

*To Celebrate the Life  
of*



# David Alan Redfern

15th October 1960 - 1st November 2020

Markeaton Crematorium

Friday 13th November 2020  
at 3.20 pm





# Order of Service

## **Entry Music**

Whatever

Oasis

## **Welcome and Introduction**



## Poem

If

read by Alanna Lymn Rose

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'



If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
'Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

*Rudyard Kipling*

## **Memories of David**

### **Tribute**

by Douglas Redfern

## **Visual Tribute and Time for Reflection**

Music: Jerusalem

## **Committal and Farewell**



## Poem

Clarity

read by Matthew Lymn Rose

When I stand,  
I stand solid.  
I stand in Autumn  
Gulping clarity,  
And I am only young.  
I have no years,  
I am without time,  
And to the things I have  
I am not bound,  
For I can stand in winter too.  
“But I thirst!”  
I swallow  
Great big greedy gulps  
Of clarity,  
For I will not die cursed,  
Without roots,  
Without vision, no!  
When I stand,  
I stand as a young seasoned tree stands.  
Can you see me?

*David Redfern*





## **Closing Words**

### **Exit Music**

We Are The Champions  
Queen



Love Across The Sea



*David Redfern*





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

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