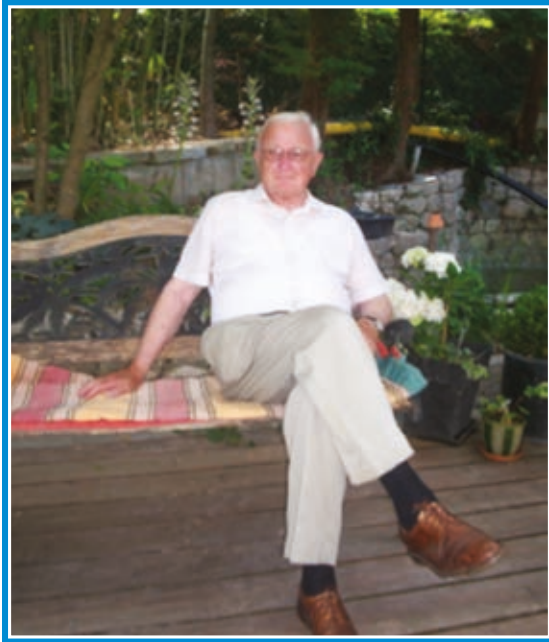


To Celebrate the Life of

William George Evans

10th July 1921 ~ 18th February 2019



Wilford Hill Crematorium
West Bridgford
Monday 11th March 2019
at 11.40 am



Arrival Music
Moonglow ~ Artie Shaw



RAF 1942 - 1946



Bill and Marjorie in the late 1940s



Welcome and Introduction

Jane Jackson

Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at 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.



A Tribute to Bill's Life

Jane Jackson

Who was Bill Evans?

Sue



Time to Reflect

Music: September Song ~ Kurt Weill and Emile Pandolfi



*I'd rather be a could-be if I cannot be an are;
because a could-be is a maybe who is reaching for a star.
I'd rather be a has-been than a might-have-been, by far;
for a might have-been has never been, but a has was once an are.*

Milton Berle



Reading

High Flight

read by daughter, Pam Francoise

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, — and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace.
Where never lark, or even eagle flew —
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

by John Gillespie Magee Jr.

*Anglo-American Royal Canadian Air Force fighter pilot
killed in an accidental mid-air collision over England 1941.*

Farewell Wording

Blessing



Exit Music

Blue Skies ~ Irving Berlin

sung by Frank Sinatra

Per ardua ad astra



"I am just going outside and may be some time."

Lawrence "Titus" Oates - Terra Nova / Scott Expedition South Pole 1912



The family sincerely thank you all for coming here today and warmly invite you to join them at The Cottage Hotel, Easthorpe Street, Ruddington, Nottingham NG11 6LA for a buffet lunch and to continue to celebrate Bill's life.

Donations in memory of Bill for the
RAF Benevolent Fund
may be placed in envelopes provided
or sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
at the address shown below.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Albert Oliver and Sons
45 Easthorpe Street
Ruddington
NG11 6LB
www.lymn.co.uk

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