

St Mary's Anglican Church, Karori
Friday, 22 November 2024 at 1.00pm

Officiating: Reverend Ian Cook | **Organist:** David Trott

Panis Angelicus

Sung by The St Mary's Choir

Welcome

Reverend Ian Cook

How Great Thou Art

Tribute

David Trott

Eulogy

Steve Stewart-Williams

Life In Images

Who Would True Valour See

Reading

John 14 : 1 - 7

Homily

Be Still My Soul

The Collect

Prayers

Commendation and Farewell

Dismissal

Blessing

Recessional

Abide With Me



An Invitation

Jolyon's family thank you for your support and care today as we come together to honour his life. Please take a moment to record your presence in the memorial book. Following the service please join us for refreshments as we continue sharing memories.



With Love We Remember

Jolyon Anthony Stewart

16 August 1938 - 13 November 2024

How Great Thou Art

Oh Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hands have made
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Chorus

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze

Chorus

But when I think that God, His Son not sparing
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin

Chorus

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration
And then proclaim, my God, how great Thou art

Chorus

Who Would True Valour See

Who would true valour see,
let him come hither;
one here will constant be,
come wind, come weather;
there's no discouragement
shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent
to be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound,
his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright:
he'll with a giant fight,
but he will have the right
to be a pilgrim.

No goblin nor foul fiend
can daunt his spirit;
he knows he at the end
shall life inherit.

Then, fancies, fly away;
he'll not fear what men say;
he'll labour night and day
to be a pilgrim.

Be Still My Soul

Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side;
bear patiently the cross of grief or pain.
Leave to your God to order and provide;
in every change he faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul; your best, your heavenly Friend
through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul; your God will undertake
to guide the future as he has the past.
Your hope, your confidence let nothing shake;
all now mysterious shall be clear at last.
Be still, my soul; the tempests still obey
His voice who ruled them once on Galilee

Be still, my soul; when dearest friends depart,
and all is darkened in the vale of tears,
then you shall better know His love, His heart,
who comes to soothe your sorrow, calm your fears.
Be still, my soul; for Jesus can restore the trust
and hope that strengthened you before.

Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening on
when we shall be forever with the Lord,
when disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
sorrow forgotten, love's pure joy restored.
Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past,
all safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Abide With Me

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

