



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

All are welcome for light refreshment at Sprinters, 85 High Street, Arnold, Nottingham NG5 7DQ.

Donations in memory of Barrie for **Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire Air Ambulance Charity** 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

*The Family Funeral Service**

St. Albans House
32 High Street
Arnold
NG5 7DZ

www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
BARRIE WEATHERBED

26th July 1937 - 29th October 2024



Gedling Crematorium

Thursday 14th November 2024
at 12.00 noon



Order of Service

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Big Spender
Shirley Bassey

OPENING WORDS



CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC

Theme from *Heartbeat*
Nick Berry

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come;
Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the Kingdom,
the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

COMMITTAL

POEM

At Rest

Think of me as one at rest,
For me, you should not weep.
I have no pain, no troubled thoughts,
For I am just asleep.
The living, thinking me that was,
Is now forever still,
And life goes on without me now,
As time forever will.

If your heart is heavy now
Because I've gone away,
Dwell not long upon it, friend,
For none of us can stay.
Those of you who liked me,
I sincerely thank you all,
And those of you who loved me,
I thank you most of all.

And in my fleeting lifespan,
As time went rushing by,
I found some time to hesitate,
To laugh, to love, to cry.
Matters it now if time began
If time will ever cease?
I was here, I used it all,
And now I am at peace.



TRIBUTE

REFLECTIVE MUSIC

Whispering Grass
The Ink Spots

POEM

Dad

He never looked for praises,
He was never one to boast.
He just went on quietly working
For those he loved the most.

His dreams were seldom spoken,
His wants were very few.
And most of the time his worries
Went unspoken too.

He was there ... a firm foundation,
Through all our storms of life.
A sturdy hand to hold on to
In times of stress and strife.

A true friend we could turn to
When times were good or bad,
One of our greatest blessings,
The man that we call Dad.