



In loving memory of



Mike Turner

5th January 1942—14th March 2020

Wednesday 1st April 2020 at 11.00 am

Colchester Crematorium



Mike.....

Thanks for the laughs,
the fun, the friendship,
the wisdom and the
memories :)

“Oh what larks....”

**Donations in Mike’s
memory to:**

Prostate Cancer UK

St Helena’s Hospice,
Colchester

“Waikaremoana”

(From land of the Long White Cloud)

Welcome and Introduction

Lord of Hopefulness

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
be there that our waking, and give us, we pray,
your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord, of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Mike’s Story

Poem read by Pat

“Ithaca”

Pause for reflection

The Lord’s Prayer

Morning has Broken

Morning has broken, like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing, fresh from the word
Sweet the rain’s new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dewfall, on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness, where his feet pass
Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God’s re-creation of the new day.

Committal

Blessing

“Polegnala E Todora”

(From the Mystere Des Voix Bulgares—a favourite of Mike’s)