



*"In one of the stars I shall be living
In one of them I shall be laughing
And so it will be as if all the stars were laughing,
when you look at the sky at night...you will have stars that can laugh!"*
The Little Prince – Antoine de Saint-Exupery

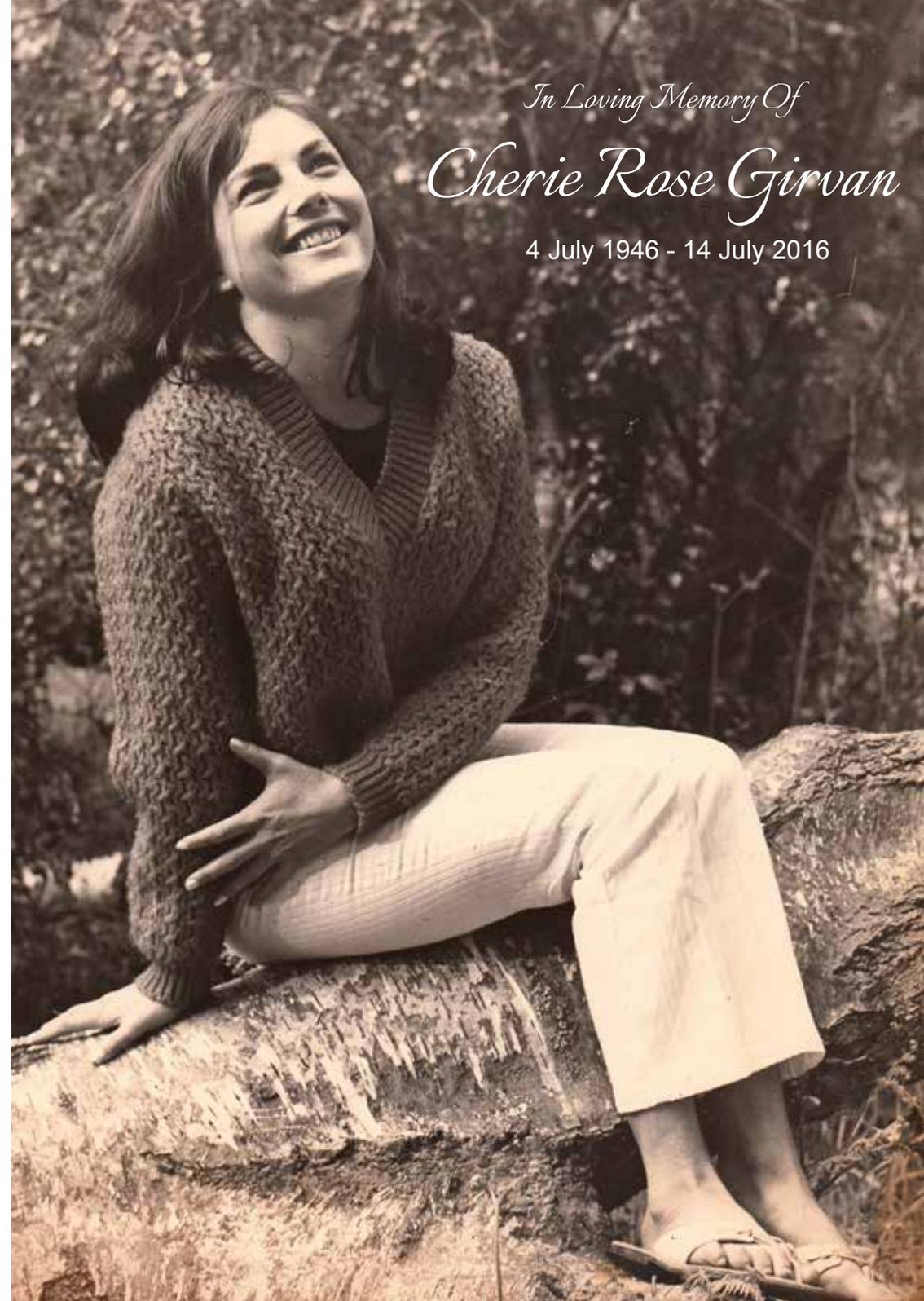
Invitation

The family thank you for your presence here today and invite you to join with them for refreshments and a time of fellowship, in the adjacent lounge, following the service.

*Please sign the memorial book in the foyer
to record your presence here today*



Dunstall's
Where no two farewells are the same



*In Loving Memory Of
Cherie Rose Girvan*

4 July 1946 - 14 July 2016

A Celebration For

Cherie Girvan

held at the
Dunstall Memorial Chapel
Edwardes Street, Napier
on Thursday 21st July, 2016 at 11am

Celebrant: Brian Frost
Funeral Director: Paul Dunstall

Order of Service

Welcome and Announcements

Reading

I Am Not Ready To Let You Go

I am not ready to let you go
I believe that you're still here

You're the sun that burns in the autumn sky
The smell of the snow in the air;

You're the voice that giggles within the trees
And the call of the tui that sings to me.

I am not ready to let you go
I'll hold you close instead

In the warmth of a steaming mug of tea
The fizz of a bubbly wine;

In the abandoned joy of an impromptu dance and
the magic of the Christmas tree

There you'll be.
Surrounding me.

I am not ready to let you go.

Tributes from Family and Friends

Time of Reflection

accompanied by New York, New York and I've Got You Under My Skin

Reading

A Parable of Immortality

I am standing upon the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze
and starts for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength,
and I stand and watch until at last she hangs
like a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other.
Then someone at my side says,
" There she goes! "

Gone where?

Gone from my sight . . . that is all.

She is just as large in mast and hull and spar
as she was when she left my side
and just as able to bear her load of living freight
to the place of destination.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment
when someone at my side says,

" There she goes! "

there are other eyes watching her coming . . .
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout . . .

" Here she comes! "

Commendation

Recessional Music

Day-O (Banana Boat Song)

by Harry Belafonte

Jambalaya

by Hank Williams