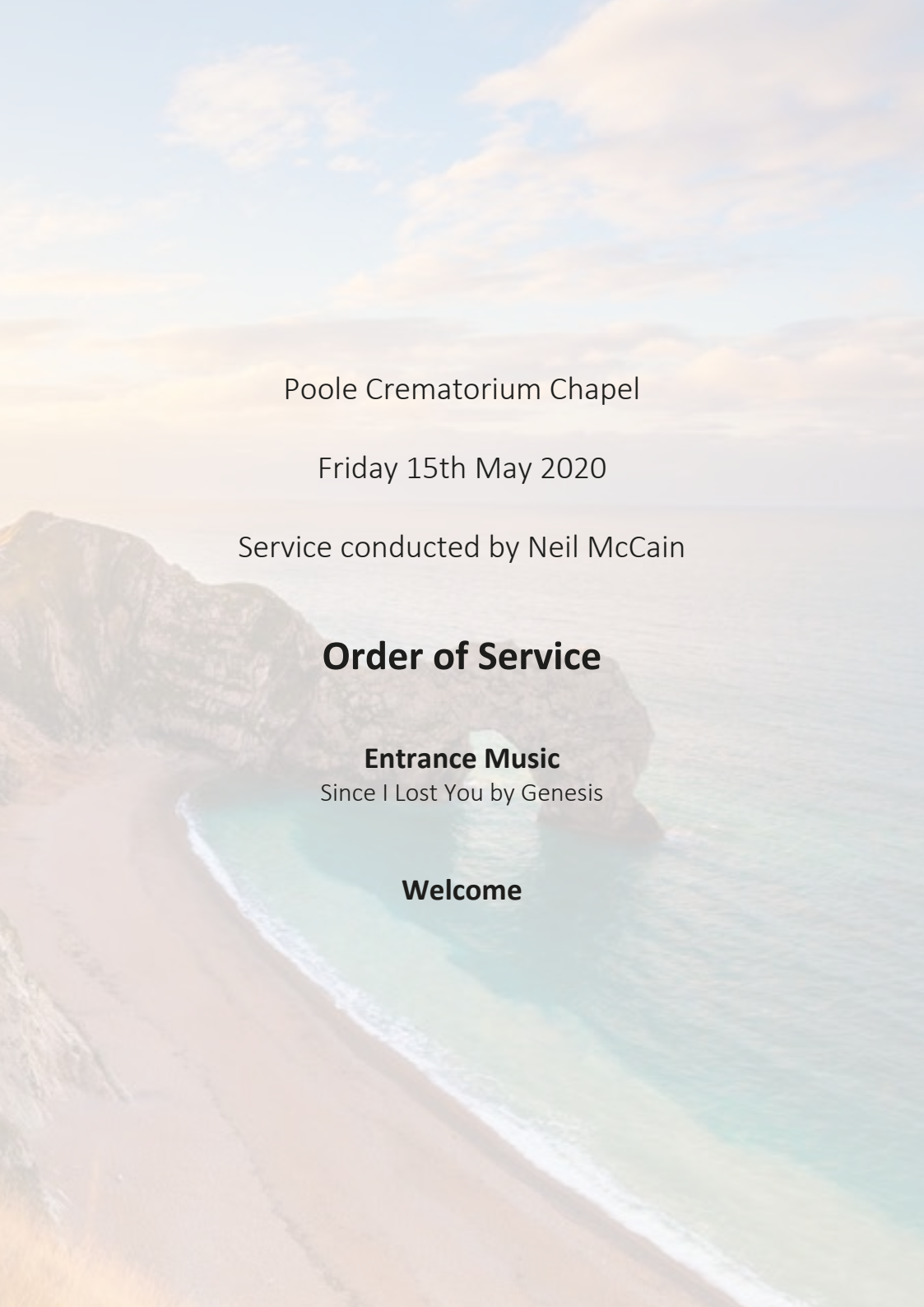




Alexander David Eldridge
Alex

28th March 1995 - 23rd April 2020



Poole Crematorium Chapel

Friday 15th May 2020

Service conducted by Neil McCain

Order of Service

Entrance Music

Since I Lost You by Genesis

Welcome

Poem

If I am the first of us to die,
Let grief not blacken long your sky.
Be bold yet modest in your grieving.
There is a change but not a leaving.
For just as death is part of life,
The dead live on forever in the living.

And all the gathered riches of our journey,
The things that made us laugh or weep or sing,
The joy of sunlit snow or the first unfurling of the spring,
These are not flowers that fade,
Nor trees that fall and crumble,
Nor stone,
For even stone cannot the wind and rain withstand
And mighty mountain peaks in time reduce to sand.
What we were, we are.
What we had, we have.

So when you walk the wood where once we walked together
And scan in vain the dappled bank beside you for my shadow,
Or pause where we always did upon the hill to gaze across the land,
And spotting something, reach by habit for my hand,
And finding none, feel sorrow start to steal upon you,
Be still.
Close your eyes.
Breathe.
Listen for my footfall in your heart.
I am not gone but merely walk within you.

Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Jan Struther (1901-1953)

Tribute

from David and Alison

Tribute

from Ben and Sam

A Reflection of Memories

Go Rest High On That Mountain by Vince Gill

Reading

Then, suddenly again, Christopher Robin, who was still looking at the world, with his chin in his hand, called out "Pooh!"

"Yes?" said Pooh.

"Pooh, promise you won't forget about me, ever. Not even when I'm a hundred." Pooh thought for a little. "How old shall I be then?"

"Ninety-nine." Pooh nodded. "I promise," he said. Still with his eyes on the world Christopher Robin put out a hand and felt Pooh's paw.

"Pooh," said Christopher Robin earnestly, "If I - if I'm not quite - " he stopped and tried again - "Pooh, whatever happens, you will understand, won't you?"

"Understand what?"

"Oh, nothing." He laughed and jumped to his feet. "Come on!"

"Where?" said Pooh.

"Anywhere." said Christopher Robin.

So, they went off together. But wherever they go, and whatever happens to them on the way, in that enchanted place on the top of the Forest, a little boy and his Bear will always be playing.

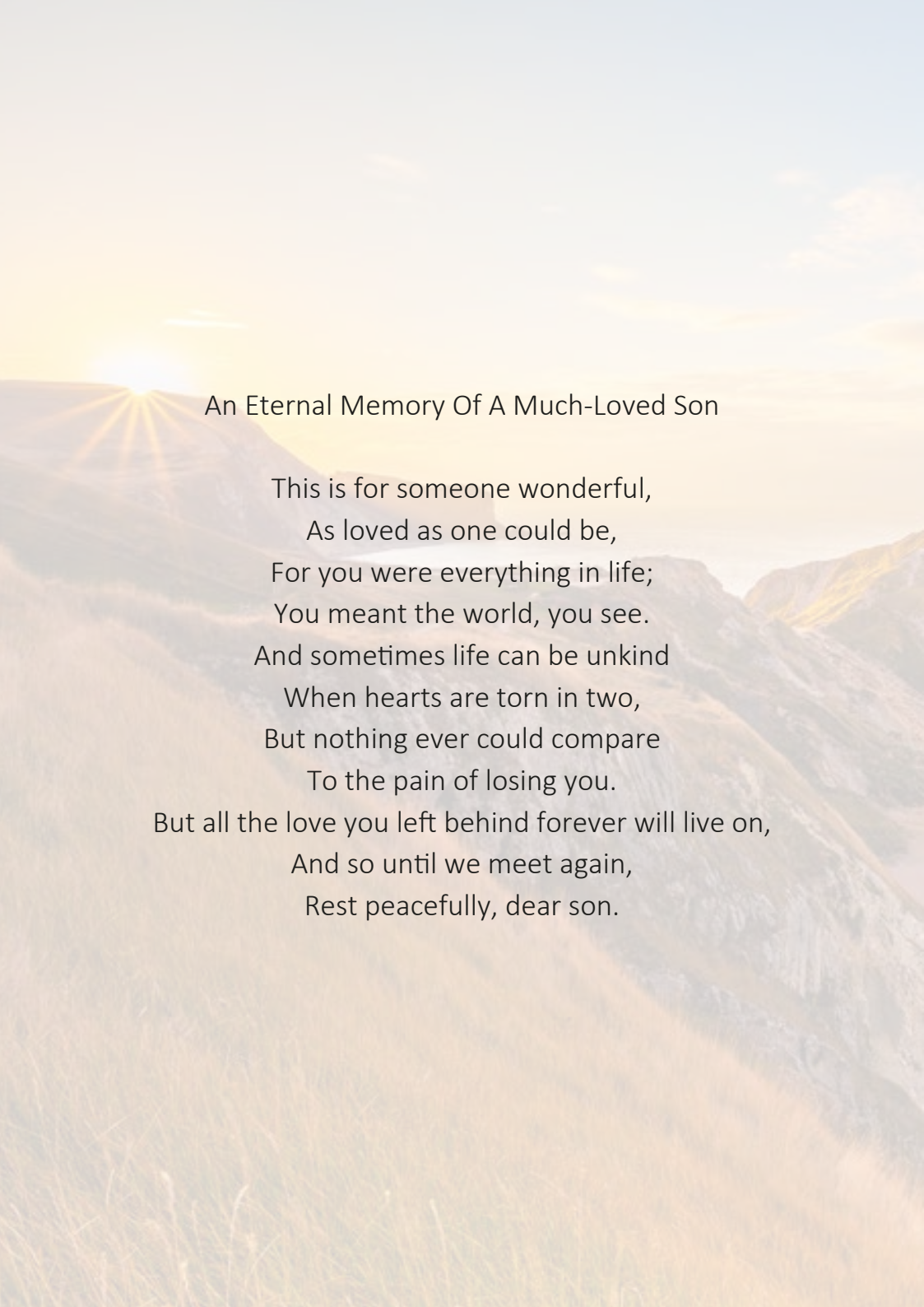
The Lord's Prayer

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.

Closing Music

For Emma - Bon Iver

*The committal service will now take place
at Verwood Cemetery*



An Eternal Memory Of A Much-Loved Son

This is for someone wonderful,
As loved as one could be,
For you were everything in life;
You meant the world, you see.
And sometimes life can be unkind
When hearts are torn in two,
But nothing ever could compare
To the pain of losing you.

But all the love you left behind forever will live on,
And so until we meet again,
Rest peacefully, dear son.