



Keith's family thank you for your presence here today
and warmly invite you to join them at
Enigma Café and Bar, Coventry Road, Market Harborough LE16 9BZ,
after the service.

Donations kindly received in memory of Keith will be forwarded to
Chamissava children's centre in Africa
theafricanexperimenter.org

The Co-operative Funeralcare
Coventry Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire LE16 9BX
Telephone: 01858 431012



In Loving Memory
of
Keith Wallis Warren

1st September 1933 - 16th August 2017

Kettering Crematorium, Albert Munn Chapel
Wednesday 6th September 2017 at 3.30 pm



POEM

He Is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone,
Or you can smile because he has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that he'll come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,
Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember him and only that he's gone,
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,
Be empty and turn your back.

Or you can do what he'd want,
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins (b.1959)

CLOSING MUSIC

Oxygine by Jean Michel Jarre



KEITH'S WORKING LIFE

SCIENCE

In Keith's own words

KEITH'S WORKING LIFE CONTINUED

TRIBUTE

by Gerald

REFLECTIVE

Music: Pangira by Massukos

WORDS OF MEDITATION

FAREWELL

CLOSING WORDS

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Niassa by Massukos

WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS

POEM

African Child by Eku McGred

I am an African child
Born with a skin the colour of chocolate,
Bright, brilliant and articulate,
Strong and bold; I'm gifted.
Talented enough to be the best.
I am an African child.

Often the target of pity,
My future is not confined to charity.
Give me the gift of a lifetime;
Give me a dream, a door of opportunity;
I will thrive.
I am an African child.

Do not hide my fault,
Show me my wrong,
I am like any other.
Teach me to dream
And I will become.
I am an African child.

I am the son, daughter of the soil,
Rich in texture and content,
Full of potential for a better tomorrow.
Teach me discipline, teach me character, teach me hard work,
Teach me to think like the star within me.
I am an African child.

I can be extraordinary.
Call me William Kamkwamba the Inventor;
Give me a library with books,
Give me a scrap yard and discarded electronics,
Give me a broken bicycle
Plus the freedom to be me
And I will build you a windmill.
I am an African child.

We are the new generation
Not afraid to be us,
Uniquely gifted, black and talented.
Shining like the stars we are,
We are the children of Africa
Making the best of us.
Yes! I am an African child.