



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

Memorial donations for
Sherwood Forest Hospitals NHS Trust Charitable Funds
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn, The Family Funeral Service
or left online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

All are welcome for refreshment at
The Long Room, Trent Bridge Cricket Ground,
Bridgford Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 6AG.

*Car parking will be made available at the ground,
both underneath the Smith Cooper Stand and in the
Trent Bridge Inn Courtyard, both accessed from Bridgford Road.*

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Rutland House
128 Melton Road
West Bridgford
NG2 6EP

www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305

To Celebrate the Life of



Ray Dawson

17th October 1953 - 14th April 2018

Wilford Hill Crematorium, Main Chapel

Wednesday 2nd May 2018 at 2.00 pm



Poem

I Was Loved, Therefore I Am

I was loved, therefore I am;
And in being loved, I am treasured.
When I peeled away my layers,
And all that was left was my essence,
The bareness of me,
I was still loved.

I was loved, therefore I am;
And in being loved, I was able to grow.
In my mistakes held,
In my successes celebrated,
I was always loved.

I was loved, therefore I am;
And in being loved, I learned to love.
In the sun-filled day,
In the ecstasy of the night,
I was loved and loved others.

To be loved is all you need:
I was loved... and so, I will always be.

Ana Draper

Closing Music

Hold My Hand by Hootie and the Blowfish



Eulogy Part 1

written by Tony Dawson and family
and delivered by Rebecca White

Eulogy Part 2

written and delivered by Ray Britchford

Memories of a Friend

written and delivered by David Williams

Reflective Music

Bring Him Home by Alfie Boe

Committal



Order of Service

Procession Music

The Tracks Of My Tears by Smokey Robinson

Introduction

Civil Funeral Celebrant, Rebecca White



Poem

Stop The Clocks - W. H. Auden
delivered by Andy Pick

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.



Hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake (1757-1827)

