

*A Service to Celebrate  
and Remember the Life of*



# Michael Rowen DL

16th January 1944 - 15th March 2023

Bramcote Crematorium  
Monday 17th April 2023  
at 12.00 noon





‘Beware the Ides of March.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates.  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
But, for mine own part,  
it was Greek to me.’

*Julius Caesar, Act 1 Scene 2, William Shakespeare*



# Order of Service

Officiated by Dr Richard Bullock OBE DL

## **Entrance Music**

Elgar: Nimrod (Lux Aeterna)  
VOCES8

## **Introduction to the Celebration of Michael's Life**

by Dr Richard Bullock OBE DL



## Hymn

Jerusalem

*Please stand to sing*

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountain 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.

*William Blake*

*Music: Sir Hubert Parry*



## Poem

Seaside Golf

read by Robert Kirkland DL

How straight it flew, how long it flew,  
It clear'd the ruddy track  
And soaring, disappeared from view  
Beyond the bunker's back -  
A glorious, sailing, bounding drive  
That made me glad I was alive.

And down the fairway, far along  
It glowed a lonely white;  
I played an iron sure and strong  
And clipp'd it out of sight,  
And spite of grassy banks between  
I knew I'd find it on the green.

And so I did. It lay content  
Two paces from the pin;  
A steady putt and then it went,  
Oh, most surely in.  
The very turf rejoiced to see  
That quite unprecedented three.

Ah! Seaweed smells from sandy caves  
And thyme and mist in whiffs,  
In-coming tide, Atlantic waves  
Slapping the sunny cliffs,  
Lark song and sea sounds in the air  
And splendour, splendour everywhere.

*John Betjeman*



# Eulogy

by Jane Streeter

## Poem

Death Is Nothing At All

read by Elizabeth Rowen

Death is nothing at all,  
I have only slipped away 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 of 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.  
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was,  
Let it be spoken without effect,  
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 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 round the corner.  
All is well.

*Canon Henry Scott Holland*



## **Music**

You'll Never Walk Alone

Johnny Cash

When you walk through a storm  
Hold your head up high,  
And don't be afraid of the dark.  
At the end of the storm is a golden sky  
And the sweet, silver song of the lark.  
Walk on through the wind,  
Walk on through the rain,  
Though your dreams be tossed and blown.  
Walk on, walk on with hope in your heart,  
And you'll never walk alone.  
You'll never walk alone.

*Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein*



## Reading

All The World's A Stage

read by Robin Whysall

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

*As You Like It, Act 2 Scene 7, William Shakespeare*





## Hymn

Eternal Father, Strong To Save

*Please stand to sing*

Eternal Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep:  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at Thy Word,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst the storm didst sleep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy spirit!  
Who didst brood Upon the waters dark and rude,  
And bid their angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them whereso'er they go:  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee,  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea!

*William Whiting (1825-1878)*

*Music: Melita by John B Dykes*



## **Closing Words**

by Dr Richard Bullock OBE DL

### **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.



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.

*Anon*





Ann, Lizzie and David would like to thank all of Michael's District Nursing Team, his Macmillan Nurse, The Nottinghamshire Hospice and the Urgent Care Response Team for the excellent care he received at home; and his many friends and family for their support.

You are all invited to join the family to continue to celebrate Michael's life and share your memories at Nottingham Hockey Centre (Beeston Hockey Club), University Boulevard, Nottingham NG7 2PS.

Donations in memory of Michael for  
**Nottinghamshire Hospice**

and

**Prostate Cancer UK**

may be sealed in the donation envelope  
and placed in the box on leaving the service,  
left online at

**[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)**

or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service\**

Bingham and District

17 Long Acre

Bingham

NG13 8AF

[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

