

# ***Order of Service***

Conducted by Andrea Bonser

## ***Entrance Music***

Tears in Heaven - Eric Clapton

## ***Words of Welcome***

Musings on Grief - Anon

***Remembering Chris in his own words***  
*with a tribute from Nicola*

## ***Reflection Music***

Johnny's Garden - Stephen Stills

## ***Committal***

*with a note from Danielle:*  
A Chance To Say I Love You

## ***Closing Words***

The Last Race - Kathryn Case

## ***Exit Music***

Only The Good Die Young - Billy Joel

## *Grief - Anon*

As for grief, you'll find it comes in waves. When the ship is first wrecked, you're drowning with the wreckage all around you. Everything floating around you reminds you of the beauty and magnificence of the ship that was, and is no more. And all you can do is float. You find some piece of wreckage and you hang on for a while. For a while, all you can do is float.

In the beginning, the waves are 100 feet tall and crash over you without mercy. They come 10 seconds apart, with no time to catch your breath. All you can do is hang on and float. After a while, maybe weeks, maybe months, you'll find the waves are still 100 feet tall, but they come further apart. When they come, they still crash over you, but in between you can breathe. You never know what will trigger the grief, it might be a song, a picture, the smell of a cup of coffee. It can be just about anything.. and the waves keep crashing. But in between waves, there is life.

Somewhere down the line, you find that the waves are only 80 feet tall. Or 50 feet tall. And whilst they still come, they come further apart. You can see them coming; an anniversary, a birthday or Christmas. You can see it coming, and for the most part, you can prepare yourself. And when it washes over you, you know that somehow you will, again, come out the other side. Soaking wet, spluttering, still hanging onto some tiny piece of wreckage. But you'll come out.

The waves never stop coming, and somehow you don't want them to. But you learn that you'll survive them. And other waves will come. And you'll survive them too. If you're lucky, you'll have lots of scars, from lots of loves. And lots of shipwrecks.



## *A Chance To Say I Love You*

Have I ever really told you just how empty life would be, without the joy and happiness your love has given me?

Do I sometimes take for granted all those loving things you do, and how the joy of everyday depends so much on you?

How often do I miss the chance to tell you what it means, to have someone so precious sharing all my hopes and dreams?

But I can make a promise that I'll keep my whole life through. There's nothing that will ever change the love I have for you.



