Order of Service

Arrival Music
Loving Her Was Easier (Than Anything I'll Ever Do Again)
Kris Kristofferson

Welcome

Funeral Blues by W. H. Auden
Ruth Perry

Eulogy
Margaret Copland

Tributes
Frank Perry
Valerie De Groot
Jazmina Perry

Shared Memories

Open Floor

Photo Tribute
For The Good Times
Kris Kristofferson

Sonnet 30 by William Shakespeare
Jean Copland

Prayer: The Lord Is My Shepherd
Led by Daniel Fitzpatrick

Closing Words

Recessional Music
How Great Thou Art
Sir Howard Morrison







An Invitation

Thank you for your support as we have come together
to remember, celebrate and honour Anne's life.
Following the service, you are invited to join us in the adjoining
lounge for refreshments to share more memories.

LYCHGATE FUNERALS

In Loving Memory of

Anne Caroline Perry

6 February 1942 - 5 October 2026



Lychgate Funeral Home, Wellington
Thursday, 8 October 2026 at 3.00pm

Celebrant: Thomas Perry

Funeral Blues by W. H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'She is Dead'.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

She was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Sonnet 30 by William Shakespeare

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.





The Lord Is My Shepherd

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me
in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life: and I will dwell
in the house of the Lord for ever.