

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

All are welcome for light refreshment at The Long Eaton Rugby Club West Park Clubhouse NG10 4AA

Donations in memory of Donald for Macmillan Cancer Support may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box on leaving the service, left online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of



The Family Funeral Service*

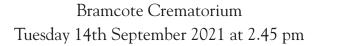
West Park House 33 Lime Grove Long Eaton Nottingham NG10 4LD www.lymn.co.uk CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



DONALD MACKINTOSH

21st December 1934 ~ 19th August 2021





ORDER OF SERVICE

OPENING MUSIC With A Little Help From My Friends by The Beatles

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

FAREWELL

CLOSING WORDS

CLOSING MUSIC

Dance The Night Away by The Mavericks

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)

HYMN

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Bread of Heaven, Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain Whence the healing stream doth flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey through: Strong deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Death of death, and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side: Songs and praises, I will ever give to Thee. William Williams (1717-1791)

POEM

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

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

DON'S LIFE

FAMILY MEMORIES by Ian

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION Cavatina from *The Deer Hunter*