Poem for Victor by grandson Sam Crowther:

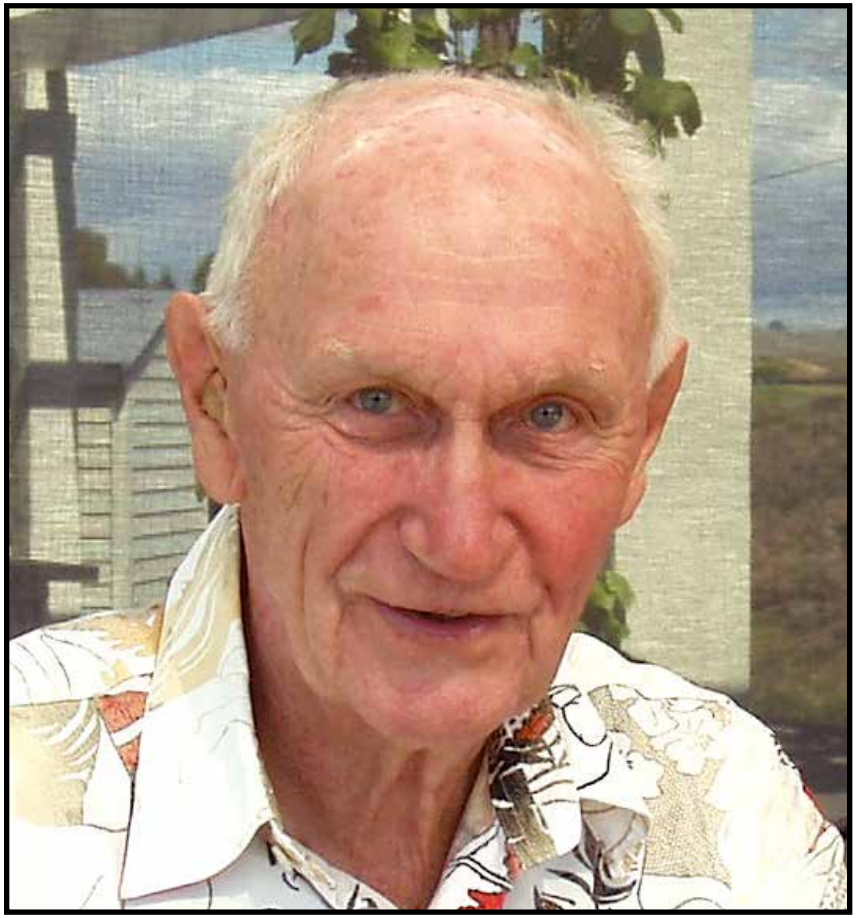
There's not many mountains he hasn't climbed
He's taken me with him many a time
He's looked after me from a little Sprout
And showed me what life's all about
There's not much he hasn't done
I guess that's what makes him number one.

Thank you for attending this service for Victor today.
Your presence is deeply appreciated by the family.

Victor's family warmly invite you to join them for a time of refreshment and fellowship at the Hawkes Bay Club, Browning St, at the conclusion of this service.

Dunstall's
Where no two funerals are the same

Celebrating the life of



Charles Victor Rycroft

3 November 1928 - 21 July 2016

A service to celebrate the life of

Charles Victor Rycroft

Held in the Dunstall Memorial Chapel
Edwardes St, Napier
On Tuesday 26th July at 10.00am

Minister: Father Bill Chapman
Funeral Director: Peter Lindroos
Organist: James Mist

ORDER OF SERVICE

Welcome

Eulogy and Sharing of Memories

Time of Prayer

Time of Reflection:

What a Wonderful World by Louis Armstrong

The Lord's Prayer

Scripture Reading:

Ecclesiastes 3 v 1 - 8

Hymn:

Abide with Me

RSA Tribute

Commendation & Committal

Blessing

Recessional Hymn:

The Lord's My Shepherd

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 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!

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.