

WITH LOVE WE REMEMBER



Norma Holden

27 DECEMBER 1942 - 8 MAY 2026

ST PHILIPS ANGLICAN CHURCH,
LOWER HUTT

WEDNESDAY, 13 MAY 2026 | 10.00AM

Officiating: Rev. Julia Coleman



WELCOME

PHOTO TRIBUTE AND THANKSGIVING

HYMN | *Be Thou My Vision*

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art;
Thou my best thought, by day or by night;
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father and I, Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise;
Thou mine inheritance, now and always;
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart;
O King of glory, my treasure Thou art.

O King of glory, my victory won;
Rule and reign in me 'til Thy will be done;
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall;
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.



MAIN EULOGY

Samuel Williamson
Andrew Williamson

TRIBUTES

Jessica Williamson
Jane Williamson

Messages from South African family & friends
Read by Lyndsay Burns

Vance Feeney
On behalf of Norma's St Philip's Church family

Norma's song to her "boys"
By Kim Shaw

HYMN | *Mary Did You Know*

Mary did you know
That your baby boy
Would one day
Walk on water
Mary did you know
That your baby boy
Would save our sons
And daughters
Did you know
That your baby boy
Has come to make you new
This Child
That you delivered
Will soon deliver you

Mary did you know
That your baby boy
Would give sight
To the blind man
Mary did you know
That your baby boy
Would calm a storm
With His hand

Did you know
That your baby boy
Has walked
Where angels trod
And when you kiss
Your little baby

You've kissed the
face of God
Oh Mary did you know

Interlude
Ooh Mary did you know
Ooh ooh

Bridge
The blind will see
The deaf will hear
The dead will live again
The lame will leap
The dumb will speak
The praises of the Lamb

Oh Mary did you know
That your baby boy
Is Lord of all creation
Mary did you know
That your baby boy
Will one day
Rule the nations
Did you know
That your baby boy
Is heaven's perfect Lamb
And the sleeping Child
You're holding
Is the great I Am
Oh Mary oh

READINGS

Psalm 23 (Vance Feeney)
Ecclesiastes 3 : 1 - 11 (Rex Barker)
John 13 : 33 - 35 (Oliver Ibbetson)

ADDRESS

Rev. Julia Coleman

MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO NORMA

Arranged by Adrian Blair

PRAYERS

Rev. Cheryl Repia

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come; thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
Forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
Lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory
Forever and ever,
Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN TE REO MAORI

Led by Jeremy Herewini

E tō mātou Matua i te rangi,
Kia tapu tōu Ingoa.
Kia tae mai tōu rangatiratanga.
Kia meatia tāu e pai ai,
ki runga ki te whenua,
kia rite anō ki tō te rangi.
Homai ki a mātou āiane
he taro mā mātou mō tēnei rā.
Murua ō mātou hara,
me mātou hoki e muru nei
i ō te hunga e hara ana ki a mātou.
Āua hoki mātou e kawea kia whakawaia;
Engari whakaorangia mātou i te kino:
Nōu hoki te rangatiratanga,
te kaha,
me te korōria,
Āke ake ake.
Āmine.

COMMENDATION AND COMMITTAL

BLESSING

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT & INVITATION

Norma's family wish to thank you for being here today and for all your love and support at this time. If you have not already done so, would you please take the time to leave your name or a message for the family in the memorial book located in the foyer.

Following this service, you are warmly invited to join the family for refreshments in the Church Hall, where you can share more memories of Norma.

DONATION

In Norma's memory, you are welcome to make a donation to Te Omanga Hospice by scanning the QR code below. Thank you.



BURNT NORTON

By T S Eliot (as referenced by Sam in his Eulogy)

Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.
If all time is eternally present
All time is unredeemable.
What might have been is an abstraction
Remaining a perpetual possibility
Only in a world of speculation.

What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.
Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden. My words echo
Thus, in your mind.

But to what purpose
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves
I do not know.

Other echoes
Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?
Quick, said the bird, find them, find them,
Round the corner. Through the first gate,
Into our first world, shall we follow
The deception of the thrush? Into our first world.

There they were, dignified, invisible,
Moving without pressure, over the dead leaves,
In the autumn heat, through the vibrant air,
And the bird called, in response to
The unheard music hidden in the shrubbery,
And the unseen eyebeam crossed, for the roses
Had the look of flowers that are looked at.

There they were as our guests,
Accepted and accepting.
So we moved, and they, in a formal pattern,
Along the empty alley, into the box circle,
To look down into the drained pool.
Dry the pool, dry concrete, brown edged,
And the pool was filled with water out of sunlight,
And the lotos rose, quietly, quietly,
The surface glittered out of heart of light,
And they were behind us, reflected in the pool.
Then a cloud passed, and the pool was empty.

Go, said the bird, for the leaves were full of children,
Hidden excitedly, containing laughter.
Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.
Time past and time future
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.



GEE & HICKTON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS