



In Loving Memory of
Marie Louise Hanibalsz

7 May 1931 - 18 April 2026



The kindness and sympathy shown to us
in so many ways brought comfort we will never forget.
Your thoughtfulness meant more than words can say,
and we thank you sincerely.

Iris, Alice and Sarah

Please join the family for refreshments following the service
in the adjacent hall area.

Wednesday 29 April 2026 at 11.00am



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Created for **Selwyn Allen Funerals**
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Order of Service

Welcome and Words of Gathering and Comfort

Rev Andrew Woff

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, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none 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.

Some Words about Loss and Grief

Bible Reading

1 Corinthians 13

Tributes and Memories

Eulogy, Louise's sister Sylvia

Tributes from granddaughter Alice (by link) and daughter Iris

Pictorial Tribute

Prayer of Thanksgiving

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 need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
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:
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

A Time For Farewell

Prayer of Commendation and Blessing