

RECEPTION

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Music on Entry

- Eye of The Tiger by Survivor

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WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

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FAMILY TRIBUTE

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A TRAIN CALLED 'GREG'
- a tribute by Chris Mann

The train has left this station
No-one knows from whence it came

Also to where it's going
But we miss it just the same

The baggage car's been emptied
All troubles left behind
We just found a letter, saying;
'Remember to be kind'.

So onward on it's journey
A train to freedom now
With friends and loved ones waiting
to welcome it; and how!

And left behind fond memories
With all who rode within
Experiences overflowing
Now, new ones to begin

Adventures, there where plenty
One round every bend
Full speed ahead, whistle blowing
As it goes past journeys end

The platform's quiet and eerie
Just memories left behind
Please follow Greg's example;
and remember to be kind.

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TO BE GREG'S SISTER
a tribute by Michelle Rawlings

Of all the people in all the world, I got to be Greg's sister.
There is no higher accolade to my mind and a gift so precious...

Because, to be Greg's sister, is to be adored;
so adored that the pride he wore so openly
when bragging about his little sister and her accomplishments
or stories from our childhood
used to make me squirm and cringe with embarrassment.
Greg was beyond proud to be my big brother,
and he saw my worth and my value long before I ever could.

To be Greg's sister was to feel loved immeasurably and
unconditionally.
Greg would always be thinking of me wherever he went,
every time he went away or somewhere different,
he would return with a thoughtful and lovingly bought gift...
usually; a pair of earrings I didn't like
but I'd let him see me wear them just the same.

To be Greg's sister is an honour.
One I feel grateful and blessed to have received.
I was his "little spitfire" born on battle of Britain day and I rose to that
title that he gave me,
I fought with him, Mum, Dad, and Steve for love, for life, for
adventure
be it building dens on our camping trips, sandcastles on the beach,
travelling the world or by his hospital bed.
I looked up to him and watched him grow, face adversity, and throw
himself into life and love fully and unfalteringly
and so very unapologetically.

All the while it may have looked as though I was helping him,
but you couldn't be more wrong...

He was shaping me.

I'm gonna miss you Gregor. Forever & always your little spitfire.

PHOTO MONTAGE

Our House by Madness

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REFLECTIVE MUSIC

He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother by The Hollies

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GREG'S PRAYER

Dear Lord,

There is a season and time for everything
and today we are here to celebrate, remember
and thank you for the life of Greg Mann

We ask you to welcome him and grant him peace.

Help us to take comfort from the fact
that he is now free from his adversities
and is now with those who went before and whom he loved.

Please grant us comfort in this knowledge
and cause our grief to mature
into happy memories and recollections.
Greg was a thoughtful, kind and gentle soul.
May we think of him with love and affection, often

Amen

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THE COMMITIAL & FAREWELL

...

Exit Music

Ernie (The Fastest Milkman in the West) - Benny Hill