

*In Loving Memory of*



*Iain Frederick Alexander  
Orr*

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*born 02/03/1956 in Edinburgh  
died 30/05/2024 in Oxford*

*A commemoration of his life  
July 20th 2024*

Iain did not want a funeral – a waste of money! But I persuaded him to have a party in his memory for his friends and family. Unfortunately his daughters had other ideas so here we are his friends and loved ones.

We are all aware of Iains inbred caution with spending money, the envelopes your invites arrived in were from cards we sent to each other over the years, we didn't write on the envelope or seal it. He saved them and never used them so I thought it would be a fitting way to dispose of them!

We have planted a rose in a pot for him, it is called unforgotten memories and is scented. He took great pleasure in smelling the roses and they always had to be scented. Please enjoy Iains rose.

Before the sun goes down we are going to have a barbecue, he loved having the family together and sitting chatting. Once we have finished eating we have candles to be lit so we can continue to sit in the garden, and also hopefully keep the midges away. Throughout the evening we have a soundtrack of Iains favourite songs.

Please add something to the memory book we are creating which will eventually be added to the slide show for the grandchildren to treasure.

When it gets dark we will blow out the candles and admire the starry sky. One of Iains lifelong pleasures was the stars and we spent many nights sitting in the garden watching them. This evening is about Iain, what he enjoyed and a chance for you all to share what he was to you. I'm expecting happy and sad so plenty of tissues are to hand!

Caroline



*Barbecue at 5pm*

*Light the candles*

*Memories shared*

*Blow out the candles and enjoy the stars.*

*Please leave quietly when you are ready. I will be at the gate to say  
goodbye.*

*The family would like to thank you all for your  
kind support during this time of sadness*



*Remember Me*

*To the living, I am gone,  
To the sorrowful, I will never return,  
To the angry, I was cheated,  
But to the happy, I am at peace,  
And to the faithful, I have never left.  
I cannot speak, but I can listen.  
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.  
So as you stand upon a shore gazing at  
a beautiful sea,  
As you look upon a flower and admire  
its simplicity,  
Remember me. Remember me in your  
heart:  
Your thoughts, and your memories,  
Of the times we loved,  
The times we cried,  
The times we fought,  
The times we laughed.  
For if you always think of me,  
I will never have gone.*

*Margaret Mead*