

To Celebrate the Life of



David Foster Dickens

23rd June 1944 - 22nd November 2022

St Luke's, Upper Broughton
Thursday 29th December 2022
at 1.30 pm



At the Church

Entrance Music

Snowflake
Jim Reeves

Welcome

Fr. Tim

Introduction



Hymn

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings;
All things bright and beautiful...

The purple-headed mountains,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky;
All things bright and beautiful...

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one;
All things bright and beautiful...

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well;
All things bright and beautiful...

Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)



Psalm 23

read by Fr. Tim

The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing.
He makes me lie down in green pastures,
He leads me beside quiet waters,
He refreshes my soul.

He guides me along the right paths
for His name's sake.

Even though I walk through the darkest valley,
I will fear no evil,
for You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies.

You anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.

Surely Your goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.



Poem

He Is Gone

read by Deborah Mason (Aunty Deb)

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'll come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,
Or you can be full of the love 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's 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'd want,
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins (b.1958)



Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindliness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Jan Struther (1901-1953)



Reading

Epitaph For A Friend
read by Andrew Scott (Scotty)

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er god with his image blest:
The friend of a man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and the guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss
If there is none, he made the best of this.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

Eulogy

James



Carol

*O come, all ye faithful,
joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem:
come and behold him,
born the King of Angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!*

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
very God,
begotten, not created:
O come...

Child, for us sinners,
poor and in the manger,
fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
who would not love thee
loving us so dearly:
O come...

Sing, choirs of angels, sing, in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above:
Glory to God, in the highest.
*O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!*

Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880)



Other People's Quotes

Fr. Tim

Prayers

Fr. Tim

Reading

Remember Me

by Margaret Mead

read by Ben Smith

To the living, I am gone.

To the sorrowful, I will never return.

To the angry, I was cheated, but to the happy, I am at peace,

And to the faithful, I have never left.

I cannot speak, but I can listen. I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.

So as you stand upon a shore, gazing at a beautiful sea,

As you look upon a flower and admire its simplicity,

Remember me.

Remember me in your heart, your thoughts,

And your memories of the times we loved, the times we cried,

The times we fought, the times we laughed.

For if you always think of me, I will never have gone.



Blessing

Fr. Tim

Exit Music

Bring Me Sunshine
Morecambe and Wise



Lived respected, died regretted.





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

All are welcome for light refreshment at Stapleford Park, Stapleford, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire LE14 2EF.

Donations in memory of David for the
RNLI
may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box on leaving the service, left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of



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