



WITH LOVE WE REMEMBER

Shona Lea Spurway

26 JANUARY 1941 - 15 AUGUST 2026



AN INVITATION

The family thank you for your care and support today.
Following the service, you are warmly invited to join them
for refreshments at Normanby Fine Wines, 31a Normanby Road,
Mt Eden, for a time to share memories.

Sibunds

THE ANGLICAN PARISH OF SAINT ANDREW, EPSOM
TUESDAY, 25 AUGUST 2026 AT 1.30PM

Vicar: The Reverend Liam Phillips
Organist: Neil Shroff

Order of Service

Welcome & Opening Prayers

Hymn
Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time,
walk upon England’s mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God on England’s
pleasant pastures seen? And did the Countenance Divine,
shine forth upon our clouded hills? And was Jerusalem
builded here, among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold, bring me my arrows
of desire. Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold! Bring me
my chariot of fire. I will not cease from mental fight, nor
shall my sword sleep in my hand, till we have built Jerusalem,
in England’s green and pleasant land.

Poem

Connected - Tū Hononga | *Read by Harper Spurway*

Eulogy

Robert Spurway, Alison Spurway Brown,
David Spurway, Jonathan Spurway

Reflection

David Lyon

Poem

Footsteps | *Read by Amber Spurway*

Photo Tribute

Prayers for the Family

The Lord’s Prayer

Our Father, which art in heaven,
hallowed be thy Name;
thy Kingdom come; thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the Kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

Commendation

Committal

Final Blessing

.....

PALLBEARERS

Robert Spurway, David Spurway, Jonathan Spurway,
Jackson Brown, Fraser Brown, Clinton Brown

Matapouri

By Charlotte Spurway, 2015

The sound of tuis fills my ears and my eyes are blinded as the
early morning sunrise reflects off the sea. I dive into the morning
waves trying my hardest to ignore the freezing water and lie there
under the surface emptying my mind. After running out of breath
I race out of the water and up the gravel road from the beach, wincing
every time my bare feet hit the ground. I finally reach the soft grass and
take a moment to catch my breath until I’m ready to take on my next
challenge, the climb up to the highest point of Matapouri.

I walk the track slowly admiring everything around me. Before long
I arrive at my favourite place in the North Island, the Matapouri
viewpoint. I sit down, not thinking about what I’m going to do next,
but soaking up what is all around me at the moment. I look as far
out on the blue ocean as I can and listen to the waves crashing on
the rock below me. As I search for the Elizabeth Reef I watch the
boats glide over the still ocean. I turn around to see the tiny
settlement of Matapouri and lie back in the seat with a
sigh of gratefulness.

Later, as the sun goes down, the parents and children come over
for a drink and play. I walk onto the white sand with the children
that holiday at Matapouri, jandals in hand. I lie down not caring
if my back gets sandy, and watch the sky change from light blue to
pink to navy blue as the sun goes down. I dig my hands into the sand
and wait for the creatures of the night to come out before I go
back and join my family.

