

In Loving Memory Of

Raymond Francis HINTON

3rd July 1947-3rd February 2017



9:45 am

Thursday 16th February 2017

Torbay Cemetery & Crematorium

Service led by Tara Bolton

Order of Service

Enter to the music

“Bicycle Race”

by

Queen

Opening Words

Tara Bolton

Katy wrote this poem for her Dad and called it

“Daddy Dearest”

The family would like to thank everyone for all of their
kindness, love & support.



If you would like to make a gift in loving memory of Ray, it will go to the work of

Rowcroft Hospice

You may give by the retiring collection here today

or by sending on to Malcolm at

Isca Funeral Services

Constable Court,

Fore Street,

Heavitree,

Exeter.

EX1 2QJ



Isca Funeral Services, Constable Court, Fore Street Heavitree, Exeter, EX1 2QJ(01392) 427555

Closing Words

We will leave to the music of :

Avril Lavigne

“Goodbye”

“Daddy Dearest”

I never thought I'd see the day - that you would be taken away,
I feel your presence and you're in my dreams,
In sleep I lose you again it seems.
I ache to hear you curse once more,
screaming you weren't born in a barn, shut the damned door!
Sunday's you tortured me with Dr Who,
Though it wasn't really torture, I wanted to be near you
Like all people you had your vices and flaws
But your love for me, I was never unsure
You were a grafter and a crafter
Building your sheds and putting the chickens out to pasture
In the streets your push bike was your friend
And if you weren't riding it, you were giving it a mend.
Your character dominated a room, that woolly hat was your costume
You could be somewhat brash
When you were in a temper we got out of the way fast!
You were like a lion protecting his brood
You left mum to go and get the food
You were my fatherland elder, wiser and bolder
Now your gone the world is much colder
Knowing you're here makes me feel safe
Though I can't touch you, I will never forget your face
That kiss on the cheek and the ruffle of your hair
While you sat on your very own chair
Those who knew you couldn't help but love you
Your family was everything, your friends were few
We stand together to say goodbye
Only for you will my eyes cry
The pain of losing you is so intense
I feel like I've lost a sense
I hope I inherit your humour and wisdom
Your sarcasm was something given
I'm going to miss you and love you forever
Everything you have given me I will forever treasure
Love you always my Daddy Dearest
If I want something I know not to go to Mom, because if you can give it
I'll get what I want
Gone but never forgotten

Tribute

Memories of "Ray"

Reflection:

To the music of

Bon Jovi

"Always"

Committal

A Pagan Prayer

"Goddess of Death, God of Grain"

Goddess of death,
you who are the end inherent in the beginning
Scythe to the ripe grain,
The fall of berries and the coming of night
You are called the Implacable one
But we know you as the most gracious Goddess
Healer, end of sorrow, relief of pain
Receive our brother Ray
May he become a star in your night sky cauldron
And be brewed back to life.
God of grain, God of seed
You who every year's end are cut down and buried
You who know the dark places underground
The way down and the way up, the fall and the rising
Guide our brother Ray, show him the long road through the maze
To the place of rebirth, to the place of return
Blessed Be (Blessed Be)