

With Love We Remember

Grace Fairweather

9 August 1925 ~ 6 June 2024

At Rest



Invitation

All of Grace's family thank you sincerely for your love and support at this time.

At the conclusion of the service you are warmly invited to share many more memories of Grace with the family and each other over light refreshments in the adjacent Catering Lounge. Grace and Cyril will then depart for their final resting place at Eastern Cemetery which you are also welcome to attend.



**Welcome to this celebration of Grace's life Held in J Fraser and Sons Chapel, Invercargill
on 11 June, 2024 at 1:30pm**

Celebrant: Ngaire Cameron Accompanist: Karen Ralston Bagpiper: Bill Blakie

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

Psalm 23

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie,
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and Mercy all my life,
Shall Surely follow me.
And in God's House for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me, fast fall the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, Thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.