

**RECEPTION OF COFFIN**  
(*Music- Portsmouth by Mike Oldfield*)

**ORDER OF SERVICE**  
Conducted by Janice Cubis

**WELCOME & INTRODUCTION**

***All Things Bright and Beautiful***  
***Played on Flute by Alan's Daughter Lisa and Sang by his youngest***  
***Granddaughter Freya***

*All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful:  
The Lord God made them all.*

*Each little flow'r that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.*

*The purple-headed mountains,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning  
That brightens up the sky.*

***Memories of Alan***

*By Alan's Children: Karen, Steven and Lisa.*

***Reflection***

(Musiis- Tears in Heaven by Eric Clapton)

***Committal and Farewell***

***Poem: "Our Gramps"***

***Read on behalf of all Alans 8 Grandchild and 1 Great-Grandchild by:  
Abbigale and Harlie (in Australia), Kyesha and Freya.***

*Our Gramp's is mad on football.  
He plays it in in dreams.  
He Cannot wait 'til weekend,  
when he can watch his favourite team.*

*You should see him out on Saturdays,  
smiling from ear to ear,  
striding off to the football ground,  
in all the latest gear.*

*The football shirt, the football kit,  
one for home and one for away.  
Sometimes when Gramp's not working,  
he'll wear that kit all day.*

*He says that fooball is his passion.  
Football is his friend.  
He goes to watch his team with hope  
and sees them- again!*

*They haven't won for ages.  
They always seem to lose.  
But Gramps always there at weekends,  
singing, "Here we go! Up the blues!"*

*They once won the cup at Wembley.  
When he tells the story, he drools,  
It must have been some time ago  
because Gramps was at junior school.*

*The year they then they were relegated,  
Gramps sat and sulked all Summer  
and though all the cricket season.  
I've never seen him glummer!*

*But when a neighbour casually suggested,  
"Why not support the reds!  
I hear they won the cup last year!"  
I can't print what my Gramp's said!*

*So, a new season now has started,  
his kit's shiny, ironed and new.  
He's yelling: "we'll win promotion!  
Come on lads! Up The blues!"*

***Closing Words***

***Closing Music***

*(Music- Take me home by Jess Glynn)*

