

A Celebration of the Life
of



Michael Roche

26th January 1943 - 20th December 2025

Markeaton Crematorium, Round Chapel

Friday 23rd January 2026

at 2.00 pm



ORDER OF SERVICE

MUSIC ON ENTRY

Let It Be
The Beatles

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

MEMORIES AND TRIBUTES

A POEM

When The Tide Turns
from granddaughter, Alex

When the tide turns, it does so quietly,
no fanfare, no great announcement,
just a soft shift in the water
that only those who watch closely can see.

A life can be like that too.
One moment we are standing together on the shore,
sharing stories, laughter, the ordinary rhythm of days,
and then, almost without noticing,
the tide begins to pull them gently onward.

We do not lose them.
We simply lose sight of their sail
as it moves toward a horizon
we are not ready to follow yet.

But the sea is kind,
and every wave that reaches our feet
carries something of them back to us,
a memory, a smile,
a reminder of the love they left in the world.

So we stand here,
grateful for the voyage we shared,
and trusting that the waters ahead of them
are calm, bright, and welcoming.

Their journey continues.
And we remain here on the shore,
watching the light on the water,
holding them close in the quiet turning of the tide.

And honestly, knowing Granddad,
he'd probably tell us all to bugger off
and stop making a fuss.

A POEM

Sea-Fever

by John Masefield

read by granddaughter, Gwen

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

A POEM

Raise Your Glass
by John Mooney
from granddaughter, Beth

Do not mourn me;
don't drown me in black cloth and quiet whispers.
Laugh loud, drink deep,
tell the stories that made me live.

Remember the bad jokes,
the nights that stretched into dawn,
the times we swore we'd never forget...
and don't.

I was here,
a life well-lived.
I want something more than tears.

So raise a glass
and dance a little,
let the wind take my name...
I'll be listening.

Do not mourn me.
Celebrate me.



A REFLECTION
by brother-in-law, Tony

A REFLECTION
by daughter, Anna

A REFLECTION
from daughter, Netty

A POEM

How Do I Say Goodbye
Adapted from the song by Dean Lewis
from daughter, Karen

So how do I say goodbye
To someone who's been with me for my whole damn life?
You gave me my name and the colour of your hair,
I see your face when I look at mine,
So how do I, how do I say goodbye?

When I couldn't, you always saw the best in me,
Right or wrong, you were always on my side,
But I'm scared of what life without you's like,
You never let me down,
You were my closest friend.

So how do I say goodbye,
To someone who's been with me for my whole damn life?
You gave me my name and the colour of your hair,
I see your face when I look at mine,
So how do I, how do I say goodbye?

A REFLECTION
from grandson, John

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION
Wand'rin' Star from *Paint Your Wagon*
The Paul Masters Orchestra

FAREWELL

MUSIC
Unforgettable
Nat King Cole

CLOSING WORDS

MUSIC ON LEAVING
My Way
Frank Sinatra





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 Bridge Inn, Duffield Bank, Duffield DE56 4BG.

Donations in memory of Michael for the
RNLI

may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at

www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries

or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

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