

Poem written by Bev's granddaughter,  
Allegra, when she was 6 years old...

Nana is old.  
She forgets lots of things.  
She lives in a care home all the way down in New Zealand.  
I don't get to see her every day,  
I live in our family home all the way up in England.  
Nana forgets lots of things but she does not forget us.  
She sends us big heavy parcels that make the postman sweat.  
She sends us all sorts of presents: pjs, toys, socks and even a leopard!  
Well, not the real, roaring kind,  
One that is adopted in a forest afar.  
Nana forgets lots of things  
But she does not forget to love us. And I won't forget that.



*Thank You*

Your love and support is appreciated.  
We welcome you all to join us for a cuppa or something stronger  
at Lime Café, corner of Fenton and Whakaue Streets.  
In Memory of Bev, donations to Dementia NZ  
would be appreciated either in the donation box or online  
<https://dementia.nz/dementia-lakes/#donate?region=lakes>

Mountain View Funeral Services... Because We Care 

# Celebrating

THE LIFE OF



**BEV DUNSIRE**

1 March 1940 - 18 February 2025

## ORDER OF SERVICE

Welcome and Prayer - Judy Thompson

Eulogy - Bev's sisters Maureen and Shirley  
and sons Carl and Scott

Family Tributes

Poem - Nana  
Read by Bev's niece Sheryl

Invited Speakers

Open Tributes

Photographic Memories

Poem - Let Me Go  
Read by Bev's nephew Nigel

Closing Words and Committal

### Prayer

Lord, When the burden of grief is heavy,  
lighten our load and lift our spirits.

When despair darkens our horizon,  
shine forth your light and lead the way.

When our hearts feel broken,  
comfort us and hold us in your embrace.

When we rage against the injustice of loss,  
channel this power into all that is good.

When sorrow surrounds us,  
wrap us in hope that we may endure.

When we are overwhelmed in the dark of night,  
may the breaking of dawn bring peace.

For we know, O Lord,  
that you hear our cries for help,  
and so we ask you to  
turn our mourning into dancing,  
to take away our sadness  
and to clothe us with joy. Amen



### Let Me Go

by Christina Rossetti

When I come to the end of the road  
And the sun has set for me  
I want no rites in a gloom filled room  
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not for long  
And not with your head bowed low  
Remember the love that once we shared  
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take  
And each must go alone.  
It's all part of the master plan  
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart  
Go to the friends we know.  
Laugh at all the things we used to do  
Miss me, but let me go.

