

ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by the Celebrant Anthony McGilloway

RECEPTION OF THE COFFIN

Respects to Margaret

Please take your seats

WIND BENEATH MY WING's - Bette Midler

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

The Lords Prayer

Mathew 6.9-13

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

Morning Has Broken

By Elenor Farjeon

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light, Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day

THE FIRST READING

When I Go

By Donna Ashworth

Read by Anthony McGilloway For Julie Stewart

When I go,
don't learn to live without me,
just learn to live with my love,
in a different way.

And if you need to see me,
close your eyes,
or look in your shadow,
when the sun shines,

I'm there.

Sit with me in the quiet and you will know,
that I did not leave.

There is no leaving when a soul is blended with another.

When I go,
don't learn to live without me,
just learn to look for me in the moments.

I will be there.

THE SECOND READING

A Grandmother to me

By Lauren Lloyd

A grandmother she was to me, as a mother she was to you,
She was always there when you needed her, even if you didn't want her to.
She wasn't like a normal Grandmother, she was fiery, stern but true,
no purple rinses, or frilly frocks to embarrass you!

A grandmother she was to me, like a grandmother she was to you,
She would call you everybody else's name, until she got to you!
She would always answer the phone promptly, with excitement you had called,
But she would always fail to hear who had bloody called!

A grandmother she was to me, like a friend she was to you,
She'd curse and swear repeatedly, but swear blind never to you!
She loved her weekend outings, to the Seaside, Markets and more,
She especially loved the Baileys that she got to sit down and pour!

A grandmother she was to me, like a sister she was to you,
She was always there to look out for you, when you asked her to.
She was very proud to be a Heinsen, even more-so in old age,
She would tell me stories about all the shenanigans, in the good old days.

A grandmother she was to me, like the mother she knew i needed,
She always saw the best in me, even when I felt defeated.
She never failed to stand against the crowd, telling me she was so very proud,
She would have loved to see me take my vows.

A grandmother she was to me, the only constant I have known.
She would have taken on the world for me, but boy would she have moaned! She
was always telling me, do not fear. She never failed to ask "how are you dear?"

A grandmother she was to me, exactly like I will remember her to be x

THE FINAL READING

Your Mother is Always With You

By Deborah Culver

Read by Keeley Scott

She's the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street.
She's the smell of certain foods you remember, flowers you pick, the fragrance of
life itself.

She's the cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling well.
She's your breath in the air on a cold winters' day.

She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the colors of a rainbow.
She is Christmas morning.

Your mother lives inside your laughter.

She's the place you come from, your first home.

She's the map you follow with every step you take.

She's your first love, your first friend, even your first enemy.

But nothing on Earth can separate you.

Not time.

Not space.

Not even death.

Celebrant Anthony McGilloway

Celebrating Margaret

A celebration of short stories will be heard about Margaret's wonderful life and her dedication to her family.



Family and Friends Address

Remembering Margaret

The Family will share fond memories and stories of their beloved Mum and Grandmother.

