

*Jill's family thank you for your love and support here today
and invite you to join them for refreshments in the
Church lounge following this service.*



Jill Kathleen Wolff

6.1.1939 - 5.4.2025



A Funeral Mass For

Jill Wolff

Celebrant: Fr. Christopher Friel

Organist: May Mould

Make Me A Channel

*Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred let me bring your love.
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord
And where there's doubt, true faith in you.*

***Oh, Master grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console
To be understood as to understand
To be loved, as to love with all my soul.***

*Make me a channel of your peace
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope
Where there is darkness, only light
And where there's sadness, ever joy.*

Welcome: Fr. Chris

Eulogy: Mark Taylor

Photo Reflection

First Reading: Wisdom 3:1-6, 9
Megan Taylor

The Lord's 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.*

*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.*

*Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.*

Gospel/Homily

Fr. Chris

Prayer of the Faithful

Megan Taylor

Final Commendation

Eternal Rest

*Eternal rest grant to her
O Lord and let perpetual
light shine upon her.
May she rest in peace.
May she rest in peace.*

Repeat x 2

How Great Thou Art

*Oh Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder,
consider all the works thy hands have 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,
I 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;*

*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 there proclaim, my God, how great thou art.*