

In loving memory of

Ebbel
WIJKSTRA

23 AUGUST 1943 – 23 MAY 2025



Eb

Invitation

Jitske and her family thank you for your love and support here today.

You are warmly invited to stay for refreshments
and continue with your memories of Eb.



Scan this QR Code
to leave a tribute message
frasersfunerals.co.nz/tributes



J FRASER
& SONS

avdp.nz

A celebration of Eb's life

held at J Fraser & Sons Chapel on Friday 30 May 2025

THE STONE (De Steen)

By Dana Winner

I moved a stone in a river on earth
The water flows differently than before
You cannot stop the flow of a river
The water always finds a way around it
Maybe one day filled with snow and rain
The river takes my pebble with it
It is then worn smooth and round
To rest in the lee of the sea
I moved a stone in a river on earth
Now I know I will never be forgotten
I provided proof of my existence
Because, by moving that one stone
The flow will never go the same way again
I moved a stone in a river on earth
Now I know I will never be forgotten
Because, by moving that one stone
The water will never go the same way

IT HAS NEVER BEEN SO DARK BEFORE
'T HET NOG NOOIT ZO DONKER WEST

By Ede Staal

They lived together in a small house
She was a bit stiff because of rheumatism
Yet they could handle everything together
In the small house behind the dike
The children left the house long ago
Yet they visited the small house often
Always talking about the old days
And they would know what was going to be said
It has never, never been so dark
But it will always be light again

Six chickens and an old goat
A swine in the shed and a small piece of land
Walking twice a day on the small lane
And grandma holding his hand

He always worked hard
And mother had eight children at home
Mowing on early summer mornings
Only back home when milking the cows was done
It has never, never been so dark
But it will always be light again

Then on a Sunday in December
Grandpa suddenly had trouble breathing
His daughter brought him into town
Because she didn't trust it

The other day grandpa passed away
I felt so bad for grandma
Maybe it was better the other way around
Because grandma died three weeks later
It has never, never been so dark
But it will always be light again
It has never, never been so dark
But it will always be light again