

In loving memory of

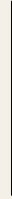


Nicci  
van Niekerk

9 April 1966 - 3 September 2025

*You are in our hearts forever*

# Order of Service



## FIRST READING

*“Death is nothing at all” - Henry Scott-Holland*

## HYMN

*“Morning has broken” - Yusuf / Kat Stevens  
Performed by Aidan Martin*

## SECOND READING

*“She is gone” - David Harkins*

## EULOGY

## MOMENT OF REFLECTION & PRAYER

*(Music to play - Pallbearers exit with Nicci)*

*(Guests are invited to gather in the tea garden after the service)*



# H Y M N

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## “Morning Has Broken”

by Yusuf / Cat Stevens

[Chorus]

Morning has broken like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

[Verse 1]

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from Heaven  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass

[Verse 2]

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning  
Born of the One Light Eden saw play  
Praise with elation, praise every morning  
God's recreation of the new day

[Chorus]

Morning has broken like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for them springing fresh from the world



## FIRST READING

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“Death is nothing at all”

by Henry Scott-Holland

Death is nothing at all.  
I have only slipped away into the next  
room.  
Nothing has happened.  
Everything remains exactly as it was.  
I am I, and you are you,  
And the old life that we lived so fondly  
together is untouched, unchanged.  
Whatever we were to each other, that we  
are still.  
Call me by my old familiar name.  
Speak to me in the easy way which you  
always used.  
Put no difference into your tone.  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.  
Laugh as we always laughed at the little  
jokes we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word  
that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without effort, without the  
ghost of a shadow upon it.  
Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was; there is  
absolute and unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind because I am  
out of sight?  
I am waiting for you, for an interval,  
somewhere very near,  
Just around the corner.  
All is well.

## SECOND READING

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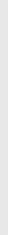
“She is gone”

by David Harkins

You can shed tears that she is gone  
Or you can smile because she has lived  
You can close your eyes and pray that she  
will come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all that  
she has left.  
Your heart can be empty because you  
can't see her  
Or you can be full of the love you shared  
You can turn your back on tomorrow and  
live yesterday  
Or you can be happy for tomorrow  
because of yesterday.  
You can remember her and only that she  
is gone  
Or you can cherish her memory and let it  
live on.  
You can cry and close your mind, be  
empty and turn your back  
Or you can do what she'd want: smile,  
open your eyes, love and go on.



I am standing upon the seashore. A ship, at my side,  
spreads her white sails to the moving breeze  
and starts for the blue ocean.  
She is an object of beauty and strength.  
I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs  
like a speck of white cloud  
just where the sea and sky come to mingle  
with each other.  
Then, someone at my side says, 'There, she is gone.'  
Gone where?  
Gone from my sight. That is all...



“Gone From My Sight”  
by Henry Van Dyke

Forever Nicci

