



*Remembering and celebrating
the life of
Valda Gwendoline Hindmarsh*

24th December 1924 - 4th August 2022



St James' Anglican Church Tumblong

9th August 2022

Celebrant: Rev. Peter Reid

Order of Service

Welcome and Introduction

Gracious Lord, in the face of death we gather to celebrate the life of Valda Hindmarsh. We mourn her death and commend her spirit to your safekeeping. We share with Valda's family and gather together to support each other by our presence. Our memories and our prayers. We are challenged by the certainty of our own coming death and we proclaim that we live in the presence of the God of love as we entrust Valda to his eternal presence. And so together we pray:

Almighty God, we thank you for the life of Valda and for what she meant to us and for the days we shared with her. We grieve her passing but with thanksgiving for all we shared with her and for all she shared with us.

We ask you to bless us as we continue life's journey.

A reading from Chapter 14. Gospel according to Saint John.

Read by John Hindmarsh

If you love me you will obey my commandments. I will ask the Father and he will give you another helper who will be with you who will stay with you forever.

He is the spirit who reveals the truth about God.

Whoever accepts my commandments and obeys them is the one who loves me.

My Father will love whoever loves me;

I too will love that person and reveal myself to them.

I have told you this while I am still with you.

The Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you everything and make you remember all that I have told you.

Peace I leave with you. My own peace I give to you.

Come, let us go forward.

Psalm 121 *Read by Greg Ralston*

I will lift up my eyes to the hills: but where shall I find help?
My help comes from the Lord: who has made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer your foot to stumble:
And he who watches over you will not sleep.
Be sure that he who has charge of Israel: will neither slumber nor
sleep. The Lord himself is your keeper:
the Lord is your defence upon your right hand;
The sun shall not strike you by day: nor shall the moon by night.
The Lord will defend you from all evil: it is he who will guard your
life. The Lord will defend your going out and your coming in:
from this time forward for evermore.

HYMN Psalm 23 The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want
He makes 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
E'evn 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 me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
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 for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Reading from Saint Paul's letter to the church in Corinthians

Read by Valerie Hindmarsh

I may be able to speak the languages of men and angels;
But if I have no love, my speech is no more than a noisy gong or a clanging bell. I may have the gift of inspired preaching, I may have the knowledge to understand all secrets; I may have the faith needed to move mountains - but if I have no love, I am nothing.

Love is patient and kind: it is not jealous or conceited or proud. Love is not ill-mannered or selfish or irritable. Love does not keep a record of wrongs; love is not happy with evil; but is happy with truth. Love never gives up; and its faith, hope and patience never fail.

Love is eternal. In this world three things remain; Faith, Hope and Love; and the greatest of these is Love.

Eulogy *Neil Hindmarsh and Marilyn Ralston*

Hymn **“How Great Thou Art”**

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand has made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed:

Chorus *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!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wonder,
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze: *Chorus*

But when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die — I scarce can take it in
that on the cross, our burden gladly bearing,
He bled and die to take away our sin: *Chorus*

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home — what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,
and there proclaim: My God, how great thou art! *Chorus*

Prayers:

All: The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be your name; your kingdom come, your 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, and the power, and the glory: forever and ever. Amen

Father, we in this community have lived a long time in the company of Valda. We have accepted with gratitude all that she had to share and give.

All: Her life spoke to us of your love as she journeyed with us into the future.

We pray for Valda's children and their families; Barry with Bonnie; Marilyn with Peter; John with Carmel; Neil with Valerie; for Valda's grandchildren and rejoice that Valda could celebrate her first great grandchild – born 10 days ago.

All: May they all sense your presence, feel your peace and discover hope and love.

We are wayfarers following roads to the end of the earth. Pilgrims on our way to the end of an age. We travel as a people sharing our life, our experience, our hopes and our fears. Travel together. Travel with confidence. Both in laying hold and letting go we celebrate God's goodness to us and affirm the continuing presence of his spirit, blowing where it will, forming and leading the life of your people.

All: Journey with us, sharing our sorrows and joys and bring us safe to your eternal Kingdom.

All Stand for the farewell

All: Creator Spirit, we thank you for the gift of life and for the life of Valda. Grateful for her life as she lived it; grateful for her life as she shared it. We thank you for her devotion to family, her commitment to friendship and her loyalty to her faith and her church and for all she meant to those she loved and who loved her. And now we entrust her to your merciful keeping, in the faith of Jesus Christ who reigns with you and the Holy Spirit in glory everlasting. Amen

The Blessing

Rev. Peter Reid:

May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
May the rains fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again,
and God hold you safe in the palm of his hand.

PALL BEARERS

Scott Ralston, John Hindmarsh,
Josh Hindmars (Neil Hindmarsh substituting), James Schubert

Recessional Song

‘Well Meet Again’, Vera Lynn
‘I am Woman’, Helen Reddy

The life that I have is all that I have,
The life that I have is yours.
The love that I have of the life that I have
Is yours, and yours, and yours!

A sleep I shall have, a rest I shall have
Yet death will be but a pause,
For the peace of my years in the long green grass
Will be yours, and yours and yours!

Why God Made MOTHERS

When God created mothers, it's certain that He knew
We'd need the loving, thoughtful things that only mothers do.

Like knowing when we need a push, or when we've had enough,
And giving help and good advice when problems get too tough.

Like helping us to reach the goals that we've been dreaming of,
Or being warm and caring when we need her special love.

Yes, God knew all the thoughtful things that only mothers do,
And that's exactly why He made a mother just like you.



Valda's family thank you for your prayers, love, support, and friendship. You have given us all great comfort.

We invite you to share refreshments with them at the Gundagai District Services Club, Sheridan St, Gundagai, Following committal prayers at the Tumblong Cemetery.



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