

In Loving Memory of

Bryan's family would like to thank you
for your presence here with them today,
and for your kind thoughts and messages at this sad time.

You are warmly invited to join them,
after the service, at
March Golf Club, Grange Road, March PE15 0YH,
for light refreshments.

Donations for the
Stroke Association
may be made at the service, or via
<https://www.funeralzone.co.uk/46463>
where memories of Bryan
may also be shared.

The Co-operative Funeralcare
Old Royal Standard, Weasenham Lane, Wisbech PE13 2RY
Telephone: 01945 475495

'To whom the arrangements have been entrusted'



Bryan George Pole

2nd March 1933 - 1st May 2018



ORDER *of* SERVICE



Fenland Crematorium,
March

Monday 11th June 2018
at 1.30 pm

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Somewhere Over The Rainbow - Israel Kamakawiwo'ole

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.

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

Blowin' In The Wind - Bob Dylan

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

WORDS IN TRIBUTE TO BRYAN'S LIFE

REFLECTION

I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud (Daffodils) - William Wordsworth
read by John Nettles

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.