



### ***An Invitation***

Beryl'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.

### ***Donations***

In Beryl's memory, you are welcome to make a contribution to Alzheimer's New Zealand by scanning the QR code, or at the donation box in the foyer. Thank you.

**GEE & HICKTON**  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS



..... In Loving Memory .....

# Beryl Loloma Cudby

31 March 1942 - 5 October 2025

Cornwall Manor, Lower Hutt  
Friday, 10 October 2025  
at 2.00pm

**Officiating:** Glenda Barratt

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**Commencement Music**  
Toora Loora Loral by *The Irish Tenors*

**Welcome**

**Time of Remembrance**  
  
**Beryl's Story**  
Lloyd Cudby (Son)  
Anne Holmstead (Daughter in Law)  
Jeni McEwan (Granddaughter)

**Photo Memories**

**Closing Comments**

**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 those who 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.

**Committal**

**Recessional**  
The Nutcracker, Op. 71: Waltz of the Flowers  
by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky



Gran

In her garden, life would bloom,  
Each flower tended, every room  
Of earth and sky her gentle stage —  
Her love grew strong with every age.

Proper and proud, with a heart so kind,  
A touch of grace in all you'd find.  
She liked nice things — a polished shine,  
Yet what she gave was truly fine.

Her kitchen sang of home and care,  
The scent of cooking filled the air.  
No one left hungry, none left cold,  
Her meals were stories, warmly told.

She gave her time, her heart, her hand,  
To lift up others where they stand.  
Through charity, she spread her light —  
A quiet star that shone so bright.

Appearance mattered, that's true too,  
But beauty lived in all she'd do.  
From painted nails to pearls she wore,  
Elegance wrapped around her core.

Family — her dearest pride,  
We felt her love on every side.  
A hostess with the mostess grace,  
A smile that lit the darkest place.

And now our matriarch takes her rest,  
The heart that guided all the best.  
Her roots run deep, her love will stay,  
The soul of our family — always.