

In Loving Memory
of



Wednesday 6th February 2019
at 1.40 pm
Wilford Hill Crematorium, West Chapel

A.W. | YMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

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Order of Service

COMMITTAL

CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC

In The Mood
Glenn Miller and His Orchestra

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Somewhere
Matt Monro

WELCOME

THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES FROM ADRIAN



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.
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.

Nothing is past; nothing is lost. One brief moment and all will be as it was before only better, infinitely happier and forever we will all be one together.

Canon Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)

EULOGY

TIME OF REFLECTION

L'Amore Sei Tu (I Will Always Love You)
Katherine Jenkins with the Prague Symphonia and Anthony Ingliss

POEM

Solitude

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox