



Richard and family wish to thank you for joining them on this day.  
Your kindness and sympathy are a great comfort to them.

After the service, family and friends are all warmly invited to  
Aylestone St James Rugby Club,  
Covert Lane, Scraftoft LE7 9SP  
for refreshments and to share in the fond memories of Alex.

Donations in memory of Alex, if desired, to the  
**Alzheimer's Society**  
will be warmly appreciated.

Abbey Oak Funeral Services  
10-12 Buckminster Road, Leicester LE3 9AR  
Telephone: 0116 251 5639

A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE  
OF



*Alex Hickson*

1st March 1921 - 2nd September 2017

Gilroes Crematorium

Thursday 21st September 2017

12:30 pm





## *Order of Service*

### *Processional Music*

Begin The Beguine  
Artie Shaw

### *Positive Words of Reflection*



*Committal*

*Benediction*

*Poem*

No person is ever truly alone.  
Those who live no more, whom we loved,  
Echo still within our thoughts,  
Our words, our hearts.  
And what they did and who they were  
Becomes a part of all that we are, forever.

*Recessional Music*

Stardust  
*Artie Shaw*

*Memories of Alex*

*Hymn*

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.



*Poem*

All Is Well

Death is nothing at all,  
I have only slipped into the next room.  
I am I and you are you,  
Whatever we were to each other, that we still are.  
Call me by my old familiar name.  
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used.  
Put no difference into your tone.  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.  
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without effort,  
Without the trace of a shadow on it.  
Life means all that it ever meant, it is the same as it ever was.  
There is absolute unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?  
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,  
Somewhere very near, just around the corner.  
All is well.