



Some things are so much part of the Thundersprint that the event wouldn't be the same without them. And what would the Thundersprint be without Moz Baines and Peter Jordan sliding their Norton through every corner as if it were the last bend in a 1960s Grand Prix? Star turns!!!

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

Your all welcome for refreshments at the Spondon Liberal Club, 2 Moor Street, Spondon DE21 7EA.

In memory of Moz Baines, donations for **Macmillan Cancer Support** may be left in the box provided on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Barton House
31 Chapel Side
Chapel Street
Spondon
Derby
DE21 7JQ

www.lymn.co.uk

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IN CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE
OF
MAURICE REGINALD BAINES
'MOZ'

15th June 1943 - 1st May 2017

Markeaton Crematorium, Main Chapel

Friday 26th May 2017 at 10.40 am

ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC

The Bare Necessities from *The Jungle Book*

- TO HONOUR THE LIFE OF MAURICE BAINES

by Lisa Bonito-Day, Independent Funeral Celebrant

POEM

Feel No Guilt In Laughter

Feel no guilt in laughter, he'd know how much you care.
Feel no sorrow in a smile that he is not here to share.
You cannot grieve forever; he would not want you to.
He'd hope that you could carry on the way you always do.
So, talk about the good times and the way you showed you cared,
The days you spent together, all the happiness you shared.
Let memories surround you, a word someone may say
Will suddenly re-capture a time, an hour or a day,
That brings him back so clearly as though he were still here,
And fills you with the feeling that he is always near.
For if you keep those moments, you will never be apart
And he will live forever locked safely in your heart.

THE EULOGY

POEM

To Win, To Lose, To Race
by Gary Elliott

You have your favourite driver,
You love to watch him run.
And here's some facts that you should know,
To understand him some.

We have the same desires,
Our blood runs thick and thin.
But everyone knows, the driver goes,
Each night to try and win.

He pushes hard till he feels low
And the oval becomes a drag,
But his heart is blessed with the wonderful sight
Of the gracious checkered flag.

His ego sores enormously,
He knew that she could win,
And he shines her up for the next event,
They must charge on again.

You're running hard, you're running fast,
In this race, your chance is small.
So you push beyond your chariot's will,
And slam into the wall.

You undertake that feeling of guilt,
You've wrecked your precious friend.
So, sob a bit, you deserve that much,
Now fix her up again.

Then come back proud and come back strong
And run with all your grace.
She's looking good, she'll win again,
The name of the game is... Race!

REFLECTION MUSIC

Wind Beneath My Wings - Bette Midler

FINAL FAREWELL

EXIT MUSIC

Stairway To Heaven - Led Zeppelin

The interment follows at Spondon Cemetery.