



John Rogers

17th May 1958 - 23rd January 2025

Trent Valley Crematorium


Friday 28th February 2025 at 3.30 pm





Order of Service

Led by John Else



Entrance Music

You Raise Me Up
Westlife

Welcome

Eulogy



Tribute

For Our Dad, John
from Sarah and Ashley

Dad, it still doesn't feel real
That we're here today, trying to heal.
The world feels quieter, not quite right,
Without your laughter, your guiding light.

You had your ways, your little loves;
Old cars and engines, bolts and gloves.
Always fixing, always keen,
Finding treasures where none were seen.

A bargain to you was pure delight;
You'd hunt them down, day or night.
No deal too small, no price too steep,
You'd always find it - sometimes cheap!

And those fire sticks - don't get me started,
A true obsession, never half-hearted.
Boxes, remotes, cables galore,
Tweaking, fixing, then tweaking some more.

But beyond the deals, the cars, the fun,
You were our rock, our steady one.
The love you gave, the way you cared,
The life we had, the moments shared.

We'll miss your voice, your knowing glance,
Your silly jokes, your cheeky stance.
You filled our days with love so true,
And now there's a space that once was you.

But in our hearts, you'll always stay,
Guiding us along the way.
So sleep now, Dad, rest up tight,
Goodnight, Dad - I'll always love you forever.

Tribute

from the grandkids

Our grandad, John Rogers, was a lot of things—a husband, a dad, a bargain-hunter, a car enthusiast, and a man who never met a fire stick he couldn't master.

But above all, he was our grandad, and if you ask us, that was his most important role.

He loved us grandkids more than anything, and we knew it.

Not just from the way he'd sneak us sweets and crisps from his bottom draw or tell us stories, but from the way he spoke about us.

Some of his last words were about how proud he was of his family, but mostly about us grandkids—because, let's be honest, we were clearly his favourite topic.

I had the privilege of being the firstborn, and from the very beginning, I always saw Grandad as the head of our family.

He was the one we all looked up to, the one who made us feel safe, and the one who always had time for us—whether it was to tell us a story, share some wisdom, or just sit with us in comfortable silence.

And let's not forget the rest of us—Leighton, Ellie, Bradley, Caden, Jack, Sadie, Laila, Jakob, Lottie, Ollie, and little Ashley—each of us with our own special memories of Grandad.

I also want to say something on behalf of Leighton, who sadly can't be here today because of work. But by doing what he's doing today, Grandad couldn't have been prouder of him. He always spoke about Leighton's dedication with so much pride, and we know he's watching over him, always.

One of my best memories of Grandad was when he got one of my best mates, Kaden, absolutely black-out drunk playing ping pong. That's the funny part of the story—but what really mattered was the moment itself.

Grandad, standing in his usual summer spot, over the BBQ, surrounded by family and friends, laughter filling the air. That was Grandad.

Not only did he love and adore his family, but anyone lucky enough to be close to him was taken in as one of his own. His home belonged to everyone, and he made sure they always felt welcome. That's what made him special.

Onto myself, my final moment with Grandad was on the 18th of January. I never really understood how important final words were until that night.

After helping him to bed, I left his room and told him I loved him.

His final words to me were, "I love you too, mate." And that's who he was—always making sure we knew how much we meant to him, and that final moment will always stick with me forever.

Losing him has left a huge space in our family, one that no one else could ever fill. But we take comfort in knowing how much he loved us and how proud he was of us. And we promise, Grandad, that we will carry that love with us always.

To honour him today, the grandchildren who are here with us will start by placing a rose on his coffin. A small gesture for a man who gave us so much.

We love you, Grandad. We always will.

Tribute

To my most amazing, loving Grandad,

I wanted to take a moment to tell you how much I love and appreciate you. You were always a constant source of love, laughter and support in my life, I feel like I'm the luckiest girl in the world to call you my grandad.

I will forever remember all the times we spent together, times where we would be spending all day in the sun during summer in and out of the pool whilst Nan was at work, you would sneak ice lollies into my hand as Nan would say, "they're for the kids". The times you would wrap your arms around me and tell everyone, "My Ellie Belly". In that exact moment I never felt so special, nothing else mattered to me.

I will forever be thankful for all the guidance and encouragement you ever gave me. You always put me straight if I was a little off the edge, you always put a smile on my face. Your smile was contagious, your dancing was certainly something. Your laugh was the most precious thing, you are everything a little girl ever needed, and everything a teenage girl wanted.

The days you spent in the hospital, Playing 8ball Pool with me until 3am (you won every single match), to watching you and Lewis ramble on for hours were one of my favourite moments. My two favourite people. Grandad, if I knew that day would be my last time to see you, I'd of stayed a little longer, cuddled you a little tighter, and promised you everything you ever wanted to see me do, I will do just for you.

My life will never be the same again. Something in me died with you that day, the hole will never be fixed. Until we meet again, you will always be my best friend. I love you forever and ever. Sleep tight my sweet angel.

Love your Ellie Belly x



Reflection

Music: Dance With My Father

Luther Vandross

Poem

I Stood By Your Bed Last Night

I stood by your bed last night; I came to have a peep.
I could see that you were crying, you found it hard to sleep.

I spoke to you softly as you brushed away a tear,
'It's me, I haven't left you, I'm well, I'm fine, I'm here.'

I was close to you at breakfast, I watched you pour the tea.
You were thinking of the many things and memories of me.

I was with you at the shops today; your arms were getting sore.
I longed to take your parcels, I wish I could do more.

I walked with you towards the house, as you fumbled for your key.
I gently put my hand on you; I smiled and said, 'It's me.'

You looked so very tired, and sank into a chair.
I tried so hard to let you know that I was standing there.

It's possible for me to be so near you every day.
To say to you with certainty, 'I never went away.'

You sat there very quietly, then smiled, I think you knew...
In the stillness of that evening, I was very close to you.

The day is over... I smile and watch you yawning
And say, 'Good night, God bless, I'll see you in the morning.'

And when the time is right for you to cross the brief divide,
I'll rush across to greet you and we'll stand, side by side.

I have so many things to show you, there is so much for you to see.
Be patient, live your journey out... then come home to be with me.

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

Exit Music

Ave Maria - Schubert
Mirusia Louwerse and André Rieu



The family would like to thank you for your attendance here today,
and for all the kind messages of sympathy they have received.
They would like to invite you to join them after the service
for light refreshments, at
The Needles Pub, Bembridge Drive, Alvaston,
where all will be most welcome.

A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

Derwent House
9 Becket Street
Derby
DE1 1HT

www.lymn.co.uk

CCLI Copyright Licence No. 508305