

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

Gaynor Rhoda Gallagher

4 JUNE 1938 - 7 SEPTEMBER 2026



ALL SAINTS CHAPEL, PUREWA
TUESDAY, 15 SEPTEMBER 2026 AT 2.00PM

Officiating: Rev Keith King

ORDER OF SERVICE

Hymn | Praise, My Soul, The King Of Heaven

Remembering Gaynor
Pat Gallagher

Other Tributes

A Time To Remember

The Lord's Prayer

Hymn | The Day Thou Gavest

Committal & Final Words



AN INVITATION

The family thank you for your care and support today.
Following the service you are warmly invited to join them
in the St John's lounge for refreshments and a time
to share more memories.

Sibund



Gaynor

PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE
KING OF HEAVEN

Praise, my soul, the king of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting king!

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely as his mercy flows!

Angels help us to adore him
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.



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



THE DAY THOU GAVEST

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest

We thank Thee that thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lip are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever
Till all thy creatures own Thy sway.