



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

Memorial donations for  
**Cancer research UK**  
may be left in the box provided  
on leaving the service, sent care of  
A.W. Lymn  
The Family Funeral Service  
or left online at  
[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)

All are welcome for refreshment at  
The Plough Inn, Main Street,  
Cropwell Butler, Nottingham NG12 3AB.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Radcliffe and District  
59 Main Road  
Radcliffe-on-Trent  
NG12 2BJ  
[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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In Loving Memory of

# John Robert McBain Allan

23rd September 1929 - 9th June 2019



Tuesday 25th June 2019 at 11.00 am  
Wilford Hill Crematorium, West Chapel





An aerial photograph of a coastline, showing a bay with greenish water, a sandy beach, and rugged mountains in the background. The image is slightly faded to allow text to be overlaid.

# Order of Service

**COMMITTAL**

**CLOSING WORDS**

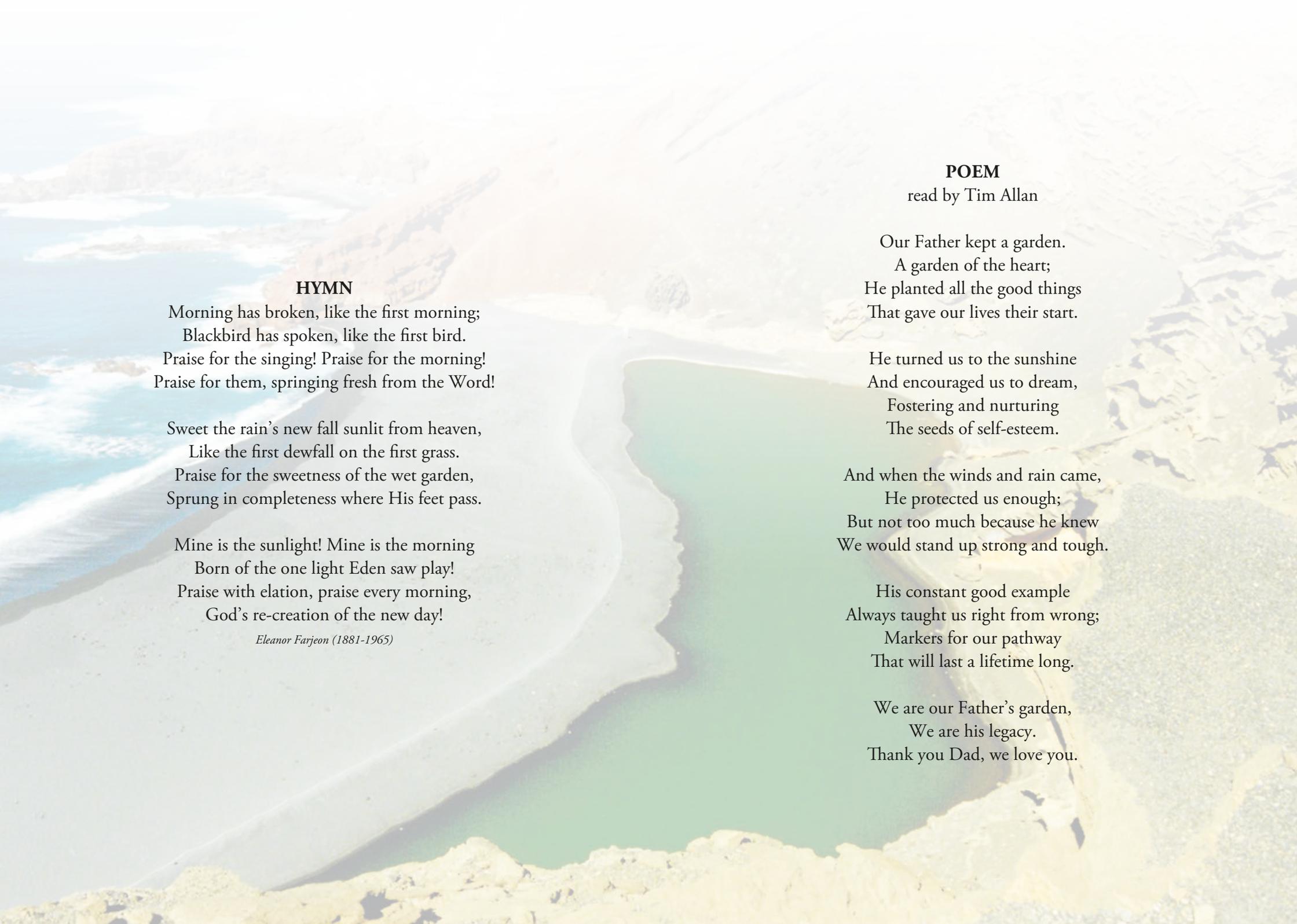
**CLOSING MUSIC**  
Spring from *The Four Seasons*  
by Antonio Vivaldi

**OPENING MUSIC**

The Flower Duet from *Lakmé*  
by Katherine Jenkins & Kiri Te Kanawa

**INTRODUCTION**

Rebecca White, Civil Funeral Celebrant IoCF

An aerial photograph of a coastline, showing a bay with a sandy beach and a greenish body of water. The background features rugged, brown mountains under a bright sky. The text is overlaid on the image.

### HYMN

Morning has broken, like the first morning;  
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!  
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning  
Born of the one light Eden saw play!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's re-creation of the new day!

*Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)*

### POEM

read by Tim Allan

Our Father kept a garden.  
A garden of the heart;  
He planted all the good things  
That gave our lives their start.

He turned us to the sunshine  
And encouraged us to dream,  
Fostering and nurturing  
The seeds of self-esteem.

And when the winds and rain came,  
He protected us enough;  
But not too much because he knew  
We would stand up strong and tough.

His constant good example  
Always taught us right from wrong;  
Markers for our pathway  
That will last a lifetime long.

We are our Father's garden,  
We are his legacy.  
Thank you Dad, we love you.

**POEM**

Epitaph On A Friend by Robert Burns  
Read by Grandchild

An honest man here lies at rest,  
The friend of man, the friend of truth,  
The friend of age, and guide of youth:  
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,  
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd;  
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;  
If there is none, he made the best of this.



**EULOGY**

written and delivered by Tim Allan

**POEM AND EULOGY**  
Delivered by Andrew Allan

*A Poem written about the very important dash*

I read of a man who stood to speak  
At the funeral of a friend.  
He referred to the dates on his tombstone  
From the beginning to the end.  
He noted that first came his date of birth  
And spoke the following date with tears, 1929-2019,  
But he said what mattered most of all  
Was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time  
That he spent alive on earth,  
And now only those who loved him  
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's being read,  
With your life's actions to rehash,  
Would you be proud of the things they say  
About how you spent your dash?