



The family are very grateful for your kindness, cards, words of support and for your presence today which has been a great comfort to them at this sad time.

Memorial donations for
**Derby and Burton Hospitals Charity
for the Covid 19 Support Appeal**
may be left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

*Jesus said, "I am the light of the world.
Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness,
but will have the light of life."*

(John, Chapter 8: verse 12)

Service conducted by Reverend James Lindsay

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service®

Wentworth House
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www.lymn.co.uk

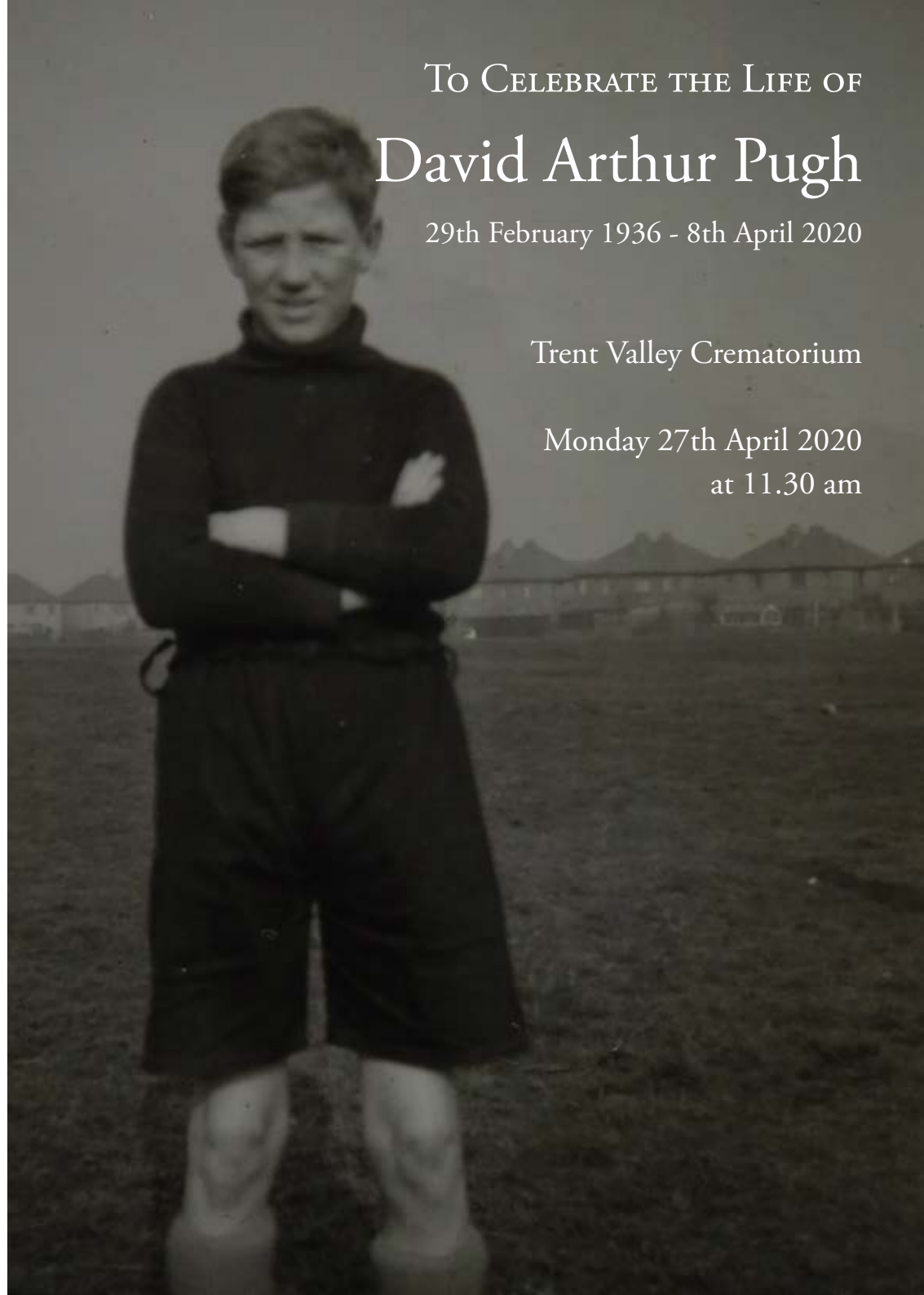
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TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF
David Arthur Pugh

29th February 1936 - 8th April 2020

Trent Valley Crematorium

Monday 27th April 2020
at 11.30 am



Order of Service

Webcast

<https://www.wesleymedia.co.uk/webcast-view>

Login/Order ID: 24358

Password: xmnkncbz

Opening Music

La Paloma - Artie Shaw

Welcome and Introduction

Scriptures of Hope

Prayers for Comfort

Glyn

Dad had an engineer's discipline, probably stemming from some sort of OCD rather than his engineering occupation; nonetheless it formed me as a child to be inquisitive about the workings of things and how best to repair them. I would often help him when he was repairing his own car which, over time, gave me an enormous advantage when I finally got one of my own, and ultimately led me into a 30+ year career in mechanical engineering. A somewhat less positive character trait inherited from Dad was the 'I'm alright' mentality. I now struggle to say when I'm not alright; gotta love him.

Greg

Dad provided us with a stable environment in which to grow up. He worked at Rolls-Royce for 44 years having joined at the age of 13 as a tea boy, before he started a seven year apprenticeship. He retired from Rolls-Royce but it always made up a large part of any conversation, with stories of strange characters with even stranger nicknames.

He loved planes and used to take us to airshows and to the viewing area at East Midlands Airport; this also rolled into his watching of war films, watching any film about World War 2 such as The Longest Day, Bridge Over The River Kwai and especially The Dam Busters. He even drove us out to see the dam they used for practise. My memories of my dad revolve around seeing him howl with laughter at Tommy Cooper whom he alone seemed to get in our house. When I was young, he took me to the baseball ground every week where we watched Derby County when they were actually very good. He established a set of routines such as going to the Moon every Friday night, a fact that my kids thought was hilarious! We always went to Birds on Saturday to get a cream cake and he spent hours in the kitchen watching documentaries.

He was a good and a patient Grandad even when Fern jumped on him while he was sleeping on the sofa, or Ellis had one of his tantrums. He took them to Telegraph tadpoles and Ellis to French lessons.

When Glyn and I had left home Dad and Mum became Francophiles and loved to go to France where they enjoyed a Kronenburg 1664 or a bottle of red wine and of course the French cuisine. They collected tokens from the Derby Evening Telegraph and went on weekenders with their lifelong friends, Barry and Carol Cox, and Ann and Alan Fletcher. Exploring different areas of Britain.

Dad, who liked order and routine, loved Gizmo, our Jack Russell, and got great pleasure walking the unruly critter. Dad nursed my mum when she was suffering with Parkinson's even travelling to Australia to see my mum's family and to Hong Kong to visit us when we lived there, even though he didn't like the heat. Dad loved to get out to Fuengirola and catch some sunshine.

George

When I think of Grandad I think of fresh baguettes covered in butter and apricot jam. I think of half-filled cups of tea and raiding the biscuit cupboard for chocolate cookies and Viennese Whirls. I think of him making sure my Doctor Who and Match Of The Day magazines were there for me when I'd come to visit. I think of him checking the food just after it came out of the oven and whistling at the same pitch, in the same rhythm, every time.

My Grandad David was the epitome of consistency in my eyes. As I've grown up my relationship with friends and family has changed, evolved, and in some cases deteriorated; it's an inevitability in life. Grandad has always been the exception for me in this regard; he's always just been Grandad.

I'm going to miss your grumpy anecdotes about the thing you read in the paper. I'm going to miss seeing you in what seemed like the exact same outfit every time I saw you. I'm going to miss you asking if I've got a girlfriend yet, or how university's going, or if they've built that Jaguar/Land Rover factory in Wolverhampton.

I'm really going to miss you, Grandad.

Sarah

Most of my memories of Grandad feature him wearing his blue jumper and he'd be sitting in the kitchen smoking a cigar, or pottering around the garden moaning about squirrels.

He used to make me laugh when he'd fall asleep in the living room then deny he was sleeping, just resting his eyes. When we used to stop over, I remember him often going to the pub and he'd say, "I'm going up the moon." (I'm guessing the Moon pub but I found it funny.)

He'd always greet us at the kitchen door with, "Ay up," and wave us goodbye from the drive.

I'll miss listening to him talk about what he'd read in the paper and how the conversation would inevitably end up at Rolls-Royce or Derby County.

I'll always remember on holiday in France, walking down a market holding both his and Nana's hand.

Gospel Reading

Matthew, Chapter 5: verses 1-12

Our Lord Jesus said:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are those who mourn,
for they will be comforted.

Blessed are the meek,
for they will inherit the earth.

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness,
for they will be filled.

Blessed are the merciful,
for they will be shown mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they will see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers,
for they will be called children of God.

Blessed are those who are persecuted because of righteousness,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven...

Rejoice and be glad, for your reward will be great in heaven.

Dear Friends

Dear friends, I go, but do not weep,
I've lived my life, so full and deep.
Throughout my life I gave my best,
I earned my keep, I've earned my rest.

I never tried to be great or grand,
I tried to be a helping hand.
If I helped in a team, if I helped on my own,
It was more than repaid by good family and friends I have known.

And if I went the extra mile, I did it with pleasure,
It was all worthwhile.
If I brightened your path then let it be
A small contribution, from my loved ones and me.

I leave you now to travel alone,
To the glories of heaven and wonders made known.
With such beautiful memories that will forever be
The way that I hope you'll remember me.

Fern

I will always remember shuffling around in Grandad's large shoes when I was very small and making him laugh. For me, Grandad is Birds cream cakes and walking through Alvaston, him stopping every five metres to talk to somebody he knew. He will always be Werthers Originals, Locketts and Humbug sweets on car journeys; I would 'sneak' them but he always knew. He was instrumental in honing my biscuit taste, always with a fully stocked biscuit tin, always with jam biscuits, Bourbons and custard creams, which are all favourites too, today. I also remember him sat in the kitchen crouched over his little TV watching Derby play or the news, with a voice that could shake the house if they scored. The memory I will always retain is that of Grandad standing at the end of the drive and waving goodbye until we were out of sight no matter the weather.

Ellis

"How are you Grandad?"

"I'm alright, it's these other b*ggers!"

A chuckle. Grandad and I did this little routine for years. It really didn't matter how he was doing; he said the same on his deathbed as he did on any other day. That consistency, reliability and (some might say) stubbornness feature prominently in my memories of Grandad. When I was younger it would involve lifts to French class (somehow, despite going to France every year he never learnt to order Kronenburg 1664 in French), or to swimming lessons. Later on it showed every time he picked me up from the station in trademark blue jumper, driving gloves and traditional haircut; every time he would meet me at his house with a smile, make a cup of tea (with a biscuit obviously), chat with Traffic Cops on in the background, and after the visit, follow me to the end of his drive to wave me off. It also showed in his choice of conversation. "Do you have a girlfriend yet?" appeared often, so too did "Are you qualified yet?" Family, friends and the news of course. Then there was Rolls-Royce. I am sure others will talk about Grandad's affinity with the company. Others will likely mention his love for World War 2 history. I found his endless passion for these topics inspiring, and never saw Grandad more enthused or animated than when he was talking about Rolls-Royce's current successes, his old colleagues, or some obscure battle in North Africa. But Grandad was also more than that. To me he was at his best when he was outside his comfort zone. He disliked hugs but we all still got one; he hated hot weather but he still went to China and Australia to visit family, and he was from a place and time where LGBT+ was an alien concept, but he always asked me how Fern and her 'friend' were doing. In his own way, Grandad cared deeply. I will miss him badly. Although for the record, I'm alright; these other b*ggers meanwhile...

Prayer and Blessing

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
the love of God,
and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit
be with us all,
now and for evermore.
Amen.

Closing Music

We'll Meet Again – Tommy Cooper
and
We'll Meet Again – The Ink Spots

Music for Reflection

633 Squadron - Band of the RAF Regiment

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.

Family Tribute

His Journey's Just Begun

Don't think of him as gone away,
His journey's just begun;
Life holds so many facets,
This earth is only one.

Just think of him as resting
From the sorrows and the tears
In a place of warmth and comfort
Where there are no days and years.

Think how he must be wishing
That we could know today
How nothing but our sadness
Can really pass away.

And think of him as living
In the hearts of those he touched,
For nothing loved is ever lost
And he was loved so much!

Ellen Brenneman

Moment of Quiet Reflection

Bible Reading and Homily

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He makes me lie down in green pastures,
He leads me beside still waters. He restores my soul.
He leads me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Even though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me;
your rod and your staff, they comfort me.
You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my foes.
You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and mercy will follow me
all the days of my life, and I will dwell
in the house of the Lord forever.

Commendation and Farewell
