



Bless you on your way.
 Bless the life you have lived - each day, each hour, each minute.
 Bless all of the people you have ever loved.
 Bless all of the people who have ever loved you.
 Bless the work you did here - what you made with your hands, your heart, and your love.
 Bless the joy you felt - the moments of laughter and celebration.
 Bless the moments of regret for things said and unsaid, done and undone.
 Bless the forgiveness that releases those regrets and replaces them with love.
 Bless the peace that surrounds you as you fly free.
 Bless the curtain that rises to let you in.
 Bless the love that welcomes your soul.
 Bless the God that heals all wounds, takes all pain,
 and shows you the love that you are, and always were, and always will be.
 Bless the moment when you become that love.
 Bless you on your way.

The Family thank you for your love and support at this time. They warmly invite you to join them for refreshments in the Parish Centre after Mass.

In lieu of flowers, the family invite donations to Mercy Hospice, Auckland for their wonderful care of Pauline.

Sibson's



Celebrating the Life of

Pauline Estelle Patterson

28 April 1934 ~ 24 February 2025



Requiem Mass

held at
St Ignatius Catholic Church
St Heliers, Auckland

on
Saturday, 1 March 2025
at 11.00 am



Celebrants

Monsignor Bernard Kiely
Fr Philip Sullivan

Organist

Caroline Bararkat-Devine

Soloist

Elizabeth Sayegh

Pallbearers

<i>Andrew Patterson</i>	<i>Richard Patterson</i>
<i>Hamish Hudson</i>	<i>Mary-Jo Hudson</i>
<i>Jane Patterson</i>	<i>Lou Bashall</i>



RITE OF COMMENDATION

'Pie Jesu' Andrew Lloyd Webber

Response: *'Receive her soul and present her to God the Most High'*

Recessional

'The Rose'

Some say, "Love. It is a river
That drowns the tender reed"
Some say, "Love. It is a razor
That leaves your soul to bleed"
Some say, "Love. It is a hunger
An endless aching need"
I say, "Love. It is a flower
And you its only seed"

It's the heart afraid of breaking
That never learns to dance
It's the dream afraid of waking
That never takes the chance
It's the one who won't be taken
Who cannot seem to give
And the soul afraid of dyin'
That never learns to live

When the night has been too lonely
And the road has been too long
And you think that love is only
For the lucky and the strong
Just remember in the winter
Far beneath the bitter snow
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the spring becomes the rose

A Reading from the holy Gospel according to Matthew

The Beatitudes

Homily**Prayers of the Faithful** *Richard Patterson & Catherine Seavill***Response:** *'Lord hear our Prayer'***LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST****Offertory: 'Ave Maria'***Bach Gounod*Bread and Wine brought forward by
*Philippa Robertson and Lyverne Ambridge***The Lord's Prayer**Our Father who art in heaven,
hallowed be your name. Your kingdom come;
your 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,
lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil.
Amen**Communion****'Panis Angelicus'***César Franck****Order of Service*****Entrance Hymn****'Breathe on Me'**O breathe on me, O Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love the things you love,
And do what you would do.O breathe on me, O Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure;
Until my will is one with yours,
To do and to endure.O breathe on me, O Breath of God,
My will to yours incline,
Until this selfish part of me
Glows with your fire divine.O breathe on me, O Breath of God,
So I shall never die,
But live with you the perfect life
For all eternity.**REMEMBERING PAULINE***Mary-Jo Hudson and Jane Patterson*

Poem

'Death Is Nothing At All'

by Canon Henry Scott-Holland UK, 1847-1918
read by Lou Bashall

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away to the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other,
That, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way
which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word
that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect.
Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same that it ever was.
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you.
For an interval.
Somewhere. Very near.
Just around the corner.
All is well.

LITURGY OF THE WORD**Reading****Wisdom 3: 1-6**

Andrew Patterson

Psalm 91**'On Eagle's Wings'**

by Michael Joncas

You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord,
Who abide in his shadow for life,
Say to the Lord:
"My refuge, my rock in whom I trust!"

*And he will raise you up on eagle's wings,
Bear you on the breath of dawn,
Make you to shine like the sun,
And hold you in the palm of his hand.*

The snare of the fowler will never capture you,
And famine will bring you no fear:
Under his wings your refuge,
his faithfulness your shield.

For to his angels he's given a command
To guard you in all of your ways;
Upon their hands they will bear you up
Lest you dash your foot against a stone.

**Reading****St Paul, Corinthians**

Andrew Patterson