



IN LOVING MEMORY
OF

PETER DEBIC

1st October 1958 - 15th March 2024

Mansfield Crematorium, Thoresby Chapel

Thursday 11th April 2024
at 1.15 pm



ORDER *of* SERVICE

Conducted by Annette Terry, Civil Funeral Celebrant

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

I Vow To Thee, My Country

by The Central Band of The Royal British Legion

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

READING

St Crispin's Day speech from Henry V
by William Shakespeare
read by Jonathan Baker

What's he that wishes so? My cousin, Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow to do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour

As one man more, methinks, would share from me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall be made

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,

And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.

And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'

Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot, but he'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day: then shall our names.

Familiar in his mouth as household words

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by, from this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd; we few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother;
Be he ne'er so vile, this day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

TRIBUTE

Uncle Pete
read by Jason

REMEMBERING PETE

TIME OF REFLECTION

You Take My Heart Away
by DeEtta Little and Nelson Pigford
accompanied by visual tribute

POEM

My Lost Love

I have only just lost you, the pain is hard to bear.
Do I have to go through life knowing you're not there?
Please, someone explain to me why he had to go,
Are there any reasons? I really need to know.
I sit here and remember all the lovely times we shared,
The talks, the laughter of everyone, you cared.
I am told the pain will ease in time and I will think of him without a tear,
But that will be impossible, as I need to have him here.
He was my very world to me, my ever guiding star,
Just kiss me softly on the cheek and tell me where you are.

CLOSING WORDS

COMMITTAL

SERVICE LITANY

Please join in with a litany of memory for Pete.

Response: We remember you.

When we are weary and in need of strength,

When we are lost and sick at heart,

We remember you.

When we have a joy we crave to share,

When we have decisions that are difficult to make,

When we have achievements that are based on his,

We remember you.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,
At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring,

We remember you.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer,
At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn,

We remember you.

At the rising of the sun and at its setting,

We remember you.

As long as we live, Pete too will live,
For he is now a part of us, as we remember him.

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Starry, Starry Night

by Don McLean





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

All are welcome for refreshments and to continue to remember Pete's life at Portland College, Nottingham Road, Harlow Wood, Mansfield NG18 4TJ.

Donations in memory of Pete for the
Veterans in Action
may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box on leaving the service, left online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

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