



Beryl and family wish to thank everyone for attending today's service and for all the kind words of comfort received.

Please visit www.funeralzone.co.uk/18058 to light a candle, leave messages of comfort or to share memories and photos of Brian and happier days.

Donations may be made to a charity of your choice, should you desire.

The Co-operative Funeralcare
82c Church Lane, Gorleston on Sea, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk NR31 7BJ
Telephone: 01493 445550

In Loving Memory of




Brian Charles Gislam

11th June 1936 - 17th May 2016



Gorleston Crematorium Chapel
Wednesday 1st June 2016 at 1.20 pm



Order of Service

MUSIC AS WE LEAVE
Match Of The Day Theme Tune



COMMITTAL POEM
What Makes A Dad

God took the strength of a mountain,
The majesty of a tree,
The warmth of a summer sun,
The calm of a quiet sea,
The generous soul of nature,
The comforting arm of night,
The wisdom of the ages,
The power of the eagle's flight,
The joy of a morning in spring,
The faith of a mustard seed,
The patience of eternity,
The depth of a family need,

Then God combined these qualities,
And then there was nothing more to add,
He knew His masterpiece was complete,
And so, He called it - Dad.

MUSIC AS WE ENTER
Channel 4 Racing Theme Tune

INTRODUCTION

POEM

A Horseracing Legend

Along comes a horse,
So powerful and sleek,
He runs with his heart,
Not his feet.

The heart of a champion
Is what this horse has,
The looks of eagles in his eyes
Just as.

He runs and runs with all his heart
While the crowd is awed with his amazing arts.
He crosses the wire in first
And becomes a legend, know.

In a time of need
This horse has shown power,
He shows no fear
At the passing hour.

From a broken-down claimer,
To a racer with heart,
This horse has become
A legend, no doubt.

We all lose a few
But it doesn't matter much,
If you're a horse like this
With spirit and punch.

Hannah Branz

TRIBUTE TO BRIAN

POEM

The Perfect Allotment

Rain every night, a good steady fall,
Warm sun all day, and no wind at all.
Earth light and soft, easy to seed,
No couch at all, not even a weed.
All seeds germinate, the carrots no gaps,
Just simple thinning, I was a happy lass.

Broad beans grew well, no sign of black fly,
Runners went mad reaching for the sky.
Pigeons found other brassicas to munch,
Sparrows did not want my peas for lunch.
No slugs seen, there was not a snail,
Across the ground, no silvery trail.

Molluscs and birds left strawberries alone,
Red and ripe but firm they had grown.
With currants and gooseberries the bushes were bowed,
Salad crops, in abundance grew all around,
Parsnips and carrots were long, straight and true.

Potatoes were large, the best I have seen,
No scab or holes, soil fell away clean.
Harvesting produce, the weather just right,
Not one insect wanted to bite.
Suddenly the sound of wind and of rain,
I had fallen asleep in the shed again!