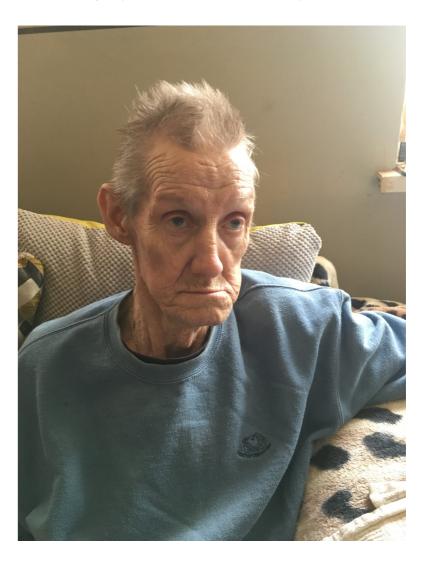
In Loving Memory Of Raymond Francis HINTON

3rd July 1947-3rd February 2017



9:45 am Thursday 16th February 2017

Torbay Cemetery & Crematorium

Service led by Tara Bolton

Order of Service

Enter to the music

"Bicycle Race"
by
Queen

Opening Words

Tara Bolton

Katy wrote this poem for her Dad and called it

"Daddy Dearest"

The family would like to thank everyone for all of their kindness, love & support.



If you would like to make a gift in loving memory of Ray, it will go to the work of

Rowcroft Hospice

You may give by the retiring collection here today or by sending on to Malcolm at

Isca Funeral Services

Constable Court,

Fore Street,

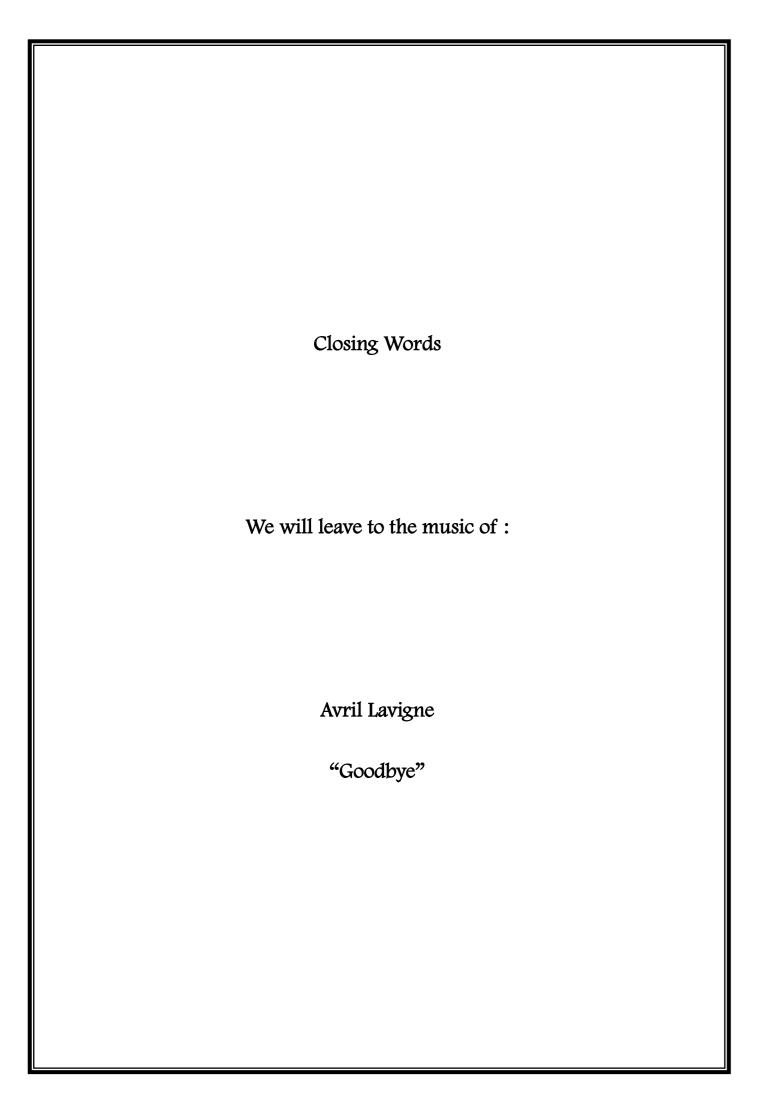
Heavitree,

Exeter.

EX1 2QJ



Isca Funeral Services, Constable Court, Fore Street Heavitree, Exeter, EX1 2QJ(01392) 427555



"Daddy Dearest"

I never thought I'd see the day - that you would be taken away, I feel your presence and you're in my dreams, In sleep I lose you again it seems. I ache to hear you curse once more, screaming you weren't born in a barn, shut the damned door! Sunday's you tortured me with Dr Who, Though it wasn't really torture, I wanted to be near you Like all people you had your vices and flaws But your love for me, I was never unsure You were a grafter and a crafter Building your sheds and putting the chickens out to pasture In the streets your push bike was your friend And if you weren't riding it, you were giving it a mend. Your character dominated a room, that woolly hat was your costume You could be somewhat brash When you were in a temper we got out of the way fast! You were like a lion protecting his brood You left mum to go and get the food You were my fatherland elder, wiser and bolder Now your gone the world is much colder Knowing you're here makes me feel safe Though I can't touch you, I will never forget your face That kiss on the cheek and the ruffle of your hair While you sat on your very own chair Those who knew you couldn't help but love you Your family was everything, your friends were few We stand together to say goodbye Only for you will my eyes cry The pain of losing you is so intense I feel like I've lost a sense I hope I inherit your humour and wisdom Your sarcasm was something given I'm going to miss you and love you forever Everything you have given me I will forever treasure Love you always my Daddy Dearest If I want something I know not to go to Mom, because if you can give it

> I'll get what I want Gone but never forgotten

Tribute Memories of "Ray" Reflection: To the music of Bon Jovi "Always" Committal

A Pagan Prayer

"Godess of Death, God of Grain"

Goddess of death, you who are the end inherent in the beginning Scythe to the ripe grain, The fall of berries and the coming of night You are called the Implacable one But we know you as the most gracious Goddess Healer, end of sorrow, relief of pain Receive our brother Ray May he become a star in your night sky cauldron And be brewed back to life. God of grain, God of seed You who every year's end are cut down and buried You who know the dark places underground The way down and the way up, the fall and the rising Guide our brother Ray, show him the long road through the maze To the place of rebirth, to the place of return

Blessed Be (Blessed Be)