

**- HYMN -**  
**Morning has Broken**

Morning has broken like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for them springing fresh from the world.

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven  
Like the first dewfall on the first grass  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning  
Born of the one light, Eden saw play  
Praise with elation, praise every morning  
God's recreation of the new day.

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Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
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## - THE VOYAGE -

**By Christy Moore**

I am a sailor, you're my first mate  
We signed on together, we coupled our fate  
Hauled up our anchor, determined not to fail  
For the hearts treasure, together we set sail

With no maps to guide us we steered our own course  
Rode out the storms when the winds were gale force  
Sat out the doldrums in patience and hope  
Working together we learned how to cope

Life is an ocean and love is a boat  
In troubled water that keeps us afloat  
When we started the voyage, there was just me and you  
Now gathered round us, we have our own crew

Together we're in this relationship  
We built it with care to last the whole trip  
Our true destination's not marked on any charts  
We're navigating to the shores of the heart

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**- FOND MEMORIES OF DAD -**

**Anthony and Claire**



**- Crossing the Bar -**

**By Alfred, Lord Tennyson**

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

**Crossing the Bar was read at Laurence Walker's funeral,  
Greg and Tim's father.**

- Music -

**"Hey Mister Tambourine Man" by Bob Dylan**

Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to

Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you

Though I know that evening's empire has returned into  
sand

Vanished from my hand

Left me blindly here to stand, but still not sleeping

My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet

I have no one to meet

And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming

Chorus

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship

My senses have been stripped

My hands can't feel to grip

My toes too numb to step

Wait only for my boot heels to be wandering

I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade

Into my own parade

Cast your dancing spell my way, I promise to go under it

Chorus

## **- GREG'S TRIBUTE TO SUE -**

### **My tribute to Sue**

I first saw Sue in August 1966 walking along Woodford Green High Road. She was wearing a brightly coloured dress, back combed hair and I was, for some strange reason, attracted to her from the other side of the road.

We met up in October at Ann Pentecost's 18th birthday party. Sue was sitting on a sofa and I boldly sat next to her telling stories about trolleybuses and other rubbish. She must have been impressed as we have been sitting next to each other for the next 57 years.

Apart from asking her to marry me, Sue has made all the important decisions in our life together. Fixing the date of our marriage, finding the 3 homes we have lived in and when to have children, all of which was a success.

Sue has been a tremendous Mum to Anthony and Claire. Both chose wonderful partners and are bringing up our grandchildren with a yearn to learn, play sport and enjoy family life. We spent most of family holidays in France and occasional visits to California visiting Sue's sister, Caroline and family.

Eventually we became empty nesters and were able to explore some of the rest of the world including Western Canada to see Claire, Australia (7 times) to see Claire and New Zealand (to see on the way), Vietnam (met up with Claire), Borneo (met up with Claire and Rob) South America twice, Hong Kong, China and Singapore

Alas covid and my illness curtailed our holidays and since September 2022. Sue has been my nurse and constant companion. In my life, she has excelled at being; my girlfriend, fiancé, and wife, chauffeur, housewife, mother, gardener, landlord, artist and nurse.

Thank you darling, I have always loved you.  
Greg xxx

**- FOND MEMORIES OF GREG -**  
Chris Bartlett and John Rhodes

**- MUSIC FOR REFLECTION -**  
Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring  
JS Bach

**- BIBLE READING -**  
Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8

**- ADDRESS -**  
Judith Hasler

**- PRAYERS-**

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.

**- COMMENDATION -**

**- BLESSING -**

- PHOTOS -



**Closing music "Something to cheer everyone up"**  
The Who - My Generation