



Prue's family thank you for your love and care expressed since her passing and appreciate your attendance today. After the service there will be a private family interment, thereafter family will return to the hall for refreshments. You are all warmly invited to join the family for refreshments in the adjacent Church Hall.

Please sign the tribute book before you leave today.



Prudence Marjorie Fife Thirkettle

19 July 1930 - 25 September 2025

A Celebration of the life of
Prue Thirkettle

Held at St Mary's Church, Timaru
On Tuesday 30 September, 2.00pm

Officiant: The Ven Ben Randall
Organist: Neil Dickson



The 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 for ever.
Amen.

Thine be the Glory

Thine be the glory,
risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory
thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment
rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes
where thy body lay.
**Thine be the glory, risen,
conquering Son,
endless is the victory
thou o'er death hast won.**

Lo! Jesus meets us,
risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us,
scatters fear and gloom;
let the church with gladness
hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord now liveth,
death hast lost its sting:

Refrain

No more we doubt thee,
glorious Prince of Life;
life is naught without thee:
aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors
through thy deathless love;
bring us safe through Jordan
to thy home above:

Refrain

The Day Thou Gavest

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
the darkness falls at thy behest;
to thee our morning hymns ascended,
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into light,
through all the world her watch is keeping,
and rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never silent,
nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
our brethren 'neath the western sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are making
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

