



Linley Joy Butler

01.08.1950 – 16.09.2019



# Entrance Music

Take My Hand Precious Lord, Jim Reeves

## Welcome and Introductory Words

Roxanne Bodsworth

## Placement of Flowers by Grandkids

### Reading

#### Over the Range, by A. B. "Banjo" Paterson

Little bush maiden, wondering-eyed,  
Playing alone in the creek bed dry,  
In the small green flat, on every side  
Walled in by the Moonbi Ranges high;  
Tell me the tale of your lonely life

'Mid the great grey forests that know no change.

"I never have left my home," she said,

"I have never been over the Moonbi Range.

"Father and Mother are long since dead,  
And I live with granny in yon wee place."

"Where are your father and mother?" I said.

She puzzled awhile with thoughtful face,

Then a light came into the shy brown face,

And she smiled, for she thought the question strange

On a thing so certain – "When people die

They go to the country over the range."

"And what is this country like, my lass?"

"There are blossoming trees and pretty flowers

And shining creeks where the golden grass

Is fresh and sweet from the summer showers.

they never need work, nor want, nor weep;

No troubles can come their hearts to estrange.

Some summer night I shall fall asleep,

And wake in the country over the range."

"Child, you are wise in your simple trust,  
For the wisest man knows no more than you.  
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust:  
Our views by a range are bounded too;  
But we know that God hath this gift in store,  
That, when we come to the final change,  
We shall meet with our loved ones gone before  
To the beautiful country over the range."

## Eulogy

### A Life in Pictures

Gumtrees by the Roadway, Slim Dusty  
What a Wonderful World, Louis Armstrong

### Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;  
he makes me lie down in green pastures.  
He leads me beside still waters; he restores my soul.  
He leads me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.  
Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I fear no evil; for thou art with me;  
thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies;  
thou anointest my head with oil, my cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;  
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

### With Thanks

*Andrea, Deanne and all the Family would like to express their  
appreciation for your love and support at this difficult time.*

*Following the Service, you are invited to join the Family in The Memories Room  
To continue celebrating Lin's life and share in light refreshments.*

### Recessional Music

Life's Railway to Heaven, Patsy Cline



# Do Not Stand at my Grave

Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I am not there; I do not sleep.  
I am the thousand winds that blow,  
I am the diamond glints on snow,  
I am the sunlight on the ripened grain,  
I am the gentle falling rain.

When you wake in the morning hush,  
I am the soft uplifting rush  
of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft star-shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry,  
I am not there; I did not die.