

REMEMBERING WITH LOVE

Beth Heather Pringle

22 OCTOBER 1928 - 22 SEPTEMBER 2026

North Shore Memorial Park | Schnapper Rock
Monday, 28 September 2026 at 10.00am

***Celebrant:** Keith King*

Welcome & Introduction

Psalm 23

Remembering Beth

***Poem** | Afterglow*

***Musical Tribute from Robert Leyland** | You Are My Sunshine*

Open Tribute

A Photo Reflection

***Song** | Jerusalem - William Blake 1757-1827*

Committal & Final Words

***Recessional** | The Long and Winding Road - The Beatles*



An Invitation

Beth's family would like to thank you for your attendance today and for your kind words and loving support. You are warmly invited to join with the family for refreshments and continue sharing your memories after the burial

Forrest
FUNERAL SERVICES

Beth



Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me
To be a happy one
I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles
When life is done.
I'd like to leave an echo
Whispering softly down the way,
Of happy times, and laughing times,
And bright and sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those who grieve
To dry before the sun
Of happy memories that I leave
When my life is done.



You Are My Sunshine

You Are My Sunshine
My only sunshine
You make me happy
When skies are grey
You'll never know, dear
How much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you
And be there for you
I'll protect you from harm's way
'Cause I adore you
You're my dream come true
You're my beautiful sunshine

You are my sunshine
My only sunshine
You make me happy
When skies are grey
You'll never know dear
How much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear!
O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.