



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

Memorial donations for  
**Cardiac Risk in the Young (CRY)**  
may be sealed in the donation envelope  
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**A.W. LYMN**  
*The Family Funeral Service*

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Derbyshire  
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IN LOVING MEMORY OF



**TERRY MCGAHEY**

11th May 1947 ~ 14th July 2020

Markeaton Crematorium, Main Chapel  
Thursday 6th August 2020 at 3.20 pm

# ORDER OF SERVICE

*Taken by Val Stanley*

## ENTRY MUSIC

Angel Of Mercy ~ Dire Straits

## WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

## TIME TO REFLECT

Music: Lost Without Your Love ~ David Gates

## POEM

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road  
And the sun has set for me,  
I want no tears in a gloom-filled room;  
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not too long  
And not with your head bowed low.  
Remember the love that we once shared;  
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take  
And each must go alone.  
It's all part of the Master's plan,  
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart,  
Go to the friends we know,  
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds;  
Miss me, but let me go.

*Christina Georgina Rossetti*

## MEMORIES OF TERRY

### TIME TO REFLECT

Music: Because You Loved Me ~ Celine Dion

### COMMITAL AND FAREWELL

#### 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.



POEM  
The Dash

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend.  
He referred to the dates on the tombstone, from the beginning to the end.  
He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke the following date with tears,  
But he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.  
For that dash represents all the time that she spent alive on earth,  
And now only those who loved her know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not how much we own, the cars, the house, the cash,  
What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.  
So think about this long and hard: Are there things you'd like to change?  
For you never know how much time is left that can still be rearranged.  
If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real  
And always try to understand the way other people feel.  
And be less quick to anger and show appreciation more  
And love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.  
If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile,  
Remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.

So when your eulogy is being read, with your life's actions to rehash,  
Would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent your dash?

CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC

Whiskey In The Jar ~ The Dubliners