

In Celebration for the Life of



Brian's family would like to thank you for your support and attendance today and invite you to join them at 93 Woodside Avenue South, Coventry CV3 6BL for refreshments and to share many happy memories.

Donations, if desired, may be given in aid of the **Alzheimer's Society**.  
Online condolence:  
[www.heartofenglandfuneralcare.co.uk](http://www.heartofenglandfuneralcare.co.uk)

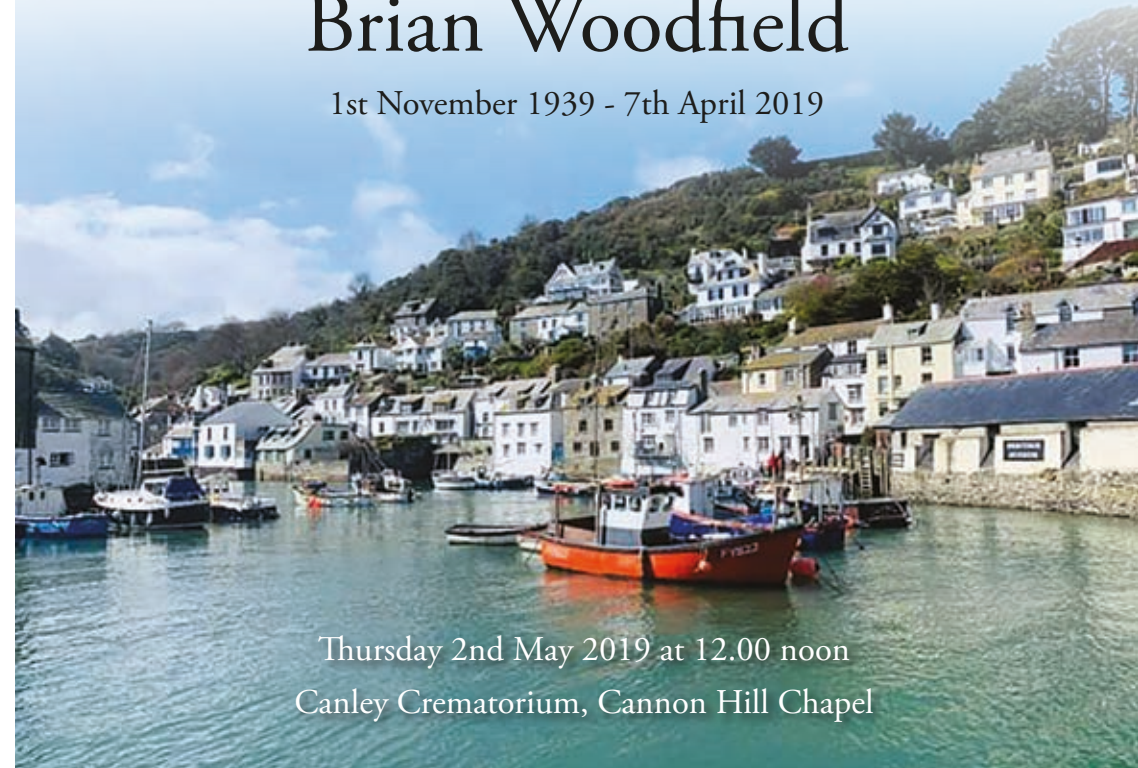
The **co-operative** funeralcare  
Part of the Heart of England Co-operative

38 Bilton Road, Rugby, Warwickshire CV22 7AL  
Telephone: 01788 576 099



# Brian Woodfield

1st November 1939 - 7th April 2019



Thursday 2nd May 2019 at 12.00 noon  
Canley Crematorium, Cannon Hill Chapel



## Order of Service

Conducted by Andrew Fox, Independent Celebrant AOIC

### OPENING MUSIC

Spring from *The Four Seasons*  
Vivaldi

### WELCOME

### CLOSING WORDS

### FAREWELL

### CLOSING MUSIC

The Entertainer  
Scott Joplin

**READING**  
And Rest

There is a moment in musical rehearsal when all the players,  
The choir, the woodwind and brass, the strings and percussion,  
The entire orchestra stops.  
And there is peace. The conductor says two words: 'And rest'.  
Voices cease to sing. The woodwind put down oboes and clarinets.  
The brass lay down trumpets and trombones.  
Others do the same because the music is over.  
There is no audience, there is no applause.

In that moment, quietness reigns.  
Yet the quiet that follows remains harmonious  
There is a certain silence. A space for reflection and repose.  
The music is remembered. And so we contemplate the highs, the lows,  
The passage of melody.  
Sometimes we feel sad because the chords have drifted away,  
Finished, completed.  
Some will feel loss. Others experience relief,  
And others deep sadness. Together we share  
That moment of closure when the conductor says, 'And rest.'

**POEM**

I Sit Beside The Fire And Think  
by J.R.R Tolkien

I sit beside the fire and think  
of all that I have seen,  
of meadow-flowers and butterflies  
in summers that have been.

Of yellow leaves and gossamer  
in autumns that there were,  
with morning mist and silver sun  
and wind upon my hair.

I sit beside the fire and think  
of how the world will be  
when winter comes without a spring  
that I shall ever see.

For still there are so many things  
that I have never seen:  
in every wood in every spring  
there is a different green.

I sit beside the fire and think  
of people long ago,  
and people who will see a world  
that I shall never know.

But all the while I sit and think  
of times there were before,  
I listen for returning feet  
and voices at the door.

## HYMN

Morning Has Broken

Cat Stevens

Morning has broken, like the first morning;  
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!  
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning  
Born of the one light Eden saw play!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's re-creation of the new day!

Morning has broken, like the first morning;  
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!  
Praise for them, springing fresh from the Word!



## TRIBUTE TO BRIAN

### REFLECTION

Music: Across The Universe  
The Beatles