



In Loving Memory of

Dave Stapleton

25th March 1942 - 29th April 2025

Mansfield Crematorium,
Thoresby Chapel

Tuesday 13th May 2025
at 11.15 am







Processional Music

Quick Joey Small

by the Kasenetz-Katz Singing Orchestral Circus

Welcome Words

by Katie Page





Poem

written by Holly

Fish, chips and peas with a side order of two fried eggs,
Accompanied by a gingerbread latte, your favourite dish;
Your mission: to spread joy and make everyone happy at Christmas,
By smiling, waving and listening to everyone's festive wish.


American classic cars and the Miami Dolphins,
Cadillac, Pontiac, Dodge, Chrysler, Firebird -
You tried to convince me you weren't a Louisiana hillbilly;
I never believed you, now I'll have to take your word.

Tackle, hooks, bait and nets,
Any weather, a true passion for angling.
With a pork pie and a tinkle in the field,
The hairs in your beard would be tangling.

Hyacinth macaw, parrots, your real fave - for every trip out
You'd choose to visit a sapphire beauty named Nev.
Your loyal, lifelong sidekicks are in their new home now,
Scottie and Poppie are settled and safe with Kev.

Expert tradesman, "two coats Stapo", skilled in DIY,
Painting, decorating, woodwork your craft;
You've passed your tools, knowledge and skills onto Andy.
No order was too tall for you, you were never afraid to graft.





Rammstein, ZZ Top, Roxy Music, Seasick Steve,
Never the classics for your taste of muse.
Many childhood memories of travelling in “Holly”, your lorry,
Listening to the deep Louisiana Cajun blues.

Creating models, you’d spend endless hours,
Thinking of paints, prints, each intricate design,
American cars, ships and military memorabilia,
Days, weeks, months, yet you’d never resign.

Holidays with family abroad meant everything to you,
Enjoying the sun, water parks, visiting the parrot park,
Hotel Riosol, Puerto Rico, Gran Canaria,
“Uno Punto el Cavalito” – we’d play cards
And laugh late into the dark.

Ripper Jack, a mystery unsolved,
You knew all the places, the facts, the victims and their names,
A bit of a dark obsession really;
You never managed to solve the case and beat Jack at his games.

Intensive care baby units, children’s wards,
People with additional needs,
You had time for them all -
Some may feel you were taken too soon,
But through photos, videos and memories
We’ll ensure you live on.
We all know the real reason Mrs Claus
Carried that wooden spoon!



Sudoku, crosswords, puzzles and anagrams,
Intelligence in abundance, there was nothing you didn't know.

Well, here's a cryptic clue for you:

"A seasonal visitor who makes overnight deliveries;
His well-known catchphrase is "Ho, ho, ho!"

Traditional values, beliefs and standing up for what is right,
It was in your nature to help and support those who needed it.

You took your role as union officer very seriously,
Ever ready to speak up, displaying courage, backbone and grit.

Maggie May – your beloved wife and soulmate,
Finally back together, a partnership full of fire, love and care.
You can retire now, hang up your boots and jingle bells,
Watching over us all from way up there.

Always and forever you'll be known as "Santa",
But before that you were "David", "Stapo" and "Big Dave".
Hucknall's community champion, a man of the people,
We'll cherish everything you gave.

Sleep safely, my wonderful daddy,
I wouldn't change a thing, forever heeding your motto:
"If you can be anything in life, be happy".
Hopefully the big man has fixed you up with a grotto.

Rest in peace x





A Tribute to Dave

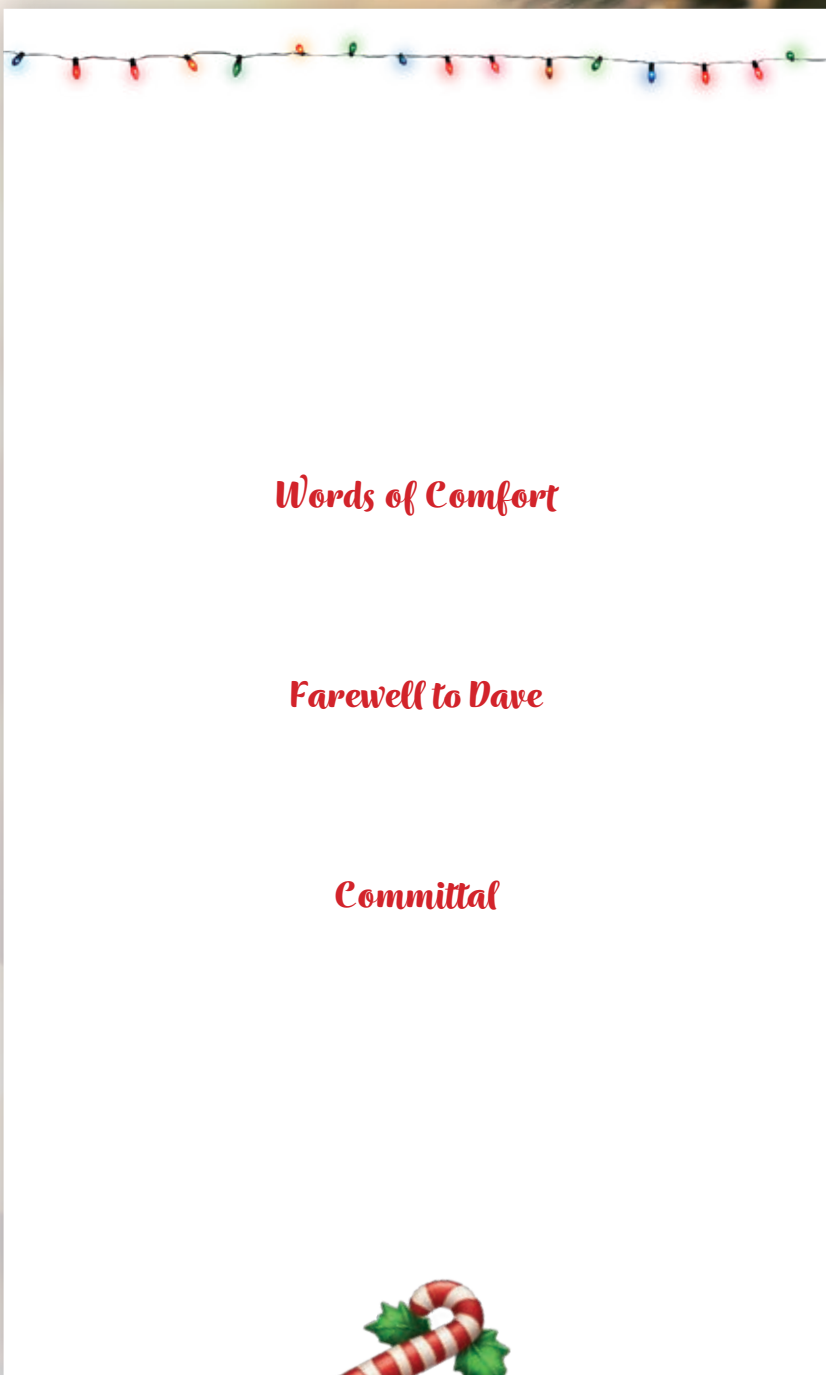
Reflection during the Tribute

Music: Jingle Bells

Reflection

Music: Started Out With Nothin'
by Seasick Steve





Words of Comfort

Farewell to Dave

Committal





Reading


'Twas The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.






More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
“Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

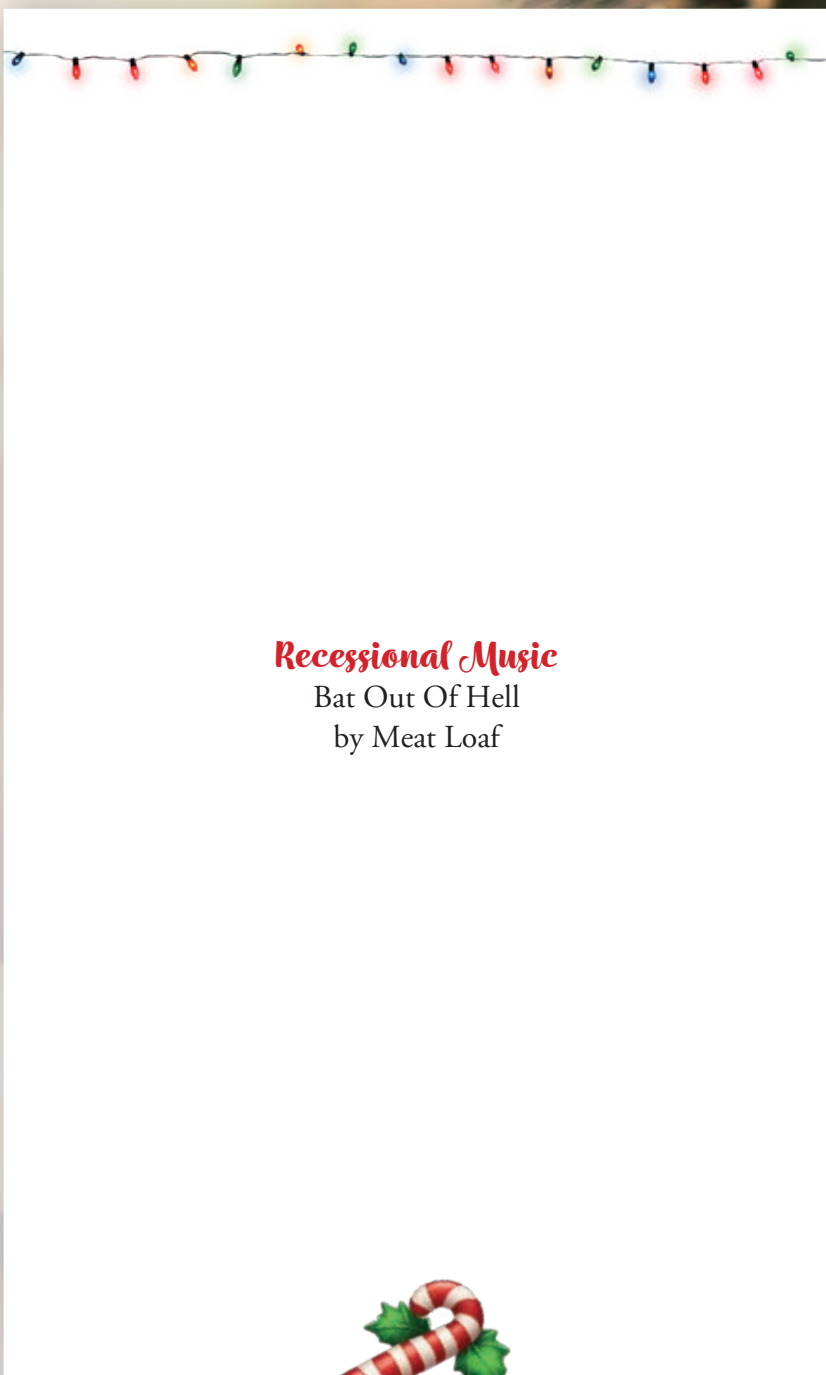




His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”





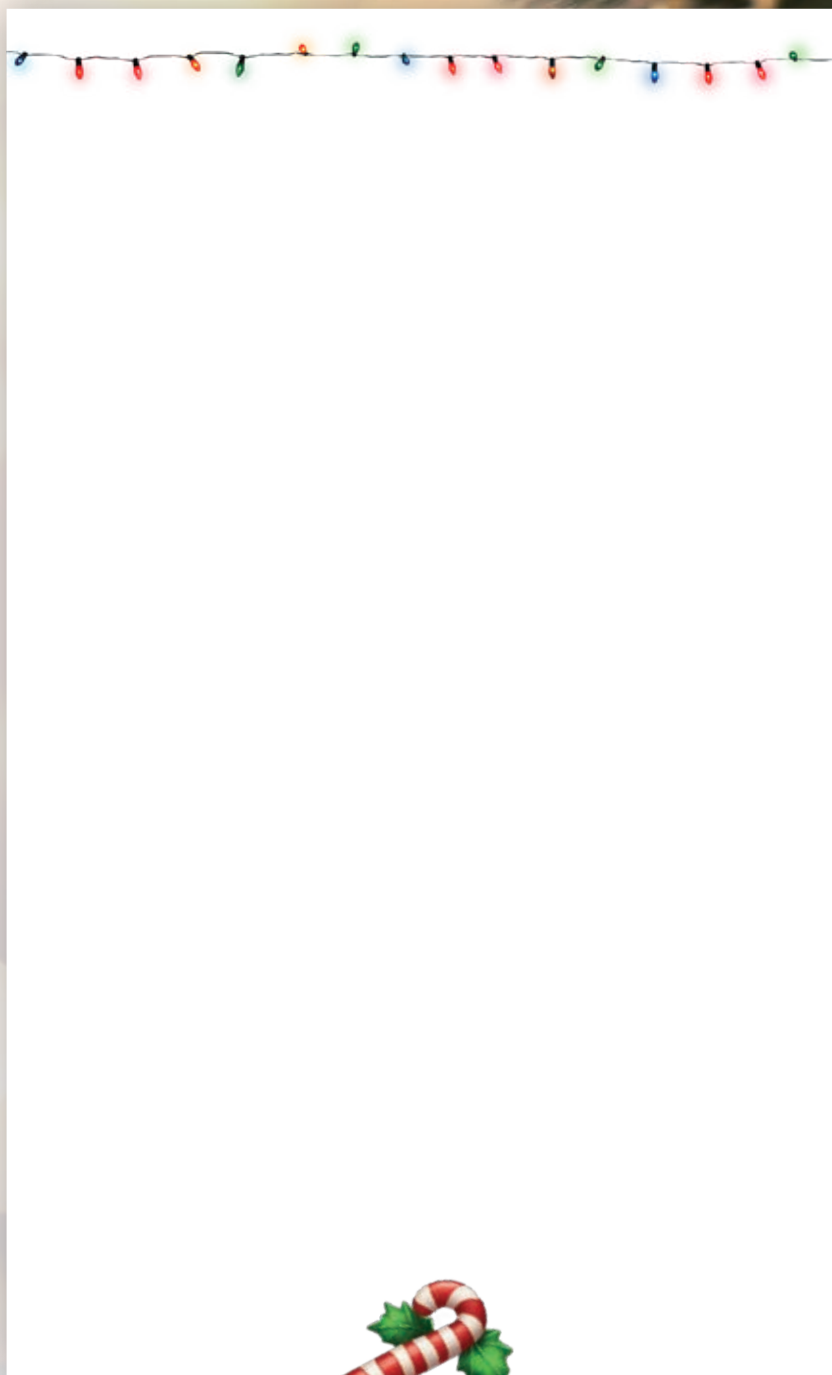
Recessional Music

Bat Out Of Hell

by Meat Loaf









Dave's family would like to thank you for being here today and warmly invite you to join them for light refreshments at
The Bowman, Nottingham Road, Hucknall,
Nottingham NG15 7PY.

Donations are gratefully received on behalf of the
John Eastwood Hospice
in memory of Dave.



A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service®

St. James House
53 Portland Road
Hucknall
NG15 7SL
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