

A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF
RONALD CLAYTON

31st March 1940 – 31st August 2021



Wilford Hill Crematorium, Nottingham

Wednesday 15th September 2021
at 12.30 pm



ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Somewhere from *West Side Story*

Matt Monro

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Someday a time for us.
Time together with time to spare,
Time to learn, time to care,
Someday, somewhere.

We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere.

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.

Hold my hand and we're halfway there.
Hold my hand and I'll take you there.
Somehow, someday, somewhere!

Someday, somewhere,
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving
Somewhere.

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there.
Hold my hand and I'll take you there.
Somehow, someday, somewhere!



WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

A TRIBUTE TO RON
from his daughter, Vicki

A POEM FOR HER GRANDAD
written by Ron's granddaughter, Evie

Grandad,
Fuss pot, worrier
Shoulder-ride giver,
Underwater swimmer,
Tennis, table tennis, squash player,
Swing pusher,
Jive dancer.
My grandad, the most thoughtful man ever.



REFLECTION

Secret Love

Doris Day

Once I had a secret love
That lived within the heart of me.
All too soon my secret love
Became impatient to be free.

So I told a friendly star,
The way that dreamers often do,
Just how wonderful you are
And why I'm so in love with you.

Now I shout it from the highest hills,
Even told the golden daffodils.
At last my heart's an open door
And my secret love's no secret anymore.

[Instrumental]

Now I shout it from the highest hills,
Even told the golden daffodils.
At last my heart's an open door
And my secret love's no secret anymore.

POEM

Extract from *The Walk* by Seamus Heaney

read by Ron's son, Antony

So here is another longshot. Black and white.

A negative this time, in dazzle-dark,
Smudge and pallor where we make out you and me,
The selves we struggled with and struggled out of,
Two shades who have consumed each other's fire,
Two flames in sunlight that can sear and singe,
But seem like wisps of enervated air,
After-wavers, feathery ether-shifts ...

Yet apt still to rekindle suddenly
If we find along the way charred grass and sticks
And an old fire-fragrance lingering on,
Erotic woodsmoke, witchery, intrigue,
Leaving us none the wiser, just better primed
To speed the plough again and feed the flame.

A TRIBUTE TO RON

from his friend, Graham



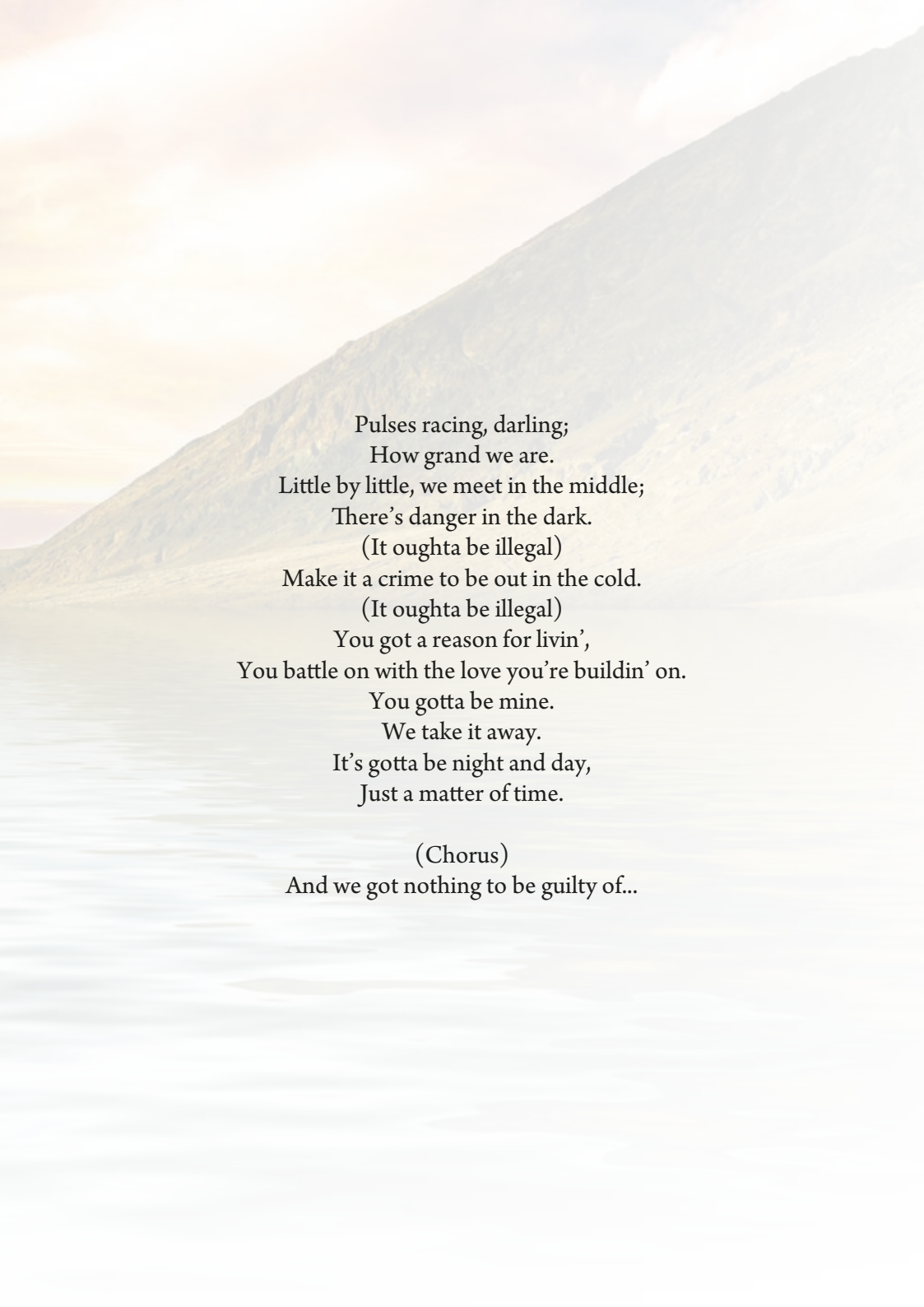
REFLECTION

Guilty

Barbra Streisand feat. Barry Gibb

Shadows falling, baby, we stand alone.
Out on the street, anybody you meet got a heartache of their own.
 (It oughta be illegal)
Make it a crime to be lonely or sad.
 (It oughta be illegal)
You got a reason for livin',
You battle on with the love you're livin' on.
 You gotta be mine.
 We take it away.
 It's gotta be night and day,
 Just a matter of time.

And we got nothing to be guilty of;
Our love will climb any mountain near or far, we are
 And we never let it end,
 We are devotion.
And we got nothing to be sorry for;
 Our love is one in a million.
Eyes can see that we got a highway to the sky.
 I don't wanna hear your goodbye.



Pulses racing, darling;
How grand we are.
Little by little, we meet in the middle;
There's danger in the dark.
(It oughta be illegal)
Make it a crime to be out in the cold.
(It oughta be illegal)
You got a reason for livin',
You battle on with the love you're buildin' on.
You gotta be mine.
We take it away.
It's gotta be night and day,
Just a matter of time.

(Chorus)

And we got nothing to be guilty of...



READING

I'll Never Find Another You by The Seekers
read by Ron's daughter, Diane

There's a new world somewhere
They call the promised land
And I'll be there someday,
If you will hold my hand.
I still need you there beside me,
No matter what I do,
For I know I'll never find another you.

There is always someone
For each of us, they say,
And you'll be my someone,
Forever and a day.
I could search the whole world over
Until my life is through,
But I know I'll never find another you.

It's a long, long journey,
So stay by my side.
When I walk through the storm,
You'll be my guide.
If they gave me a fortune,
My pleasure would be small.
I could lose it all tomorrow
And never mind at all.
But if I should lose your love, dear,
I don't know what I'd do,
For I know I'll never find another you.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father,
Who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come;
Thy will be done,
On Earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
The power and the glory, forever and ever.
Amen.

BLESSING OF REST



POEM

He Is Gone by David Harkins

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.

EXIT MUSIC

Big Spender
Shirley Bassey

The minute you walked in the joint,
I could see you were a man of distinction,
A real big spender,
Good-looking, so refined.
Say, wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind?

So let me get right to the point,
I don't pop my cork for every man I see.
Hey, big spender,
Spend a little time with me.

Wouldn't you like to have fun? Fun? Fun?
How's about a few laughs? Laughs?
I can show you a good time,
Let me show you a good time.

The minute you walked in the joint,
I could see you were a man of distinction,
A real big spender,
Good-looking, so refined.
Say, wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind?

So let me get right to the point,
I don't pop my cork for every man I see.
Hey, big spender,
Hey, big spender,
Hey, big spender!

Spend a little time with me.

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

All are welcome for light refreshment at
The Thomas Cranmer Centre,
Main Street,
Aslockton
NG13 9AL.

Donations in memory of Ron for the
Alzheimer's Society
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 by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

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