



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 Gate Inn, Main Street, Awsworth, Nottingham NG16 2RN.

Donations in memory of Keith for

**Macmillan Cancer Support**

may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box on leaving the service, left online at

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*The Family Funeral Service*

Bennerley House  
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In Loving Memory of

# Keith Luckcuck

17th August 1950 - 4th July 2024

Bramcote Crematorium, Serenity Chapel  
Wednesday 31st July 2024 at 2.00 pm

# Order of Ceremony

Taken by Shirley Read

Music As We Enter The Chapel

No Regrets

The Walker Brothers

Welcome and Introduction

Eulogy

## Poem

Last Orders

read by Kira

How can one man do so much,  
To do such good to all they touch,  
To make our lives so full of joy,  
The gift you had from a young boy?  
Treats for those needing a smile,  
Warmth for those unloved a while.  
Help, assistance, you gave it all,  
Our guardian angel, at our call.  
But luckily we realised quickly,  
Long before you became sickly,  
How much joy you brought to brothers,  
Sisters, mothers, sons, dads and brothers.  
The list, it would be written long  
About a man who lived by right, not wrong,  
Dedicated just to good;  
We'd all be like you if we could.  
But you were one, and not repeated,  
To live your life, not be defeated,  
And though last orders have been called,  
The memories have never stalled.  
Goodbye dear friend, grandfather, dad,  
Son and brother, happy lad.  
If everyone was more like you,  
The world would smile more, that is true.



## Memories

The Sunflower  
read by Keelie (Fanny)

## Time of Reflection

Music: Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick  
Ian Dury and the Blockheads

## 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 who 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.

Committal and Farewell



Words of Comfort



Thanks and Notices

Music As We Leave The Chapel

My Love, My Life

ABBA

Poem

A son has a way of making a man out of his father,  
and a boy out of his grandfather.

For all the times you chased me, the secret trips, games of pool,  
Forest F.C. golf, fairground rides, holidays, cups of tea and  
best of all, the silly banter we shared.

My best friend - Granddad.

Love you,  
Freddie

P.S Catch me if you can?

## Tribute

Ever since I have known my granddad, Mamma and I have been best friends; when Mamma had died, it was just me and my granddad. Although I have snapped at him sometimes, I never loved him less. My granddad was always my hero: if I ever needed anything, he would give it me, no questions asked, or when I was at home ill, he would text me asking if I was okay. So, when he was ill, I made sure to check up on him when he was at home. I loved him more than I loved myself when he was here, I couldn't imagine life without him. When he would say things about dying or it being his last time at places, I shrugged it off, not treasuring those moments I had with him, not knowing they would be the last. I always knew Granddad as a lively, fun spirit who loved and cared for all his family, he had a heart of gold and a stupid sense of humour that never failed to make me laugh.

If I knew the last time I would see him was when it was, I would have spent all day with him, never leaving his side. Now dinner time sounds so quiet; we don't have him bursting in our house, all full of joy, talking to everyone and saying the same silly thing every time he had finished eating, which never failed to make me smile. I love my granddad so much, he was my life; when Mamma had passed, it was us two against the world and now it's just me. I'm trying to make him as proud as I possibly can. I'm so happy he is finally with Mamma again, dancing in the sky where he needs to be. We all love you so much, Granddad, hope you and Mamma are having fun.

Lots and lots of love. Eva x

## Poem

My grandfather kept a garden,  
A garden of the heart;  
He planted all the good things  
That gave our lives their start.

He turned us to the sunshine  
And encouraged us to dream,  
Fostering and nurturing  
The seeds of self-esteem.

And when the winds and rain came,  
He protected me enough,  
But not too much because he knew  
We would stand up strong and tough.

His constant good example  
Always taught us right from wrong,  
Markers for our pathway  
That will last a lifetime long.

We are our grandfather's garden,  
We are his legacy.  
Thank you, Keith, I love you.

Love from Megan x

## Poem

We had a wonderful grandfather,  
One who never really grew old.  
His smile was made of sunshine  
And his heart was solid gold.  
His eyes were as bright as shining stars,  
And in his cheeks fair roses you see.  
We had a wonderful grandfather,  
And that's the way it will always be.  
But take heed, because  
He's still keeping an eye on all of us,  
So let's make sure  
He will like what he sees.  
Forever making you proud,  
Love always.  
Phoebe x

For every soul that has to roam,  
These sunflowers make heaven home.  
In endless bloom, they softly say,  
'Here the light forever stays.'

