hospital at the end of November, she wrote a farewell letter to Jaap in case she would pass away.
Jaap, now I stand here with Anita and I am reading her farewell letter to you.

Dearest Jaap

How glad that you married me. I'm going to miss your laugh terribly, but not your snoring. We have had fantastic and beautiful children together, four of them, each with their own character. I am so proud of them and also of you, everything you arranged for me while I was ill. I will miss you terribly and everything we still wanted to do. Would have loved to stay in the apartment together with you.

Thank you for all my life and for always being positive. What a special way we met and got engaged on an anthill. You asked me to marry you on the ice. How nervous I was when we got married. I said yes three times. I had a beautiful and wonderful life with you. We have made a lot of trips. Very beautiful!

Wish I could still do that. I loved you very much and hope you will think of me again. You were my everything. I will never forget you.

Lots of love and big hugs
Your buddy

Now you are free of pain

Now you are free of pain
Your suffering is over
It comforts me, it breaks me
Now you are free

From constantly fighting
Losing unfairly
Having to walk a path
That you would never choose

Little by little
It overtook you
Destroyed your body
And broke my heart

Now you are free of pain
Now it is over
It comforts me, it breaks me
Now you are free

but no longer with me

Words of remembrance

- from Kirsten, Robin, Timo and Noa

From Kirsten (first child of Jaap & Anita)

Dad

Some people fill a room with words. Our father did that with his laugh.

Loyal, reliable, down-to-earth, and laconic. A man of his word, who did not complain easily and took things as they came. You always knew exactly where you stood with him.

Already from a young age, I was allowed to accompany him to work. As a little girl, I watched what he did with admiration. Later, I was given the special opportunity to work with him and experience his passion for the

profession up close. Together with Timo and me, he could share his knowledge and love for the trade, something he was visibly proud of. But he was so much more than my father and colleague. He was my stable foundation, my rock. Someone I could always rely/build on, someone I could turn to, and someone I knew would always be there for me.

His travels took him to many special places, but Africa held a special place in his heart. The vast plains, the safaris, and the tranquility of nature gave him something he found nowhere else. He had promised his grandchildren that he would take them along someday, so that they too could experience what made Africa so special to him. Sadly, he has been unable to fulfil that promise. Nevertheless, we hope that if that trip is ever made, they will look at 'his' Africa with wonder.

We will also continue to remember his typical traits. He didn't like fish, but he loved sushi. At work, he preferred to leave the coffee machine to someone else because he didn't know how it worked, whereas at home he brewed an old-fashioned pot of filter coffee without any effort. And bananas? He preferred to leave those alone, because they gave him a headache. That was typical Dad. It is precisely these little quirks that make us smile now and make him unforgettable to us.

The past few months have been very tough. First Mom got sick, and shortly after that, Dad got sick too. He had to deal with a lot of pain and sorrow. Life became increasingly difficult, and that was sometimes not easy, for him and for us as well. His passing came, despite his illness, unexpectedly. We miss him terribly, but we choose to remember him as he was: with his warm smile, his humour, and his love for his family.

Your love continuous to live on within us and in everything we pass on. You had asked me to have a glass of limoncello together on the balcony of your new home. Due to the birth of Lex, that never happened. We will always miss that moment. That is why, every time we pour a glass of limoncello, we will think of you for a moment and toast to you.

Thank you, Dad.
For everything you gave us.
For who you were.
And for the love you always made us feel.

From Robin (second child of Jaap & Anita)

Dear dad,

It feels so strange and unreal that you are no longer here. Never again that loud, booming laugh of yours that shook the whole house on its foundations. Never again solving crossword puzzles together during holidays or taking a long trip together. Never again the sound of your slippers through the house. Never again hearing you say, "Hey boy, it's so good to see you again."

You were a special man, Dad. And you had your typical, clumsy ways sometimes. For instance, when we were on vacation in Namibia, you forgot that you were supposed to bring a copy of Noa's birth certificate, which meant we almost had to leave Noa behind at the border with Botswana. Of course, this wasn't your fault, but that of the Botswanan customs, because "you were perfect," as you always liked to say.

For you, the glass was always half full, maybe even completely full. As long as you weren't worried about anything, I wasn't either. And I have never met anyone else who loved chicken (preferably with rice) so much. You expressed your love to us in your own functional way. You were someone who threw himself completely into his work with passion and ensured that we lacked nothing at home. Because of this, you haven't always been the easiest father. I didn't always understand you, but over the last few months, I have come to see how your love worked and how much of that love you had for all of us. Thank you for everything you have given us, dear dad.

At times, your emotional side came out a bit more. I remember well the time we went out for dinner together in Utrecht, after I had told Mom and you that I am attracted to men. You said: "Now I understand why you wanted to leave home so strongly and move to Utrecht, boy. That life is easier for you here. And I wish that for you." Or that you encouraged me to go backpacking alone through Australia, for which I am still grateful to you to this day. I am glad that you were able to pass on your love of travel to me.

What I certainly won't miss are those sneezing attacks of yours. Whenever you had one of those attacks, you would sometimes sneeze (and I am not exaggerating) as many as 40 times. And not softly either! Once, I even

walked out of a restaurant in Canada because I was so ashamed of you! Shame was not in your vocabulary, and perhaps I can take an example from that.

Dear Dad, you always hoped that I would one day find my way back to the faith. I don't know if that will happen, but I do believe that somewhere up there you are watching over us with a glass of limoncello in your hand. I will miss you so very much, Dad, but I am glad that you have found rest/peace. I hope to see you again one day.

From Timo (third child of Jaap & Anita):

He was my very best friend

My supporter

My fellow believer

Hey Dad,

Where are you? I need you.

What are you doing? Shall we go into the sauna together for a bit?

Are you watching sports again?

Hey Dad, can we talk for a bit? Dad, shall we go to church tonight?

Things that I can no longer say to you. If only I could go back in time...

But I can already see you sitting up there looking down; oh, boy, do not grieve. I am now where I belong, with God, Jesus, and all his angels in heaven. Don't worry boy, it will all be fine...

And how I want to believe these words, but the earthly sadness is great. We couldn't bear to miss you yet, Dad, even though that is the feeling for those left behind. The man with the big smile. The man who never seemed to worry. There was always something to be grateful for.

Dad, you have taught me so much. We were immersed in your love. And love is what changes people's hearts.

One day there will come a day when I join you again, when we will be together in heaven and again can have all the conversations we had on earth. Although for me, this will probably still take a while.

Until that time, I will follow your example. I will follow Jesus as you taught me and share/sow the love I received from you on this earth.

Whether you believe or not. Whether you are white or black, fat or thin. It never mattered to you. Ultimately, there was but one truth for you, and that is that God exists. We are all children of God, searching for that one truth, liberated by the love of Jesus, which is there for everyone who accepts it.

From Noa (fourth child of Jaap & Anita)

'Hey girlie' is what Dad always said to me
Those were even his last words to me
He was a particularly sweet, but above all positive man
And I wish I could still say so much to him
Dad was a man who had many unique traits
Like eating dry bread or always having that Chicken Satay with his french fries
Really, he wanted nothing else than that
Dad taught me to love nature, but especially Africa
Everything I learned from you, I will take with me into the future, Dad
Your positivity and down-to-earth nature is something I will never unlearn
Dear dad, it is okay, you may go

Singing: Still – Hillsong (Stil, verberg mij nu)

- Opwekking 695)

Hide me now
Under Your wings
Cover me
Within Your mighty hand

When the oceans rise
And thunders roar
I will soar with You
Above the storm
Father You are King
Over the flood
I will be still
Know You are God

Find rest my soul
In Christ alone
Know His power
In quietness and trust

When the oceans rise
And thunders roar
I will soar with You
Above the storm
Father You are King
Over the flood
I will be still
Know You are God

Words of remembrance

- from dad and mom Klijn

IN MEMORY OF OUR SON, JAAP

Just now our hands stroked Jaap's forehead and eyelids; we said weeping, 'Our dear child, go to sleep now, boy, just close your eyes. It has been good.' With his eyes closed, he moved his lips weakly twice as if he agreed. Ali and I were in his room for the last time; we were saying goodbye to our eldest son. He was allowed to reach the age of fifty-nine. Oh, what a sorrowful event. If he could agree to anything, he did. But that was our Jaap, his whole life! He was nine when he was in a very serious car accident; we, and especially Ali, his mother, could not let him go then. After a few weeks, it turned out that he survived; how grateful and happy we were. Now, fifty years later, a few days before his passing, we said to each other in tears, 'If he must suffer like this, LORD, take him to then to You.' His mother, too, could say that this time. And that took place on Tuesday night, August 4th, at 5:05. Ah, we have lost him now, but he himself is at peace. The body was exhausted and battered; healing proved impossible. Especially during the last few weeks his physical condition deteriorated rapidly. Yet we clung to the doctors, who believed that healing was still possible. At heart, Jaap was a fighter, although he preferred to keep quarrelling/fighting far away from himself. But deep down, spiritually, he was a spiritual warrior who liked to achieve good results.

And who did so on many levels.

His life has come to an end. The whole family was present on the day of his death. We did what we could, had done what we could, and he appreciated that enormously. But at a certain point, our efforts were no longer of any use; he was thrown back upon himself. He did so bravely and without complaint. Just like the nine-year-old boy, he did not complain, and even now, you did not hear him. He did indicate, however, that he could not go on through life like this, and by that he meant "with such a body." And we understood that, but we prayed fervently and often that the LORD would still provide a way out. That was not to be! And that is what we, as the grieving ones that remain behind, must accept.

That he himself in the end had and received peace to die, looking forward to a better Fatherland, did us good. But alas, how we miss him, and how we will continue to miss him. That he has gone to a better Home provides some relief, but naturally does not take away all the sorrow. As his parents, we will miss him terribly, and we know that we speak for all his loved ones. We stretch out our hands, praying for God's relief in this heavy loss.

He is Above, he has been called Home, we will follow him at a certain moment. That is certain!

Joppie, Jaap, rest in peace, dear boy! You are truly HOME now, you have arrived in the house with many rooms.

Kisses and embraces,
Pa ma Klijn

Words of remembrance

- from Jaap's sisters Jenneke, Willeke and Aafke

From Jenneke (younger sister of Jaap)

Memories form the common thread in our family..

A branch has broken
From our family tree
Jaap, my dear big brother

How I already cherish
the beautiful, precious memories.

You were always there, quietly present in the background, yet at the same time keeping an eye on us all.

And that is precisely why Jaap was that strong branch
And now, as branches of one tree,
we stand here, side by side
with bowed heads
but I feel so, the strong bond.

We stand here without words
a beautiful branch has broken off
from the family tree.

We may and can say it
"Rest in peace now"
But you never get used to it
For he is one of us
The memory remains
but the loss is great.
The family tree will always remain standing,
no, that tree will never perish.
There is a deep wound
in the life of our family
we had to say goodbye
to someone I love so much
my dear brave brother
But we persevere
for we are not standing here alone
because I also believe
"I will see him again someday"
There where there is no mourning, pain or sorrow

With deep sorrow but also with a grateful heart, I look back on the last intense period
What an example Jaap was to me,

His patience, forbearance, and trust
He never judged... was positive, a brother with vision. You gave advice thoughtfully, never hastily.
You also told me that forgiveness had become the greatest lesson in your life.
I myself also have to rely on His forgiving love daily, so he said. And entrusting yourself to God is part of that
We must let God be God, even if we do not understand our way
God is so much greater than we!
The disease progressed; it became unbearable for Jaap.
The trips to the Erasmus (hospital) weighed heavily on you.

A hospital admission followed.
We hoped and prayed that the turning point might finally come that would stop the disease.

But alas... you deteriorated day by day.

And still, you lay there on your deathbed, being grateful...

You were such a blessed person, you said.

When I look back on the last two weeks in the hospital, you were already much further along than we were.
Reading back the notes of what you asked or told me, I now see that you were already saying goodbye.

When I prayed with you for healing and less pain, you said amen so wholeheartedly, but immediately followed it up with...

Sister, I am still waiting for the best... I looked at you in silence.

We understood each other without words, one look was enough
It was because we were connected in the family tree, you as the first and I as the third branch
I will never hear 'Hi sissie' from your mouth again, just like that wink when you always searched for me with your eyes and found me.

The cherished memories remain ..

Jaap, my dear wise brother, I am going to miss him intensely, already, but believing that your life with Christ was hidden with God and that we will see each other again is the balm of comfort in my heart.

This comfort I wish and pray to you, Anita, Kirsten and Art, Jop & Lex, Robin, Timo and Noa

And also for you, dear dad and mom, now that a beautiful branch of the family tree has broken off.

From Willeke (younger sister of Jaap)

Jaap is my brother, the brother of Gerard, Jenneke, Jan Willem, and Aafke.

In our own way, all five of us had a very special bond with Jaap. My parents had six different, unique children. Despite our differences, we are there for each other, we love each other, and we fight for each other.

Jaap and I would sometimes have little contact with each other for long periods, but if there was something in his or my life where we could mean something for each other, we knew how to find each other immediately.

Jaap had a wonderfully relaxed bond with Jenneke and Aafke; they always brought a burst of laughter to him, and there was a deep love and connection between these three. Gerard and Jaap shared their passion for God, nuts, and Africa. Jan Willem and Ilona and their children are intertwined with Jaap's family in a very special way, and these families actually flow into one another.

Jaap and I found common ground in talking about world news, our travels, and our lives with God. We were able to rent a house from him for four years and prepare it for sale for him when we embarked on another adventure to Africa. At that time, I did not yet know that years later, I would be able to prepare another house belonging to Jaap and his lovely family for handover. We arranged a great deal together to get this house ready, including the care for our dear Anita. Jaap and I found common ground in helping one another, organizing things, setting out strategies, and connecting people. Jaap was incredibly good at delegating □□ And at the same time, he worked incredibly hard at what he was good at. He was happy to leave the rest to others. And strangely enough, we were happy to do that for him too!

For the children, Kirsten and Art, Robin, Timo, and Noa, it is unimaginable that their sweet, caring father, whom they certainly didn't always understand—and certainly not in his push during the last few months to arrange and put so much on paper—has now passed away. How you have been able to see him in the last few days for who he was and what he meant to you. You have also been able to tell him this, and he has heard and received it.

Anita, what loving words you were able to share with Jaap. We, and especially Mom and Dad, are left behind with a void in our lives, without Jaap, but with many precious memories. During his life, Jaap testified to many of us that this was not the end, that something better awaited. Jaap is there now.

Dear brother, thank you for all the beautiful conversations, thank you that I could always ask you for wisdom, thank you for your loyalty and honesty, thank you for your wonderful laugh, for your involvement in the lives of me and our family, even though we walked such a different path than you walked in your life. We were going to go to Africa together one more time. I told you that we first had to walk out your family's journey. Then you laughed and said, "It will be fine." A few months later, you told mom, dad, and me that you were no longer going to make plans for travel. That was when I realized that you might not be with us much longer. But that it would happen so quickly, none of us could have imagined. Dear brother, we are going to miss you so much, but how wonderful that you can be Home now.

From Aafke (younger sister of Jaap)

For my brother Jaap
My dear brother, my eldest brother,
you were always there, quiet and strong.
I was the youngest in our family,
and you were so familiar and close to me.
A man of few words,
but with a heart that said it all.
So incredibly sweet and warm,
and without judgment, never passing a person by.

I got to work with you, stand beside you,

and go to Bodegraven together in the car.
And later there were the trips to the Erasmus (hospital),
trips I will never forget.
Maybe they were just ordinary kilometers,
but for me they were so much more:
time together, close to each other,
moments that I now cherish forever.
You were only fifty-nine,
far too young to have to go already.
You were given such a short time,
and yet you fought so bravely.
You never complained,
never asked why,
you bore it as you could.

Just last Saturday you were really there,
clear-headed, and we laughed together.
About stories from back then,
about things that only we understood.
I didn't know then that I would laugh with you like that for the last time.

And then came Sunday,
you were confused, you were so sick.
I sat with you, and fed you some custard.
So small perhaps, but so big to me.
Because even there, in that last little bit,
I was just your little sister and you my big brother.

And now I have to go on without you.
Without your voice,
without your laugh,
without the man who never judged anyone
and whom I loved so incredibly much.

My dear Jaap, I would have loved it if you were given much more time.
More rides, more stories, more laughter together.
But everything you were to me, I will take with me forever.
In my heart, you remain my big brother, my sweet, quiet, strong Jaap.

And wherever you are,
I hope that you know
how incredibly much I love you.
Forever my brother.
Forever in my heart.

Singing: Abba Vader

- Opwekking 136

Abba Vader U alleen,
 Abba, Father, let me be
U behoort ik toe,
 Yours and Yours alone.
U alleen doorgrondt mijn hart,
 May my will forever be
U behoort het toe.
 Evermore Your own.
Laat mijn hart steeds vurig zijn,
 Never let my heart grow cold,
U laat nooit alleen,
 Never let me go.
Abba Vader U alleen,
 Abba, Father, let me be
U behoort ik toe.
 Yours and Yours alone

Abba, Father, let me be
Yours and Yours alone.
May my will forever be
Evermore Your own.
Never let my heart grow cold,
Never let me go.
Abba, Father, let me be
Yours and Yours alone

Prayer

Bible reading: Psalm 23

- NIV translation below

A psalm of David.

1 The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing.

2 He makes me lie down in green pastures,
he leads me beside quiet waters,

3 he refreshes my soul.

He guides me along the right paths
for his name's sake.

4 Even though I walk
through the darkest valley,

I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies.

You anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.

6 Surely your goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

Singing: Mijn Herder

- Sela

De Heer is mijn Herder,

The Lord is my Shepherd,
het ontbreekt mij aan niets.

I lack nothing.

Hij omringt mij met zijn liefde.

He surrounds me with His love.

De Heer is mijn Herder,

The Lord is my Shepherd,
het ontbreekt mij aan niets.

I lack nothing.

Hij laat mij rusten in zijn nabijheid.
He makes me lie down in his presence.

Hij roept mijn naam; ik hoor zijn stem; Hij de mijne.
He calls my name; I hear his voice; He is mine.
Als ik dwaal, zoekt Hij mij op; brengt mij veilig thuis.
When I wander, he looks for me; takes me home safely.
Mijn Herder verzorgt al mijn wonden; heeft mij teder verbonden.
My Shepherd cares for all my wounds; bandaged me tenderly.
Er is geen betere plek dan bij Hem te zijn.
There is no better place than to be with Him.

De Heer is mijn Herder,
The Lord is my Shepherd,
het ontbreekt mij aan niets.
I lack nothing.
Hij omringt mij met zijn liefde.
He surrounds me with His love.
De Heer is mijn Herder,
The Lord is my Shepherd,
het ontbreekt mij aan niets.
I lack nothing.
Hij laat mij rusten in zijn nabijheid.
He makes me lie down in his presence.

Hij gaat mij voor; ik volg zijn spoor; Hij zal leiden.
He goes before me; I follow his path; He will lead.
Als ik val, geeft Hij mij kracht om weer op te staan.
When I fall, He gives me strength to stand up/rise up.
Mijn Herder beschermt heel mijn leven door het zijne te geven.
My Shepherd protects my whole life by giving His own.
Er is geen betere plek dan bij Hem te zijn.
There is no better place than to be with Him.

Al gaat mijn weg door een donker dal;
Even though I walk through the darkest valley;
ik weet dat Hij mij brengen zal naar een plaats
I know that He will bring me to a place
waar ik eeuwig thuis zal zijn.

where I will be forever home.

Sermon

Singing: Ik zal er zijn / “I will be there”

- Sela

Hoe wonderlijk mooi is uw eeuwige Naam.

How wonderfully beautiful is Your eternal name.

Verborgten aanwezig deelt U mijn bestaan.

Your hidden presence shares my existence.

Waar ik ben, bent U: wat een kostbaar geheim.

Wherever I am, You are: what a precious mystery.

Uw naam is ‘Ik ben’ en ‘Ik zal er zijn’.

Your name is ‘I am’ and ‘I will be there’.

Een boog in de wolken als teken van trouw,

A rainbow in the sky as a sign of your faithfulness,

staat boven mijn leven, zegt: Ik ben bij jou!

stands above my life, and says: I am with you!

In tijden van vreugde, maar ook van verdriet,

During times of rejoicing, but also in sorrow,

ben ik bij U veilig, U die mij ziet.

I am safe with you, You who sees me.

De toekomst is zeker, ja eindeloos goed.

The future is secure, yes endlessly good.

Als ik eens moet sterven, als ik U ontmoet:

Even when I must die, when I meet You:

dan droogt U mijn tranen, U noemt zelfs mijn naam.

You will dry my tears, You even call my name.

U blijft bij mij Jezus, laat mij niet gaan.

You remain with me Jesus, do not let me go.

‘Ik ben die Ik ben’ is uw eeuwige naam.

‘I am who I am’ is your eternal name.

Onnoembaar aanwezig deelt U mijn bestaan.

Unspeakably present you share my existence.
Hoe adembenemend, ontroerend dichtbij:
How breathtaking, movingly close:
uw naam is 'Ik ben', en 'Ik zal er zijn'.
Your name is 'I am' and 'I will be there'.

O Naam aller namen, aan U alle eer.
O name above all names, to you all honor.
Niets kan mij ooit scheiden van Jezus mijn Heer:
Nothing will ever separate me from Jesus my Lord:
Geen dood en geen leven, geen moeite of pijn.
No death nor life, no trouble or pain
Ik zal eeuwig zingen, dicht bij U zijn.
I will forever sing, while close to You.

'Ik ben die Ik ben' is uw eeuwige naam.
'I am who I am' is your eternal name.
Onnoembaar aanwezig deelt U mijn bestaan.
Unspeakably present you share my existence.
Hoe adembenemend, ontroerend dichtbij:
How breathtaking, movingly close:
uw naam is 'Ik ben', en 'Ik zal er zijn'.
Your name is 'I am' and 'I will be there'.
uw naam is 'Ik ben', en 'Ik zal er zijn'.
Your name is 'I am' and 'I will be there'.

Prayers of thanksgiving and supplication

Singing: One day - Matt Redman (Op die dag)
- Opwekking 818)

One day You'll make everything new, Jesus
One day You will bind every wound
The former things shall all pass away
No more tears

One day You'll make sense of it all, Jesus

One day every question resolved
Every anxious thought left behind
No more fear

When we all get to heaven
What a day of rejoicing that will be
When we all see Jesus
We'll sing and shout the victory

One day we will see face to face, Jesus
Is there a greater vision of grace
And in a moment, we shall be changed
On that day

And one day we'll be free, free indeed, Jesus
One day all this struggle will cease
And we will see Your glory revealed
On that day

And when we all get to heaven
What a day of rejoicing that will be
When we all see Jesus
We'll sing and shout the victory

Yes, when we all get to heaven
What a day of rejoicing that will be
And when we all see Jesus
We'll sing and shout the victory

Yes, one day we will see face to face, Jesus
Is there a greater vision of grace?
And in a moment, we shall be changed
In a moment, we shall be changed
Yes in a moment, we shall be changed
On that day

When we all get to heaven
What a day of rejoicing that will be
When we all see Jesus

We'll sing and shout the victory
We'll sing and shout the victory

Benediction

Words of thank you
- by Jaap's brother Gerard

Announcements

While Jaap is carried out of the church we listen to: Amazing grace

General Announcements

Please ensure your phone is set to silent mode or turned off.

After the coffin has been carried out, you are kindly requested to remain inside the church until the funeral directors signal that you may leave.

The immediate family and close circle invited to the burial will leave the church first.

Afterward, other attendees are kindly requested to form a guard of honour along the left side of the road—on the pavement—facing towards the 'De Til' community centre.

The funeral directors will provide instructions on-site.

For invited guests (close circle)

After leaving the church, please make your own way to the cemetery on C.M. van Houwelingweg in Giessenburg. You may park your car along the road near the cemetery; the right side of the road is also paved and available for parking.

We ask you to gather at the cemetery entrance. There, you will receive instructions on where to assemble and how to await the arrival of the funeral procession.

Space at the graveside is limited. We therefore kindly ask you to follow the funeral directors' instructions regarding which paths to use and where to stand.

