William Cameron Palmer

5 April 1940 - 3 August 2024

Hope and Sons Chapel · Dunedin
8 August 2024 · Private Cremation

Officiant: *Rev Lisa Barlow* | ***Organist:*** *Donald Moorhead*

Welcome and Invitation

Open Prayer

Reading

Hymn
The Lord Is My Shepherd

Eulogy
Bevan Palmer

Family Tributes
Annie McLeod
Michelle Koenig

General Sharing
An opportunity to share
a memory of Bill

Poem
Changing Tides
Read by Jacqueline Firth

Time of Remembrance

Address

Prayers

Final Hymn
How Great Thou Art

The Commendation

The Blessing of Peace

An Invitation

Bill's family thank you for your care and support today.
Following the service you are warmly invited to join them in the adjacent Kennedy Lounge for refreshments and a time to share more memories of Bill.

Tributes

If you would like to send the family a message, share a story, or pay tribute to Bill, please do so on the online tribute page at www.hopeandsons.co.nz

HOPE SONS
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

With Love We Remember

Bill

The Lord Is 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,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though 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 forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Changing Tides

Heaving swells,
crests and troughs,
the sun's rays filter
through the barrel.
While the boat's bow rides over,
jostling whitecaps
playing chase,
disappear,
beyond the horizon.

Granite sentinels,
pinnacles, obstacles,
standing tall and strong,
waves crashing,
thundering, bashing.
White water
shaping, moulding,
softening;
All rough edges gone.

Sand,
bull kelp swirling,
then recoiling,
torn from its anchor,
set adrift.
Flotsam,
thrown up on the beach
by the incoming tide.

How Great Thou Art

Oh Lord, my God
When I, in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Chorus
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin

Chorus

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration
And then proclaim, my God, how great Thou art

Chorus