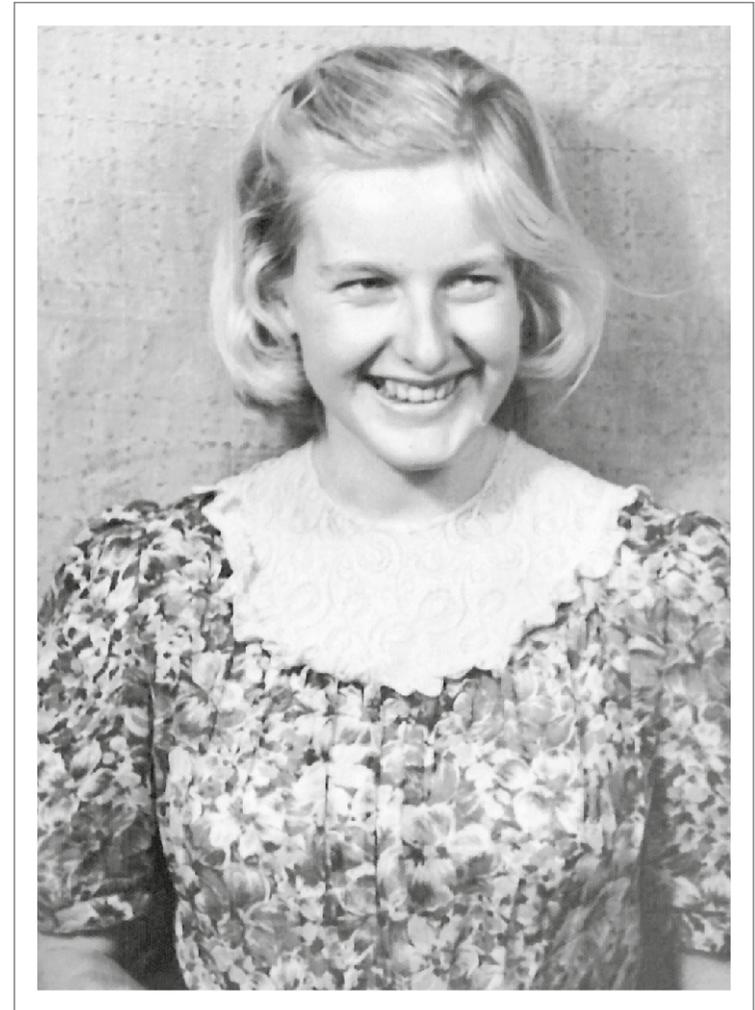




*The family thank you for your love, support and presence here today.
At the conclusion of the Service, you are all warmly invited to
join them for refreshments in the Parish Hall.*

Sibund



Gwynyth Nance Webb



1 September 1930 ~ 7 July 2024

A Memorial Service to celebrate
and give thanks for the life of

Gwynyth

held at
St Marks Anglican Church,
95 Remuera Road

on
Monday, 2 September 2024
at 1.00 pm



Reverend

Reverend Doctor Tony Surman

Organist

Sandra Arnold

Order of Service

Welcome

Hymn

Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

Eulogy

*Richard Webb, Philip Webb, Hugo Webb
Julia McInnes, Angus Webb, Celeste Hutton, Oliver Webb*

Visual Tribute

Remembrance Prayer

Reading

Luke 11:1 – 13
read by *Virginia Healey*

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, which art in heaven
hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come
thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive them that 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

Hymn

Who Would True Valor See

Commendation

Blessing

Recession

Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heaven, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling;
all thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesu, thou art all compassion;
pure, unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation;
enter every trembling heart.

Finish, then, thy new creation;
pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see thy great salvation
perfectly restored in thee.

Changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.



Who Would True Valor See

He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is,
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight;
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend
Us with Thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

