



An Invitation

The family thank you for your care and support today.
Following the service you are warmly invited to join them
in the Bishop Monteith Visitors Centre for refreshments
and to share more memories.

Sibund

WITH LOVE WE REMEMBER



——— **Tony** ———
John Anthony Jones

13 OCTOBER 1945 - 29 SEPTEMBER 2025

A SERVICE TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF

Tony

BISHOP SELWYN CHAPEL, HOLY TRINITY CATHEDRAL

FRIDAY, 10 OCTOBER 2025 AT 11.00AM

Officiant: The Very Reverend Anne Mills

Organist: Peter Watts

Welcome

The Very Reverend Anne Mills, Dean of Auckland

Greeting

Prayer

Readings

Poem: Cycling In The Maniototo By Brian Turner
Caroline and Henry Jones

The Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi
Eva and Emma Jones

Poem: For Our Grandparents
Ella and Maia Jones

Tributes

Paul J
Kevin Kerr
Gordon Jones
Lindis Jones

Hymn

Abide With Me

Prayer

Concluding with The Lord's Prayer (Chanted in Maori)

Commendation

The Blessing

The Lord's Prayer

Kua ākona nei tātou e tō tātou Ariki, ka īnoi tatou.

E to Matua i te rangi

Kia tapu tōu Ingoa.

Kia tae mai tōu rangatiratanga.

Kia meatia tāu e pai ai ki runga ki te whenua,

kia rite anō ki tō te rangi.

Hōmai ki a mātou āiane i he taro mā mātou mō tēnei rā.

Murua ō mātou hara,

Me mātou hoki e muru nei

i ō te hunga e hara ana ki a mātou.

Aua hoki mātou e kawea kia whakawaia;

Engari whakaorangia mātou i te kino:

Nōu hoki te rangatiratanga, te kaha, me te korōria,

Āke ake ake.

Āmine.

Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
when other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.