

With Love We Remember

Leonard Jarvie

April 17, 1939 - 12 July, 2025



An Invitation

The family thank you for your care and support today. Following the service you are warmly invited to join them in the adjacent lounge for refreshments and a time to share more memories.



**St Hilda's Island Bay
Anglican Church**

Thursday, 17 July 2025 at 11.00am

Officiating: Rev. Mark Henderwood

Welcome

Hymn

Be Thou My Vision

Reading

John 14 : 1 - 7 – Read by Vaine Bailey

Psalm 23 – Read by Cliff Studman

Reflection

Eulogy

Sara Turner

With support from Rev. Catherine Froud

Reflections

Amelia and Daniel Turner

Slideshow

Shared Memories

Prayers

Rev. Michael Hartfield

Concluding with The Lord's Prayer

Hymn

It Is Well With My Soul

Commendation

Blessing

Recessional

Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart
Nothing else dear to me, Save that You are.
Be in my thinking, both day and by night
Waking or sleeping, Your presence my light.

Be my true wisdom and led by Your word
Be ever with me and I with You, Lord.
Be my great Father, and I, Your dear child
Filled with Your Spirit Lord and in me abide.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise
Be my inheritance now and always.
You and You only the first in my heart
High King of heaven my treasure You are.

High King of heaven, my victory won
May I reach heaven's joys, bright heaven's Sun.
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall
Still be my vision O Ruler of all.



The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come, your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those
who sin against us.
Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours
now and for ever.
Amen.

It Is Well

When peace like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul

Chorus

**It is well... With my soul...
It is well, it is well, with my soul!**

My sin, O, the bliss of this glorious thought:
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

Chorus

And Lord, hast the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend
Even so, it is well, with my soul!