



Geoff's family would like to thank you for your presence here with them today, and for your kind thoughts at this sad time.

You are warmly invited to join them, after the service, at
March Golf Club, Grange Road,
March, Cambs PE15 0YH,
for light refreshments and to share memories.

Donations in Geoff's memory for the
Wisbech District Nurses Amenities Fund
may be made at the service, given via
<https://www.funeralzone.co.uk/obituaries/41651>,
or sent to

The Co-operative Funeralcare
Old Royal Standard, Weasenham Lane, Wisbech PE13 2RY
Telephone: 01945 475495

'To whom the arrangements have been entrusted'

In Loving Memory of

Geoff Bailey

28th April 1938 - 30th January 2018



Thursday 15th February 2018

at 1.30 pm

Fenland Crematorium





POEM

Those We Love Remain With Us

Those we love remain with us,
For love itself lives on.
Cherished memories never fade
Because a loved one is gone.
Those we love can never be
More than a thought apart;
For as long as there is a memory,
They'll live on in our heart.

COMMITTAL

EXIT MUSIC

Goodbye, Goodbye – Billy Bragg

Order of Service

Conducted by Reverend Lee Gilbert

ENTRY MUSIC
The Carnival Is Over – The Seekers

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

EULOGY/TRIBUTE

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing:- “Oh, how beautiful,” and sitting in the shade
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner-knives.

There’s not a pair of legs so thin, there’s not a head so thick,
There’s not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick
But it can find some needful job that’s crying to be done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,
If it’s only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener’s work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away!
And the Glory of the Garden, it shall never pass away!

POEM

The Glory Of The Garden by Rudyard Kipling

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the thin red wall,
You'll find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the heart of all.
The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dung-pits and the tanks,
The rollers, carts, and drain-pipes, with the barrows and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and 'prentice boys
Told off to do as they are bid and do it without noise;
For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to scare the birds,
The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that grows ;
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand and loam,
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.



MUSIC FOR REFLECTION

Days – The Kinks

Thank you for the days,
Those endless days, those sacred days you gave me.
I'm thinking of the days,
I won't forget a single day, believe me.

I bless the light,
I bless the light that lights on you, believe me.
And though you're gone,
You're with me every single day, believe me.

Days I'll remember all my life,
Days when you can't see wrong from right.
You took my life,
But then I knew that very soon you'd leave me,
But it's all right,
Now I'm not frightened of this world, believe me.

I wish today could be tomorrow,
The night is dark,
It just brings sorrow anyway.

Thank you for the days,
Those endless days, those sacred days you gave me.
I'm thinking of the days,
I won't forget a single day, believe me.

Days I'll remember all my life,
Days when you can't see wrong from right.
You took my life,
But then I knew that very soon you'd leave me,
But it's all right,
Now I'm not frightened of this world, believe me.
Days.

Thank you for the days,
Those endless days, those sacred days you gave me.
I'm thinking of the days,
I won't forget a single day, believe me.

I bless the light,
I bless the light that shines on you, believe me.
And though you're gone,
You're with me every single day, believe me.
Days.