



Ipswich Rosewood Coal Miners Memorial
St Barbara's Day Service

10am Sunday

4th of December 2022

**At the corner of
Chermside Rd & Griffiths St
Ipswich**

**“A Lasting Tribute to the 186 Men & Boys
who lost their lives from work accidents in
the Ipswich Rosewood Coal Mining Industry”**

St Barbara's Day, Memorial Service

Ipswich Rosewood Coal Miners Memorial

Limestone Park Ipswich QLD

10am 4th December 2022

MC: Rev Bob Heathwood

Order of Service:

Welcome & Acknowledgements:- Rev Bob Heathwood

Hymn:- "What a Friend we have in Jesus"

Bible Reading:- Mr Graham Brennan

Address 1:- Rev Bob Heathwood

Address 2:- Mayor Teresa Harding

Prayers:- Rev Bob Heathwood

Floral Tributes:-) Family Members

) Dignitaries

) Others Present

Remembrances:- Zali Domrow

Mark Parcell

Poem "The Coalminer" Mr John Walker

Hymn:- "The Lord's my Shepherd"

Blessings and Dismissal:- Rev Bob Heathwood

Morning tea will be available after the service

What a Friend we have in Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

The Lord's my Shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me down to lie
in pastures green; he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill,
for thou art with me and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes.
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forever more
My dwelling place shall be.



The Coalminer

Kindred souls are those who toil
Far beneath the sun and soil
They choose a path oft wrought with pain
In no small degree fate to ordain
They work with father, brother, son,
And by their might the coal is won.

A special breed of men are they
Who go 'below' day after day
And with no sun shining bright
And only flickering flames for light
In heat and dust they gave their whole
Yet midst the dangers mined the coal.

Their mining days are now long past
And those who toiled have worked their last
No prize remains for them to win
No coal to mine through thick and thin
Gone their working days once blessed
And them to their eternal rest.

John Walker