



In Loving Memory
of



John's family would like to thank you for your presence here today,
and for your kind thoughts and messages at this sad time.

You are warmly invited to join them, after the service, at the
Elme Hall Hotel, 69 Elm High Road, Wisbech PE14 0DQ
for light refreshments.

Donations in John's memory for
Prostate Cancer UK
and
Macmillan Cancer Support
may be made at the service or given via
<https://www.funeralguide.co.uk/obituaries/65574>,
where memories may also be shared.

The **co-operative** funeralcare
Central England Co-operative
Old Royal Standard, Weasenham Lane, Wisbech PE13 2RY
Telephone: 01945 475495
www.centralengland.coop/funeralcare

'To whom the arrangements have been entrusted'

John Frederick Sheppard

23rd August 1941 - 28th July 2019

Tuesday 13th August 2019
at 1.30 pm

Fenland Crematorium, March



Order of Service

CLOSING WORDS AND COMMITTAL

EXIT MUSIC

When The Saints Go Marching In by The Big Chris Barber Band

MUSIC ON ENTRY

Roses In The Sky by Al Martino

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

TRIBUTE TO JOHN

from Ann

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

Stranger On The Shore by Acker Bilk

MEMORIES OF DAD

from Timothy

I sat and thought for a long time, thinking about Dad and the memories we shared over the years, but they were not memories then, just life and the shared experiences we shared as father and son, also as a family. These are a few from my childhood that I shared with Mum and Dad, Paul and Elizabeth:

Sunday lunch, the lovely smell of cooking coming from the kitchen, Dad sat in his armchair and us children playing around him or watching TV with him, usually a Western or farming programme. He would also enjoy a nice glass of Mateus Rosé with his lunch, which he usually bought from the off licence on his way back from the pigs.

Dad loved his music, Trad Jazz, Elvis and Lena Martell. He would play it loud and proud and dance round the living room in his slippers, singing along to his favourite tunes; Elizabeth would love to stand on his feet and dance round with him, giggling when she fell off.

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

That's Life by Frank Sinatra

WORDS

from granddaughter, Katie

As kids, we loved nothing better than going with Dad to Theobalds 'The yard' as we called it, to help him with the animals, and when we would get bored, we would make dens in the straw or play on the tractor. Dad taught both Paul and I to drive the tractor and digger when we were old enough, but he would not stand for any mucking about where machinery was involved. Dad also bought us a pony called Mundy, we all had great times riding her with Dad running up and down, with us on Mundy and Dad holding the long rein in case we got into trouble.

Dad, we know you loved us all, as we did you. Now you are no longer with us we will miss you dearly. The good times and the bad, the laughter and tears, the chats and putting the world to rights, teaching us how to cut grass in straight lines. I hope you are looking down on us, because I was proud to be your son.

Rest in peace, Dad.

Errands done for Dad, from going to Wilmots, our local Newsagents, to buy sweets for all the family, usually on a Saturday, remember Sherbet Dibs and Fry's Chocolate Cream? And Paul will remember this, going for Dad's cigarettes, '20 Silk Cut, please.' How times have changed!

Sunday bathtime, filling a tin bath in the kitchen in front of the boiler, us children in first, all three of us, then Mum and finally Dad. Dad built a proper bathroom on the back of the kitchen, I remember him singing while taking a bath, usually Elvis's 'Are You Lonesome Tonight', much to the delight of our neighbours, Mr and Mrs Hayes.

Saturday afternoon ritual in our house was to watch World of Sport Wrestling, cheering and booing as the bouts took place; Afterwards, we would all jump on Dad, re-enacting the wrestlers and all ending in a heap on the floor with Mum usually having to rescue Dad. In later years, as we got older, we used to go with Dad and Uncle David and watch live wrestling at Hertford to see Dad's favourite wrestler, Marti Jones take on Fit Finlay or Rollerball Rocco. Dad would love it.

Our first holiday to Cornwall in June 1971, we all went pony trekking, Dad, of course, told us he was like a cowboy on a horse and we all would have trouble keeping up. How we laughed when Dad fell so far behind the rest of us; his horse kept stopping to eat grass. He later told us he was scouting like Buffalo Bill, but, Dad, scouts always go out front, not so far behind we all had to keep waiting for him. How we all laughed. Mind you, it must have had some effect on Dad, because when he got off the horse he walked like a cowboy for the rest of the holiday!

