
IN LOVING MEMORY

OF



Raymond Clark
'Ray'

26th January 1926 - 25th October 2020

Wilford Hill Crematorium

Monday 9th November 2020
at 2.00 pm

Order of Service



Entrance Music

My Way

Frank Sinatra

Welcome and Introduction

Thoughts

from Angela

Dad, I miss you every day,
You were so precious and unique,
A guiding light throughout my life,
You were my strength when I was weak.
Happy memories flood my mind
Whenever I think of you,
But you can never be replaced
That much is sadly true.
The fact that you're no longer here
Still fills my heart with pain,
I wish I had just one last chance
To talk with you again.
I shall always remember
The closeness that we had,
I love you and will miss you so much,
My kind and thoughtful dad.



Words
from Deborah

Dad, grandad, great-grandad and friend,
You have been with us all through our lives' ups and downs.
Picking us up when we were down, showing us how to get back on track.
You were never far from us all.
We know that you will still be looking down on us.
You never stayed still for long, even when you said you weren't going out.
We called in for a coffee... guess what? You were out!
You always loved your holidays in Cornwall and Benidorm.
On the day you left us, Dad, you boarded a train to where we did not know.
But know we know you were going on your way to Mary to be together again.
We have been very proud that you were our dad.

Poem
from Amber

A grandad just like you,
I just want to let you know
You mean the world to me.
Only a heart as big as yours
Would give so unselfishly.
As I grew older you were there,
I only had to call,
I always knew I could count on you,
You'd never let me fall.
So many hard times in my life
You've helped me get through,
I'm so glad I was given
A grandad like you.

Tribute to Ray

Time of Reflection
Music: You Raise Me Up
Josh Groban

Poem

My Garden Is My Sanctuary
written by Marie Church

As I look out to my garden,
I feel a sense of pride;
It really is a lovely room
Except it is outside.

Where lovely things mix and match
And greenery fills the walls.
The sound of trickling water
Coming from the goldfish pond.

I love the sight of stones and rocks
And driftwood and tree ferns too.
The sounds of all my chimes,
I know you would like it too.

With pride I walk around my garden
And savour each scent and smell;
Colours of yellow, red and gold;
A striped cushion on a bench.

The bird bath has its own domain,
It's placed beside a wooden arch,
Where all the birds come to bathe
And drink when they are parched.

Ladybirds can hide away,
Sometimes they come out to see
What's happening around them
With caterpillars and the bees.

There's not much more that I can say,
Except if you have your own,
It won't take long to build it up,
Seeds will bloom once they are sown.



Reading

The Final Farewell

Closing Words

Exit Music

Arms Of Mary
Sutherland Brothers



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

Memorial donations for the
British Heart Foundation
may be sealed in the donation envelope in your Order of Service
and placed in the temporary box on leaving the service,
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