A Memorial Service to Celebrate the life of

Priscilla Nancy Peach

08 May 1931- 21 August 2022

Held in the
Dunstall Memorial Chapel
Edwardes Street Napier

Saturday, 3rd September 2022 at 2pm

Celebrant
Linda Paterson

Funeral Director
Jenna Brady

Priscilla's family invite friends to join them in the Chapel Lounge for refreshments and to share memories and stories of this wonderful woman

Dunstall's
Where no two farewells are the same

Dunstall's Funeral Services
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Welcome

Lighting of the Remembrance Candle

Introductory Words

Hymm
All Things Bright and Beautiful

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple headed mountains,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Eulogy
Chris Ball, Matt Ball and Giles Peach

Reading
The Seven Ages of Man
'As you Like it' by William Shakespeare
Fiona MacMillian

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Photo Tribute
I am Woman by Helen Reddy
Bird on a Wire by Leonard Cohen

Hymm
Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of Fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Words of Reflection

Committal

Placing of Petals
Day-O (The Banana Boat Song) by Harry Belafonte

Please come foward to place a petal with Priscilla's urn
as you say your personal farewell