
IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Edward David Austin
'Ted'

21st May 1926 - 5th February 2025



Markeaton Crematorium

Friday 14th March 2025
at 1.30 pm

Order of Service

Led by Leni Robson, Independent Family Celebrant

Opening Music

The Lord's My Shepherd
Huddersfield Choral Society

Welcome and Opening Words

by Leni Robson, Independent Family Celebrant

Poem

Only We Who Grieve
read by Ted's grandson, Jack

'Tis only we who grieve,
 They do not leave,
 They are not gone.
 They look upon us still,
They walk among the valleys now,
 They stride upon the hill.
Their smile is in the summer sky,
 Their grace is in the breeze.
Their memories whisper in the grass,
 Their calm is in the trees.
Their light is in the winter snow,
 Their tears are in the rain.
Their merriment runs in the brook,
 Their laughter in the lane.
Their gentleness is in the flowers,
 They sigh in autumn leaves.
 They do not leave,
 They are not gone,
'Tis only we who grieve.

Ted's Story

Poem

The Broken Chain

by Ron Tranmer

read by Ted's grandson, Zach

We knew little that morning that
God was going to call your name,
In life we loved you dearly,
In death we do the same.
It broke our hearts to lose you,
You did not go alone.
For part of us went with you,
The day God called you home.
You left us peaceful memories,
Your love is still our guide,
And though we cannot see you,
You are always at our side.
Our family chain is broken,
And nothing seems to be the same,
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again.

Visual Tribute

Music: Smile

Nat King Cole

Poem

Grandad

written and read by Ted's granddaughter, Megan

We reminisce on the days taught to jump on the bed,
Laughter would echo as we leapt overhead.
Mum and Dad walked in, eyes wide with surprise,
Grandad would chuckle, naughty twinkle in eyes.

Afternoons spent playing games of threes and fives,
Dominoes battles might mean cheat to survive,
But all is forgiven with each playful grin,
A shared love for the game and all it would bring.

Reminiscing on time spent in Nanpantan bungalow,
Afternoons in the sandpit turned to holidays in the Menorcan glow.
Picking apples in the summer, too many to eat,
Crystal bowl would come out, Granny's trifle - what a treat!

Listening to Frank or Nat King Cole,
Oh, fly me to the moon, my way, smile - good for the soul.
Watching the cricket or rugby, England better win ,
Leicester Tigers our team, any other would be a sin.

Now he's reunited with Granny, his dear wife Ruth,
Both with a Sherry in hand, sharing in their sweet tooth.
Together once more, in laughter and cheer,
Their love ever bright, will always be near!

Committal

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.

Closing Words

Closing Music

My Way

Frank Sinatra

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

Donations to
Alzheimer's Research UK

can be made at

<https://2025tcs londonmarathon.enthuse.com/pf/zach-austin>

for Ted's grandson, Zach, who is running the
London Marathon in his memory or
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Meek House
521 Burton Road
Littleover
Derby
DE23 6FT
www.lymn.co.uk

