

In Loving Memory of



TONY HIRST

19th August 1934 - 9th March 2020

Trent Valley Crematorium
Monday 23rd March 2020 at 1.30 pm
Taken by Canon Sheana Barby



ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC
Be My Love by Mario Lanza


INTRODUCTION AND OPENING PRAYERS

HYMN

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake (1757-1827)



TRIBUTE
Dad
by Tony's son, Dean

Dad was a born giver, sharer and teacher. He gave his time up to help others all through his life. He helped his family, his mum and dad with his younger brothers and sisters; his own family, Mum, Lynne Joy and me. He taught us to play and have fun, taught us about wildlife and nature and the countryside; taught us to swim and climb and read maps; taught us to draw, and play music, fish, and eventually drive. He was always there for us, if we had a problem, always there to give us his sound advice if we asked him for it.

Dad taught us so many things.
He taught us about trust and respect for others.
He explained that you only get out of life, what you are willing to put in to it; not to expect anything, for nothing; Work hard and you can achieve; treat others as you'd want to be treated; honesty and trust are the most important things.

He became a master craftsman of decoration, and passed on his knowledge to hundreds of students over the years as a respected lecturer. He taught me my trade at college and I've continued learning from him all the way through my working career. I also taught him a thing or two.

From what I remember early on, we had the most amazing childhood. Being the youngest, I may have a different take on it to my sisters but we were always doing things, visiting grandparents, aunts and uncles, cousins, friends who I thought were aunts uncles and cousins, and friends. We went walking, hiking, tracking, swimming, cycling and fishing; away camping for weekends in Bleasby, many places in the Derbyshire Peak District, endless summer camping holidays all over Europe, exploring, and experiencing life and culture and different people.

I used to run Dad ragged, wanting him to play footy or frisbee, or something. Lunchtime gave him a break for a while then he'd say, 'in a bit, just let my dinner go down.' Dad also liked chatting to people and would talk to anyone, as you probably know. We'd be on some campsite in France and he'd start chatting so someone from some far-flung country, neither of them being able to speak a word of the other's language, but still after a week, they'd be inviting us over to their tent or coming round to ours, or meeting up with them down on the beach.

When I was little, and playing Mum up, or maybe I'd just broken another one of their ornaments, Mum would send me to my room and say, 'You just wait till your dad comes home.' I remember it being a serious threat, and remember sitting on my bed nervously waiting for his return.

The strange thing though, is that I can never remember Dad being seriously cross, or shouting at me, other than when I knocked a whole cup of tea down him; he got quite cross then. He was also a great bedtime story teller, he made a character up called Whoopy-woo, a steam train having all sorts of adventures.

This was way before Ivor the Engine or Thomas the Tank Engine.

I've got so many great memories of Dad, childhood memories, college memories, work memories. I'm fortunate to have worked with Dad a fair bit over the years. We had a great working relationship. Dad was without a doubt, my best mate. We talked about everything, from fishing, to cars, to holiday places, likes, dislikes, mortgages, work, work, work, and more work. We've shared a real passion for the work we've done, fantastic people we've worked for and some amazing once-in-a-life-time jobs that we did together.

We regularly talked about 'the great idea' by which we'd make our millions, whether it was a great invention to solve a simple problem, or Dad's favourite idea being a number one Christmas song.

He was going to write the words, and I'd write the tune.

We never got round to actually doing it though.

Dad really enjoyed his family. He was proud of every single one of us. He was also thrilled to have eight lovely grandchildren. He had a special individual bond with each and every one of you.

He was your own special Grampa, or 'Gramps' and you made him so happy. We've all got more memories than we could ever write down, things that we will remember our whole lives.

I'm so sad that I won't see Dad any more, but I am so grateful for everything he and Mum have done for me my whole life, and all the wonderful memories I've got.

I just want to say thanks, Dad,
and thanks to my wonderful Mum.
I love you both.

Dean



POEM

Grampa

written by Tony's grandson, Durk

Where should I start?
Even though we were seas apart,
You were always close to us in our hearts.

You always looked the part
And were very talented at art.

You were optimistic to the very end
And were a true friend.

It must have been over a thousand stories that you have told
And you certainly had a heart of gold.

You were into music in a big way,
And when it came to making us laugh,
You always knew what to say.

Although you lived in a foreign land,
I'm glad I could be there to hold your hand.

We still think of you each day,
And have run out of words to say.
We truly hope that you can now rest in a peaceful way.

A READING

from St Paul's letter to the Corinthians, Chapter 13

If I can speak in the language of earth or heaven,
but have not love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal.

If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries
and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains,
but have not love, I am nothing.

If I give all I possess to the poor but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy,
it does not boast, it is not proud.

It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered,
it keeps no record of wrongs.

Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.

It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails.

These three remain: faith, hope and love.

But the greatest of these is love.

ADDRESS AND VISUAL TRIBUTE

PRAYERS
which end with
THE LORD'S PRAYER
said by all

**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.**





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)

THE COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

BLESSING

EXIT MUSIC

Too Young by Nat King Cole





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

Due to the prevailing circumstances, we have had to postpone the reception.

Memorial donations for
Cancer Research UK,
Treetops Hospice Care
and the

Macular Society

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