



Celebration of the Life of the Late  
**Frederick Turner**  
**'Fred'**

22nd September 1940 - 4th July 2023



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

All are welcome for light refreshment at  
The Old Mill Club, Mill Road, Stapleford, Nottingham NG9 8GD.

Donations in memory of Fred for the  
**Alzheimer's Society**  
may be placed in the gift aid envelope,  
the donation box, or left online at  
**[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)**  
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Half Crown House  
38 Derby Road  
Stapleford  
Nottingham  
NG9 7AA

[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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Bramcote Crematorium, Serenity Chapel

Thursday 27th July 2023 at 2.00 pm





**CLOSING WORDS**

**EXIT MUSIC**  
A Whistling Tune  
by Elvis Presley

Service led by Civil Celebrant, Mark Chapman

**ENTRANCE MUSIC**  
Old Shep  
by Elvis Presley

**WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS**

**MEMORIES OF FRED'S LIFE**



## HYMN

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
in pastures green; he leadeth me  
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,  
and me to walk doth make  
within the paths of righteousness,  
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
yet will I fear none ill;  
for thou art with me, and thy rod  
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd  
in presence of my foes;  
my head thou dost with oil anoint,  
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
shall surely follow me;  
and in God's house for evermore  
my dwelling-place shall be.

*Scottish Psalter (1650)*

*Tune: Crimond*

## POEM

Dear Old Dad

We miss him in his garden.  
Doing odd jobs here and there.  
We miss him at the table.  
When we see the empty chair.  
We miss him, – oh, we miss him.  
In a hundred different ways.  
When troubles came the family  
Would always turn to him.  
He always had a cheery word.  
When things were looking grim...  
And now he's gone we know he wouldn't,  
Want us to be sad –  
But life can never be the same.  
Without the Dear Old Dad.

## FAREWELL