

A SERVICE TO CELEBRATE
THE LIFE OF

WILL



ALL SAINTS CHAPEL, PUREWA

TUESDAY, 2 JUNE 2026
AT 10.00AM



An Invitation

Will's family thank you for your love, support
and presence here today. At the conclusion of the
service, you are warmly invited to refreshments
in the St Johns lounge.

Siburns

WILLIAM GUTHRIE
MELVILLE-REA

29 NOVEMBER 1964 - 19 MAY 2026



ORDER OF SERVICE

Opening Words

Michael Lloyd

Psalm 121 & Prayer

Gillian Rea

Hymn

Be Thou My Vision

Afterglow

By Helen Lowrie Marshall

Read by Henry Rea

Reflection

Pastor Andrew Miller

Family Tributes

Timothy Rea

Lyn Melville-Rea

Kate and Hannah Melville-Rea

Matthew Rea

Video Tribute

Morning Has Broken

Closing Words

BE THOU MY VISION

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
Be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;
Be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
Both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
Be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord;
Be thou my great Father, and I thy true son;
Be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
Be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;
Be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower:
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright sun,
O grant me its joys after victory is won;
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

AFTERGLOW

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.

I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways,

Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun;

Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

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 fresh from the world

Sweet the rain's 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