



### JOURNEY'S END

When a person reaches advanced age  
after having lived a full life,  
Dying becomes almost as natural  
as the picking of a ripe apple  
or the falling of a brightly coloured leaf in  
autumn.

The harvest has been gathered in,  
the journey ended,  
the story told.

Life's tasks finished  
and neatly bound together like a sheaf of wheat.

There is a roundness about a person's life,  
a sense of completion and fulfilment;  
And while there is sadness in their leaving us,  
there is a sense of worth and achievement,  
so much so,

that the funeral becomes a celebration;

She is with us today as  
She will always be.

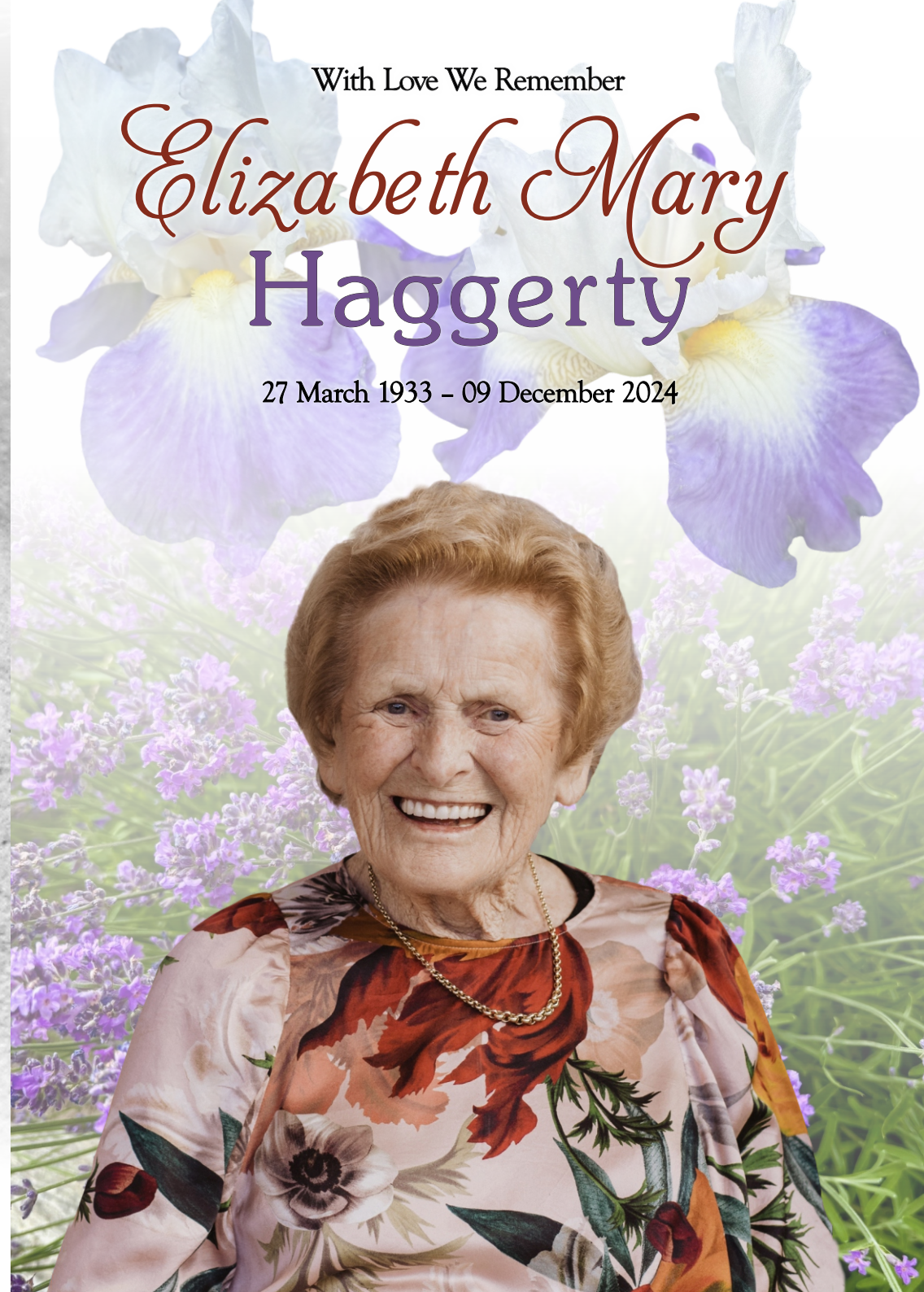
### INVITATION

Elizabeth's family wish to thank you for your support here today.  
Following the service we are heading to Riverton Cemetery for the interment  
and then light refreshments at the Beachhouse Café Riverton

With Love We Remember

# Elizabeth Mary Haggerty

27 March 1933 - 09 December 2024





**Welcome to this service to celebrate Elizabeth's life.**  
Held in the Riverton Union Church. 1.00pm Friday 13th December 2024.  
Led by: Lynley McKerrow

**AMAZING GRACE**

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost, but now I'm found  
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear  
And grace my fears relieved  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

When we've been there ten thousand years  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost, but now I'm found  
Was blind but now I see.

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Was blind but now I see.



**IN THE GARDEN**

I come to the garden alone,  
While the dew is still on the roses;  
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,  
The Son of God discloses.

And He walks with me, and He talks with me,  
And He tells me I am His own;  
And the joy we share as we tarry there,  
None other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice  
Is so sweet, the birds hush their singing,  
And the melody that He gave to me,  
Within my heart is ringing.

And He walks with me, and He talks with me,  
And He tells me I am His own;  
And the joy we share as we tarry there,  
None other has ever known.