

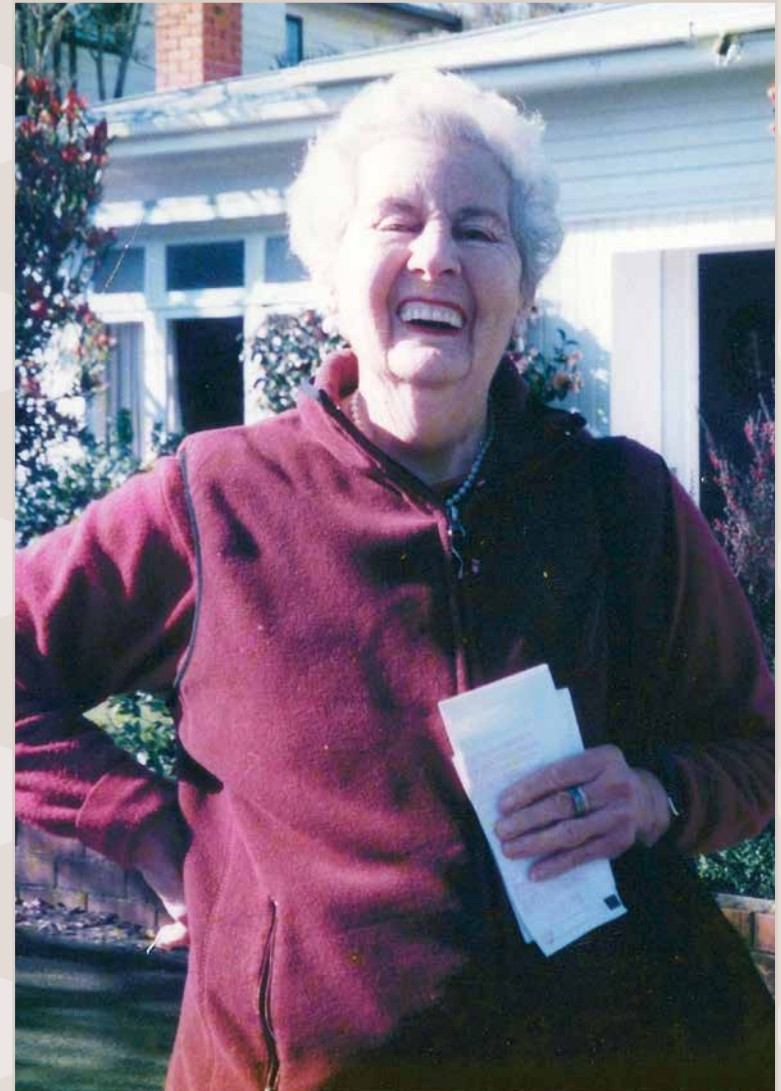


*“If I can help somebody as I pass along,
then my living has not been in vain”*



On Doris's departure from the church, her family invite you to stay and share more stories over refreshments, in the adjoining hall.

Ana-María
FUNERAL SERVICES
07 211 4654



In Loving Memory of

Doris Ratcliffe

9 September 1918 – 23 February 2025

A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of Doris

Friday 28 February, 2025
St John's Methodist Church, Hamilton East

Minister: Rev Alisa Lasi

Organist: John Parker

Pallbearers

Brian (*Doris's Friend*) • Ben Walsh • Kate Walsh • Kathy Walsh
Nikau Walsh • Maddie Herapath • Diaz Herapath



Order of Service

Welcome & Opening Prayer

Eulogy

Kathy Walsh & Brian Cassidy

Family Tributes

Ben Walsh and Kate Walsh (*Grandchildren*)

Open Tributes

Song: 'Make Me a Channel of your Peace'

Make me a channel of your peace:
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love;
where there is injury, your pardon Lord,
and where there's doubt, true faith in you.

O Master grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console
To be understood as to understand
To be loved as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace:
where there's despair in life let me bring hope;

Where there is darkness, only light,
and where there's sadness, ever joy.

Make me a channel of your peace:
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving of ourselves that we receive
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Scripture: Psalm 23

Words of Comfort

Pastoral Prayer

Hymn: '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, oh, 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 pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay 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;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Committal & Blessing

Recessional: 'Now is the Hour'

