

Chichester Crematorium

*In Loving Memory of*



Faithful feathered friend  
your voice warms my solitude  
till the long night ends.

*Haiku No. 7, written on 2 March 2023 by a friend of John's*

Donations in memory of John will benefit either Midhurst Palliative Care  
or ENIL - European Network on Independent Living.

Jana would like to thank you for attending today to celebrate John's life  
and invite you to join her following the service at  
The Earl of March Lavant, Lavant Road, Chichester,  
West Sussex, PO18 0BQ



**JOHN DANIEL EVANS OBE**

25th May 1950 - 13th January 2025

Time! Thou art the ocean, and every movement of life is thy wave.  
*Inayat Khan*

Thursday 13th February  
at 12.30pm

COMMUNAL FAREWELL

CLOSING WORDS

CLOSING MUSIC  
Comin' Home Baby  
*Mel Tormé*

## REFLECTION

Who Knows Where the Time Goes?

*Fairport Convention*

## READING

Christmas Thoughts for Beloved Friends

*John, December 1971*

*read by Joanne Fitzpatrick*

Let the sun-shine in your hearts  
 Radiate warmth in you and the world  
 And let peace and love be present at all times  
 To help unfold your precious lives.  
 Be careful not to hurt others.  
 Respect and tolerate their space and beings.  
 Always love; but see nothing in return.  
 What the moment of time requires.  
 Walk silently, and allow clarity to appear  
 Amidst the cold, dark, wintry confusion.  
 Be yourself at all times consistently  
 Allow not the lies of the world to enter your mind.  
 Be scrupulous with your thoughts  
 And speak the truth at all times  
 The truth that is your truth.  
 Control the negative energies within you  
 And make sure you are mindful of your urge to power  
 Hate not. But let love always abide.  
 Seek out your inner light for happiness  
 And may Xmas be a time for you to rejoice  
 Enjoy, revel and excel in the way you want  
 Which is you and that alone will make me happy  
 I love you.  
 Jon.

## OPENING MUSIC

Calon Lân (trans. A Pure Heart)

*Treorchy Male Voice Choir & Sam Griffiths*

## WORDS OF WELCOME

*Tracy Spring, Celebrant*

## READING

Chimes of Freedom (extract)

*Bob Dylan**read by Tony Baldwinson*

Far between sundown's finish an' midnight's broken toll  
 We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashing  
 As majestic bells of bolts struck shadows in the sounds  
 Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing  
 Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight  
 Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight  
 An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night  
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched  
 With faces hidden while the walls were tightening  
 As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain  
 Dissolved into the bells of the lightning  
 Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake  
 Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaked  
 Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake  
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail  
 The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder  
 That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze  
 Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder  
 Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind  
 Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind  
 An' the unpawned painter behind beyond his rightful time  
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

## TRIBUTES TO JOHN

*Frances Hasler, Baroness Jane Campbell and Gerry Zarb**Alia Hassan and Zeid Hassan**Catherine Wilton**Martin Field**Annett Heitsch*

## JANA'S LETTER TO JOHN

*read by Tracy Spring*

How Do I Love Thee?

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
 For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
 I love thee to the level of every day's  
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
 I love thee freely, as men strive for right.

I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
 I love thee with the passion put to use  
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
 With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
 Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
 I shall but love thee better after death.