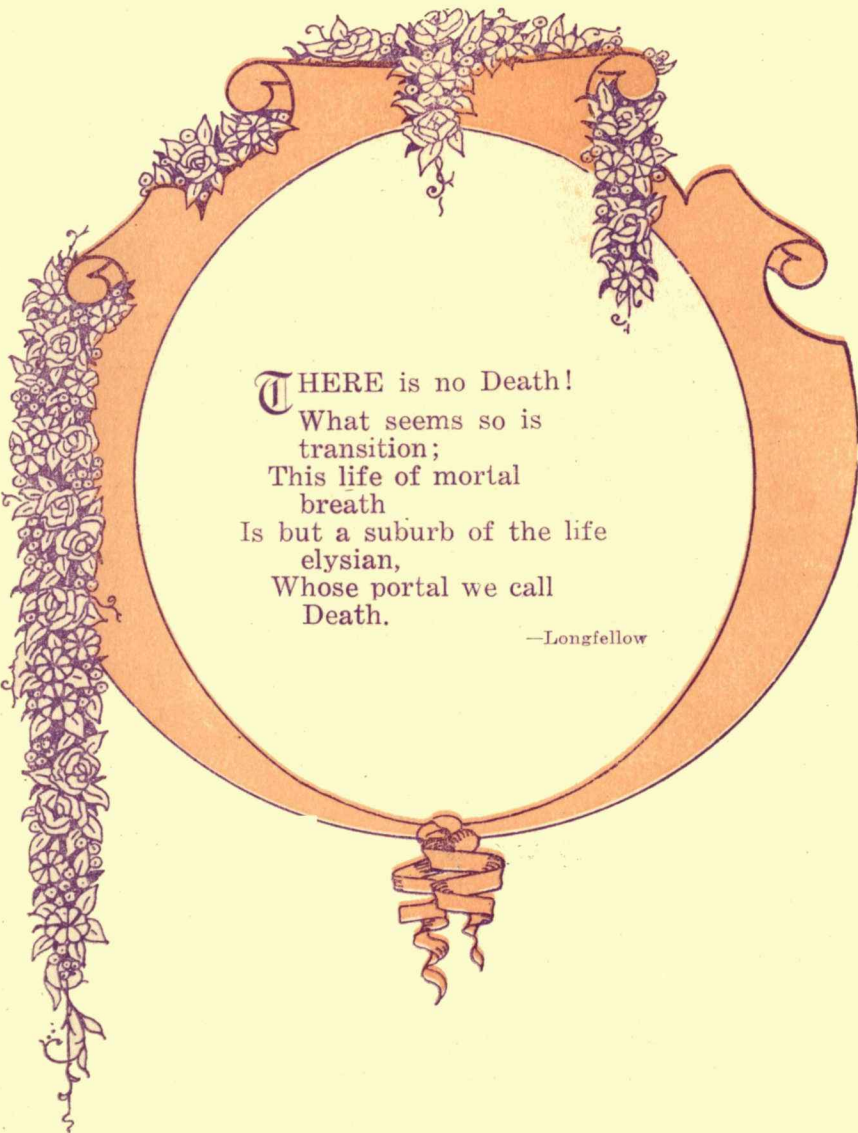




In
Memoriam



THERE is no Death!
What seems so is
transition;
This life of mortal
breath
Is but a suburb of the life
elysian,
Whose portal we call
Death.

—Longfellow



In
Memoriam

Name

WALTER McNAIR MILLER

Born at

QUEENSTOWN. S.I.

Date

Departed this Life

4TH SEPTEMBER 1950

Aged

78
70

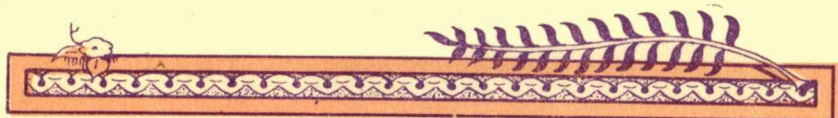
Years

Months

Days

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

—McCreery





Services

At

ST. ANDREWS CHURCH.

Officiating Clergy

REV. H.A. MITCHELL

Music

Abide with me.

By

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

—Rossetti





Services

Cemetery



HASTINGS LAWN.

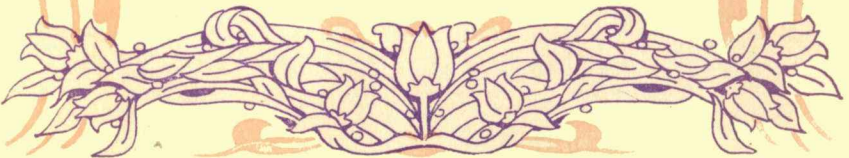
Fraternal Orders Attending

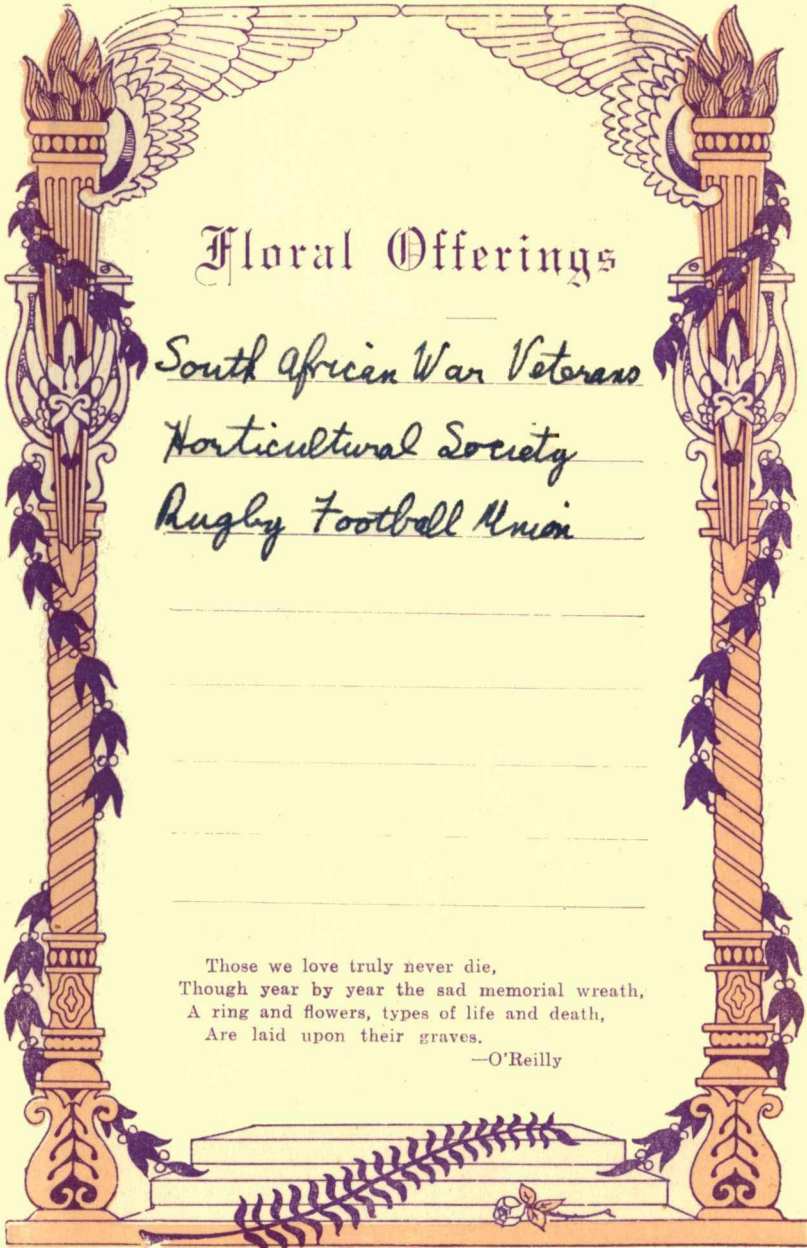
RETURNED SOLDIERS ASSN.

BUGLER: M^R P. GEORGE

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou
shalt die!

—John Donne



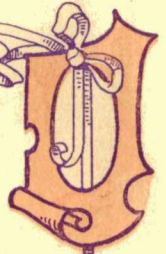
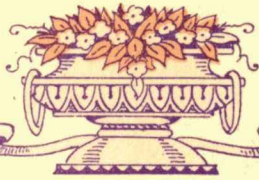


Floral Offerings

South African War Veterans
Horticultural Society
Rugby Football Union

Those we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

—O'Reilly



Hall
Bearers

Gascoyne Miller

Donald Gascoyne

Derek van Asch

Eric Miller

Berrat van Asch

Ron Giorgi

Out of the chill and the shadow,
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine,
Into the fullness divine.

—Sangster



The page is framed by a decorative border. At the top, two stylized trees with orange and brown leaves are connected by a horizontal branch. Below the trees are two vertical scrolls, each containing illegible text. The scrolls are connected by a vertical chain of small squares. The bottom of the page features two quills in inkwells and an open book with text on its pages.

Family Record

Father

WALTER MILLER.

Mother

MARY McNAIR MILLER.

Other Members of Family

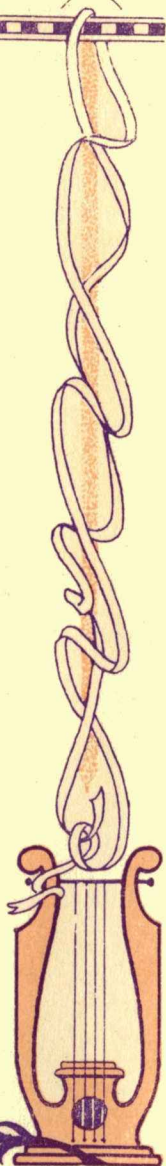
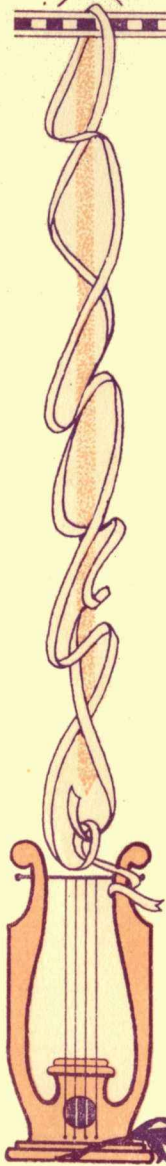
(Long)

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found alone in Heaven.

—Tappan

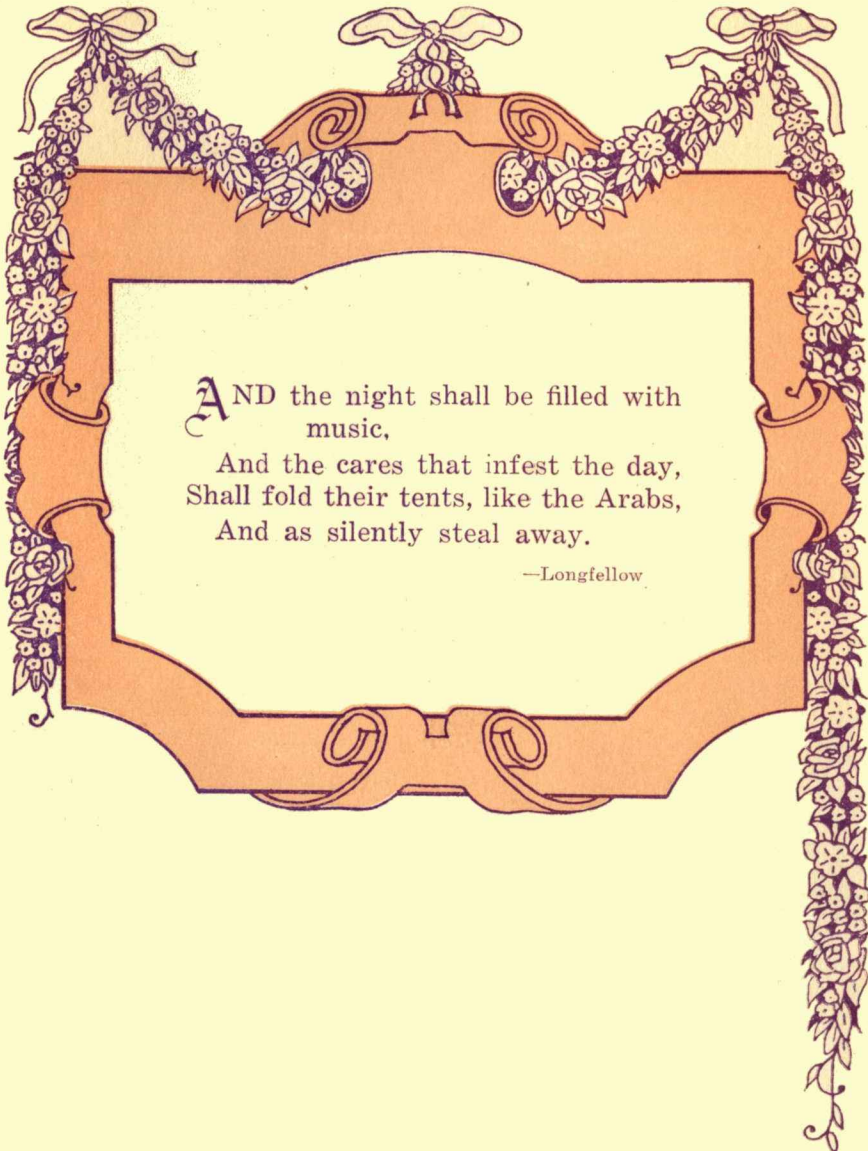


Memoranda



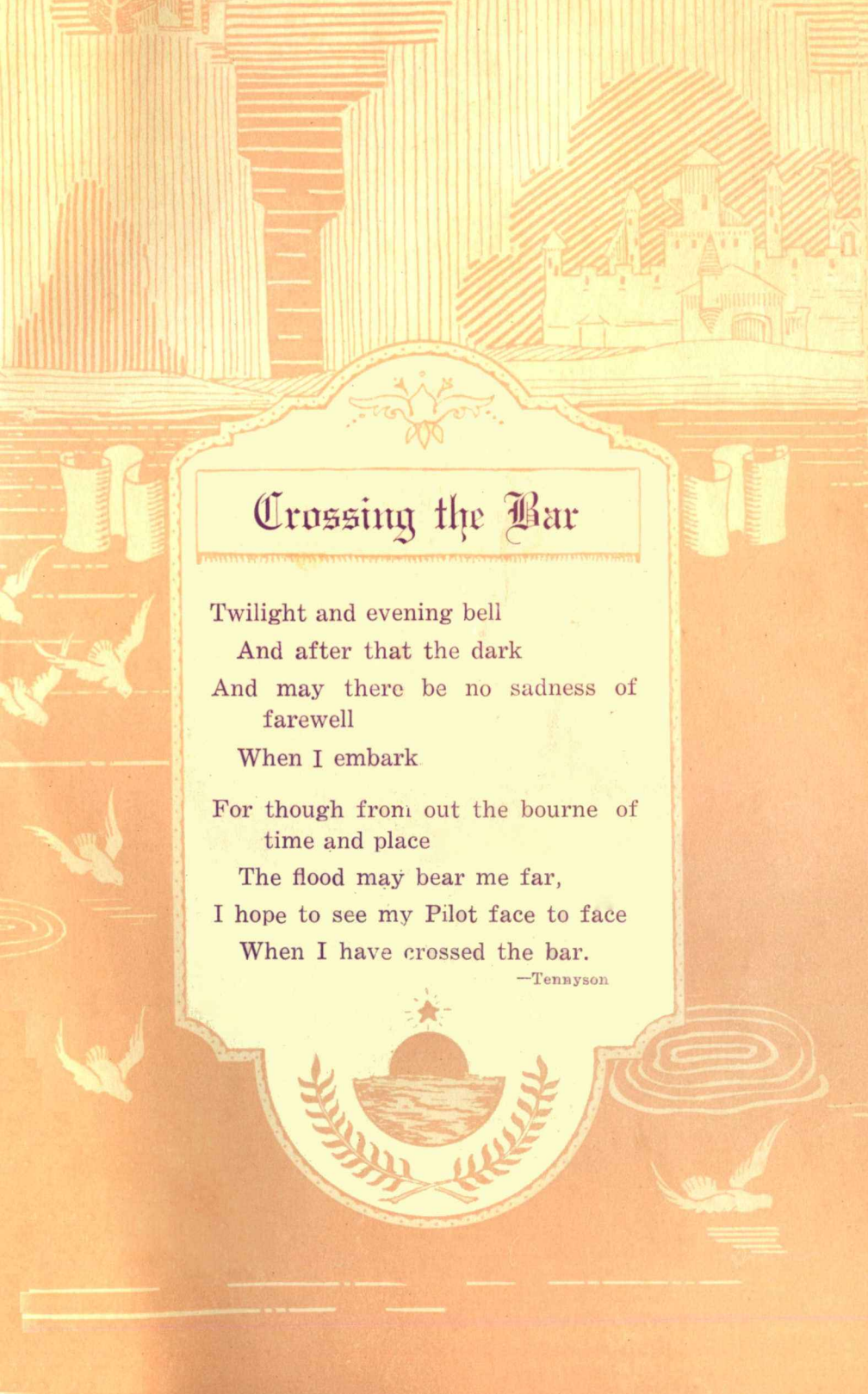
I know not where His islands lift
Their froned palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—Whittier



AND the night shall be filled with
music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.


—Longfellow



Crossing the Bar

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark
And may there be no sadness of
farewell
When I embark
For though from out the bourne of
time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson



With Sincere Sympathy

Words are such poor things to express one's feelings at a time like this and there is so little that we can do, yet we hope our service may have helped in some small measure to bring you comfort.

We present this Memorial, hoping it will be a solace to you and yours in keeping cherished memories through the years.

TONG & McIVOR **Funeral Directors**

Chapel and Head Office:
NELSON STREET
HASTINGS