

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



JACK CODD

7th December 1926 ~ 10th April 2021

Friday 23rd April 2021  
at 12.00 noon

Wilford Hill Crematorium

# ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC  
I Have A Dream by ABBA

OPENING WORDS



## POEM

Wages On The Farm  
read by David Spence

Farmer Haig received a visit from the authorities  
claiming that he was paying well below the minimum wage.  
“Please tell me the terms and conditions of each of your employees,”  
the inspector asked curtly.

“Well,” began Farmer Haig, “there’s the stock man.  
He gets £8.00 an hour, 38-hour week,  
five weeks holiday, and a free cottage.

“And there’s the farmhand who gets £6.00 an hour,  
38-hour week, five weeks holiday and free board in the farmhouse.

“Then there’s the local idiot who does most of the work around here,  
minimum of 70 hours a week,  
gets a few beers on Saturday nights as his wage  
and has to pay for his own home.”

“Ha!” the inspector exclaimed triumphantly.  
“That is the man I wish to see.”

“You’re talking to him” Farmer Haig replied.

## TRIBUTES

For 66 years you have been my soulmate, Jack. Not a day has gone by that we haven't been with each other, and we have done everything together.

We have two amazing children, Liz and Johnathan, and you have been a brilliant father to them - although we hardly took any holidays as your excuse was that you were always too busy on the farm!

As a husband, you are first class, perfect, and I can't fault you. You would do everything for us. Nothing was ever too much trouble; no matter what time of day or night it was, if you could do it for us, you would. We had our ups and downs like every couple, but you were still my soulmate. I hope I met your dad's approval after he said you couldn't marry a town girl, but I think we proved him wrong. It has been me and you until the end.

I was desperate for you to stay longer and used to say: "You're not going to leave me, are you Jack?"

Life won't be the same without you. Until we meet again.

Love you forever, your wife, Christine.

Dad, what do I say and where do I start?

You bringing me a sliced Granny Smith apple up to bed as a child, sweetened with granulated sugar before you started your bedtime story. You even covered up the wolf in Red Riding Hood as you knew I was so scared of it. It was our special time of day together and my love for reading began from those bedtime stories. Sadly, you failed to instil in me a love of and ability with maths. I could never understand your convoluted (or so it seemed to me) way of explaining how numbers worked. Despite your best efforts and patience, I haven't grasped them to this day! And as I moved around the country, the countless hours you spent digging our gardens - you would be out there for hours trying to improve the soil. I used to say "You've done enough now, Dad, come in", but you carried on. And your laughter as you roared at Dave Allen and Tommy Cooper, your two favourite comedians.

Your love, support and guidance I know has helped me overcome any obstacles in life I have faced. I have never doubted your utmost love for me and in turn mine for you. You have shown me how to receive and give love and I am the person I am because of you. Your message in my card last Christmas will stay in my heart and I feel blessed to have been your daughter. No more worries now Dad, rest in peace.

Love you forever, Liz.

My dad, Jack.

I would like to share with you all a few memories I have of him. I called him 'the big man', even though he was actually 5ft-nothing and I'm 6ft, he was a big man to me. Growing up together he taught me so much respect, manners and so much more.

One of his sayings was

"If you can't do anyone any good, don't do them any harm."

As a young boy we loved watching the Westerns together and he would trick me into thinking he could speak Red Indian. I remember our holiday in Spain, he'd been planting potatoes before we arrived, the next morning he was so tired he wanted a lie in. The cleaner who wanted to come in and clean the room didn't speak any English, so Aunty Brenda said no as Jack was sleeping - she tried to explain and put her hands together at the side of her face to explain, and she said "Ahhhh, bambino!"

That was our Bambino Jack sleeping.

He helped me with my homework at school, he was brilliant at maths and I'd never seen handwriting as good as Jack's. I was never any good at school and worried about exams, he always said, "Do your best, you can't do anymore."

He loved his cricket, we spent many happy hours bowling and batting against each other. He was as proud as punch when he told me he was captain of Loughborough Grammar School.

He loved Nottingham Forest, not so much recently. He'd come round to mine to watch them on Sky, said they were rubbish and went home after half time. I use to tell him when they had a new player and he'd say  
"Which car boot did they get him from?!"

He loved coming to the shows to watch myself and Elizabeth show-jumping. He would take us everywhere.

His taste in music left much to be desired. He loved novelty records like Keith Harris and Orvil, 'The Streak', 'No Charge', 'Shaddap You Face', 'Don't Worry, Be Happy'. I hope some of you can remember these records.

In 2010 we had our first Readyfield Bloodhound meet. He loved to sit in his chair taking it all in, watching Mum and Aunty Doreen running around like headless chickens.

On the farming side he taught me everything I know, and I will miss his advice and input so, so much. No one worked as hard as Jack did on the farm. He was everything right. He was an inspiration to me. I could go on forever thinking about you, my dad, Jack. We all know what an amazing man he was. I loved him so much and always will.

Good night, big man, get some rest now.  
See you soon, your loving son Jono.

## MUSIC

Wind Beneath My Wings by Bette Midler

## TRIBUTES

Laura, Bethany, Hannah and Lucie





Jack,  
I am going to keep this short and sweet. I have so many fantastic memories, far too many to write down. However, there are two of your famous sayings that will stay with me forever...

“Look at the soil.”

“When you’re ready, Laura.”

I always knew when he was about to say this because he would hold his cup up to me for his tea.

Jack, you will be greatly missed by everyone. Thank you for being the best grandad and great-grandad. I will always admire you and promise to make you proud every day.

Love you always and forever,  
Laura, Holly and Izzy xxxx

Jack,

Where do I start? Many memories, good times, outings and family gatherings together. Always so polite, quiet and kind. Such a gentle man. Worked so hard on the farm to give us what we have today. You have done us all proud. I always remember when I would ask you to carry me around the cattle market when I didn't want to walk anymore, when Kit took ages to look round the furniture, we would go outside and get an ice cream, even if it was really cold. You would sit me on your knee and "jup-jup and away". Put tissue paper on your fingers and play 'Fly away, Peter, fly away, Paul', and I would never understand how you did this.

Your little boy, great-grandson Noah absolutely adored you, sitting at the table on your knee reading through the Farmers Weekly looking at all the tractors, learning colours and showing you grandads tractor.

Jack, heaven has gained an angel. You have left a huge hole in our hearts. Never have I met such a kind soul with never a bad word to say about anyone. Great sense of humour, and even enjoyed the odd chocolate and sweet (as long as it was midday, as you would always say it would spoil your dinner).

We love you so much. You can rest those hard-working hands now. Thanks for all you have done, forever in our hearts.

Love always, may you be at peace.

Love from Bethany and your little boy, Noah xxxxx

Well, nobody lives forever - that silly advert we used to laugh about on telly, and even though I know it's true, it still hasn't prepared me for today, because to me you were invincible.

When I talk about you and Kit, I tell people it's like talking to your best friends, and that's exactly how it felt.

You were so funny, kind, calm and caring and I could sit and talk to you about anything.

So many times I've sat at the kitchen table with you and Kit and done just that, having dinner and chatting about all sorts. And then you'd push your plate off the placemat and we'd laugh - your way of signalling that you were done and it was time for me to tidy up and get the puddings out.

Speaking of sweet stuff - I'd never seen you drink anything apart from tea with sugar, half a bitter shandy and maybe a lemonade or a Lucozade - and yet you still had all your own teeth!

I remember sitting at the kitchen table one Sunday evening watching Top of the Pops Classics and Kit and I were laughing because at every song that came on you went,

"It was a lovely record", and some of them we swore you didn't even know. We laughed so much. You had the best laugh.

I can still hear your voice and that laugh, so clearly.

I'll also never forget mornings at Springfield Farm playing eye-spy while we were still in bed and I managed to stump you with c-n-w; clock not working!

You are simply the best and I hope that wherever you are relaxing and resting now... it's a nice space, good size.

And don't worry, I'll keep Kit organised.

I will miss you forever, but will think of you and smile, every day.

Love you, love from Hannah

My wonderful grandad, Jack.

Where do I even start? You were the most loving and caring man that ever walked this earth. You had the cheekiest and cutest little smile on your face every time I walked in to see you. You worked so hard for us all, Jack, and we will all be eternally grateful for every single thing you did for us. I will always remember the stories you used to tell me about when you were a young man, how hard you used to work. I am so proud to call you my grandad. Milly's missing you winding her up and pulling faces at her! She said you were silly Jack! You will always be remembered, our wonderful grandad.

You can rest your tired eyes now, Jack,  
and finally rest your hard-working hands.  
We will love you forever, until we meet again.

I'll love you always, Jack.

All our love, Lucie and Milly xxxx



**REFLECTIVE MUSIC**  
Fields Of Gold by Eva Cassidy

**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.



COMMITTAL

CLOSING WORDS

CLOSING MUSIC

How Long Will I Love You by Ellie Goulding





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

Donations in memory of Jack for  
**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



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