



Shelagh's family would like to take this opportunity to thank all relatives and friends for their support and for the many letters and cards of sympathy received during this sad time.

Following the service at Thornton Crematorium, you are warmly invited to

**THE PUNCH BOWL**

Lunt Road, Sefton,  
Liverpool. L29 7WA

for light refreshments and to share memories.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to

**THE INJURED JOCKEYS FUND**

c/o

Graham J Clegg  
Independent Funeral Service  
7 Dover Road, maghull. L31 5JB  
Telephone: 0151 520 3330

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A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF  
**Shelagh Emily  
Hood**

30<sup>th</sup> JUNE 1934 - 14<sup>th</sup> FEBRUARY 2016



FUNERAL SERVICE & CREMATION AT  
**THORNTON CREMATORIUM** ON  
**FRIDAY 26<sup>th</sup> FEBRUARY 2016**

AT **2:00** PM

SERVICE CONDUCTED BY MR BRIAN ASTILL



## ORDER OF SERVICE

### ENTRANCE MUSIC

Mozart  
'Elvira Madigan'

### WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

By Mr Brian Astill


### POEM

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

*William Shakespeare*

### EULOGY

Read By Daughter Charlotte



### POEM

You've just walked on ahead of me  
And I've got to understand  
You must release the ones you love  
And let go of their hand.  
I try and cope the best I can  
But I'm missing you so much  
If I could only see you  
And once more feel your touch.  
Yes, you've just walked on ahead of me  
Don't worry I'll be fine  
But now and then I swear I feel  
Your hand slip into mine.  
If I should die before the rest of you  
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone  
Nor, when I'm gone, speak in a Sunday voice,  
But be the usual selves that I have known.  
Weep if you must  
Parting is hell.  
But life goes on.  
So sing as well.

*Joyce Grenfell*

### SILENCE FOR REFLECTION

### WORDS OF FAREWELL

### FINAL THOUGHTS

### EXIT MUSIC

Nat 'King' Cole  
'Unforgettable'

