

William Terence Edwards

2nd August 1929 - 18th May 2020

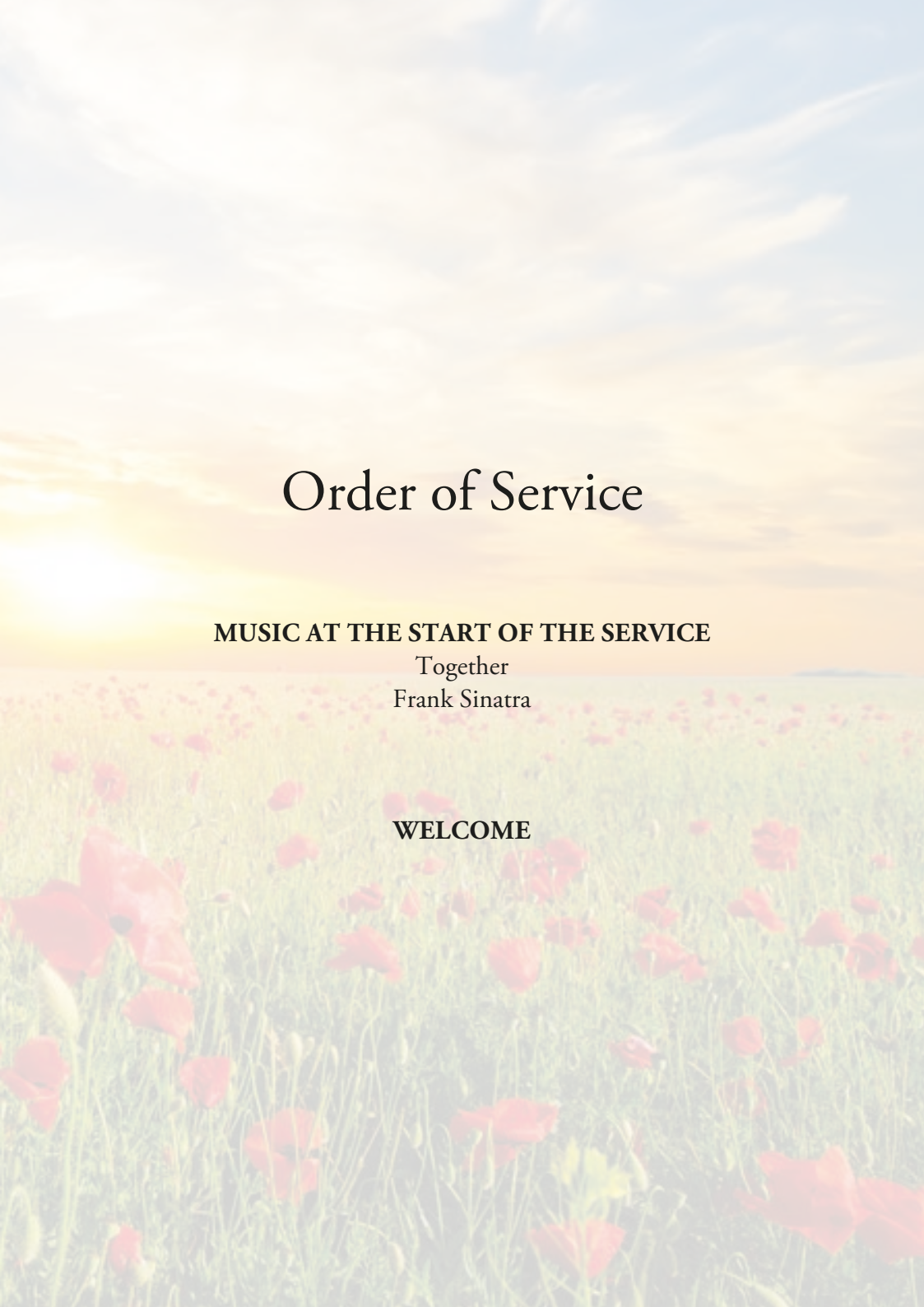




Corfe Mullen Cemetery

Tuesday 2nd June 2020

Service conducted by
Neil McCain

A field of red poppies in the foreground, with a sunset sky in the background. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a warm, golden glow. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds. The overall mood is peaceful and serene.

Order of Service

MUSIC AT THE START OF THE SERVICE

Together
Frank Sinatra

WELCOME

POEM

If Ever Two Were One, Then Surely We
Anne Bradstock

If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor aught by love from thee give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way reply;
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere,
That when we live no more we may live forever.

REMEMBERING BILL

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.

WORDS OF FAREWELL

POEM

Summer Farm
Norman MacCaig

Straws like tame lightnings lie about the grass
And hang zigzag on hedges. Green as glass
The water in the horse-trough shines.
Nine ducks go wobbling by in two straight lines.

A hen stares at nothing with one eye,
Then picks it up. Out of an empty sky
A swallow falls and, flickering through
The barn, dives up again into the dizzy blue.

I lie, not thinking, in the cool, soft grass,
Afraid of where a thought might take me – as
This grasshopper with plated face
Unfolds his legs and finds himself in space.

Self under self, a pile of selves I stand
Threaded on time, and with metaphysic hand
Lift the farm like a lid and see
Farm within farm, and in the centre, me.

A field of red poppies in bloom, stretching towards a horizon under a vast, colorful sky at sunset. The sun is low on the left, casting a warm glow over the scene. The sky transitions from a pale blue at the top to a soft orange and yellow near the horizon, with wispy white clouds scattered throughout. The poppies are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

MUSIC AT THE END OF THE SERVICE

Together
Connie Francis



Donations in memory of William are for the

Stroke Association

Personal messages, memories and donations
may be made online at

www.oharafunerals.co.uk

Nicholas O'Hara Funeral Directors

38 Rowlands Hill, Wimborne BH21 1AW

01202 882134