In Loving Memory of



Gregory Gordon Rigby

27th April 1943 - 13th September 2026

Lea Fields Crematorium
Monday 28th September 2026
at 11.30 am



Order of Service

Led by Colum O'Shea

Entry Music
You Decorated My Life
by Kenny Rogers

Words of Welcome

Poem

The Thousandth Man
read by Helen Johns

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.
And it's worthwhile seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show
Will settle the finding for 'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go
By your looks, or your acts, or your glory.

But if he finds you and you find him,
The rest of the world don't matter;
For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim
With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more talk
Than he uses yours for his spendings,
And laugh and meet in your daily walk
As though there had been no lendings.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
For silver and gold in their dealings;
But the Thousandth Man he's worth 'em all
Because you can show him your feelings.

His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right,
In season or out of season.
Stand up and back it in all men's sight
With that for your only reason!

Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide
The shame or mocking or laughter,
But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side
To the gallows-foot - and after!

Rudyard Kipling

Hymn

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken
like the first morning,
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness
where God's feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's recreation
of the new day!

by Eleanor Farjeon

Eulogy

written by Charity Harrison



Visual Tribute

accompanied by music

Pie Jesu

by Katherine Jenkins and Steffan Hughes

Poem

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep
read by Sheila McFee

Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you wake in the morning hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.
Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there, I do not sleep.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there, I did not die!

Mary Elizabeth Frye

The Lord's Prayer

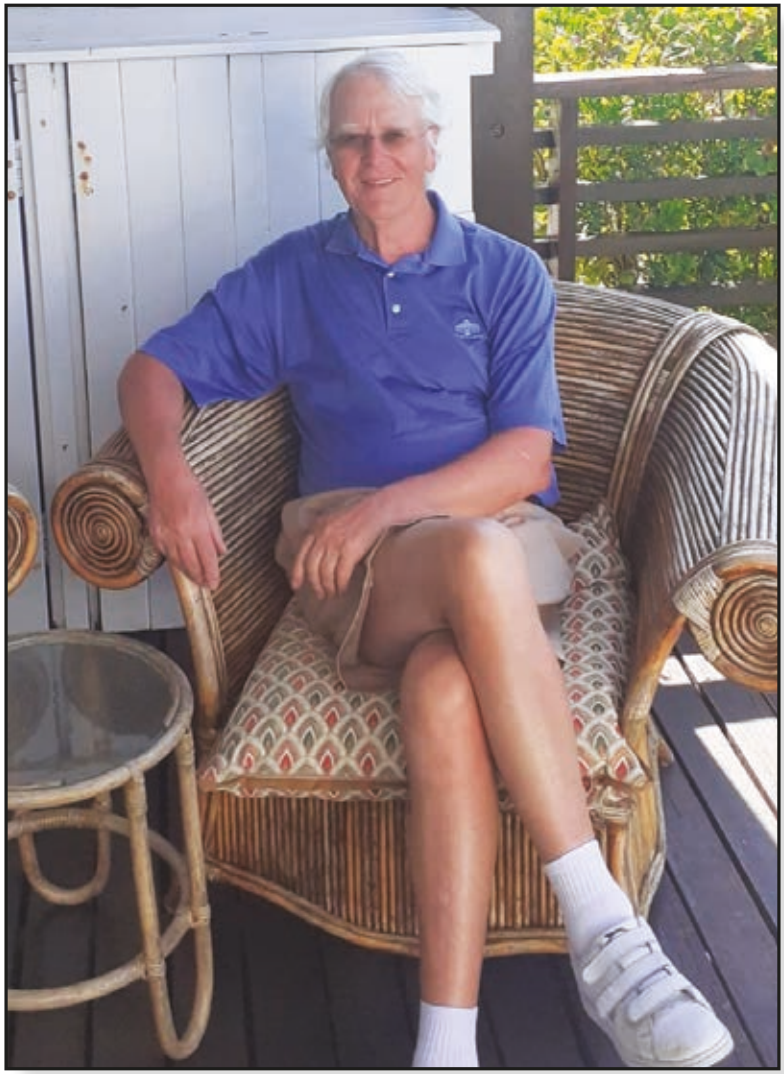
Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be Thy name;
Thy Kingdom come;
Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the Kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

Committal

Closing Words

Exit Music

Time To Say Goodbye
by Andrea Bocelli and Sarah Brightman





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

All are welcome for light refreshments at
Lincoln Golf Club, Torksey LN1 2EG.

Donations in memory of Gregory for
Macmillan Cancer Support
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®

Newark Road
Tuxford, Newark
Nottinghamshire
NG22 0NA

www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305