



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

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

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To Celebrate the Life of  
**ANTHONY HUTCHINSON**



17th June 1940 ~ 18th November 2019

Bramcote Crematorium, Reflection Chapel

Thursday 5th December 2019 at 12.45 pm

Celebrant: Mr Richard Marshall









CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC  
Let It Be ~ The Beatles

ORDER OF SERVICE





ENTRANCE MUSIC  
My Way ~ Frank Sinatra

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

POEM  
He Is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone,  
Or you can smile because he has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back,  
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,  
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,  
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember him and only that he is gone,  
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,  
Or you can do what he would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

*David Harkins, 1981*



## POEM

### Dad

A dad is a person who is loving and kind,  
And often he knows what you have on your mind.  
He's someone who listens, suggests and defends,  
A dad can be one of your very best friends.

He's proud of your triumphs, but when things go wrong,  
A dad can be patient and helpful and strong.  
In all that you do, a dad's love plays a part,  
There's always a place for him in your heart.

With each year that passes, you're even more glad,  
More grateful and proud just to call him your dad.  
Thank you, Dad, for listening and caring,  
For giving and sharing, but, especially  
For being our dad.

*adapted from M. K. Paul*

## COMMITTAL AND FAREWELL

## HYMN

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, Your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

*Jan Struther (1901-1953)*



A wide-angle photograph of a beach at sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm, golden glow over the sky and the ocean. The sky is filled with soft, white and pinkish clouds. The ocean waves are gentle, with white foam washing onto the shore. The sand is a light tan color, and a series of footprints are visible, leading from the foreground towards the water. In the background, there are some trees and a small structure on a dune.

POEM  
We've Shared Our Lives

We've shared our lives these many years;  
You've held my hand, you've held my heart.  
So many blessings, so few tears,  
Yet for a moment we must part.  
The memories you've given me  
Are times I've shared with my best friend.  
I'll hold them, love, right here they'll be  
Until we share our lives again.

*T. C. Ring*

TRIBUTE

REFLECTION MUSIC  
Yellow Submarine ~ The Beatles