

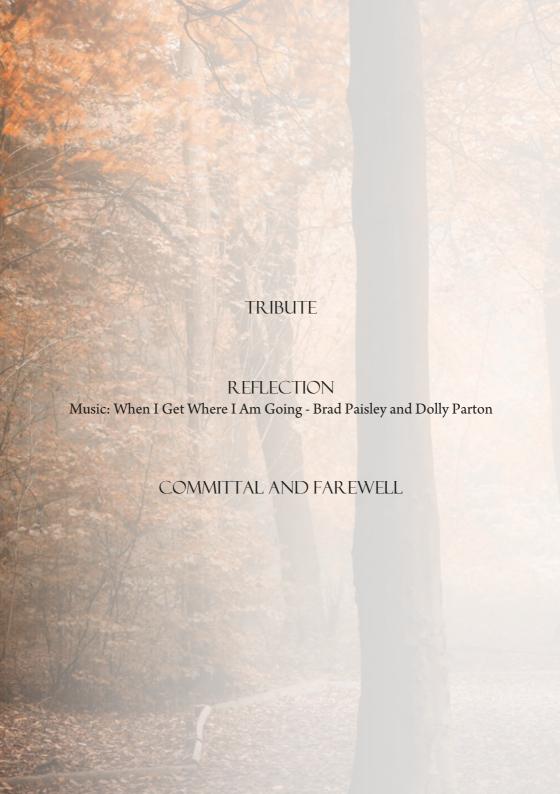






POEM Silent Strong Dad

He never looks for praises. He's never one to boast. He just goes on quietly working For those he loves the most. His dreams are seldom spoken. His wants are very few, And most of the time his worries Will go unspoken, too. He's there... a firm foundation Through all our storms of life, A sturdy hand to hold on to In times of stress and strife. A true friend we can turn to When times are good or bad. One of our greatest blessings, The man that we call Dad.



POEM Reflections On An Autumn Day

I took up a handful of grain and let it slip flowing through my fingers, and I said to myself:

'This is what it is all about. There is no longer any room for pretence. At harvest time the essence is revealed - the straw and chaff are set aside, they have done their job. The grain alone matters - sacks of pure gold.

So it is when a person dies the essence of that person is revealed. At the moment of death a person's character stands out happy for the person who has forged it well over the years. Then it will not be the great achievement that will matter, nor how much money or possessions a person has amassed.

These, like the straw and the chaff, will be left behind.

It is what he has made of himself that will matter.

Death can take away from us what we have,
but it cannot rob us of who we are.

EXIT MUSIC

Dancing - Kylie Minogue

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

After the service you are welcome to join the family for refreshments at The Apple Tree, Compton Acres, West Bridgford NG2 7PA.

Donations in memory of Norman for Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire
Air Ambulance
may be left in the box provided
or sent care of



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