

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

Memorial donations for the
British Lung Foundation (COPD)
may be left in the box provided on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn The Family Funeral Service
or left online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

All are welcome for refreshment at
The Nurseryman, 177 Derby Road, Beeston, Nottingham NG9 3AE.

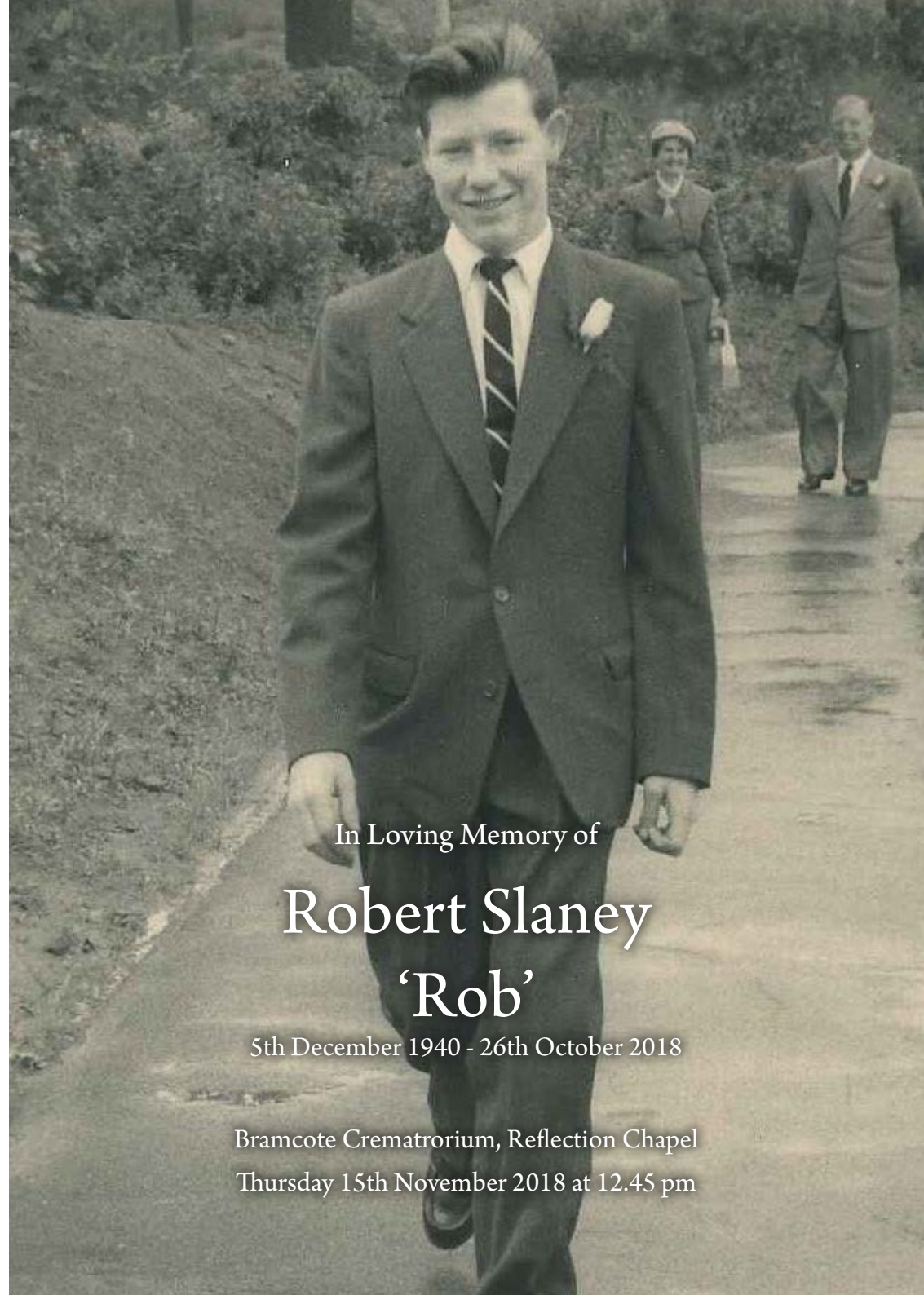
A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Parker House
25 Church Street
Stapleford
Nottingham
NG9 8GA

www.lymn.co.uk

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In Loving Memory of

Robert Slaney
'Rob'

5th December 1940 - 26th October 2018

Bramcote Crematorium, Reflection Chapel
Thursday 15th November 2018 at 12.45 pm





COMMITAL

EXIT MUSIC

Born To Be Wild - Steppenwolf

ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Rainy Days And Mondays - The Carpenters

WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS

POEM

The Dash

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend,
He referred to the dates on the tombstone, from the beginning to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke the following date with tears,
But said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years,

For that dash represents all the time they spent alive on earth,
And now only those who loved them know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not how much we own, the cars, the house, the cash,
What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard, are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left that can still be rearranged.

Be less quick to anger and show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile,
Remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.

So when your eulogy is being read with your life's actions to rehash,
Would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent your dash?

Linda Ellis



TRIBUTE

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

Time To Say Goodbye - James Last

POEM

He Is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone,
Or you can smile because he has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember him and only that he is gone,
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,
Be empty and turn your back.

Or you can do what he would want,
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins (b.1958)

