

*A Service of Thanksgiving
For the life of
Dr Wallace George Lowe*

CNZM OBE Polar Medal(Antarctic Clasp)
Coronation Medal Cuthbert Peek Award (RGS)

*ST MATTHEW'S ANGLICAN CHURCH,
HASTINGS*

Sunday June 30th 2013 at 10.00am



Born 15th January 1924 - Died 21st March 2013

Opening Song Pokarekare ana
St Joseph's Maori Girls College Choir

Welcome **The Reverend Helen Wilderspin**
The Mayor of Hastings City
Lawrence Yule

Hymn Heavenly love abiding

1. In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2. Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3. Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Reflection 1 George's early life
Reuben Lowe (Brother)

Reading from Scripture

Psalm 23
Tom Lowe (Cousin)

Reflection 2 George as father
Compiled by sons Gavin, Bruce & Matthew

Reflection 3 Grandad George
Lauren Chadlowe (Granddaughter)

Song Hastings Boys High School Choir

Reflection 4 George the mountaineer
Peter Hillary (Godson)

Reflection 5 Teaching, retirement, lasting legacy
Mary Lowe (Widow)

Gospel reading Read by Martyn Norrie (Nephew)

The Holy Gospel according to Matthew 5:1-10
Praise and Glory to God

This is the Gospel of Christ

Praise to Christ the word

Prayers St Matthew's Primary School

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

The Peace

Reverend Helen:

The peace of Christ be always with you.

And also with you.

[All share the peace]

*[There will be a collection during the hymn, cash donations
will go to the Himalayan Trust NZ].*

Offertory Hymn Be thou my vision

1. Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;
be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

2. Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
be thou ever with me, and I with thee Lord;
be thou my great Father, and I thy true heir;
be thou in me dwelling, and I in thy care.

3. Riches I heed not, nor all the world's praise:
be thou mine inheritance now and always;
be thou and thou only the first in my heart;
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

4. High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright sun,
O grant me its joys after victory is won;
great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

The Preparation of the Gifts

Reverend Helen:

Blessed are you, God of all creation; through
your goodness we have these gifts to share.
Accept and use our offerings for your glory
and for the service of your kingdom.

Blessed be God for ever

The Great Thanksgiving

The Lord is here.
God's Spirit is with us.

Lift your hearts to heaven.
Where Christ in glory reigns.

Let us give thanks to God.
It is right to offer thanks and praise.

It is the joy of our salvation, God of the universe,
to give you thanks through Jesus Christ.
You sent your Son to be for us the way we need to
follow and the truth we need to know.

You sent your Son to give his life to release us from
our sin. His cross has taken our guilt away.
You send your Holy Spirit to strengthen and to guide,
to warn and to revive your church.

Therefore, with all your witnesses who surround us on
every side, countless as heaven's stars,
we praise you for our creation and our calling, with
loving and with joyful hearts.

**Holy God, holy and merciful, holy and just,
Glory and goodness come from you.
Glory to you most high and gracious God.**

Blessed are you, most holy, in your Son, who washed his disciples'
feet. 'I am among you' he said 'as one who serves.'

On that night before he died, Jesus took bread and gave you thanks.
He broke it, gave it to his disciples, and said: 'Take, eat, this is my
body which is given for you; do this to remember me.'

After supper, he took the cup, and gave you thanks.
He gave it to them and said: 'Drink this. It is my blood of the new
covenant, shed for you, shed for all, to forgive sin, do this to
remember me.'

Therefore with this bread and wine we recall your goodness to us:

**God of the past and present,
We your people remember your Son.
We thank you for his cross and rising again,
We take courage from his ascension;
We look for his coming in glory
And in him we give ourselves to you.**

Send your Holy Spirit, that we who receive Christ's body may indeed be the body of Christ, and we who share his cup, draw strength from the one true vine.

**Called to follow Christ,
Help us to reconcile and unite.
Called to suffer, give us hope in our calling.**

For you, the heavenly one, make all things new; You are the beginning and the end, the last and the first.

Praise, glory and love be yours this and every day, from us and all people, here and everywhere. Amen.

Christ's body was broken for us on the cross.
Christ is the bread of life.

His blood was shed for our forgiveness.
Christ is risen from the dead.

Come God's people,
come to receive Christ's heavenly food.

[You are very welcome to come and receive communion whatever your denomination, the ushers will direct you to the appropriate place].

Songs during communion sung by

**St Joseph's Maori Girls College Choir &
Hastings Boys High School Choir**

Final Prayers and Blessing

Reverend Helen

Final Hymn How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God; to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God; to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God; to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour 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, our burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away our sin;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God; to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God; to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!*

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home-what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration,
and there proclaim: My God, how great thou art!

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God; to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God; to thee,
How great thou art, how great thou art!*



*Collection in George's Memory shared between St Matthew's Church
and the Himalayan Trust NZ*

*Following the Service Light Refreshments will be served For Family
and Friends in the Church Hall*

*It is planned to scatter Georges' ashes in the snows of the
New Zealand Southern Alps*

GEORGE AS A FATHER

Bruce Chadlowe

How can one possibly start to summarise what a man has meant to you as a father. I can't.
There are too many memories, so many feelings over a lifetime.
So I only attempt to share a few inadequately expressed thoughts, from my heart which misses him.

I loved his sense of humour, everyone has loved his sense of humour, it was his shining quality.
I will always see him with a grin on his face, wrinkles forming, either a cheeky self indulgent smile after telling one of his inevitable puns or a sparkle eyed contented one.
He was sometimes a bit of an enigma, a very private reserved person. He was so sensitive to the thoughts and feelings of others, he really cared about people, I knew this, even if he was not always able to express it.

I think that is where his wonderful humour always shone through.
He loved poetry, a great romantic deep down underneath a tough shell.
To pinch one of our favourite lines of poetry that he would love:
'There is a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in.'

What a childhood he and our mother, then joined by their new partners, Mary and Gere, have guided us sons through. The kaleidoscope of joy, excitement, adventures as well as the difficulties and painful events. We all shared so much together which has formed us into the people we are.

I remember his physical presence. Strangely, it feels the same in my memory as an adult as it did as a child. I remember holding onto his shoulders, big broad shoulders, hanging onto his back in a swimming pool as a small child.

I can still sense the shape of him now.

I remember camping trips in Chile, warm summers on the roaring South American Pacific coast, or searching for stone-age arrow heads or tarantulas under rocks in the Andes mountains.
Dad always there with cameras dangling from his neck.

When we moved to England it seemed so strange, much colder and wet. He became a keen gardener and I loved going with him to the little allotment where we dug the earth and potted things in the polytunnel.

We had wonderful adventures around Europe.

I think us sons put him through more anxiety as adolescents than any mountain dangers ever did.
We tested both those areas when we went on a climbing trip to Switzerland. What memories though. We ran out of food and with all the huts abandoned, being the end of the summer season. We had to make our last meal from a rock of stale bread we found and an old packet of soup. What an incredible sunset we had though, and for the only time in our life we got to share a rope and to watch him clip steps with his wooden handle ice axe. It seemed like we were in another world.

It was such a difficult time when he and our mother separated.
But he met Mary and what a wonderful thing that has turned out to be.
He was always a lucky man. I would count meeting Mary as one of his greatest blessings. She has made him such a happy contented man for over 30 years. Mary, we thank you for your dedication, compassion and extraordinary love for our father, really the greatest gift he ever received in his life.

As I progressively go through my own life journey I so often think of his. I would have loved to have known him as a young man.

He has left me with a love and fascination with stories of adventure. I never made a visit to him without wanting to browse around his amazing collection of books. He was a wonderfully well read man and always had so many stories to tell. I have walked enthralled literally in his footsteps when we trekked through the rhododendron forest of eastern Nepal, as the tales tumbled out of him. And how we laughed at the end of that trip in our leech infested tent wearing crazy hats we'd made from the forest ferns.

I wish we could have told him of the plans we have to return him to the snows of the magnificent New Zealand Southern Alps. His Buddhist sensibilities would I'm sure be thrilled at the idea of becoming a part of the great cycle of snows, forming into glaciers, then melting into streams, before filling the rivers that spill out across plains to the sea and get swept up into huge southern ocean storm cycles to be tossed back among the mountains.

I will miss him terribly but know we will always see him in the snows of distant mountain horizons.

Wallace George Lowe

