

## POEM

### Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep;  
I am not there. I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush,  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there. I did not die.

John and Sandy appreciate your presence here today  
and would like to thank all relatives and friends for their sympathy  
and kind wishes during this sad time.  
Everyone is welcome to join the family for refreshments  
and a celebration of Matt's life at  
The Wolds  
Loughborough Road  
West Bridgford.

Any donations received will benefit  
**Shine** and/or **Cancer Research UK**  
and may be sent care of A.W. Lymn  
The Family Funeral Service  
or left with Gift Aid, where appropriate, at  
[www.funeralzone.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.funeralzone.co.uk/obituaries)  
looking up Matthew David Carlisle.  
Envelopes at the back of the chapel.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

Rutland House  
128 Melton Road  
West Bridgford  
NG2 6EP

[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

### A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF

MATTHEW DAVID CARLISLE  
'MATT'

5<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 1981 - 10<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY 2018



WILFORD HILL CREMATORIUM

FRIDAY 2<sup>ND</sup> MARCH 2018

AT 2.00 PM

## **IF I COULD BE WHERE YOU ARE - ENYA**

Where are you this moment?  
Only in my dreams.  
You're missing, but you're always  
A heartbeat from me.  
I'm lost now without you,  
I don't know where you are;  
I keep watching, I keep hoping,  
But time keeps us apart.

Is there a way I can find you?  
Is there a sign I should know?  
Is there a road I could follow  
To bring you back home?

Winter lies before me  
Now you're so far away.  
In the darkness of my dreaming,  
The light of you will stay.

If I could be close beside you,  
If I could be where you are,  
If I could reach out and touch you  
And bring you back home.  
Is there a way I can find you?  
Is there a sign I should know?  
Is there a road I can follow  
To bring you back home to me?

## **POEM**

### **Death Is Nothing At All**

Death is nothing at all.  
I have only slipped away to the next room.  
I am I and you are you.  
Whatever we were to each other, that, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.  
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used.  
Put no difference into your tone.  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without effect, without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same that it ever was.  
There is absolute unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval.  
Somewhere very near.  
Just around the corner.  
All is well.

*(Henry Scott Holland)*

## **FAREWELL**

## **CLOSING WORDS**

## **MUSIC TO LEAVE THE CHAPEL**

Jessica - Theme from Top Gear



## **ORDER OF SERVICE**

### **MUSIC FOR ENTRANCE**

The Chain - Theme from Formula 1

### **WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION**

Celebrant, Jane Jackson



## POEM FROM JOHN TO MATT

### A Picture Of You

I only have a picture now,  
A frozen piece of time  
To remind me of how it was  
When you were here, and mine.

How much I miss you being here  
I really cannot say;  
The ache is deep inside my heart,  
And never goes away.

I hear it mentioned often  
That time will heal the pain,  
But if I'm being honest,  
I hope it will remain.

The angels came and took you,  
That really wasn't fair;  
They took my one and only son,  
My future life, my heir.

I hope you're watching from above  
At the daily tasks I do,  
And let there be no doubt at all,  
I really do love you.

*(Adapted from Deborah Robinson)*



## A TRIBUTE TO MATT

by Jane

## EULOGY

by John



## REFLECTION

Music: It Only Hurts When I'm Breathing - Shania Twain