

*A Service of Remembrance and  
Celebration of Life for*

***Heather Graham***

(Feb. 27, 1949 - Sept. 16, 2023)

***and Bev Irwin***

(Mar. 21, 1941 – Oct. 8, 2023)



*St. Paul's United Church  
Tues. Nov. 14, 2023  
1:30 p.m.*

*Ministers: The Rev. Thelma Arnott  
The Reverend Philip Cable  
The Rev. Carol Galbraith  
The Rev. George Moore  
The Reverend Karen Ptolemy-Stam*

*Music Director: Victoria Warwick*

**Order of Service**

**Words of Welcome and Call to the Gathered**

**Lighting the Memorial Candles in Memory of Bev and Heather**

with a representative from each of the families. Music played on Heather's drum by her brother, Bill, VU#593 "Jesu, Jesu, Fill Us with Your Love

**Opening Prayer:** Rev. Philip Cable

**Hymn: MV# 145 "Draw the Circle Wide"**

**Refrain:**

Draw the circle wide. Draw it wider still.

Let this be our song, no one stands alone, standing side by side, draw the circle wide.

1. God the still-point of the circle,  
'round whom all creation turns;  
nothing lost, but held forever,  
in God's gracious arms. **Refrain:**
2. Let our hearts touch far horizons,  
so encompass great and small;  
let our loving know no borders,  
faithful to God's call. **Refrain:**
3. Let the dreams we dream be larger,  
than we've ever dreamed before;  
let the dream of Christ be in us,  
open every door. **Refrain**

**Poems:** "A Good Closing" and "That Sun Capture"  
written and read by Laurie Graham, Heather's niece.

**Remembering Heather and Bev**  
Family Memories

**Memory Lane:** A Slide Show with selected hymns that Bev and Heather loved.

**Scripture Readings:** Ecclesiastes 3:1-15; Matthew 5:1-12  
read by Rev. Carol Galbraith

**Opening Doors, Opening Hearts**  
A reflection on the ministries of Bev and Heather  
Rev. George Moore

**Meditation:** The Rev. Karen Ptolemy-Stam

**Poem:** "Spring" written by Bev Irwin (2022) read by her brother-in-law Jim Slavin

**Pastoral Prayer:** Rev. Thelma Arnott

**Solo:** "Everything Possible" written by Fred Small Sung by Rev. Philip Cable

**Extinguishing the Memorial Candles**

**Commissioning and Benediction/Postlude:** "Abide with Me"  
**"The Love of My Grandma Bubby"**  
written by Zoe Gray, Bev's Granddaughter

In the gallery of time, I see her face.  
My Grandma Bubby, in a loving embrace.  
Her gentle words, a comforting tune,  
Now I face a world that feels so out of tune.

She shared wisdom and stories so dear,  
Her presence filled my heart with much cheer.  
But now she's gone, a tearful goodbye,  
In the vast expanse of an endless sky.

Her laughter echoes in my cherished past,  
A love that will forever last.  
In the quiet moments, I feel her near,  
Guiding me in the wind's soft sear.

Her wisdom, her warmth, like a cozy shawl,  
Now I navigate life, feeling so small.  
But her legacy lives, as a beacon of life,  
That I know has touched us all.

Though her earthly journey has come to an end,  
Her memory and love around me blend.  
In the book of my life, many treasured page,  
The love of my Grandma Bubby, an eternal stage.

### **Spring by Bev Irwin 2022**

Had I forgotten...  
Change, beauty, wonder, excitement, joy?

Had I forgotten...  
How to feel, how to hug, how to laugh, how to cry?

Had I forgotten...  
How to think, how to forgive, how to plan, how to live?

Loss...  
War, pandemic, family, health, friends, change?  
How much more? How much more?

And then...a walk!  
I heard this voice, enthusea! Spirit awakening!  
I felt her energy beneath the cold, damp earth...  
Reaching toward the Creator's warmth.

Look at this ... look at that ...

Oh the excitement! My heart dances with uncontrollable joy!

It's Spring!  
It's Spring!  
It's Spring!

**A Good Closing by Laurie D. Graham**

The purple hills.  
The busy work

of robins through  
the saskatoons.

The photos sorted  
by who's in them,

boxes with big labels  
she can no longer read.

What might be heirlooms—

wristwatch, pocket watch,  
handkerchief, chisel,

a darning mushroom,  
a tin of teaspoons.

Still the urge is for  
story. She wants to give.

A bright yellow moon  
rises in her mind.

A small pink curl  
of cloud.

No language  
for any of it.

**That Sun Capture by Laurie D. Graham**

All the songs on the radio.  
All the photos in their frames.

Threshers. Canola  
in flower. A derelict

outbuilding. Waterspout  
twisting from low cloud.

A wren in its house.  
I Wonder Where You Are

Tonight. I Feel Like Going  
Home. Blue Memory.

The dense heat of morning.  
It's not the willow weeping.

All the countless negatives.  
All the notes I won't remember.