

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



KENNETH WILLIAM
CORNELIUS POULTER

17th April 1935 - 15th September 2023

Friday 6th October 2023 at 3.30 pm
Wilford Hill Crematorium



ORDER OF SERVICE



ENTRANCE MUSIC

Annie's Song
by John Denver

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

HYMN

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,
 even 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 my 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 forevermore
 my dwelling place shall be.

Scottish Psalter (1650)



A TRIBUTE TO KEN

from his family

REFLECTION MUSIC

You Make Me Feel Brand New

by The Stylistics

MEMORIES OF OUR DAD

by Ken's son, Stephen



FAMILY MAN
by Francis Duggan

He did not yearn to be the toast of the town
Nor did he dream of widespread renown.
He was happy with his lot, his type are rare,
Down to earth and unassuming and self-aware.
To live a decent life he did the best one can,
Devoted to his wife and children, he was the family man.
Negative things of others you never heard him say
And to help those in need he went far out of his way.
You wouldn't see him very often in the local pub
But he was proud to be a member of the
West Bridgford Bowls Club.
Though not hard to like, he was not that well known,
Yet as a person he was in a class of his very own.
He rose for work before dawn every working day,
It was for his family that he took home his pay.

HYMN

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no questions, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace.

Cecil Spring-Rice (1859-1918)

GOODBYE DAD

by Ken's daughter, Julie

Goodbye, Dad, I had to say,
I'll remember the good times and try not to be sad,
But saying goodbye still hurts so bad.
I miss you more than I can express,
My love for you will never grow less.
I keep trying to imagine how I will go on,
I realise tomorrow is another dawn.
I know you are in heaven above
Looking down on us all with all of your love,
Only to whisper in our ear,
Remember that I'll never stop loving you, dear.
I'll always remember the good times we had,
Remember the man, my wonderful Dad.
I'll remember you each and every day,
And if I need to talk to you, I'll just sit down and pray.
One day we'll be together again
To talk about all the places we have been,
But until that time I will always treasure all of the
beautiful memories that will never ever part.
Having you, my dear Dad, for a Dad lives on
forever and ever, beating with me always in my heart.

Love you, Dad, so much x
Goodnight, God bless, sleep tight, Dad xx



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 those 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.

HYMN

Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One, is here.

Come, bow before him now, with reverence and fear.

In him no sin is found, we stand on holy ground.

Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One, is here.

Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around;

He burns with holy fire, with splendour he is crowned.

How awesome is the sight, our radiant King of light!

Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around.

Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place,

He comes to cleanse and heal, to minister his grace.

No work too hard for him, in faith receive from him;

Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place.

David J. Evans (b.1957)

BLESSING OF REST

LIFE'S CLOCK

The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just where the hands will stop,
At late or early hour.
To lose one's wealth is sad indeed;
To lose one's health is more.
To lose one's soul is such a loss
As no man can restore.
The present only is our own;
Live, love, toil with a will.
Place no faith in "tomorrow" -
For the clock may then be still.

EXIT MUSIC

Amazing Grace
by The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards



The family would like to thank everyone
for their kind words and support at this sad time.

All are welcome for light refreshment at
Gilt, Central Avenue, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 5GQ.

Donations in memory of Kenneth for the
British Heart Foundation
and
Dementia UK

may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of



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