



CELEBRANT

Pastor Elaine Edwards

COFFIN BEARERS

Peter Waters     Duncan Munro  
Peter Dix        Maurice Pekin

Judy's family would like to extend their sincere gratitude for the love, support, condolences and kind words at this difficult time. Your attendance today is greatly appreciated.

You are warmly invited to the conclusion of this service at the interment at the Coleraine Cemetery and to return to the Coleraine Bowls Club for refreshments.



*A service of celebration  
for the life of*



*Louisa Margaret McVean*

April 18, 1925 ~ May 5, 2026

St Andrew's Uniting Church Coleraine  
Thursday May 14, 2026 at 10am

# Order of Service

WELCOME & LIGHTING OF CHRIST CANDLE

INTRODUCTION

PROMISES OF GOD

PRAYER

HYMN 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,  
ev'n for his own name's sake.

Yea, thou 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 forever more  
my dwelling place shall be.

'DEATH IS NOTHING AT ALL' Val Powell

EULOGY Judy Pekin

TRIBUTES Peter Dix

VISUAL MEMORIES

READING Proverbs 313, selected verses  
Trish Thompson & Stephanie Delaney

REFLECTION

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

COMMENDATION

LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father in heaven,  
hallowed be your name,  
your kingdom come,  
your will be done on earth as in heaven.  
Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.  
Save us from the time of trial and deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power and the glory are yours,  
now and forever. Amen

HYMN Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:  
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
when other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
change and decay in all around I see:  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;  
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Words by Henry Francis Lyte 1793–1847

BLESSING