

SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE

SUNDAY JULY 4, 1976

JUANITA JOAN NIELSEN

(B O R N 1 9 3 6)

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This simple service of remembrance was
requested by Juanita's father,

Mr. Neil Donovan Smith, as well as
members of Juanita's family and her
many friends.

It is meant primarily to be a tribute
to the life of an outstanding person
in the Australian community.

THE TIMES
THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam,
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown,
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone.
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin'
Or you'll sink like a stone,
For the times they are a-changin'!

Come writers and critics
Who prophesy with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again.
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who
That it's namin'
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall.
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle
Outside and it's ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now will
Later be fast.
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now
Will later be fast
For the times they are a-changin'.

- Words & Music by BOB DYLAN

MINE EYES
HAVE SEEN THE GLORY

Mine eyes have seen the glory of
the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
of His terrible swift sword :
His truth is marching on!

Glory glory hallelujah !

He hath sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
before His judgement-seat :
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him;
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on!

Glory glory hallelujah !

In the beauty of the lilies Christ
was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that
transfigures you and me :
As He died to make men holy, let
us live to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Glory glory hallelujah !

- JULIA WARD HOWE, 1819-1910.

Only when you drink from
the river of silence,
shall you indeed sing.
And when you have reached
the mountain top,
then you shall begin to climb.
And when the earth shall
claim your limbs,
then shall you truly dance.
from KAHLIL GIBRAN's

"THE PROPHET"