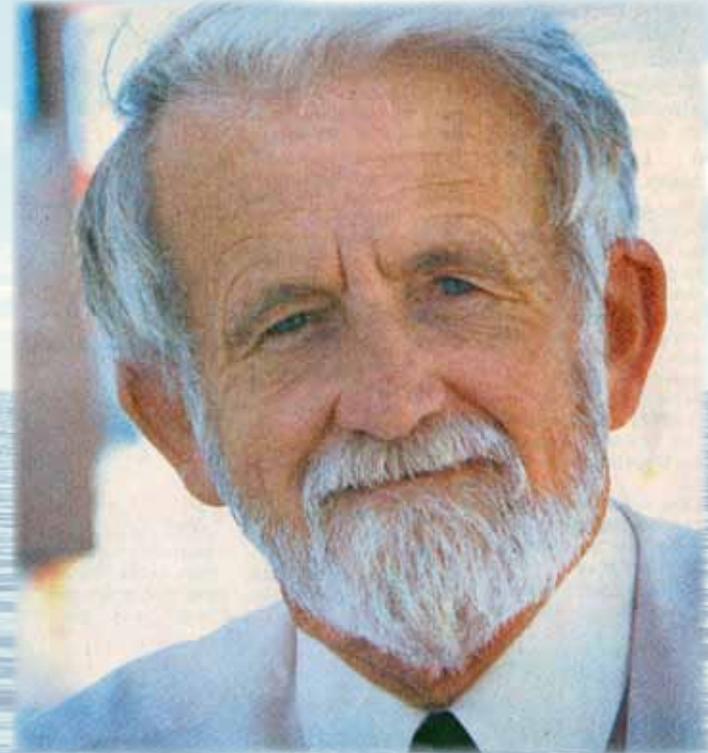


*Captain
George Stafford
Gunn*



14 March 1928 - 4 December 2015



George's family thank you for your love, your support
and your presence here today as
we celebrate the life of a remarkable man.

After the service you are warmly invited to join
the family for refreshments in the Sailing Club lounge
to continue sharing memories of George.

The family would also appreciate if you would sign
the memorial register before leaving today.



Remembered With Love

Captain George Gunn

His Life Celebrated at the
Napier Sailing Club

West Quay, Ahuriri, Napier

1:30pm Tuesday 8th December 2015

Celebrant: Brian Frost

Funeral Director: Neil Earnshaw



Welcome and Announcements

Reading

Sea Fever

Tributes from the Family

Memories Shared by Friends

Reading

Crossing The Bar

Reflection Time

We gather our personal memories of
George as we listen to the Farewell Shanty

Reading

Albatross

Committal

Commendation and Blessing

Ringin' The Bell

Recessional

George's casket is carried from the Club,
to the song Time To Say Goodbye

Sea Fever

I must go down to the sea again,
to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship
and a star to steer her by,

And the wheel's kick and the wind's song
and the white sail shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face
and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again,
for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call
that may not be denied;

And all I ask is a windy day
with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume,
and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again
to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way
where the wind's like a whetted knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn
from a laughing fellow rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream
when the long trek's over.



Crossing The Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne
of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Albatross

I am the albatross that awaits you
at the end of the world.
I am the forgotten soul
of the dead seaman
who sailed across Cape Horn
from all the seas of the earth.
But, they have not died
in the fury of the waves,
today they fly on my wings
towards eternity
in the last crevice of the
Antarctic winds.

