In Loving Memory of



David Stuart Bowers 'Dave'

1st November 1982 - 21st August 2018

Tuesday 25th September 2018 at 12.00 noon

Oakdale Suite, Mansfield Registration Office







ORDER OF SERVICE

PROCESSION MUSIC

Total Eclipse Of The Heart Bonnie Tyler

INTRODUCTION

Civil Funeral Celebrant, Rebecca White





READING

How Shall We Remember Dave Bowers by Rebecca White

MUSIC TO REMEMBER DAVE

Show Me Heaven Maria McKee

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 of 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 lived and loved 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.

> To be less quick to anger And show appreciation more And love the people in our lives Like we've never loved before.

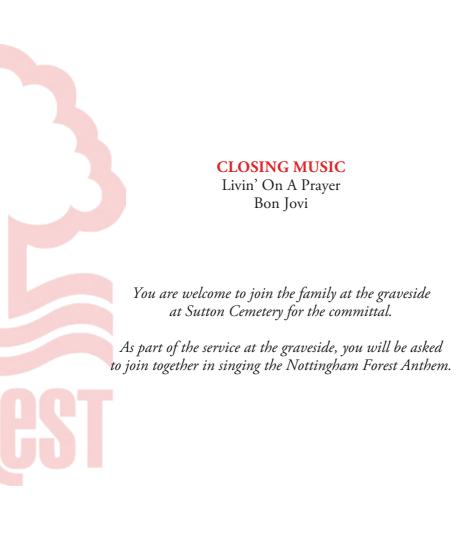
If we treat each other with respect And more often wear a smile, Remembering that this special dash May only last a while.

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 lived your dash?

Linda Ellis



OR



City Ground,
Oh mist rolling in from the Trent,
My desire is always to be here,
Oh City Ground.

Far have I travelled and much have I seen, Goodison, Anfield are places I've been, Main Road, Old Trafford still echo the sound Of the boys in the red from the City Ground.

City Ground,
Oh mist rolling in from the Trent,
My desire is always to be here,
Oh City Ground.

Passing the leather like Cloughie's great men, Please take us back to the days I knew then. Games when we sang in the Nottingham choir, When we thrashed the sheep from Derbyshire.

City Ground,
Oh mist rolling in from the Trent,
My desire is always to be here,
Oh City Ground.

Smiles in the sunshine, football like champagne, Still take me back to where my memories remain. Flickering embers growing higher and higher, And a new squad of players for us to inspire.

City Ground,
Oh mist rolling in from the Trent,
My desire is always to be here,
Oh City Ground.

City Ground,
Oh mist rolling in from the Trent,
My desire is always to be here,
Oh City Ground.





Dave's family would like to thank you all for your kind messages of love and support at this sad time and thank you for attending the service here today.

You are warmly invited to join them after the committal at The Towers, Botany Avenue, Mansfield NG18 5NG.

All donations in memory of Dave may be left in the donation box at the end of the service or sent care of A.W. Lymn,

The Family Funeral Service at the address below.



Station House 82 Station Road Sutton-in-Ashfield NG17 5HB

www.lymn.co.uk

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