

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



BILL SEWELL

19th October 1942 - 8th January 2020

Tuesday 28th January 2020 at 9.30 am
Wilford Hill Crematorium, West Chapel





ORDER OF SERVICE



OPENING MUSIC

'Spirit In The Sky'
Norman Greenbaum

OPENING WORDS

by Rebecca White, Civil Funeral Celebrant

TRIBUTE

HYMN

We plough the fields, and scatter the good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine, and soft, refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all His love.*

He only is the maker of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him, by Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread.

All good gifts around us...

We thank Thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest, our life, our health, our food.

Accept the gifts we offer for all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest, our humble, thankful hearts.

All good gifts around us...

Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

COMMITTAL AND CLOSING WORDS

CLOSING POEM

Thoroughbreds

by *Paul Mellon*

The day my final race is run
And, win or lose, the sinking sun
Tells me it's time to quit the track
And gracefully hang up my tack,
I'll thank the Lord the life I've led
Was always near a thoroughbred.

I have seen the thrilling pace
Of many a cutthroat steeplechase,
And watched with breath and mind suspended
Until a classic race has ended.
For those high days can end in pain,
Or in a bottle of champagne.

So if the downward course is steep,
Where smoke and flames and devils leap,
I'll hope I'm on a hellish steed,
Running his heart out with no need
For voice or spurs or flailing whip
To guarantee he gets the trip.

But if about the sixteenth pole,
God should have mercy on my soul,
I hope He'll raise me to the clouds,
Above the grandstand and the crowds,
And there I'll take my ease, and wait
Behind the pearly starting gate.

And long before I break God's bread
Or buy a halo for my head,
Or sink into a starry bed,
Or say the prayers I should have said,
Before the donuts, rolls, or coffees,
I'll find the secretary's office.

In my first interview, of course,
I'll ask St. Peter for a horse.
He'll lead me down the heavenly sheds,
Past miles and miles of thoroughbreds,
And say, "Since you've escaped Old Nick...
They're on the house; just take your pick."

Though some may think and I'll agree,
That only God can make a tree,
Before God thought of trees, it's said,
His mind was on the thoroughbred.

CLOSING MUSIC

'Galloping Home'
from *Black Beauty*



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

All are welcome for light refreshments at
The Sun Inn,
Gotham.

Memorial donations for
Injured Jockeys
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

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