



With Love We Remember

Evelyn Jane McMahon

24 June 1953 - 2 August 2026

An Invitation

Eve's family thank you for your presence today and for your kind words of comfort and support. Following this service, you are warmly invited to join the family in the Marquee & George Room at the Thistle Inn for refreshments. For the best access, arrive via the Courtyard entrance on Kate Sheppard Place.

The family invites you to write a Tribute to Eve by scanning the QR code.

Donations

In Eve's memory, you are welcome to make a donation to either the NZ Cancer Society or Mary Potter Hospice by scanning the QR code below. Thank you.

Tributes



Donate



Cancer Society



Mary Potter
Hospice

GEE & HICKTON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS



Old Saint Paul's, Wellington
Friday, 14 August 2026 at 11.00am

Celebrant: Libby Carson

Order of Service

Commencement Music
Canção do Mar by Dulce Pontes

Welcome & Housekeeping

Eulogies

Geoff Harley - *Cousin*
Jo Breeze - *Friend*
Tim Fowler & Ian Funnell - *Work Colleagues*
Jim, Conal & Siobhan McMahon - *Husband & Children*

Photo Memories

Canzonetta Sull'aria *from Marriage of Figaro*
Great Love of My Life *by Kate Wolf*
SongBird *by Christine McVie (Solo piano)*

Acknowledgements

Committal & Recessional
Foi Deus by Amália Rodrigues

All Is Well

by Henry Scott Holland

Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped into the next room
Nothing has happened

Everything remains exactly as it was
I am I and you are you
And the old life that we lived so fondly
together is untouched, unchanged
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used
Put no difference in 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 ever the household word
that it always was,
Let it be spoken without effect,
without the trace of shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity.
What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near,
Just around the corner.

All is well.

Nothing is hurt; noting is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!