

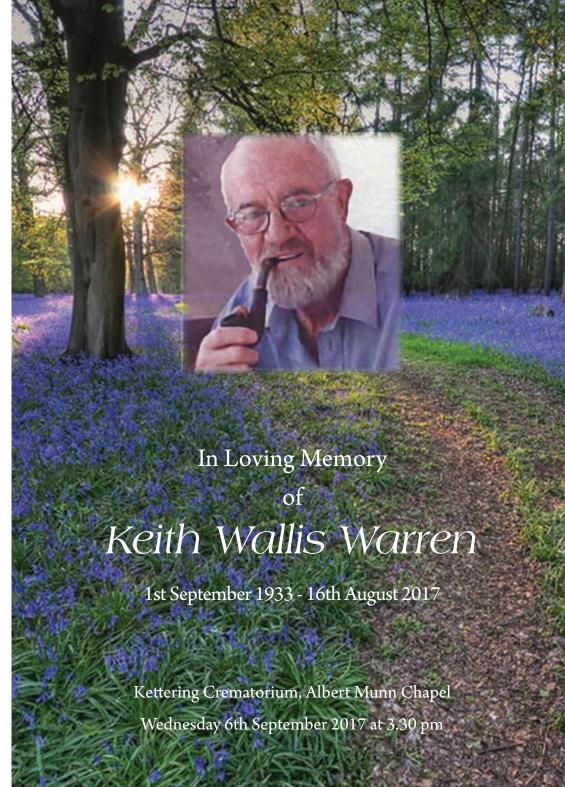
Keith's family thank you for your presence here today and warmly invite you to join them at Enigma Café and Bar, Coventry Road, Market Harborough LE16 9BZ, after the service.

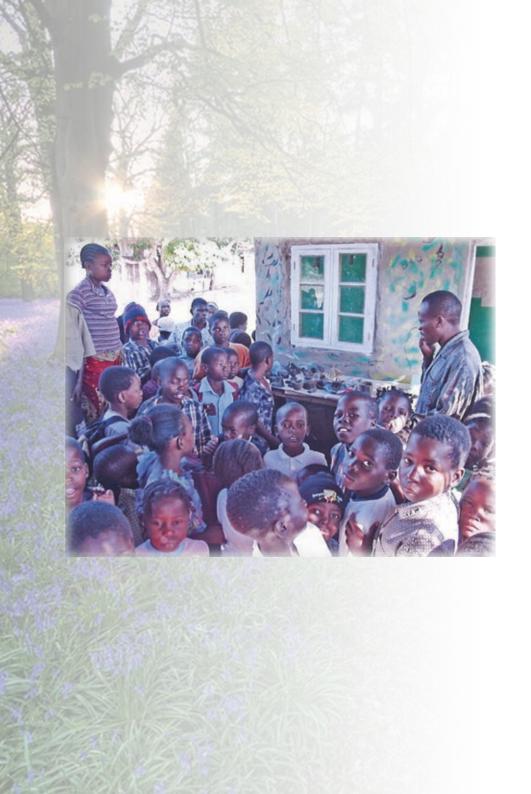
Donations kindly received in memory of Keith will be forwarded to

Chamissava children's centre in Africa

theafrican experimenter.org

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





#### **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.