WITH LOVE WE REMEMBER

AN INVITATION

Torvald's family thank you for your care and support as we come together to honour his life. Please take a moment to record your presence and share a fun memory in the memorial book.

Following the service, please join us for refreshments as we continue sharing memories.

Torvald will then take his final journey to Karori Crematorium where a private farewell will be held.

Special thanks and appreciation to Te Hopai Rest Home and Hospital staff for their care and assistance provided in Torvald's final months.



Torvald Hellesland

10 August 1944 - 6 January 2025



LYCHGATE CHAPEL, WELLINGTON FRIDAY, 10 JANUARY 2025 AT 11.00AM

Celebrant: Phil Costello

Introductory Music Peer Gynt – Morning Mood - Edvard Grieg

Words of Welcome

Thoughts on Life and Death Phil Costello

> **Eulogy** Elise Hellesland

Poem Harper and Sailor MacKenzie

> **Tributes** Laurie Price

Reading Darryl Wolff

Reflection You're My Best Friend - Don Williams Islands in the Stream - Dolly Parton and Kenny Rogers Simply the Best - Tina Turner

Final Words

Committal

Norse Prayer Read by Trude Hellesland

Recessional Sailing - Rod Stewart

PALLBEARERS Warren Marshall, Justin McKenzie, Darryl Wolff, Jan Debecker, Wynter Debecker, Torin Debecker

NORSE PRAYER

'Lo, there do I see my father.
Lo, there do I see my mother, and my sisters, and my brothers.
Lo, there do I see the line of my people, Back to the beginning Lo, they do call to me.
They bid me take my place among them, In the halls of Valhalla, Where the brave may live forever!'

BILBO'S LAST SONG

Day is ended, dim my eyes, but journey long before me lies. Farewell, friends! I hear the call. The ship's beside the stony wall. Foam is white and waves are grey; beyond the sunset leads my way. Foam is salt, the wind is free; I hear the rising of the Sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set, the wind is east, the moorings fret. Shadows long before me lie, beneath the ever-bending sky, but islands lie behind the Sun that I shall raise ere all is done; lands there are to west of West, where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star, beyond the utmost harbour-bar I'll find the havens fair and free, and beaches of the Starlit Sea. Ship, my ship! I seek the West, and fields and mountains ever blest. Farewell to Middle-Earth at last. I see the Star above your mast!