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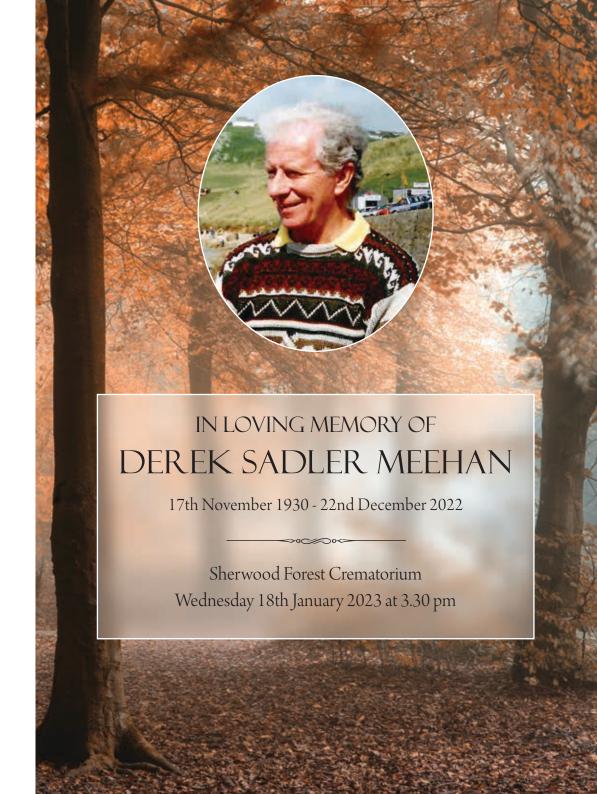
The Family Funeral Service\*

Manvers House 5 Sherwood Drive Ollerton NG22 9PP

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FINAL FAREWELL

CLOSING WORDS

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

La Moldau

Smentnana and Slovak Philharmonic

## READING The Ship

I am standing upon that foreshore.

A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs down like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down and mingle at the horizon.

Then someone at my side says: 'There! She's gone! 'Gone where?'

'Gone from my sight, that's all.'

She is just as large in mast and spar and hull as ever she was when she left my side;

just as able to bear her load of living freight to her place of destination.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at that moment when someone at my side says,

"There! She's gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices

ready to take up the glad shout

"Here she comes!"

And that is dying.

Charles Henry Brent (1862 - 1929)

## ORDER OF SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC
Strangers In The Night
Frank Sinatra

WORDS OF WELCOME

## POEM The Passing Of A Footballer

Football's a match made in heaven Which is fan-tastic news for me And heaven's a level playing field Where anyone can kick off for free

The referee needs no introduction
Or whistle for a foul blow
When God raises his eyebrows
None argue with the penalty or throw

The transfer window never closes
As new players arrive all the time
There's always a top team to play on
As for the kit, I just wish I'd brought mine

We kick off side by side in a minute
Cheered by old family, teammates and friends
Football's really a blast in heaven
After your first whistle the matches never end

Michael Ashby



EULOGY Colum O'Shea, Civil Funeral Celebrant

> REFLECTION MUSIC Sweet Summer Day Chris Rea