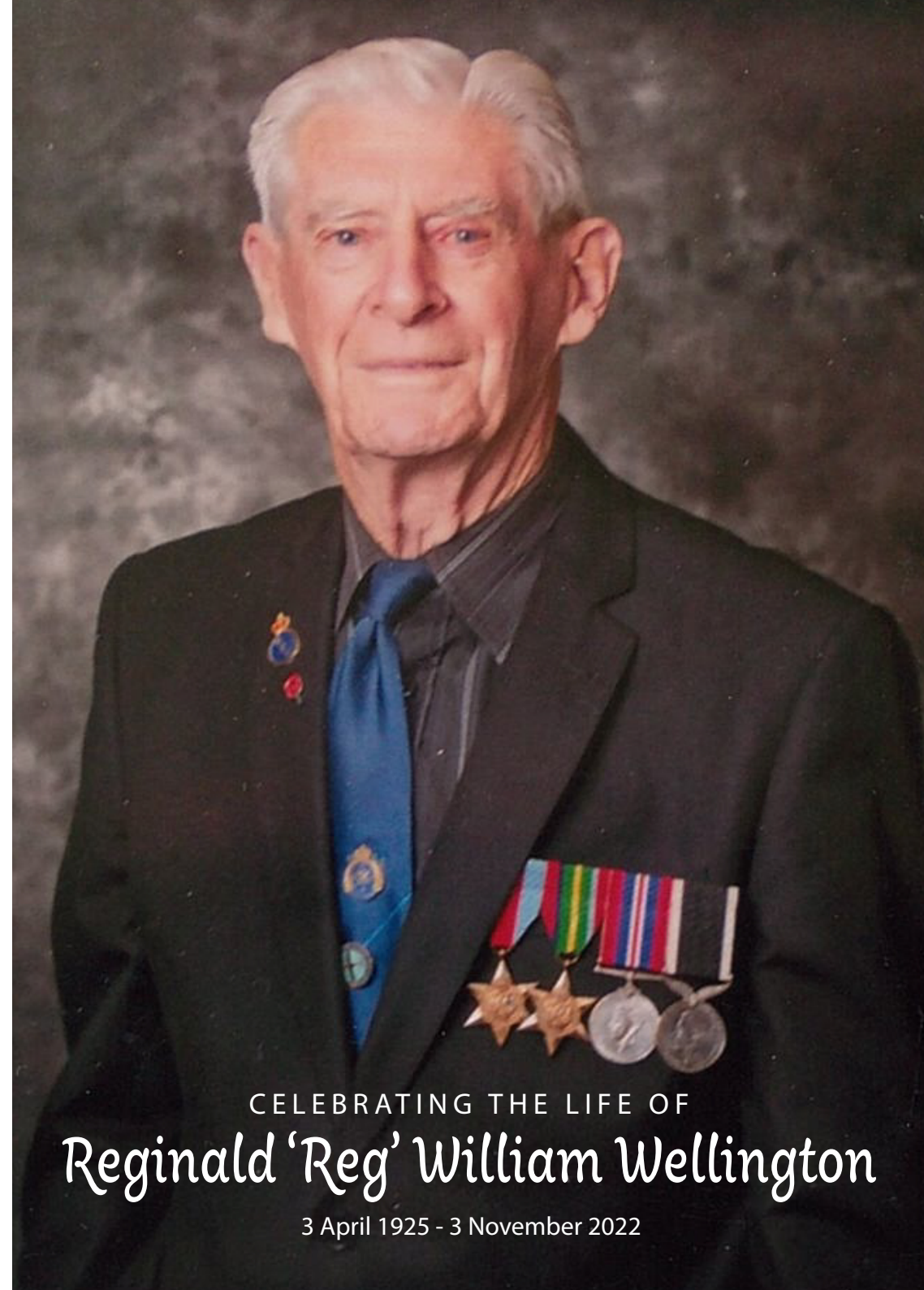


The Last Farewell

Dear Friends I go, but do not weep,
I've lived my life, so full, so deep,
Throughout my life, I gave my best,
I've earned my keep, I've earned my rest.
I never tried to be great or grand,
I tried to be a helping hand.
If I helped in a team,
If I helped on my own,
I was more than repaid
By good friends I have known.
And if I went the extra mile
I did it with pleasure,
It was all worthwhile.
If I brightened your path,
Then let it be,
A small contribution
From my loved ones and me.
But mostly I cherished the family I knew,
In a bond never ending,
So precious, so true.
Now sadly I leave you, and travel alone,
Through the mystic veil
To the great unknown.
With such beautiful memories
That forever will be,
The way that I hope
You'll remember me.

Reg's family thank you for your love support and attendance here today and warmly invite you to join them for light refreshments back in the Chapel after the service.



CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF
Reginald 'Reg' William Wellington

3 April 1925 - 3 November 2022



Welcome to the Service to Celebrate the Life of

Reg

WEDNESDAY **9** NOVEMBER
2022

Funeral Service held at Collingwood Funeral Home Chapel at 1.00pm.

Officiating: John Treanor

Funeral Directors: Collingwood Funeral Home

Order of Service

Welcome and Introduction

Eulogy and Family Tributes

Hymn: Abide With Me

Open Time of Sharing

Photographic Journey

Reading: The Last Farewell

RSA Tribute

Committal

Conclusion

Recessional: Lead Kindly Light

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, oh, 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 need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, 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;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

