

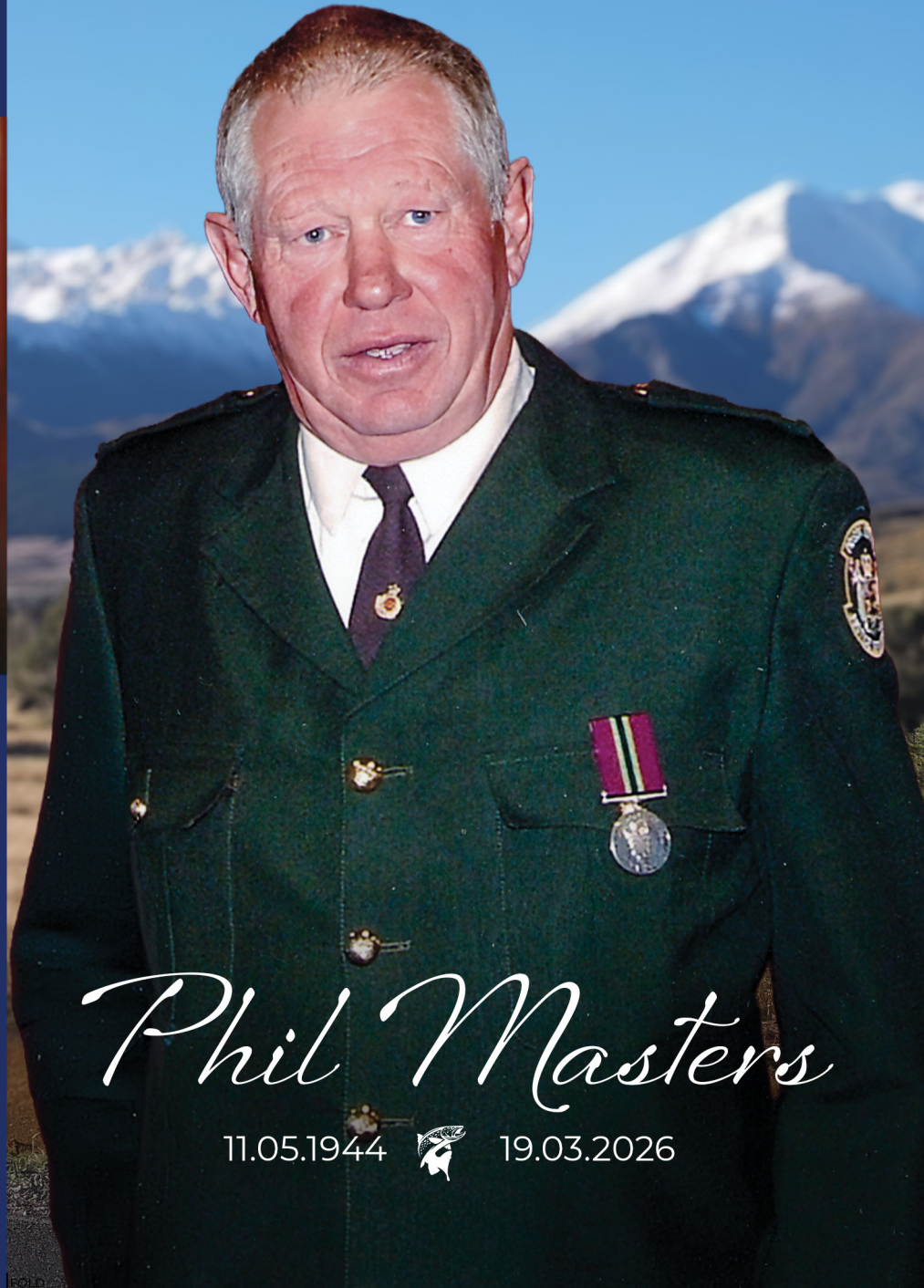
*Pride
of the South*



The family sincerely thank you for your attendance here today and warmly invite you, following the service, to join them for light refreshments at the *Eastern Suburbs* (Glengarry Hotel) to share the many memories we all hold of Phil.



With Love Always



Phil Masters

11.05.1944



19.03.2026

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name.

Thy Kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth,

As it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,

As we forgive them that trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation,

But deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom,

The power, and the glory,

For ever and ever.

Amen.



Jeep
★ ★ ★

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Hallowed be thy Name.

Thy Kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth,

As it is in heaven.

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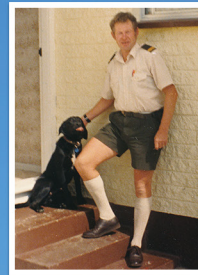
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The power, and the glory,

For ever and ever.

Amen.

Phil's Story



Worzel was his nickname from inmates and officers alike from day 1. Phil was a prison officer for 28 years.



Phil was a keen fisherman – Southland rivers, plus Rakaia and Blackmount fishing competitions.



Running and walks with Tyson, treasured companion for 14 years.

Phil biked to work and around town for many years.

An old catchphrase of his was, "My name is Phil, not Dill!"

Phil ran many marathons and other events, and was in a team for Coast to Coast. He tackled the Takitimu Mountains when he was 71! Rugby, racing and beer.

He loved watching many sports, especially rugby and cricket.

Phil had a love of trivia quizzes; he wrote a few for Blackmount events.

He wore shorts in all weather.

Phil had a few Lada Nivas; then the past 20 years has been a Jeep man.

