



WITH LOVE WE REMEMBER

*Belinda Anne
Ricketts*

4 MARCH 1953 - 17 DECEMBER 2023

Lychgate Funerals
Thursday 21 December 2023 at 10am

Celebrant: *Thalia Keoho Rowden* | **Organist:** *Heather Easting*

Order of Service

Organ Music from Heather Easting

Welcome

Thalia Keoho Rowden

Tributes

Bridget Simpson
Quartet: Hayden Nickel, Lauren Jack,
Emily Paterson, Ellen Murfitt
Ellen Murfitt, violin
Tom Cullinan
Beth Murfitt
Harry Ricketts

Purea Nei

Sung by Beth Murfitt

Purea nei e te hau
Horoia e te ua
Whitiwhitia e te ra
Mahea ake nga pōraruraru
Makere ana nga here.

Cleansed by the wind
washed by the rain
and warmed by the sun,
all troubles are cleared away
and all restraints got rid of.

E rere wairua, e rere
Ki nga ao o te rangi
Whitiwhitia e te ra
Mahea ake nga pōraruraru
Makere ana nga here,
Makere ana nga here.

Fly O free spirit, fly
to the clouds in the heavens,
warmed by the sun,
with all troubles cleared away
all restraints got rid of,
all restrictions cast aside.

First Reading

Emily Dickinson, 'Hope Is The Thing With Feathers'

Read by Harry Ricketts

Hope Is The Thing With Feathers

'Hope' is the thing with feathers –
That perches in the soul –
And sings the tune without the words –
And never stops – at all –

And sweetest – in the Gale – is heard –
And sore must be the storm –
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm –

I've heard it in the chilliest land –
And on the strangest Sea –
Yes, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb – of Me.

Second Reading

Marcus Aurelius, Meditations, Book 2, 14

Read by Alison Parr

Marcus Aurelius, Meditations Book 2, 14

Even if you're going to live three thousand more years, or ten times that, remember: you cannot lose another life than the one you're living now, or live another one than the one you're losing.

The longest amounts to the same as the shortest. The present is the same for everyone; its loss is the same for everyone; and it should be clear that a brief instant is all that is lost. For you can't lose either the past or the future; how could you lose what you don't have?

Remember two things:

- i. that everything has always been the same, and keeps recurring, and it makes no difference whether you see the same things recur in a hundred years or two hundred, or in an infinite period;
- ii. that the longest-lived and those who will die soonest lose the same thing. The present is all that they can give up, since that is all you have, and what you do not have, you cannot lose.

Third Reading

'The Chemical Life'

Harry Ricketts

The Chemical Life

Each day we practise a kind of magic,
trying to make today resemble
yesterday. I wake up when the light

starts to spill across our bed,
check on you. Your mouth is usually
half-open, your chest rises and

falls, rises and falls. I creep out,
make coffee, do Wordle and the puzzles,
check on you, your chest rises and

falls, rises and falls. I have a shower,
put on a small variety of the same clothes –
jeans, Pink Floyd t-shirt, blue or black jersey.

At some point you appear in the kitchen,
looking a little dazed, swallow pills
with orange juice, begin another day

of the chemical life. Sometimes
you have a boiled egg or tomatoes
on toast before you lie down again,

and I join you and read another chapter
of The Small House at Allington.
And so the hours slowly unwind.

Perhaps a friend visits or a nurse
from the hospice, and you summon
a spurt of conversation. At some point

after further lie-downs and checks
you climb up the steps with a stick,
count the bees among the lemon trees

and the white roses, pause at the top
to stare at Somes Island where 'enemy
aliens' were interned in both world wars,

before slowly, carefully, you descend.
Later, courtesy of friends, there's a meal
which you pick at during the news,

an episode of Seinfeld, then some serial,
next your shower, another chapter.
Each day we practise a kind of magic.

Song

'Once in Royal David's City'

Mrs C.F. Alexander

Once in Royal David's City

Once in Royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For he is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day, like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above,
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
Where like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Song

'God Only Knows'

The Beach Boys

God Only Knows

I may not always love you
But long as there are stars above you
You never need to doubt it
I'll make you so sure about it

God only knows what I'd be without you If you
should ever leave me
Though life would still go on believe me The world
could show nothing to me So what good would
living do me

God only knows what I'd be without you God only
knows what I'd be without you If you should ever
leave me
Well life would still go on believe me
The world could show nothing to me
So what good would living do me

God only knows what I'd be without you God only
knows what I'd be without you God only knows
(repeat x 6).

God only knows what I'd be without you.

Reflection and Closing

Thalia Keoho Rowden

Music To Close

'Hello, Goodbye'

The Beatles

An Invitation

Following the service, the family will attend
a private burial at Makara Cemetery.

You are warmly invited for refreshments at the Southern Cross
at 39 Abel Smith Street Te Aro at 12pm, to await their return.

