



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

All are welcome for light refreshment at  
The Hemlock Stone, 1 Bramcote Lane,  
Nottingham NG8 2QQ.

Donations in memory of Bob for  
**Motor Neurone Disease Association**  
may be sealed in the donation envelope  
and placed in the box on leaving the service,  
left online at  
[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)  
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service\**

Half Crown House  
38 Derby Road  
Stapleford  
Nottingham  
NG9 7AA

[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305



*Celebration of the Life of*



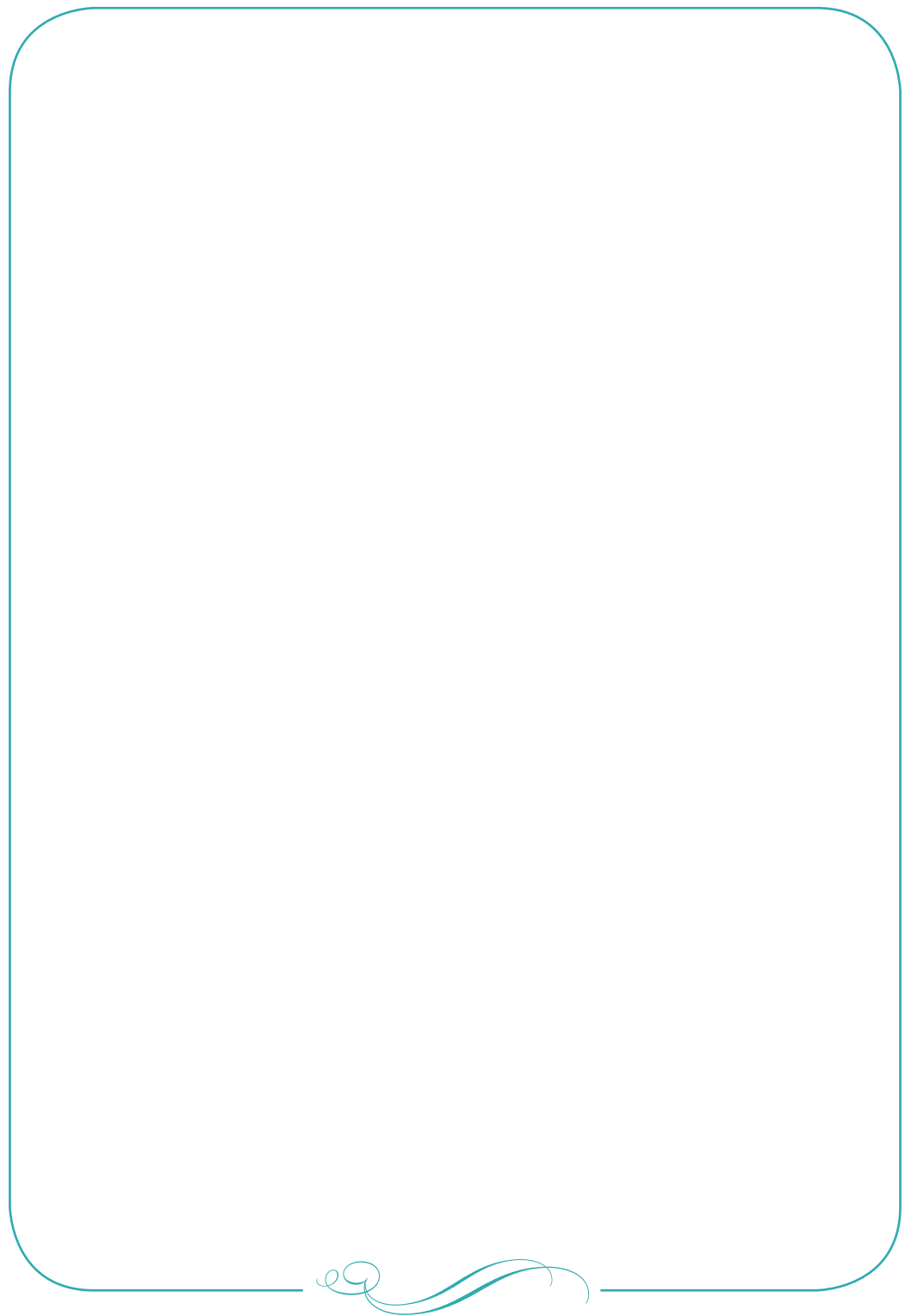
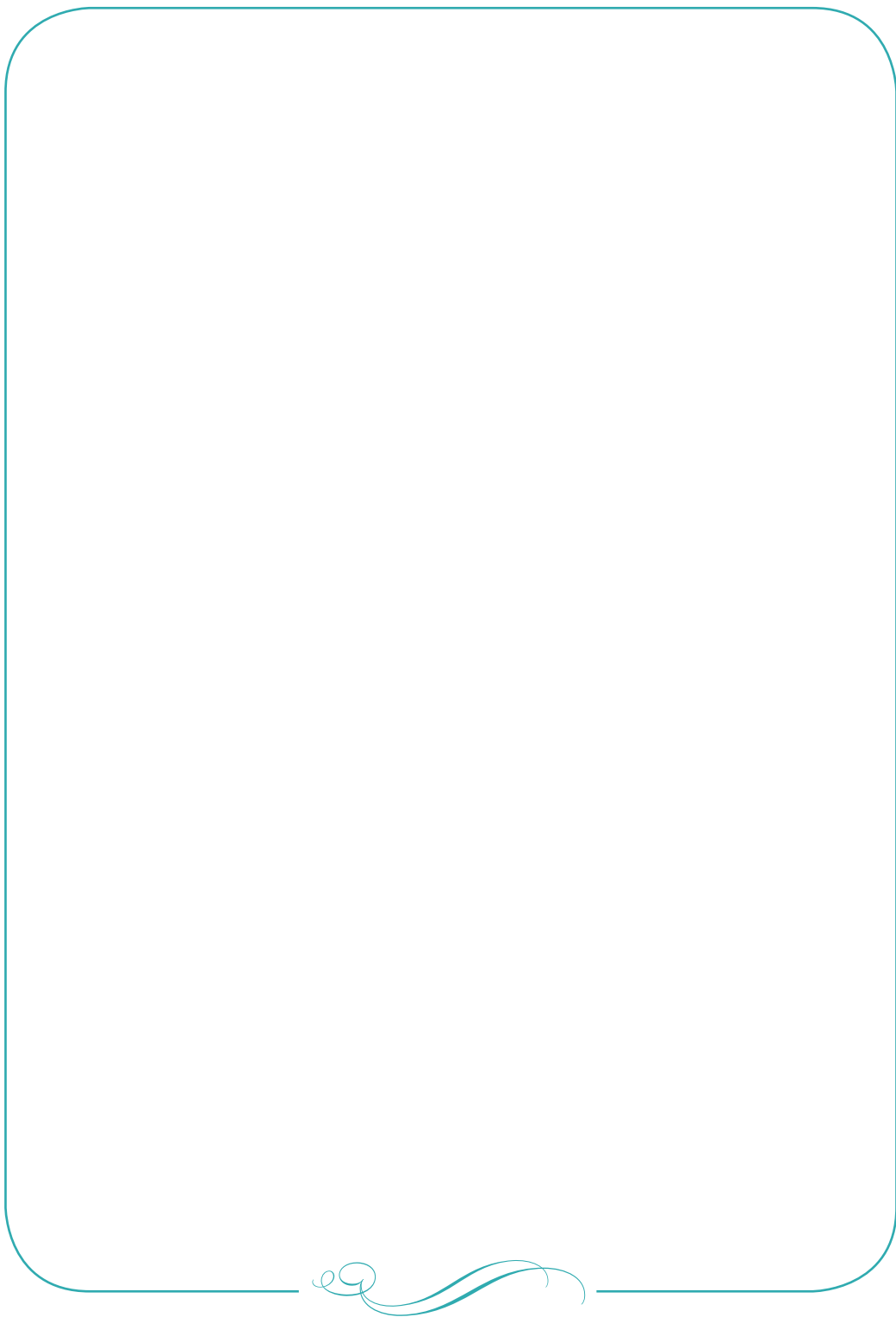
# Robert Peter Wallen 'Bob'

5th May 1950 - 8th November 2023

Bramcote Crematorium, Reflection Chapel

Tuesday 5th December 2023 at 11.30 am





**Farewell**

**Closing Words**

**Exit Music**  
The Last Time  
by The Rolling Stones



## Order of Service

**Entrance Music**

Albatross  
by Fleetwood Mac

**Welcome and Opening Words**

**Memories of Bob's Life**  
shared by Civil Celebrant, Mark Chapman



## Poem

### Think Of Me As One At Rest

Think of me as one at rest,  
For me you should not weep.  
I have no pain, no troubled thoughts,  
For I am just asleep.  
The living, thinking me that was  
Is now forever still  
And life goes on without me now,  
As time forever will.

If your heart is heavy now  
Because I've gone away,  
Dwell not long upon it, friend,  
For none of us can stay.  
Those of you who liked me,  
I sincerely thank you all,  
And those of you who loved me,  
I thank you most of all.

And in my fleeting lifespan,  
As time went rushing by,  
I found some time to hesitate,  
To laugh, to love, to cry.  
Matters it now if time began,  
If time will ever cease?  
I was here, I used it all,  
And now I am at peace.

## Reflection Music

Night Owl  
by Gerry Rafferty

## Poem

### An Old Steam Train

An old steam train set off with a roar  
On its final journey, it was coming back no more.  
With an almighty toot and a straining heave,  
Leaving me on the platform alone to grieve.

Now I'm left staring at the ruggedly tracks,  
Hoping one day that you might come back.  
Wonderful memories I cherish of journeys gone by,  
To recollect and appreciate whenever I try.

With loving care it makes its way  
Through fields and meadows on that sorrowful day,  
Past the rolling hills and beside the plains,  
Burrowing through mountains, sheltered from the rains.

Weaving through the valleys by the soft green grass,  
Quietly the animals watch it noisily pass.  
Down by the beaches, along the rickety old cliffs,  
Ocean winds blowing as the tide gently drifts.

Rising and falling like the sun in the sky,  
Winding through forests, trees whipping by.  
Passing a farmer and his field and crop,  
Onward it continues, approaching its final stop.

Further and further away from the station and me,  
My only hope now is that you are completely free.  
I look skyward for evidence of billowing smoke  
And look forward to seeing you again, I hope.