Bettina and Karol's family sincerely thank you for being with them today to remember a wonderful husband, father, grand father and friend to many.

Please join the family for a time of sharing memories and light refreshment at the rear of the Church, following the service.

A further invitation is made to you to continue the 'wake' for Karol, this will be held at ***2 Goldsmith Terrace, Hospital Hill****, starting at 5.00pm.*
(Please park on Hospital Terrace and walk down to Goldsmith Terrace)

Dunstall's
Where no two farewells are the same

Dunstall's Funeral Services
Corner of Edwardes & Bower Streets, PO Box 1055, Napier 4140
T 06 835 7196 **E** office@dunstalls.co.nz **www.dunstalls.co.nz**

KAROL STEFAN KLIMEK

Celebrating the Life of

Karol Stefan Klimek

9 January 1945 - 31 May 2017

Held in the

Waiapu Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist

Browning Street, Napier

on

Wednesday 7th June 2017 at 2.00pm

Celebrant
Reverend Dorothy Brooker

Organist
Gary Bowler

Funeral Director
Neil Earnshaw

Order of Service

Welcome and Prayer
Rev. Dorothy

Hymn: *Morning Has Broken*

Family Speakers Share

Prayer of Remembrance

Reading: *Death Is Nothing At All*
(Canon Henry Scott-Holland)
Read by Sophie Owen

Homily
Rev. Dorothy

Prayers for the Family

Commendation and Committal

Recessional
Karol's casket is carried from the Church to the song *Nothing Compares To You* sung by Sinead O'Connor

Pall Bearers

Stefan Klimek
Anna Klimek
Hannah Klimek
Steffi Tregenna
Karina Turi
Kristof Klimek

Death Is Nothing At All

Death is nothing at all
I have just slipped into the next room.
I am I, you are you.
Whatever we were to each other,
That we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name;
Speak to me in the way you always used.
Put no difference into your tone;
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh, as we always laughed,
At the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be forever
The household word it always was
Let it be spoken without an effort,
Without the ghost of a shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant;
It is the same as it ever was;
There is absolutely unbroken continuity,
Why should I be out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval,
Somewhere very near, just around the corner.
All is Well.

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken
like the first morning;
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing,
praise for the morning,
praise for them, springing
fresh from the word.

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung from completeness
where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight;
mine is the morning
born of the one light
Eden saw play.
Praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's recreation
of the new day.