



*A celebration of the Life of
Peter Roy Cartwright*

02 Sep 1948 - 10th October 2024

Poem Chosen by Danielle Cartwright

*Weep Not For Me
by Author Unknown*

Weep not for me though I have gone
 Into that gentle night
Grieve if you will, but not for long
 Upon my soul's sweet flight

I am at peace, my soul's at rest
 There is no need for tears
For with your love I was so blessed
 For all those many years

There is no pain, I suffer not
 The fear is now all gone
Put now these things out of your thoughts
 In your memory I live on

Remember not my fight for breath
 Remember not the strife
Please do not dwell upon my death
 But celebrate my life

A celebration of our father

By Christian Cartwright

Peter Cartwright was born 2 Sep 1948 in Manchester to Harry and Patricia Cartwright. He was the oldest brother to Geoff, Alan and Patricia and father to Danielle, Jonathan, Christian and Jordan.

He had a flair for artistry from an early age and this translated to him becoming a trained dental technician, a trade through which he spent most of his adult life running his own company. At the height of his success he made clients of famous people within the North West of England including television and sports personalities. He built his life in Manchester, the city he was born, but also lived in New Zealand and had a real connection with N Wales, where he visited with his children every weekend throughout their lives and where he continued to visit until the end of his life.

In life our father was a man of contradictions. A self proclaimed 'shy' man he would inform you of his inability to meet new people and consciously avoid interactions but had the ability to charm the most reluctant of people and befriended everyone he met. He was regularly the life of the party and I have yet to find another person able to do this as well as him.

He was also a man of taste. From early trend setting as a young man, he liked the best of everything, even when it was completely unnecessary. From the top of the range limited edition guitar (he couldn't play), Olympic standard Bow (He had four lessons) or Elite athlete running trainers (He used them to walk to the shop), memories of his fiscal irresponsibility will always bring a smile to my face.

He also had an infectious passion for the different mediums of storytelling, whether it be through books, film or gaming. As well as inspiring him to write and publish his own novel I always admired how these passions kept him young. Ahead of his time and the oldest gamer in town, he loved talking to anyone who would listen about the latest game or movie he had seen. I will miss chatting to him about this more than anything else as it was when he was at his most happiest and content.

Ultimately our father was in the simplest of terms a man who I am proud to have known and loved. Like all of us it was the imperfections that made him unique but his best qualities, his kindness, sense of humour and ability to light up a room, are the ones I will remember and will take with me through my life. He was survived in life by his brothers and sister, his four children and four grandchildren.



Appreciation

Our family would like to thank you all for your kind support and comforting stories and words whilst joining us to celebrate the Life of Peter Cartwright

