

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



Jack Speight

30th June 1939 - 12th March
2023

Husband

Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone, Lets pretend that we're together all alone, I'll tell the man to turn the jukebox way down low, and you can tell your friend he'll have to go.

Whisper to me, tell me do you love me true, Or is he holding you the way I do? Though love is blind, make up your mind, I've got to know, should I hang up or will you tell him he'll have to go.

You cant say the words I want to hear, While your with another man, Do you want me, answer yes or no, Darling I will understand.

Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone Lets pretend that we're together all alone, I'll tell the manto turn the jukebox way down low, And you can tell your friend there with you, he'll have to go.

Celebrating 65 years together with Maureen. Forever in my heart.

Dad

*You loved a drink of Guinness,
maybe a sip of whiskey or two.*

*You loved to use the odd swear word and turn the
air quite blue,*

*You loved a bet on the horses and a fishing trip
too.*

*You loved your cars and driving, fish and chips on
the menu.*

*You loved to watch the telly old programmes were
the best, some days you really did put us to the test.*

*But the most important thing of all - Dad you
were the best, we love you very much and we hope
you are now at rest.*

Grandad

*If we could write a story, it would be the greatest
ever told, of a kind and loving Grandad who had a
heart of gold. If we could write a million pages, but
still unable to say, just how much we love and miss
you every single day.*



Appreciation

*The family would like to thank you all for your
kind support during this time of sadness.*

Refreshments will be served after the service at:

The Parnaby Tavern

1 Middleton Road

Leeds

LS10 2AB