

*In loving memory of*  
**Geoff Bunyan**



8 July 1926 - 6 January 2024

*Order of Service*

*Canford Crematorium | Friday 26 January, 3.45pm*

***Gathering & Processional Music -***  
Somewhere over the rainbow by Judy Garland

***Welcome***  
from Peter Davies (Celebrant)

***The Life & Times of Geoff -***  
read by Peter Davies

***Moment of silent reflection - All***

***Poem 'He is Gone' by David Harkins -***  
read by Peter Davies

You can shed tears that he is gone,  
Or you can smile because he has lived.  
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back,  
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.  
Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,  
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.  
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,  
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.  
You can remember him and only that he is gone,  
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.  
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,  
Or you can do what he would want:  
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

***Visual Tribute***  
Music: Adios Mariquita Linda by  
Artie Shaw

*Poem 'Memories'*

written and read by Granddaughter, Julie

Your smile, your tuneful tapping, your cheek popping,  
Always immersed in music or the latest gadget shopping.  
Your stories... your memory recall put us all to shame,  
How you'd remember every fine detail, every place, every name!  
In childhood, the ladish adventures you had, the games you played,  
In your later years, hours you'd spend in the garden with your spade.  
A lover of holidays, taking pictures & spending time outdoors,  
Imparting historical knowledge to us all about the wars.  
97! How lucky are we!  
To have you for so long as our Grandad to see.  
The kindest man, the love you have shown,  
To us as little ones & then as fully grown.  
The fun we had on our island of Bryher,  
Losing chocolates as treasurer when you thought the tide was going  
out & the sand was dryer!  
Finding polo mints for rations on bracken as we skipped along,  
Words from our favourite musicals as we burst in to song.  
Your grandad love went above & beyond,  
Sometimes you were magic like Glenda the Good Witch with a  
magic wand.  
It will be so hard not hearing your voice, or seeing your face,  
But we know you are with Granny Pat now with a forever packed  
holiday case.  
Go walk through your eternal garden of geraniums  
with your beloved Pat,  
Night night, sleep tight, 'Boss Cat'

*Tribute*

from Son, Nigel



***Poem 'Death is nothing at all' by Henry Scott.***

Read by Son, Nigel

Death is nothing at all,  
I have only slipped away into the next room, I am I, and you are you.  
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still,  
Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the same easy way  
which you always did.  
Put no difference into your tone; wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow,  
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we shared together,  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken  
without effect, without the shadow of a ghost on it.  
Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; there is  
absolutely unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am just waiting for you,  
for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner.  
All is well.

***The Lords Prayer - All***

***Committal***

by Peter Davies and music – Secret Garden by Pau Viguer  
(piano & violin)

***Closing Words***

from Peter Davies

***Recessional Music***

Always by Frank Sinatra (Geoff & Pat's song)