



An Invitation

Malcom's family thank you for your support and love as we celebrate his life.
Please take a moment to record your presence in the memorial book.

After the service, we welcome you to join us in the adjoining lounge as
we continue sharing memories over refreshments.

Malcolm will then take his final journey to
Whenua Tapu for a private farewell.

We invite you all to join us at The Johnsonville Club as we raise
a glass in honour of Malcolm's life.



With Love We Remember

Malcolm Spencer Gibson

18 December 1949 - 29 June 2024

Lychgate Funerals, Johnsonville

Thursday, 4 July 2024 at 1.30pm

Celebrant: Philip Costello

Introductory Music

Help - *The Beatles*

Words of Welcome

Thoughts on Life and Death

Musical Interlude

Silence Is Golden - *The Tremeloes*

Tribute

Fiona Gibson and Elizabeth Gibson
(read by Celebrant)

Reflection with Photo Montage

A moment to reflect on Malcom and his life
Song for Guy - *Elton John*

Poem

Let Me Go - *Christina Rossetti*

Open Floor

Poem

Death Is Nothing At All - *Henry Scott-Holland*

Final Words

Committal

Recessional Music

Light My Fire - *The Doors*

Pallbearers

Bruce Scott, Ted Silcock, Andrew Skeet, Stan Irons



Death Is Nothing At All

Death is nothing at all.
It does not count.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.
I am I, and you are you,
and the old life that we lived so fondly
together is untouched, unchanged.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.
Speak of 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
that 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 an effort,
without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute and unbroken continuity.
What is this death but a negligible accident?

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 round the corner.

All is well.
Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting
when we meet again!