



Lewis James Squires-Hand

26th of March 1983 - 17th of August 2023

Weston Mill Crematorium
September 4th 2pm

RECEPTION OF COFFIN

Entrance Music

Deyr Fe

Gealdyr

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

EULOGY

By Howard Newlove

Two Shoes

Cat Empire

The Last Goodbye

Billy Boyd

BLESSING & DISMISSAL

Have Faith in Me

A Day to Remember

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The Hunter and the Dragon

*In the time of our fathers, in the great port of Hedeby, there was born a Hunter.
Long-limbed and long-striding he wandered the wilderness.
Wherever he set his eye, the arrows flew and struck true.
Stag, Marten, Stoat and Rabbit fell; Boar and Bear could not withstand his flights.*

*As his fame grew, it reached the ears of a dragon: Ancient and Terrible
In its scaly heart, the beast knew fear.
When the time came he struck out on the Swan-Road, fair fletchings flew in lands
uncounted.*

*Eventually he came to Bretland, and settled amongst those people.
Hearth and home he found, friends and family surrounded him.
So too came spears and shields, a crew of warriors who proclaimed him Jarl.
In the wilderness, the Dragon stirred.*

*The beast was powerful, its toll of flame-farewelled and raven-fed beyond counting
Yet it was a coward and ever it sought to weaken those it fought.
For the hunter it sought out his home, and struck at she who had raised him.
Vengeance was pledged, the beast hunted but it slunk back to its barrow-home.*

*In time, the clash of shields called the hunter back to the spear-thicket.
By the Kuonigars own hand was he raised to lead a Herred, an army of Viking and
Bretlanders*

*When wars-wounds and too short years had wearied him the Dragon came.
It sought to take him quietly, striking from the shadow as was its wont.
But the Hunter would not be surprised so easily, he fought the dragon and arrows met
claw, while bow string sang the death-dirge.*

*The dragon had not had so great a foe in many years and the fear, long held, gripped its
dark heart.*

*Still, so terrible a beast is not easily slain and though its body was wracked with
wounds, and peppered with shafts it struck a cruel and deadly blow.
The hunter fell, but such a fall had not been seen in all the long years of the earth.
Odin saw such battle and gave praise. The Valkyrie collected their due.*

Hail the hunter, Hail the Glorious Dead.



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:

Coombe Farm, Plymouth PL7 5AR

Donations

If you wish to make a donation in Lew's memory, our chosen charities are St Luke's Hospice and DARF,