

To Celebrate the Life of



Barry Sweet
'Shark'

31st December 1934 - 29th June 2026

Rushcliffe Oaks Crematorium

Friday 24th July 2026

at 1.15 pm



A Celebration of the Life of Barry “Shark” Sweet

31 December 1934 – 29 June 2026

ORDER OF SERVICE

Conducted by Colum O'Shea, Civil Funeral Celebrant

Processional Music

The good, the bad and the ugly, Ennio Morricone

Words of welcome

Good morning, everyone, and welcome. My name is Colum O'Shea, and it is my privilege to conduct this service as we gather to remember and celebrate the life of Barry Sweet, known with great affection to so many as Shark.

On behalf of Angela, David, Bill, and all the family, thank you for being here today. Your presence is a great comfort, and it is a reminder of the friendship, respect, and love that surrounded Shark throughout his long and full life.

Today, there will naturally be sadness, because someone deeply loved has died and will be greatly missed. But this is also a time to give thanks: for 91 years of life, for a marriage of 65 years, for family, friendships, stories, laughter, sport, music, sunshine, Greece,

Guinness, and all those ordinary moments that became special because Shark was part of them.

As we share memories and words of tribute, may this service bring comfort, gratitude, and a sense of peace. Let us hold Shark in our hearts with affection, and remember a man who made time for people, who enjoyed life in his own way, and who leaves behind many happy memories.

Poem

*Don't think of him as gone away.
His journey's just begun,
Life holds so many facets,
This earth is only one.
Just think of him as resting
From the sorrows and the tears,
In a place of warmth and comfort,
Where there are no days and years.
Think how he must be wishing
That we could know today,
How nothing but your sadness
Can really pass away.
And think of him as living
In the hearts of those he touched...
And he was loved so much.*

Hymn

Praise my soul the king of heaven

Eulogy

We gather today to remember and celebrate Barry Sweet, known to almost everyone as Shark, who passed away peacefully at home on 29 June 2026, aged 91, with Angela by his side. Today is not only a day for sorrow, but a day to give thanks for a long life well lived, for a man who was loved deeply, respected widely, and remembered with great affection.

Barry was born in Nottingham on 31 December 1934, the youngest child of Harold and Elsie, brother to Jim and Marion. He grew up during the years of the Second World War and attended Huntingdon Street School. His father had been a Caretaker at Clarendon College, and perhaps something of that sporting spirit found its way into Barry too.

Barry left school at 15 and went straight into work at Olds discount finance company, learning as he went. He later worked for Vernons finance, before moving on to Chartered Trust, which became Standard Chartered Bank. He spent his working life in finance, where he was well liked and respected. Although he worked hard, he also had that unmistakably laid-back approach to life which those who knew him will recognise immediately.

It was through finance that his famous nickname came about. One of David's school friends, Mark Clifford, asked in 1978, "Is your dad a shark?" The name stuck from that day on, and Barry became Shark to so many people. It suited him in the best possible way: memorable, affectionate, and completely his own.

In 1960, Shark met Angela on a blind date arranged by their friends Geoff Files and Gillian. Geoff and Gillian later married too, and although they went on to live in Nova Scotia, the friendship remained. That double date led to Shark and Angela marrying on 4 March 1961 at Tollerton Church. Their honeymoon took them through Warwickshire, the Cotswolds and the Wye Valley, the beginning of a marriage that would last 65 years, their blue sapphire anniversary.

Shark and Angela first lived in Toton, where they welcomed their son David. When Shark received the call that Angela was in labour, his response was, “Oh good, there isn’t a match tomorrow anyway.” It was classic Shark: calm, funny, and never far from football. Their second son, Bill, was born in 1964. In 1966, the family moved to the village of Hickling, and from 1970 Woodbine Cottage became the family home.

Family was at the heart of Shark’s life. David and his partner Nicole, David’s son Michael, and Nicole’s children Joe and Eve were all part of that wider family circle. Bill and Jenny, their children Megan and Jack, and Megan’s son Charlie, Shark’s great-grandson, brought him enormous pride. In all, he was blessed with five grandchildren and one great-grandson, and he adored them.

Hickling became more than a place to live; it became the setting for so much of Shark’s life. Angela opened the preschool, supported by Shark all the way. He played cricket for Hickling and became known across the village as someone who would talk to anyone. He liked people, and people liked him. Whether he was standing at the garden gate speaking to passers-by, busy in the garden, or heading to The Plough, he was part of the fabric of village life.

The Plough in Hickling was his local from 1966 onwards, and after the service today, family and friends will go there in his honour. Many will picture him with a pint of Guinness in hand. And many will smile at the memory of him announcing that he was off to get the boys a bar of chocolate from the shop — they are still waiting for the chocolate.

Sport played a huge role in Shark's life. In 1974, together with the headmaster of Kinoulton School, he helped set up a sports club that offered football, cross country running and swimming. The under-15s played league football, and in 1979 a senior team was formed: Stanton FC, which later became Hickling. The team continued until the 2007/8 season, and many men passed through the club, sharing in success, friendship and unforgettable trips, especially those to Paris.

Shark went from playing on the wing to managing teams and supporting his sons along the way. His involvement was never just about the game itself. It was about giving people a place to belong, encouraging them, and helping create memories that lasted far beyond the final whistle.

He was also proud to have served his National Service in the Army in the mid-1950s, when he was sent to Egypt. Years later, he visited Michael in the Middle East and saw Bahrain, and there is even a picture of him with the king's camels — a detail that feels perfectly at home in the story of Shark's life.

Travel brought him great joy. As a young family, holidays were taken to Scotland. In 1968, they packed the tent into the family Cortina and travelled to Bordeaux; the following year, they went with a caravan. Over the years, Shark and Angela saw many places, including America and Alaska on cruises, and Angela and Eileen

would holiday in Tuscany with friends Whilst Shark and David, they went fishing in Ireland.

Greece, and especially Skiathos, held a very special place in Shark's heart. He loved the people and made lifelong friends there, including Ilias and Katrina, with whom he and Angela stayed. It was his wish that his ashes be scattered in Greece, so that a place he loved so much would always hold part of him.

Retirement came at 61 and gave Shark three decades to enjoy life in his own way. He loved the sun and could spend all day in the garden. He was always doing something, yet never too busy to stop and chat. He fished at Hickling Basin, a love that did not quite pass to David but certainly did pass to Bill.

There were family Christmases, always special each year. There were holidays to Greece, full of warmth and friendship. There was his 90th birthday celebration at the Haveli restaurant in Radcliffe on Trent, his favourite. There were Clint Eastwood films and spaghetti westerns on the television, often to Angela's despair. He was not much of a reader, but he loved jazz records and was part of the jazz club at the Trent Bridge Inn for many years. He loved to dance too, and Angela says he was a good dancer.

Above all, Shark had time for others. He was friendly, funny, sociable and kind. He could talk to anyone, and he made people feel welcome. That is why so many cards and kind messages have been sent to Angela. They speak of the many lives he touched and the affection people felt for him.

Today, we remember a husband of 65 years, a father, grandfather, great-grandfather, brother, friend, neighbour, teammate and familiar face in Hickling. We remember the man at the garden gate,

the man at The Plough, the man who loved football, fishing, sunshine, jazz, Greece, Guinness and a good conversation.

There will be sadness because he will be greatly missed, but Shark himself would surely want today to be a celebration of life. A celebration of 91 years. A celebration of a marriage and family he treasured. A celebration of friendships, laughter, stories, journeys and ordinary moments made memorable simply because he was there.

So let us carry him with us in those happy memories: in the sound of jazz playing, in the sight of a cricket pitch or football field, in a sunny garden, in a pint raised at The Plough, and in every story that begins, “Do you remember when Shark...”

Barry “Shark” Sweet lived a full and generous life. He was loved, he was respected, and he will be greatly missed. May he rest peacefully, and may the many happy memories of him continue to bring comfort, smiles and gratitude in the days ahead.

Family Tributes

Pictures of Shark

Accompanied by Zorba's Dance

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

We now come to the moment of committal, when we commend Barry “Shark” Sweet into peace and rest.

Barry has lived among us, loved and been loved, and his life has touched the lives of many. Although we now say our formal farewell, the love he gave and the memories he leaves behind do not end here. They remain with Angela, with David and Bill, with his grandchildren and great-grandson, with family, friends, neighbours, and all who knew him as Shark.

In time, in accordance with his wishes, his ashes will be scattered in Greece, a place he loved so much, among the warmth, friendship, and memories that meant so much to him.

So now, with gratitude for his long life, with love for all he was, and with confidence that he is at peace, we say farewell. Barry, Shark,

may you rest gently, free from pain and surrounded by the love and affection that go with you today.

Closing Words

As our service draws to a close, may I once again thank you all for being here today, and for the love, support, cards, messages, and kindness shown to Angela and the family.

After we leave here, you are warmly invited to join the family at The Plough in Hickling, a place so closely connected with Shark's life, where stories can be shared, memories remembered, and a glass raised in his honour.

In the days and weeks ahead, may the sadness of his passing be softened by gratitude for all he gave: his humour, his friendliness, his loyalty, his love of life, and the many happy moments he created simply by being himself.

Let us leave today carrying Shark with us in our memories: in music and sunshine, in football and fishing, in friendship and family, in Greece, in Hickling, and in every story told with a smile. May he rest in peace.

Recessional Music

Theme from a summer place, Percy Faith