



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

All are welcome for light refreshments at Woodborough Hall, 1 Bank Hill, Woodborough NG14 6EF.

Donations in memory of Ian for **Médecins Sans Frontières** 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

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

St. Albans House
32 High Street
Arnold
NG5 7DZ
www.lymn.co.uk

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF



IAN VINCENT PRICE

17th September 1956 - 3rd September 2024

Gedling Crematorium

Friday 4th October 2024 at 1.00 pm



COMMITTAL

CLOSING WORDS

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Who Knows Where The Time Goes?

Fairport Convention

EULOGY

Colum O'Shea, Civil Funeral Celebrant

TRIBUTE

Steve Nash

MUSIC

Summer's End

John Prine

REFLECTION

ORDER OF SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

From A Distance

Nanci Griffith

WORDS OF WELCOME



Love never looks for love
Love's not puffed up
Or envious
Or touchy
Because it rejoices in the truth
Not in iniquity
Love sees like a child sees

As a child I spoke as a child
I thought and I understood as a child
But when I became a woman
I put away childish things
And began to see through a glass darkly

Where as a child I saw it face to face
Now I only know it in part
Fractions in me
Of faith and hope and love
And of these great three
Love's the greatest beauty
Love
Love
Love

REFLECTIVE MUSIC

Love
Joni Mitchell

Although I speak in tongues
Of men and angels
I'm just sounding brass
And tinkling cymbals without love

Love suffers long
Love is kind!
Enduring all things
Love has no evil in mind

If I had the gift of prophecy
And all the knowledge
And the faith to move the mountains
Even if I understood all of the mysteries
If I didn't have love
I'd be nothing

POEM

Dada

written by Eleanor Blanchfield

Your little finger is gripped by my tiny hand,
Me holding on tight, must have known.
The pull of a spin in the revolving door
Allows me to release, to let go.

We arrive at the entrance,
You sing Penny Lane,
Dance around, making the woman laugh.
I cling to your leg, but you have to go;
I weep, but you leave all the same.

It wasn't your choice to depart this time,
The exit buried deep in your mind,
But your body gave up, could not battle on;
Mother nature is not always kind.

I wanted to say thank you,
For pushing me up all those hills
On the bike that you made me,
For your self-taught skills.

I wanted to say that I'm like you,
In ways that are good and bad,
That I say the wrong things like you did,
And I'm base, that I'm funny, I'm sad.

I wanted to say you inspired me,
To want to be brilliant at all that I do.
I wish I'd realised I didn't have to be perfect sooner,
That mistakes take us on to renew.

You were a grafter, you would never be defeated.
You made beautiful and useful things,
Sewed your garden, ripped up the weeds,
Layed down paths, tended trees.

Maybe I never appreciated
How well you just got on,
Battled though the pain I knew you had,
Avoided talking, kept busy, determined to keep out the bad.

I suddenly see you like never before,
And I'm so sorry, now that you've gone,
That we can't talk about your life and the parts that you played.
I want to know more, but we have memories for sure.

I hope you knew how deeply I felt for you,
Even though maybe I did want more.
I know now that you just couldn't give it.
That's okay, my clever dada,
Rest peacefully now.
J'adore.

