



Everyone is warmly invited to join us for refreshments, after the service, at The Country Cottage, Suttons Courtyard, Easthorpe Street, Ruddington, Nottingham NG11 6LA.

The family would like to thank everyone for their love and support at this time.

We are compiling a memory book for Ella, full of those tales and anecdotes about David's life which he hadn't yet had time to tell her. We would be very grateful if you could share your memories of him with us. Please email any of your photos and recollections to [anna.odell@gmail.com](mailto:anna.odell@gmail.com)

If you would like to make a donation to the charity  
**Mind,**  
please do so in David's name at  
[www.mind.org.uk/donate](http://www.mind.org.uk/donate)

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Albert Oliver and Sons  
45 Easthorpe Street  
Ruddington  
NG11 6LB  
[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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*In Loving Memory  
of*

**David William Odell**



16th October 1973 - 27th September 2018

Wilford Hill Crematorium  
Friday 26th October 2018  
at 3.20 pm



If I should go before the rest of you,  
Break not a flower, nor inscribe a stone,  
Nor, when I'm gone, speak in a Sunday voice,  
But be the usual selves that I have known.

Weep if you must,  
Parting is hell -  
But life goes on,  
So sing as well.

*Joyce Grenfell*



## **Commendation**

### **Committal and Dismissal**

#### **Gaelic Blessing**

May the road rise up to meet you.  
May the wind be always at your back.  
May the sun shine warm upon your face;  
The rains fall soft upon your fields, and until we meet again,  
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

#### **Exit Music**

'Mother Of Pearl' ~ Roxy Music



## **Order of Service**

### **Entrance Music**

'Turn! Turn! Turn!' ~ Pete Seeger and Judy Collins  
*based on Ecclesiastes 3, 1-8*

### **Welcome and Opening Prayer**

Reverend Dr Richard Pollard



## 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)*

## Eulogy

## Music

'Days' - The Kinks

## Address

## Prayer