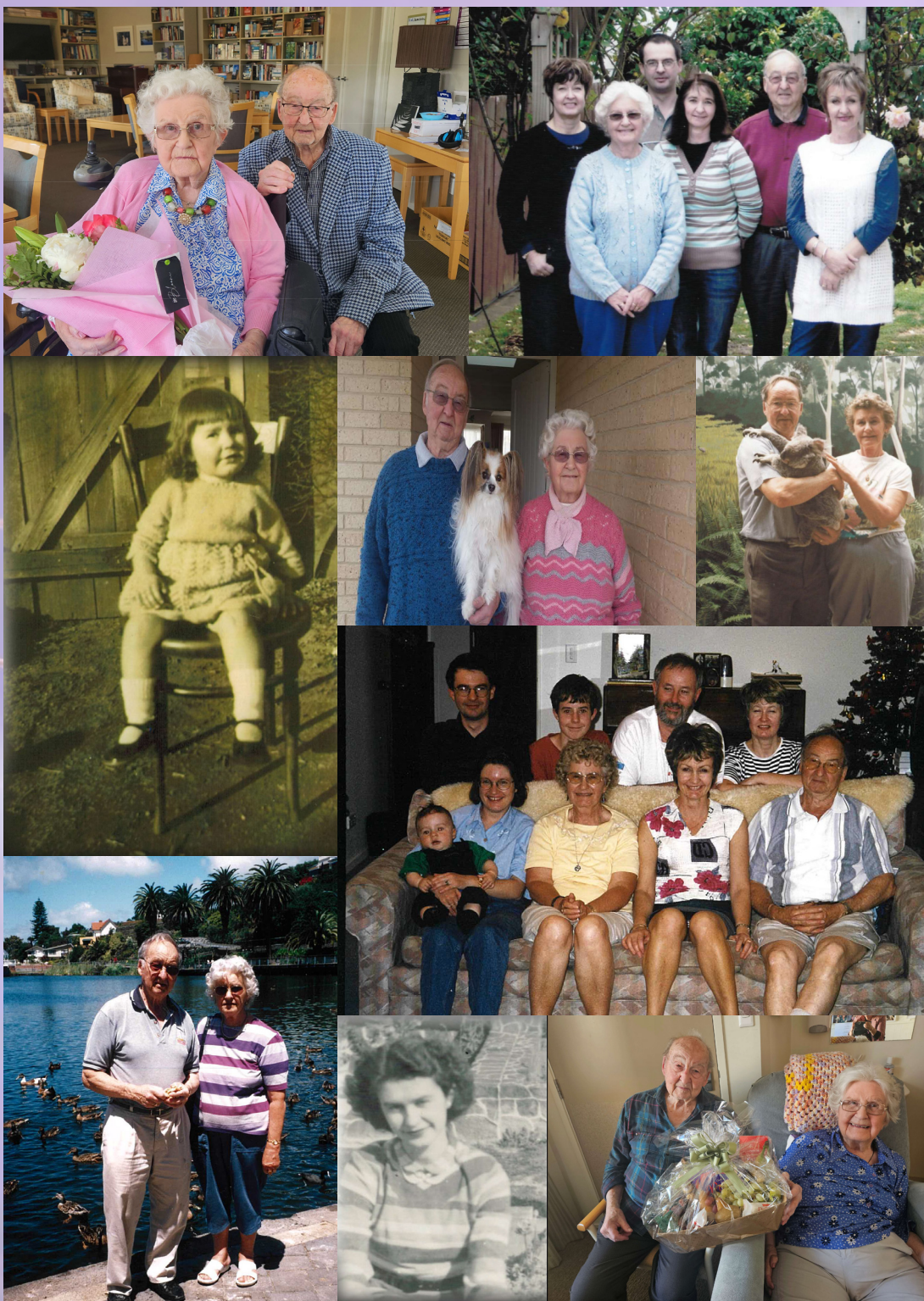


With Love We Remember



Joyce Gullery

1934 - 2026

With Love We Remember

Joyce Eileen Gullery

Joyce was born in Marton
on 5th June 1934

She passed away peacefully in Whanganui
on 13th September 2026

A service to celebrate Joyce's life held
in the Cleveland Chapel
179 Ingestre Street Whanganui
on Thursday 17th September 2026

Followed by interment in
the Aramoho Lawn Cemetery
McNeill Street Whanganui

Celebrant: Mr Peter Roberts
Organist: Mrs Marie Brooks
Funeral Director: Mr Jonathon Greenwell

How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the works Thy hands hath made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

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

And 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, He died, to take away my sin.

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 there proclaim, my God how great Thou art.

Thank You & Invitation

Thank you for your love and support
in being here today.
Please take a moment to sign the remembrance book.

Following the service you are invited to join
the family in the reception lounge
for refreshments and a further time of sharing.

The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.