

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
GEORGE BROWN

25th April 1933 - 31st December 2020



Wednesday 20th January 2021
at 12.00 noon
St Luke's Church, Whaley Thorns



My World
by Sharon Davies

*Dad, you are my world, a very special man,
I'd keep you here forever, 'cause I'm your biggest fan.
But I know you have to leave me and it's impossible to stay forever,
But some day in the future, I just know we'll be together.
So until that day comes, I'll visit you constantly
And I'll talk to you and Mum up in the cemetery.
'Cause that is where you'll lay, but heaven will have your soul,
And one day we'll reunite and once again feel whole.*



A bouquet of vibrant red roses with green leaves and stems, resting on a light-colored wooden surface. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The background is a soft, light green gradient.

ORDER OF SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC
I Do Believe That God Above
by George Brown

SENTENCES

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYERS

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:

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one:

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well:

Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander (1818-1895)



EULOGY

George Brown

George Brown was born on the 25th of April 1933 to Bertie and Elizabeth Brown of 185 Scott Street. He was one of nine children. As a young boy he loved drawing and writing stories. He was also a keen footballer, playing in his school team at Whaley Thorns and later for his local football club. At 16 he worked at Pleasley Mills where he got fluid on his lungs and had to stay in bed for six months, where he found a passion for writing poetry, songs and stories. He would send them in to try and get them published and he also tried to get into art and song writing school, but couldn't afford to pursue his dreams of being famous one day.

He worked at Davis's wagon repairing, Welbeck pit top doing a similar job then the British railway as a shunter, guard and signaller until he retired. He push-biked it in all weathers for most of his working life, then in his later years got a moped.

In 1952 he met the love of his life, Shirley Richards, and married in 1955 for almost 64 years. They had five children; Pauline, Peter, Antony, Sharon and Sandra. Antony sadly died at three months old of pneumonia. George had eight grandchildren, 13 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

George was a very simple family man. He worked every day to provide for his family, and although money was tight he could make anything out of nothing like go-carts, wheelbarrows, swings and playhouses for his kids.

His love of writing poetry and songs continued until he was no longer able. He sang on stage in many competitions representing the railway and won many. He entered competitions in the Chad for poetry and captions, winning a bike, stereo and many other prizes. He appeared on Calendar singing a song he'd written himself and he wrote a 50th anniversary song for my mum and had it appear on the radio and Chad. He used to do a brilliant Al Jolson act years ago. At the Jug and Glass he was the compère for many years. George was a well liked man and he lived in Langwith all his life. Skegness and Blackpool were his holiday destinations. He never wanted to go abroad and he never drove a car. He lived a quiet life and was a laid back kind of chap, who was nearly always smiling and joking around.

George loved having his photo taken. He looked after his wife for nine years with the help of his daughter, Sharon. He was diagnosed with dementia and eventually had a stroke, which put him and his wife in Langwith Lodge. Shirley only spent 10 days in the home with him before she sadly passed away, but George thought she was with him every day as he couldn't remember her passing. At the grand old age of 87 George took his last breath in hospital from the fight of the virus that has affected so many lives. Now George no longer has to search every day for his beloved Shirley.

POEM
My Dad
by Sharon Davies

Words cannot explain how much I'll miss my dad.
My life won't ever be the same, I'm going to feel so sad.

We had a special bond from the day that I was born,
It's been a great relationship that never could be torn.

He taught me how to sing when I was only three,
Him sitting on a stool and me upon his knee.

I thought he was the greatest man. I loved him with all my heart.
I thought he'd live forever and we would never be apart.

We didn't have much money when I was a young lass,
But he made things out of nothing and I thought they were top class.

I used to take him shopping and with me everywhere,
When I became an adult and still needed him to be there.

We used to go out drinking to our locals years ago,
And we'd dance and play a game of bingo, oh, how I loved it so.

We'd go to a weekly ballroom class to try to learn how to dance.
We laughed so much and had such fun, but didn't stand a chance.

I looked after my dad for nine years after he had a heart attack,
Then his memory started fading and he started losing track.

All the things we'd done together and the happy times we'd had
Were slowly disappearing from the mind of my poor old dad.

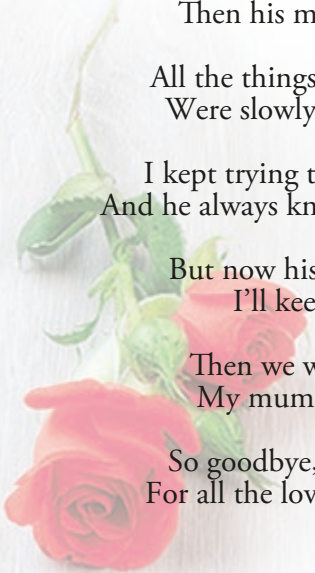
I kept trying to remind him of the wonderful times we've shared,
And he always knew how much I loved him and just how much I cared.

But now his journey is over and he's reunited with my mum.
I'll keep his memory alive until my time has come.

Then we will be together again up in heaven one fine day,
My mum and dad with little me, but when I cannot say.

So goodbye, Dad, and thank you for everything you've done,
For all the love you've given me... now go and be with my mum.

Love you, Dad, always.





Reunited with Mum

READING
Our Dad Is Gone
by Sharon Davies

Our dad is gone and is now with Mum.
He tried to hang on, but his time had come.
We will never forget all his love and care
And what he did for us and how he was always there.
His smiling face and his whiteness,
Our father, George, was the very best.
We will meet again when our time has come,
And we'll laugh once more when we have such fun.
We will miss you, Dad, more than you will know,
And our hearts will ache 'cause we loved you so.
But we'll wait till God calls out our name,
When we can be with you and Mum, all together again.





PRAYERS
including
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.

HYMN

Morning has broken, like the first morning;
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's re-creation of the new day!

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)

COMMENDATION

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Lost One Angel
by George Brown





In Loving Memory

*Those we love don't go away,
They walk beside us every day.
Unseen, unheard, but always near,
Still loved, still missed and very dear.*



Broken Chain

*Our family chain is broken
And nothing seems the same,
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again.*

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

Donations in memory of George will be for
St Luke's Church
and may be left in the collection plate.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service®

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