

"She is the dance and the dance goes on..."

"May butterflies always surround you
and your stories always enchant"



Invitation

At the conclusion of the service you are warmly invited to share many more memories of Liz with family and each other over light refreshments in the adjacent Catering Lounge. Liz will depart during this time for private cremation.

Quantum
EM29820



J FRASER
& SONS



Liz

ELIZABETH CAROLYN MILLER

Dreamweaver

MBE, ANZLA

6 August 1936 ~ 20 August 2020



LIBRARIAN • STORYTELLER • FRIEND • INSPIRER

Held in J Fraser & Sons' Chapel on Saturday 29 August at 10am.
Celebrants: Lesley Soper and Cathy MacFie *Accompanist:* Stanley Fox *Singer:* Clive Thompson

Morning Has Broken

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, straight from the world.

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dew fall, 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.

They Who Tread the Path of Labour (Tune: *What a friend we have in Jesus*)

They who tread the path of labour follow where My feet have trod;
They who work without complaining, do the holy will of Godde;
Nevermore thou needest seek Me; I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me, cleave the wood and I am there.

Where the many toil together, there am I among My own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone:
I, the Peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife;
I, the Bread of Heav'n am broken in the sacrament of life.

Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy, done to man is done to Me.
Nevermore thou needest seek Me; I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood, and I am there.



Ode to Dreamweaver 23rd May 2017 - Ed Stivender (US storyteller)

To weave a dream is not an easy thing
And only she with mana dare to try
Hands groomed by light make the shuttle sing
Patterns emerge before the craft-wise eye
The distaff bears the raw material
The hackled flax untangles must be spun
The spindle Mother Earth that spins so well
Producing yarns wrought ere time had begun
Tradition is the loom that yields the dream
Mem'ry the warp, the woof hope's clews unrolled
The weaver weaves – the sparks of wisdom gleam
When all is said and spun the sweet spell ends
As we entranced as strangers wake as friends.

