

To Celebrate the Life of



DAVID CLIVE TURNER

17th August 1955 - 16th April 2021

Wilford Hill Crematorium
Monday 21st June 2021 at 11.00 am



ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by Reverend Father Gerry Murphy

ENTRY MUSIC

'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 these 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 (1757-1827)

WELCOME AND WORDS OF INTRODUCTION

Fr. Gerry

A TRIBUTE TO DAD

from Matthew Turner, son

BIDDING PRAYERS IN REMEMBRANCE OF DAVID
from Shirley, Seán, Diane, Siobhán, Kevin and Danielle

Response: Lord, graciously hear us.

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION
'The Fields Of Athenry'

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling,
"Michael, they have taken you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,
So the young might see the morn.
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay."

*Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing,
We had dreams and songs to sing.
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.*

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling,
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free.
Against the famine and the crown,
I rebelled, they cut me down,
Now you must raise our child with dignity."

By a lonely harbour wall, she watched the last star fall
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky.
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay.
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

EULOGY
with
MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO MUM AND DAD

from Barry Turner, son
'Seasons In The Sun' - Terry Jacks

Goodbye to you, my trusted friend,
We've known each other since we were nine or ten.

Together we've climbed hills and trees,
Learned of love and ABCs,
Skinned our hearts and skinned our knees.

Goodbye, my friend, it's hard to die,
When all the birds are singing in the sky.

Now that the spring is in the air,
Pretty girls are everywhere,
Think of me and I'll be there.

We had joy, we had fun,
We had seasons in the sun.
But the hills that we climbed,
Were just seasons out of time.

Goodbye, Papa, please pray for me,
I was the black sheep of the family.
You tried to teach me right from wrong,
Too much wine and too much song,

Wonder how I got along.
Goodbye, Papa, it's hard to die,
When all the birds are singing in the sky.

Now that the spring is in the air,
Little children everywhere,
When you see them, I'll be there.

We had joy, we had fun,
We had seasons in the sun.
But the wine and the song
Like the seasons have all gone.

We had joy, we had fun,
We had seasons in the sun.
But the wine and the song
Like the seasons have all gone.

POEM

Death Is Nothing At All
read by Fr. Gerry

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away to the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak it to me in the same way 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 ghost 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.

Canon Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)

BLESSING AND FINAL PRAYER

Fr. Gerry

REST IN PEACE

Music: 'Something Inside So Strong' - Labi Siffre

The higher you build your barriers,
The taller I become.
The further you take my rights away,
The faster I will run.
You can deny me,
You can decide to turn your face away.
No matter, 'cause there's
Something inside so strong,
I know that I can make it,
Tho' you're doing me wrong, so wrong.
You thought that my pride was gone,
Oh no, something inside so strong.
Oh oh oh oh oh something inside so strong.
The more you refuse to hear my voice,
The louder I will sing.
You hide behind walls of Jericho,
Your lies will come tumbling.
Deny my place in time,
You squander wealth that's mine;
My light will shine so brightly,
It will blind you.
'Cause there's
Something inside so strong,
I know that I can make it,
Tho' you're doing me wrong, so wrong.
You thought that my pride was gone,
Oh no, something...



The family would like to thank everyone for all their lovely messages,
kind words and beautiful flowers at this really sad time.

We would welcome you all in joining us at
The Beeches Hotel,
Wilford Lane
after the service, to raise a glass, sing a song or
share some happy memories to celebrate David Clive Turner,
who will never be forgotten.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service®

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