



Donna Anderson
June 29, 1950 - July 3, 2012

Order of Service



Entry music Recorded chants by Snatam Kaur

Welcome and purpose Chris Davis, long-time friend

Hymn: Amazing Grace All, led by Daniel Steinberg and
the World Harmony Chorus

Celebration of Donna's Life: Remembrances

- David Rosco (brother-in-law)
- Bruce Mowat (early work colleague and long-time friend)
- Nancy Lum (friend and tennis partner)
- Jivana Heyman (friend and yoga teacher)
- Kelly Russell (daughter)

Images of Donna "Somewhere Over the Rainbow"
by Israel Kamakawiwo'ole

Reflections on Donna's

Life and Passing Chris Davis

Songs Performed by the Chorus

- "Thula Sizwe" – South African hymn
- "In This Heart" – Sinead O'Connor

Closing words Chris Davis

Closing song leading to the recessional:

"This Little Light of Mine" All, led by Daniel Steinberg
and the Chorus

Music Lyrics

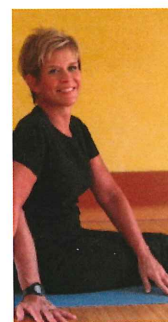


Amazing Grace

- 1) Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now am found, was blind, but now, I see.
- 2) T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear, and Grace, my fears relieved
How precious did that Grace appear the hour I first believed.
- 3) Through many dangers, toils and snares, we have already come
T'was Grace that brought us safe thus far, and Grace will lead us home.
- 4) When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun
We've no less days to sing God's praise, than when we first begun.
- 5) Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now am found, was blind, but now, I see.

This Little Light of Mine

- 1) This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine...
- 2) Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine...
- 3) Goin' down the road, I'm gonna let it shine...
- 4) This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine...



Do not stand at my grave and weep
 I am not there. I do not sleep.
 I am a thousand winds that blow.
 I am the diamond glints on snow.
 I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
 I am the gentle autumn rain.
 When you awaken in the morning's hush
 I am the swift uplifting rush
 Of quiet birds in circled flight.
 I am the soft stars that shine at night.
 Do not stand at my grave and cry;
 I am not there. I did not die.

-Mary Elizabeth Frye

