

If I should go before the rest of you  
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone  
Nor when I'm gone, speak in a Sunday voice  
But be the usual selves that I have known

Weep if you must, parting is hell  
But life goes on, so sing as well

- By Joyce Grenfell



### An Invitation

Noeline'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 Cornwall Manor Lounge for fellowship and refreshments.

Remembering With Love

*Noeline Binns*

25 May 1928 - 27 May 2024

GEE & HICKTON  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
Serving greater Wellington families since 1946

**Cornwall Manor  
Lower Hutt  
Friday 31 May 2024  
10:00am**

**Celebrant:** *Keith Newell*

**Entrance Music**

I Have A Dream - *Abba*

**Welcome & Introduction**

**Hymn**

The Lord's My Shepherd

**Eulogy**

Jenny Sibley

**Family Tributes**

**Photo Tribute**

I'll Be Loving You Always - *Bing Crosby*  
As Time Goes - *Glenn Miller*

**Closing Words & Reflection**

**Reading**

High Flight  
Read by *Jaime Otway*

**The Lord's Prayer**

**Committal**

**Recessional Music**

Thank You For The Music - *Abba*

**The Lord's My Shepherd**

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.  
He maketh me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house forevermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

**High Flight**

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
of sun-split clouds, — and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air ....

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark nor ever eagle flew—  
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

*- John Gillespie Magee*

**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.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive them that trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory  
for ever and ever. Amen.