



The family wish to thank everyone for their attendance
and for their kind words of condolence.

They would like to invite you to join them after the ceremony, at the
Nottingham Britannia Club, Trentside North, West Bridgford.

Memorial donations for
Brake or Mind
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

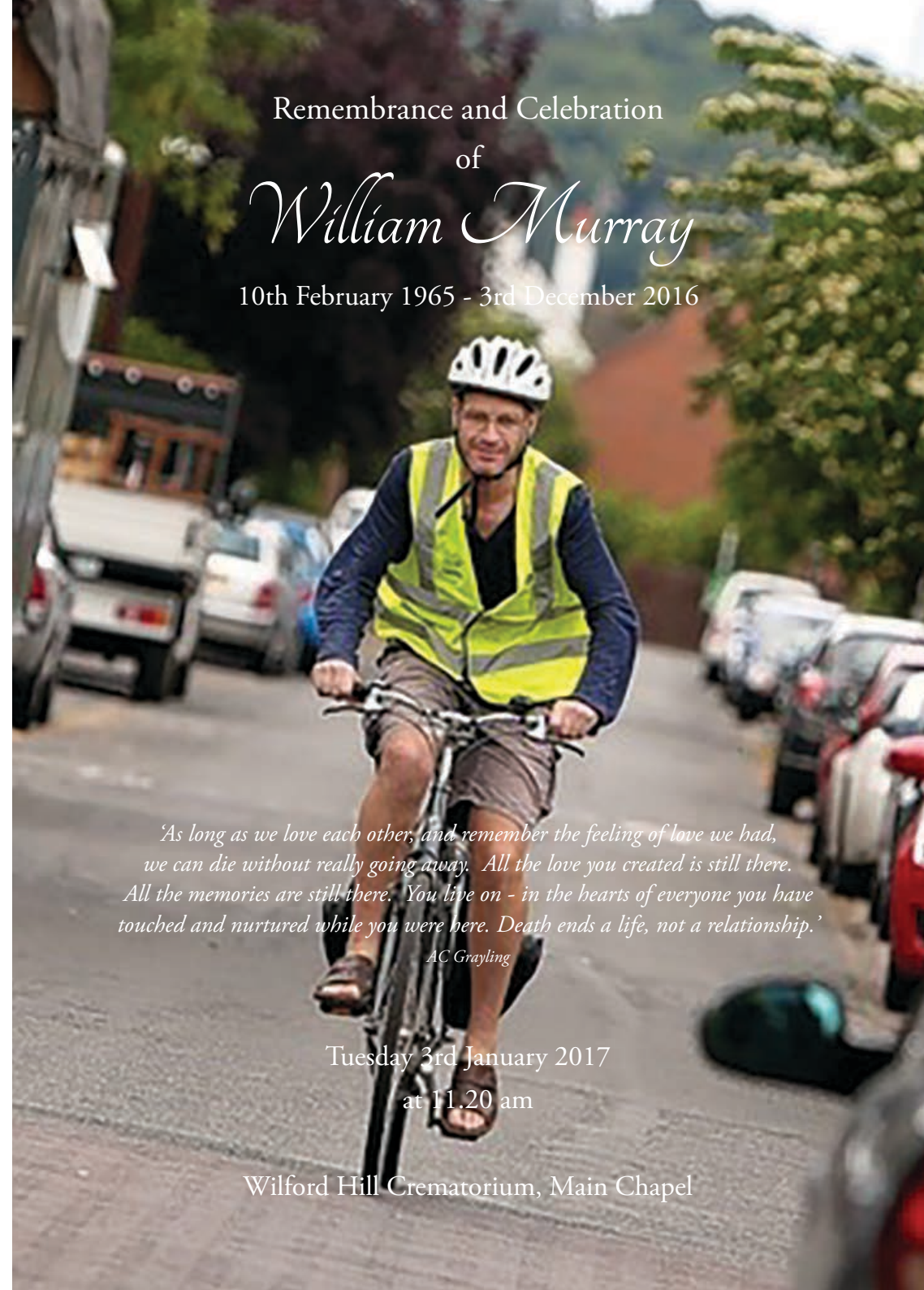
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Remembrance and Celebration
of

William Murray

10th February 1965 - 3rd December 2016



*'As long as we love each other, and remember the feeling of love we had,
we can die without really going away. All the love you created is still there.
All the memories are still there. You live on - in the hearts of everyone you have
touched and nurtured while you were here. Death ends a life, not a relationship.'*

AC Grayling

Tuesday 3rd January 2017
at 11.20 am

Wilford Hill Crematorium, Main Chapel

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Lord Of The Dance - The Dubliners
Started Out With Nothin' - Seasick Steve

WELCOME

Marnie Roadburg

TRIBUTE

Jamie Lord

READING

Windscale - Norman Nicholson
Kate Palmer

The toadstool towers infest the shore:
Stink-horns that propagate and spore
Wherever the wind blows.
Scaffell looks down from the bracken band
And sees hell in a grain of sand,
And feels the canker itch between his toes.
This is a land where the dirt is clean
And poison pasture, quick and green,
And storm sky, bright and bare;
Where sewers flow with milk, and meat
Is carved up for the fire to eat,
And children suffocate in God's fresh air.

TRIBUTE

Phil Darby

TRIBUTE AND POEM

based on WH Auden's 'Stop The Clocks'
Marc Gibson

Stop all the wheels, blockup the trams,
Make all traffic wait in endless jams,
Play beautiful music and bang the drum,
We're mourning a friend second to none.

Airplanes above us tear at the sky,
Mr Jet Set has left us, never thought he'd try.
Traffic police capture the data, help let us know
What was so fatal, help us let go.

Burn the computers, smash all the phones,
Turn off the network, drown out the moans.
Devil's advocate, arguing the toss,
Cycling companion; wrenched, wretched, most woeful loss.

My calendar appointment, my bike ride to joy,
My walk in the woods when we were both boys.
Points on my compass, my northern most star,
Waiting for terse texts, that door still ajar.

Bike rides and friendship, lost and begone,
Closeness and compassion, dark like the sun.
The nights seem dimmer, the summer so sad,
I wish you were still here, I'm sorry it was so bad.

TRIBUTE

Deborah Johnson, Chair, Board of Brake

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION

Nine Million Bicycles - Katie Melua

COMMITTAL

CLOSING WORDS

READING

Song - Christina Rossetti
Anne Newman

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

EXIT MUSIC

Tie A Yellow Ribbon - Tony Orlando
Dancing In The Dark - Bruce Springsteen