

A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF



*Brian Beaumont*

2nd June 1942 - 24th March 2021



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

Donations in memory of Brian for the  
**British Heart Foundation** and **College Garth Kennels**  
may be made online at  
**[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)**  
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service\**

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Bramcote Crematorium,  
Serenity Chapel

Wednesday 21st April 2021 at 11.00 am



## *Order of Service*

Civil Celebrant: Mr Richard Marshall

One day you'll take your journey  
On the train, just like me,  
And I promise that I'll be there  
At the station and you will see,

That life is just a journey  
Enriched by those you meet;  
No one can take that from you,  
It's always yours to keep.

But now, as no seat is vacant,  
You will have to muddle through.  
Make sure you fulfil your ambitions,  
As you know I'll be watching you.

And if there's an occasion  
To mention who you knew,  
Speak kindly of that person,  
As one day it will be you.

*Farewell*

*Closing Words*

*Music on Leaving*

Rock Around The Clock  
Bill Haley and His Commets



*Poem*

Last Journey  
by Timothy Coote

There is a train at the station  
With a seat reserved just for me,  
I'm excited about its destination  
As I've heard it sets you free.

The trials and tribulations,  
The pain and stress we breathe,  
Don't exist where I am going -  
Only happiness, I believe.

I hope that you will be there  
To wish me on my way.  
It's not a journey you can join in,  
It's not your time today.

There'll be many destinations,  
Some are happy, some are sad,  
Each one a brief reminder  
Of the great times that we've had.

Many friends I know are waiting,  
Who took an earlier train,  
To greet and reassure me  
That nothing has really changed.

We'll take the time together  
To catch up on the past,  
To build a new beginning,  
One that will always last.

*Music on Entry*

Shotgun  
George Ezra

*Welcome and Introduction*



*Poem*

An Old Steam Train

An old steam train set off with a roar  
On its final journey, it was coming back no more.  
With an almighty toot and a straining heave,  
Leaving me on the platform alone to grieve.

Now I'm left staring at the rugged tracks,  
Hoping one day that you might come back.  
Wonderful memories I cherish of journeys gone by,  
To recollect and appreciate whenever I try.

With loving care it makes its way  
Through fields and meadows on that sorrowful day,  
Past the rolling hills and beside the plains,  
Burrowing through mountains, sheltered from the rains.

Weaving through the valleys by the soft green grass,  
Quietly the animals watch it noisily pass.  
Down by the beaches, along the rickety old cliffs,  
Ocean winds blowing as the tide gently drifts.

Rising and falling like the sun in the sky,  
Winding through forests, trees whipping by,  
Passing a farmer and his field and crop,  
Onward it continues, approaching its final stop.

Further and further away from the station and me,  
My only hope now is that you are completely free.  
I look skyward for evidence of billowing smoke  
And look forward to seeing you again, I hope.

*Family Memories*

Brian's Life

*Music for Reflection*

Moonlight Serenade

Glenn Miller