

How Great Thou Art

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the works Thy hands hath made.
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art,
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art.*

And when I think that God His Son not sparing
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Then sings my soul...

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation,
And take me home what joy shall fill my heart,
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God how great thou art.

Then sings my soul...

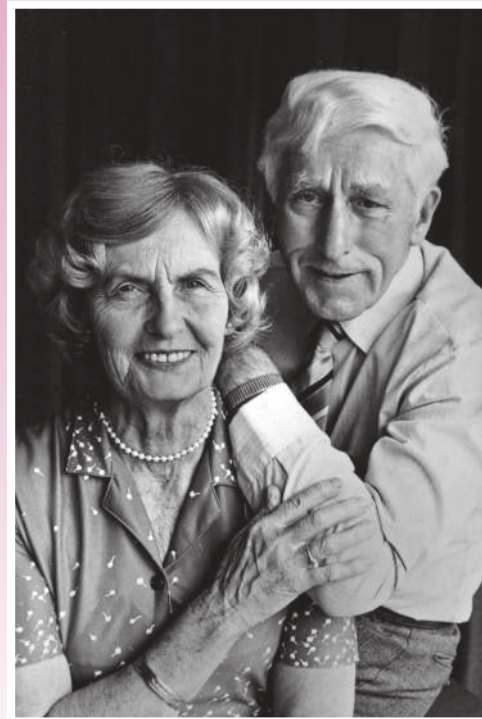
Pallbearers

Chapel

Dave, Theodore, Matthew,
Shannon, Kiernan, Diane

Cemetery

Phil, Sarah, Ben
Matthew, Robin, Kiernan



An Invitation

Jean's family thank you for your presence and support. You are warmly invited to join them after the service in the Cornwall Manor Lounge for refreshments. The family will depart for Taita Cemetery at approximately 3pm.

Memorial Pages

Jean's family invite you to sign the pages located in the foyer. This will serve as a permanent record of those present today.

This is your life Jean

Scan the QR Code for the slideshow.



Donations

Those wishing to honour Jean may make a donation to Radio Rhema via the QR Code.



GEE & HICKTON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Jean



Ethel Jean Reid

26 APRIL 1921 - 5 DECEMBER 2025

Cornwall Manor • Lower Kutt
Wednesday, 17 December 2025 at 1.00pm

Celebrant: Richard Harford

Organist: Ella Hanify

WELCOME

HYMN

I Come To The Garden Alone

EULOGY

Phil

FAMILY TRIBUTE

Matthew

TRIBUTE

Euan

POEM

Carlin

HYMN

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

TRIBUTES

1 Corinthians 13 | *Read by Sarah*

Mel

Diane

Isaiah 40 - 31 | *Read by Dave*

A LIFE IN PHOTOS

A photo slideshow and a short video clip
will celebrate Jean's life past and present

HYMN

How Great Thou Art

CLOSING WORDS

I Come To The Garden Alone

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear,
Falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

*And He walks with me,
and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share
as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.*

He speaks, and the sound of His voice,
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing.
And the melody,
that He gave to me,
Within my heart is ringing.

I'd stay in the garden with Him,
Though the night around me be falling;
But He bids me go;
Through the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.



What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry,
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.