A celebration of life for

Pamela Clara Kemp

20 September 1934 - 12 May 2024

Held at the Trinity Methodist Church, Clive Square
on Friday 17 May 2024 at 1pm

Minister: ʻOfa Taukolo
Organist: Peter Williams
Funeral Director: Nick Evans

Pamela's family thank you for your presence here today and warmly invite you to join in light refreshments in the church hall.

Dunstall's
Where no two farewells are the same

Order of Service

Welcome and Gathering

Hymn
Nearer My God to Thee

Nearer, my God, to thee, neare to thee
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
yet in my dreams I'd be- nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;
angels to beckon me- nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise:
so by my woes to be- nearer, my God, to thee:
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to thee:
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Reading and Reflection

Hymn
You Raise Me Up

When I am down and, oh my soul, so weary;
When troubles come and my heart burdened be;
Then, I am still and wait here in the silence,
Until you come and sit awhile with me.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up...to more than I can be.

Chorus 2X

You raise me up ... to more than I can be.

Family Tributes

Eulogy
Andrew

Reading
read by Patricia

Photo Tribute
"I Love You Because" by Jim Reeves and "Constantly" by Cliff Richard

Reading
read by Amanda

Reading
read by Julie

Hymn
The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged Cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame,
And I love that old Cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged Cross
And exchange it some day for a crown.

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see,
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

To the old rugged Cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away
Where His glory for ever I'll share.

Commendation

Blessing and Dismissal

Recession