



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

All are welcome for light refreshment at The Equalized Club, Albert Avenue, Stapleford, Nottingham NG9 8ET.

Donations in memory of John for the **British Heart Foundation** can be placed in the gift aid envelope or donation box, given online using the QR code or sent care of A W Lymn.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Half Crown House
38 Derby Road
Stapleford
Nottingham
NG9 7AA

www.lymn.co.uk

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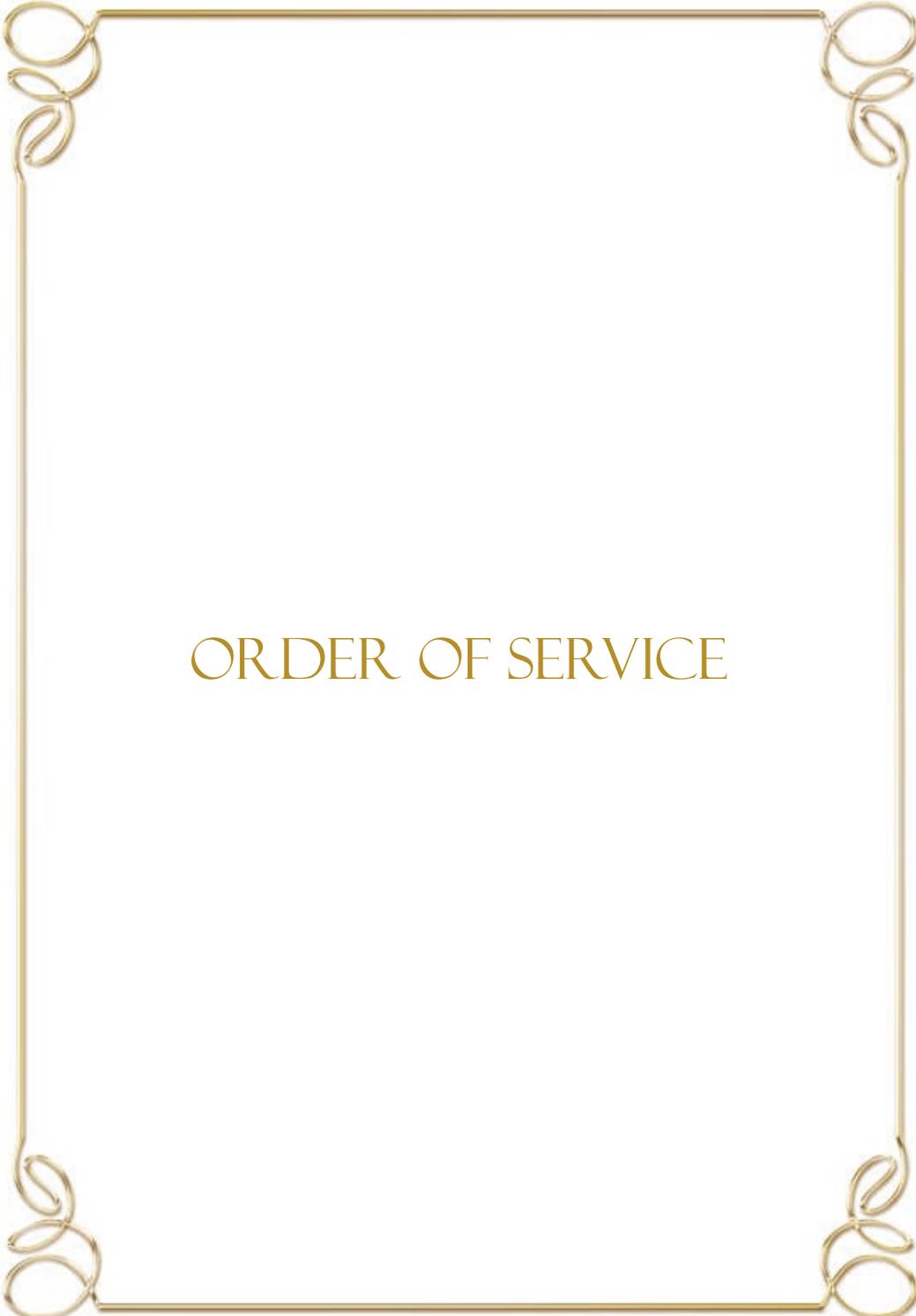
IN LOVING MEMORY OF



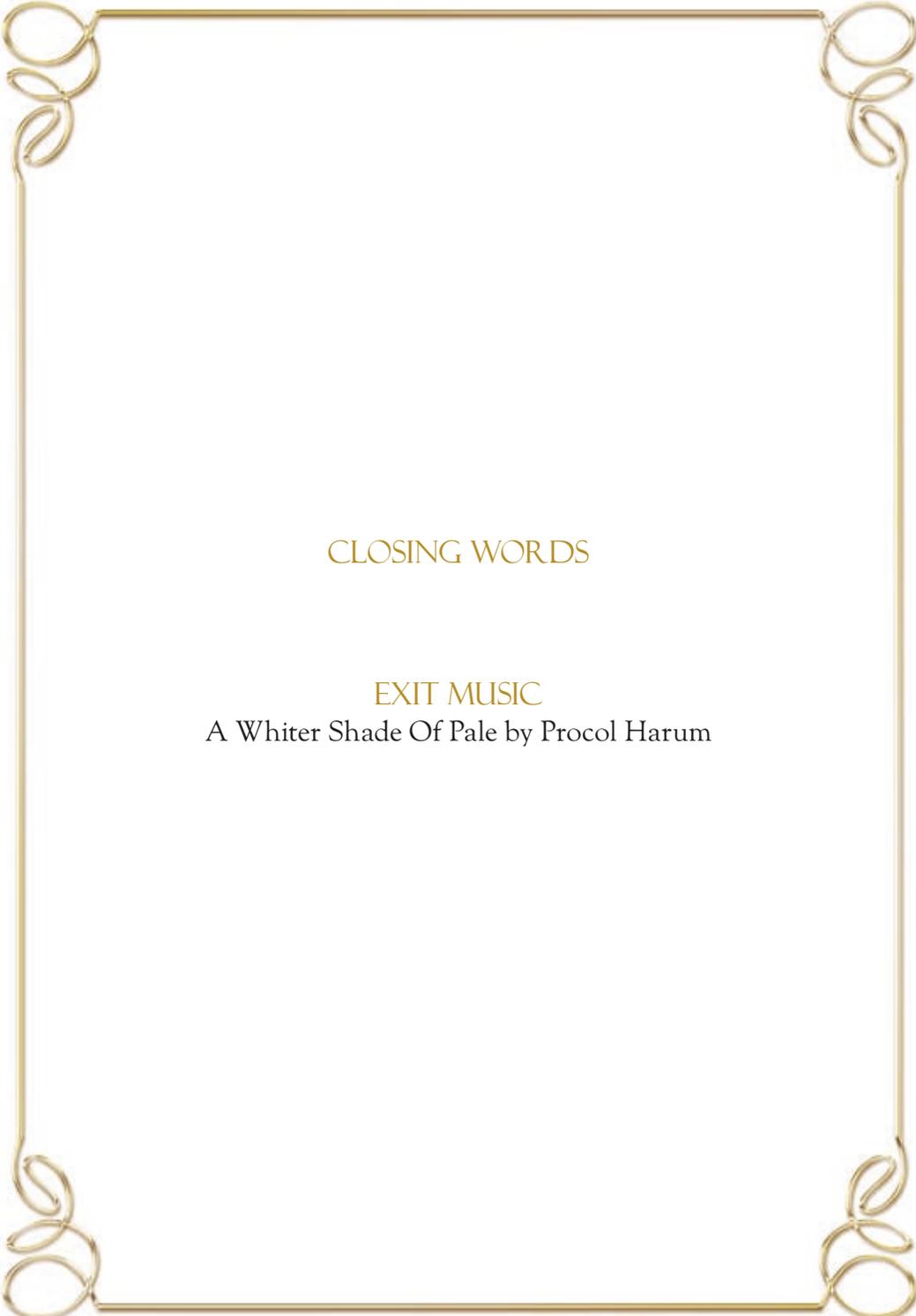
JOHN TYSON

12th June 1944 - 8th August 2023

Monday 4th September 2023 at 11.00 am
Bramcote Crematorium, Serenity Chapel



ORDER OF SERVICE



CLOSING WORDS

EXIT MUSIC
A Whiter Shade Of Pale by Procol Harum

POEM

Weep Not For Me

Weep not for me, though I have gone
Into the gentle night.
Grieve if you will, but not for long
Upon my soul's sweet flight.

I am at peace, my soul's at rest,
There is no need for tears
For with your love I was so blessed
For all those many years.

There is no pain, I suffer not,
The fear is now all gone.
Put now these things out of your thoughts,
In your memory I live on.

Remember not my fight for breath,
Remember not the strife.
Please do not dwell upon my death
But celebrate my life.

For I have wept and still I will,
But I know that it's okay
To take my time in missing you;
I'll take it day by day.

You'll always be in my memory,
How you laugh and smile and joke.
Now, in all I do, I'll think of you
And make you proud, I hope.

Constance Jenkins

ENTRANCE MUSIC

I'll Walk With God by Mario Lanza

WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS

MEMORIES OF JOHN'S LIFE

POEM

My Hero

You held my hand when I was small,
You caught me when I fell.
You are the hero of my childhood
And my later years as well.
And every time I think of you,
My heart still fills with pride.
Though I will always miss you, Dad,
I know you're by my side.
In laughter and in sorrow,
In sunshine and in rain,
I know you're watching over me
Until we meet again.

REFLECTION MUSIC

Love Is a Many Splendoured Thing by Connie Francis

POEM

Grandpa's Garden

Our grandpa kept a garden,
A garden of the heart;
He planted all the good things
That gave our lives their start.
He turned us to the sunshine
And encouraged us to dream,
Fostering and nurturing
The seeds of self-esteem.
And when the winds and rain came,
He protected us enough,
But not too much because he knew
We would stand up strong and tough.
His constant good example
Always taught us right from wrong,
Markers for our future
That will last a lifetime long.

*We are our grandpa's garden;
We are his fruit, his flowers.
Thank you, Grandpa, we love you.*

FAREWELL