

*Celebrating*  
THE LIFE OF



*Patrick Edward*  
*McDonald*

*Service held at East Chapel, Aberdeen Crematorium*  
*Thursday, 27st of June at 1530*

## WELCOME & INTRODUCTION

*Reading*

*'The Man in the Arena'*

*Theodore Roosevelt*

*Read by Kirsten McDonald*

*It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat*

## EULOGY

By Patrick Scott McDonald

## REFLECTION

Reading

*Roads go ever ever on,  
Over rock and under tree,  
By caves where never sun has shone,  
By streams that never find the sea;  
Over snow by winter sown,  
And through the merry flowers of June,  
Over grass and over stone,  
And under mountains in the moon.*

*Roads go ever ever on,  
Under cloud and under star.  
Yet feet that wandering have gone  
Turn at last to home afar.  
Eyes that fire and sword have seen,  
And horror in the halls of stone  
Look at last on meadows green,  
And trees and hills they long have known.  
The Road goes ever on and on  
Down from the door where it began.  
Now far ahead the Road has gone,  
And I must follow, if I can,  
Pursuing it with eager feet,  
Until it joins some larger way,  
Where many paths and errands meet.  
The Road goes ever on and on  
Down from the door where it began.  
Now far ahead the Road has gone,  
And I must follow, if I can,  
Pursuing it with weary feet,  
Until it joins some larger way,  
Where many paths and errands meet.  
And whither then? I cannot say.  
The Road goes ever on and on  
Out from the door where it began.  
Now far ahead the Road has gone.  
Let others follow, if they can!  
Let them a journey new begin.  
But I at last with weary feet  
Will turn towards the lighted inn,  
My evening-rest and sleep to meet.*

*JRR TOLKIEN*

*thanks and dismissal*



## 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 Fourmile  
Old Skene Road, Kingswells  
Aberdeen,  
AB15 8QA***

## DONATIONS

*If you wish to make a donation to our chosen  
charity (The Royal Marines Charity), it can be  
made care of WM Gilchrist Funeral directors.*