



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

All are welcome for a hot and cold buffet at Bulwell Hall Golf Course, Bulwell Hall Park, Nottingham NG6 8LF.

Donations in memory of Neil for the **Roof Garden, Hogarth Ward and Gervis Pearson Ward at Nottingham City Hospital**

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

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

St. Albans House
32 High Street
Arnold
NG5 7DZ

www.lymn.co.uk

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*Remembering the Life
of*



Neil Spencer Goulding

24th May 1952 - 19th May 2024

Gedling Crematorium

Friday 14th June 2024
at 1.00 pm



Order of Service

Opening Music

The Boxer
by Simon and Garfunkel

Words of Welcome
by Cheryl Smith, Celebrant

Reflection Music

Everything I Own
by Bread

A Loving Farewell

Closing Music

Farewell Is A Lonely Sound
by Jimmy Ruffin



The swan is a painting done by Neil himself.

Family Memories

read by Tracy

A Visual Tribute

Music: The Gambler

by Kenny Rogers

Family Memories

read by Tracy



Poem

The Tale Of 'Pockets Goulding'

read by Claire

My name is Neil and I'm an electrician,
A pillar of society, a man of position.

It may be tiring,

But I'll check out your wiring

And report back on its condition.

Whatever the problem, large or small,

I'll be there in a flash in my blue overalls.

Want a new shower?

Fitted within the hour!

I'll do it properly, no cowboy capers,

I know what I'm doing, I've got my papers.

In my blue overalls, I'll go anywhere,

But why do people just stand and stare?

Is it my presence and authoritative air?

Or is it because I've got pockets everywhere!

Pockets, pockets, pockets galore,

Have you ever seen so many pockets before?

There's pockets on my shoulders for irons and solders,

Pockets on my hips for those cable clips.

There's pockets on my tummy, even more on my bummy.

There's two on my knees where I keep all my keys.

There's ten on my chest and six on my vest.
There's a big one to the left of the zip on my britches.

What's kept in there? Flask and sandwiches!
Oh, what would I do without my blue overalls?
There's even a pocket for a spare pair of smalls!

It can be quite risky, my chosen career,
I need to protect the things I hold dear.
Only last week I was checking some faults.

It went straight up my leg - 240 volts!
I shook like a jelly, and danced like a freak.

I tell you I couldn't sit down for a week!
If I was a lot dumber, I'd have been a plumber.
If I'd got no brains, I'd be cleaning out drains,

But I'm not in the dark,
I'm the all singing, all dancing, real live spark.

So when I decide to call it a day,
Lay down my tools and put them away,
I'll look back with a smile

And think, was it worthwhile?

And know that it was, simply because

I did it with flair, I did it with style.

So when I'm queuing up for my pension,
Swearing, cursing and seeking attention,

Staring at leaflets pinned to the walls,

Guess what I'll be wearing?

My blue overalls!



Poem and drawing by Neil's friend, Dave Wiley.