

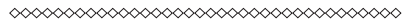
Not how did he die, but how did he live?
Not what did he gain, but what did he give?

These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of birth

Not, what was his church, nor what was his creed
But had he befriended those really in need?

Was he ever ready, with word of good cheer,
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear.

Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,
But how many were sorry when he passed away.



An Invitation

Thank you for your love, support and presence here today. At the conclusion of the service, you are warmly invited to the lounge of remembrance for refreshments and to continue sharing fond memories of Spencer.



IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Spencer Graeme Maxwell

19 MARCH 1934 - 9 SEPTEMBER 2025

I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an after glow
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