



For God
so loved
the world that he
gave his only Son,
that whoever
believes in him
should not perish but
have eternal life.

JOHN 3:16

Order of Service for the Funeral of

GLADYS ANNIE WHITTEN
1903 - 1987

Conducted by Major Elwyn Sandercock
(Secretary - Bands & Songsters)

Song; "He Leadeth Me" tune S.A.T.B. 46

He leadeth me, O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught:
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I will be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Prayer and Scripture reading; Lieut. Greg Symons
Romans 5 1 - 11.

Vocal Solo. "He hideth my soul"
accompaniment; Reg. North
Cecily Gray.

Message; Major Elwyn Sandercock.

Corps Tribute prepared by Envoy Murch.

Song; "There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day" S.A.T.B 321

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

In the sweet by-and-by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Family Tribute;

Piano play the chorus of tune 540. (twice)
There'll be no sorrow there,
In Heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there

Committal; Major Elwyn Sandercock

Song; "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" S.A.T.B.193
Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er shaded, sweetly my soul shall rest,
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels borne in a song to me
Over the fields of glory, over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast,
There, by his love o'er shaded, sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations, sin cannot harm me there-
Free from the blight of sorrow, free from my doubts & fears;
Only a few more trials, only a few more tears.

GLADYS ANNIE WHITTEN - Glad, Gladdy or Whit - the names were varied, but all applied lovingly by friends and relatives.

Born 31st July 1903 at Tamworth N.S.W., she suffered the loss of her mother Florence Annie at the age of two weeks whose marriage had only take place 12 months earlier - Gladys' ashes will later be interred in her mother's grave at Tamworth.

Subsequently, she was cared for by Aunts and spent her early years with cousins then joined her father who had re-married and so shared her early years with brothers and sisters-no, she never ever considered them as step brothers and sisters, but as true ones-some of them are here to-day.

At the age of nineteen she gained her cap & gown for piano and that set a pattern for her later years as a music teacher, however prior to that, she had to go wherever she could get work as a cook/housekeeper where she was able to have her son live with her. A lot of this type of work took place at Bathurst for a number of years and her final position before moving to 90 Crown Rd., was as cook and houskeeper to Mr. & Mrs. A.Hudson-timber merchant and builder.

Around 1938 our aunt Beatrice "found" a little house up in Queens-cliffe which she offered to finance the cost of £300 which we could pay off to her interest free (I think) but due to very small incomes it took a long time to pay off which was finally completed with the help of her son's military allotment - a few years ago she was offered \$ 45,000 for the house as well as a free apartment in the housing units but preferred to stay in her little place with he freedom and independence.

Her home subsequently became the dwelling place of many friends and relatives who had to travel from the country for medical and other matters and also became the centre for her caring activities for many old people who lived in the vicinity as well as on some occasions providing a meal and bed for some of the neighbours children who may have incurred the wrath of parents who may have been unreasonable through the effects of alcohol.

She was very family minded and some years ago completed her history of both the Whitten and Newcombe families which has been the basis of all subsequent family research and at the time of her passing was the oldest remaining member of both families - she was also very proud of her immediate family of one son, four grand-children and three great grand children.

She will be missed by us all and we know that she had many friends who also loved her who will also miss her.

GLADYS ANNIE WHITTEN

31/7/03 - 22/3/87

On behalf of the family I take this opportunity to thank you for your thoughts and expressions of condolence following the passing of my mother, our mother-in-law, grandmother, great grandmother, sister and friend.

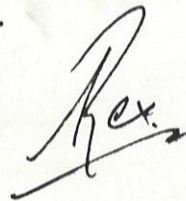
To her, perhaps the most precious thing in life was her family and friends, but in regard to the family of Whitten and Newcombe and all their descendents she had a thorough knowledge of almost every detail and her great interest and knowledge was called on regularly by family members who were interested in compiling their own particular family connections and her record of both families on which she spent a considerable amount of time, will probably be used by those who were able to obtain them for many years.

A few months ago, Roma Betts gave my mother a photograph of a wedding group taken outside the home of one of our ancestors Richard Whitten at Gowrie about 1906 asking if she could identify anyone in the photograph which consisted of about ten adults and five or six children - she was able to name every person in that photo which included Aunt Maud as about an 18 year old and Alice Whitten (Reading) at about 5 years of age - just before her passing I insisted that she sit down while I took down all the names so that they would not be lost forever.

Last January we were discussing various things and the matter came up about mum "snuffing it" and I told her that I had decided what was going to happen when she eventually did. I told her that she would be cremated and that I would take her ashes to Tamworth and place them in her mother's grave with a plaque on top - she said that she thought that would be nice. I feel that it is fitting that this be done as a symbolic reunion with all relatives and friends with whom she was so closely associated.

It is anticipated that her ashes will be interred in the grave of her mother Annie Florence Whitten on Saturday 18th July next at 1130 am and if possible, we would be pleased if you could join with us on that occasion - from memory, I think that my grandmother's grave is next to that of her brother Percy Newcombe, however it is in the section where all the oldies of the family rest.

Once again, thank you for your love for my mum.



No matter how much we try to mentally prepare ourselves over a number of years for the ordeal of seeing one of our loved ones depart, it never seems to work and when we come to the time where we have to face up to the unavoidable destiny of us all, we have to come to grips with ourselves and see the situation through and so to-day I have arrived at the point that I have been anticipating for some time. It is now almost 2 years since I had to tell some of our family of mum's condition and so I have been continually concerned about any early morning phone calls where the STD pips had sounded.

We had the pleasure of having her with us for around ten weeks only recently and even though she was going through a lot of pain with a leg ulcer, she always came out to the kitchen full of smiles.

Mum and I had a very special relationship about which very few may have been aware - there was never any kissing in fact she often referred to herself as "old kissless" however that did not alter the fact that she was my mum and it did not need any outward expressions to show it.

She has had a hard life and how she coped with some of the situations I do not know, but I did know of quite a few of them which I will not speak about, but she was determined, a bit headstrong and in many cases was always concerning herself with others. Quite often when she would be visiting us, she would notice things like the time the man next door left his clothes on the line for a couple of days - she wanted to go and tell him and was not really satisfied when we told her that he sometimes left them out for a week or only during the last visit when looking out the window she saw some paint flaking off the house next door and should we not tell our neighbour about it - she did not see the other side which was probably ten times worse.

Always one for neatness and cleanliness, some years ago, she got stuck into cleaning the cupboards out the back of this hall after Home League only to find after she had finished that everyone had gone and she was locked in the Hall - it took some time for her to attract attention of a passer-by by calling through the door to eventually get someone to come and let her out.

She had some quaint ways of making her point and I recall one night when I arrived home very early in the morning after missing the last bus from Dee Why. I used to go down the side of the house, take off my shoes and sneak into bed - this night was different for just as I got through the door I was horrified to see something in the doorway of the kitchen - there was mum shrouded in a white sheet !

She always insisted on doing her spring cleaning and all efforts to discourage this activity were to no avail. Christine told her that one of these days she would fall and injure herself but she said that it would not matter as the house must be clean. Sometime later she

phoned and told Chris that she had had a fall and when asked how and why, said that it was during spring cleaning and she had fallen off her dressing table.

There was of course another side of her character which showed itself many years ago when we were living in Bathurst and she was asked by one of the men who worked around the area if he could take her to the pictures and eventually after several requests she agreed to go - he used to bring me a block of chocolate. The first visit to the pictures went off alright and after a few more episodes to the pictures and blocks of chocolate for me, he got a bit serious and proposed marriage - he was a German, and he was promptly told what he could do but he got very annoyed and told her that if she did not marry him, that he would go into Machattie Park across the road and hang himself. Her reply to that was that he should tell her when he was going to do it and she would go and help him with the rope - no more chocolate for me!

I could go on and on with many stories but I know that she was very proud of me and the things I have been able to achieve and I am pleased to think that she was satisfied with me and I will close these few remarks by, on behalf of her family, thanking you all for your friendship over the years, and a special thank you to Mr. & Mrs. Harmalink, Mr. & Mrs. Dover and other people in the close vicinity of 90 Crown Rd., for their concern, kindness and understanding of this quaint little old lady who was my mum.

Do you believe in Prayer? for more than 12 months now, I have prayed that when it is time for God to take my mum from this world, that he would do it quickly without any frills - I believe in prayer and I have many instances of its effect.

NOTE: On going through mum's things, we found all her music examination certificates and contrary to my statement that she got her Cap & Gown at the age of 20, this is not true, she obtained it in 1919 at the age of 16 years.

15 Alban St.

Jan 24 30.

28th July '87.

Dear Phyl,

I am enclosing the copy of Eulogy read by Rex at Glad's funeral service, sorry to be so long in getting it off to you but the days fly past as I mind my granddaughter four days per week & shop - visit an old Quinidi lady in a nursing home here - & a thousand other things on Fridays sometimes feel very stifled here at home but I offend to have Jana to help the young ones save - so here I am - next year she can go to pre-school!

I trust you & Ross are both well - I imagine you are looking forward to Spring - it has been a cold winter - but up here we have had our share of lovely warm days.

With much love

Jean

Dubbo
Wed night.

Dear Phyll & Ross,

Sorry to have missed you less.
We did hope to see you to shake your hand
& all that. Needless to say we felt very
proud for you Phyll & the family to see your
name in the Queen's birthday honours.
Anyway I guess it will keep. Congratulations.

Last Friday we set off for
Orinda. I guess you received Rex's note too.
Long way for many, however only four
hours ^{for us} through Simons & Colah &
across the Liverpool Plains. Royce was
unable to attend because his elder
grandson was having a birthday
party at his home near Coffs Harbour.
Royce left on the Thurs. Joan was
also caught up in a family birthday
party (however she did get to Glad's
service in Manly. Anyway Lou & Tim
& we stayed at Royce's home & went
to Tamworth on the Sat morn. The
Cemetery by the way is opp the
showground if you are ever
looking for it. It is in an old
section. There are several Newcombes
& a few Whittens buried near by.
We arrived early so I was able to
make an entry in my note book
from Glad's mother's headstone.
It reads.

"On loving memory of my dear wife
Annie Florence Whitten
who departed this life
9th August 1903
aged 22 years.

"My dearest Annie has left me
and come to realms above
My heart seems torn within me
Still I know that God is love.
She left me in the bloom of youth
when her course seemed just begun
Oh grief and pain I try to say
"My God thy will be done"
Lined by Frederick Whitten.

and underneath the new plaque

And her daughter

Gladys Annie

Wed 22. 3. 87,

aged 83 years.

The Epitaph really touched my heart.
My poor father's pain was felt so
long ago, by me. One can imagine the
ecstasy he & his wife shared after Gladys's
birth & then his total despair as he
~~watched~~ watched his young wife
dying — a gone within nine days!!
I must say to I am really proud
of her. I am sure he composed
the little message. It is a message
from a warm loving man.
How lonely he must have been
after Annie's death — the only
bright star being his baby —
one can imagine the eagerness
~~with~~ he looked forward to the
weekend visits — anyway we couldn't

have had a more beautiful winter day - warm & sunny, & the hills lacked almost purple.

A salvation army woman spoke first about Gladys - then Rev spoke & I can't remember a lot that was said but I know he was magnificent tracing Gladys's life & incorporating in his speech - uncles that he'd known - buried nearby.

I had no hope of singing the hymn but others did

"There's a land that is fairer than May" - the chorus is well known

"In the sweet bye & bye we shall meet on that beautiful shore".

Then the interment took place

(a small hole was dug at the base of the marble surround)

Scripture reading Psalm 108: 8, 13-17

Then a prayer & benediction.

There were about 50 people present. Whittens mainly, some new comers & family friends.

Rev had put a notice in the Northern Daily Leader" on the Thursday.

We all mingled & of course many lovely tributes were paid to Glad

I think out of all the second family Keith was the one she felt close to. After Gladys's death she became his comforter and stayed that way all his life.

She understood the dilemma of the young boy who had lost his brother & playmate

Ken & Jim saw a lot of her too when

They lived at Manly Vale. She told me
once Jim was one of the dearest friends
she had.

Anyway it was all very moving Phyl
I really felt her passing.

I think despite her health & the harshness
she suffered at times - out of it all
emerged a strong woman - & one that
really gathered people around her.

I spoke to Mrs Adrian Whitten from
Gernie. She is sister to Whitten Wesley too.
- lives on at Gernie. Anyway she
was saying she must write to Russ
to send photos - I wondered if
you had written to him too - he did
intend to remake the Whitten Wesley.

I think it should be done. It gives
Russ plenty of satisfaction & will give
us all another edition.

Mikhail rang us while we were in
Qai. He said Murdoch had called
for a profile, from each of his papers,
of a young journalist who showed
promise - & "The Mercury" had selected
him! Quite an honour for one so young
(22.) I hope he leaves Mike there & doesn't want to send him
to one of his other papers elsewhere.
We are setting off for Hobart
at the end of the month. Bill is going
to help John paint his house. We own a
lovely old Federation House in Manning
Avenue previously owned by a former
Attorney General. Hope the weather is kind in Sept.
I hope all yours are well.

Take care - Big hugs!
much love Jimmy & Bill