

*“Because brothers don't let  
each other wander the dark alone”*

**Jolene Perry**

**RECEPTION OF COFFINS**

Photo tribute

**ENTRANCE MUSIC**

The Hollies: He ain't heavy, he's my brother.

**WELCOME & INTRODUCTION**

**ORDER OF SERVICE**

Conducted by Patricia Tidy

**READING:**

***Do not stand by my grave and weep***

A loving tribute to the brothers from Kath.

Do not stand at my grave and weep  
I am not there. I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there. I did not die.

by Mary Elizabeth Frye

## ***EULOGY***

Written by Chris- Norman's grandson & Percy's great nephew  
Read by Jenny- Norman's granddaughter & Percy's great niece

Ladies and gentlemen, family, and friends today we gather together to celebrate the lives of two remarkable men, my grandad who we always called Norman and Uncle Percy. As I stand before you, tasked with the challenge of delivering a eulogy fitting of these two gentlemen, I can't help but reflect on the unique personalities of these two individuals who have left an indelible mark on each and every one of us.

Norman was a man of endless wit and charm, always ready with a quick joke or a clever prank to brighten up our days. He never failed to entertain us with his tall tales and outrageous claims. Like claiming he went to school with Nick Cotton or had a glass eye. To his elaborate tales from the front line in World War 2, only to find out from my Nan that he was just a young boy when the war ended. Norman had a way of keeping us all on our toes and entertained with his colourful imagination.

I remember one particular moment during a family holiday in Malta when Norman decided to shake things up during a sombre church tour by letting out his crazy laugh at the most inappropriate time. Despite the disapproving looks from my Nan, Norman's infectious spirit had us all in stitches, reminding us that life is too short to take ourselves too seriously.

And then there was Uncle Percy, a man of few words but endless dedication and hard work. He may not have been as outgoing or boisterous as Norman, but his quiet strength and steadfast commitment to his passions, especially his beloved garden, spoke volumes about the kind of man he was. Uncle Percy's unwavering dedication to tending to his garden, rain or shine, day in and day out, is a testament to his resilience and determination.

Although that's not to say Uncle Percy didn't have a sense of humour it was just more subdued than Norman's. I can still picture him now, sat in his chair at my grandparent's house with his newspaper, his face contorting into a funny expression when he caught your eye, only to quickly return to his serious demeanour as if nothing had happened. And let's not forget his infamous twitches, which always seemed to catch an unsuspecting person off guard and brought a smile to our faces.

As we bid farewell to Norman and Uncle Percy, I find solace in the thought that they are together once again, embarking on a new journey side by side. And though Norman may be up to his usual mischief in the afterlife, I like to think that Uncle Percy is keeping him in line, reminding him that there's still work to be done in the garden.

In closing, let us remember Norman and Uncle Percy not with tears of sorrow, but with laughter and gratitude for the joy and love they brought into our lives. May their spirits live on in each of us, inspiring us to embrace life with humour, resilience, and unwavering dedication. And as we bid them farewell, let us take comfort in knowing that they went onto the next chapter of their lives together as I believe they both would've wanted. Rest in peace, Norman and Uncle Percy. Your love, laughter, and hard work will forever be etched in our hearts. Thank you for the memories, the lessons, and the laughter. Until we meet again, see you later.

**At the end of the eulogy congregation to say  
'make it much later'**

***READING:***

***He is gone***

A loving tribute to Norman by his daughter Mandy

You can shed tears that Norman has gone,  
or you can smile because he has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that he'll come back,  
or you can open your eyes and see all he's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,  
or you can be full of the love 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 Norman would of wanted:  
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

by David Harkin

***REFLECTION MUSIC***

When I'm cleaning windows by George Formby  
Specially chosen for Norman

## ***MEMORIES***

By Liam for his Great Pap Norman, & Great, Great Uncle Percy

Thank you for being here today to honour the memories of my Great, Great Uncle Percy and my Great Pap Norman.

Though I am only 12 I have many special memories with both of the that I cherish

Uncle Percy and I used to play fight all the time – I remember how Uncle Percy would initiate this and my Pap would have to remind me to be careful as Uncle Percy wasn't as strong as he thought he was, but we had lots of fun.

Norman and I shared many laughs together, as we shared the same silly sense of humour. My mum and Nans would say we were a pair of dopes together, while laughing along with us.

Those silly times are some of my favourite memories.

Thankyou Uncle Percy and Norman I love you both.

***READING:***

***Meet you at the gate***

A loving tribute to Percy by his niece Christine

Percy's beautiful garden now stands alone,  
missing the one who nurtured it,  
But now he is gone.

His flowers still bloom, and the sun it still shines,  
But the rain is like tear drops for the ones left behind,  
The weeds lay waiting to take the garden's beauty away,  
But the beautiful memories of its keeper are in our hearts to stay.

He loved every flower, even some that were weeds.

So much love he would plant with each little seed,

But just like his flowers, he was part of God's plan.

So when it was his time, he reached down his hand.

He looked through the Garden, searching for the best.

That's when he found him; it was his time to rest.

It was hard for those who loved him to just let him go,

But God had a spot in his garden that needed a gentle soul,

So when you start missing him, remember if you just wait,

When God has a spot in his garden, Percy will meet you at the gate...

by Barbara Bailey

***REFLECTION MUSIC***

I was born under a wandering star by Lee Marvin.  
specially chosen for Percy

***CLOSING WORDS***

***READING***

***As we look back***

A loving tribute to Norman & Percy  
from Chris, Norman's grandson & Percy's great nephew.

As we look back over time  
We find ourselves wondering  
Did we remember to thank you enough  
For all you have done for us?  
For all the times you were by our sides  
To help and support us  
To celebrate our successes  
To understand our problems  
And accept our defeats?  
Or for teaching us by your example,  
The value of hard work, good judgement,  
Courage and integrity?  
We wonder if we ever thanked you  
For the sacrifices you made.  
To let us have the very best?  
And for the simple things  
Like laughter, smiles and times we shared?  
If we have forgotten to show our  
Gratitude enough for all the things you did,  
We're thanking you now.  
And we are hoping you knew all along,  
How much you meant to us.

by Clare Jones

***FAREWELL***

***LEAVING MUSIC***

Benny Hill: Ernie, (he drove the fastest milk cart in the west)  
In remembrance of those early morning milk deliveries!