



'Roy'

A Service of Celebration for the life of

Roland James Brooker

30th June 1934 - 8th May 2020

Poole Crematorium

Thursday 21st May
11:00am

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entrance Music - Scotland the Brave, *Black Watch Pipes & Drums*

Welcome and Opening Prayer

Mr Tim Oddy

Family Tributes

Reflection Music - Smoke Get's in Your Eyes, *The Platters*

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, word without end.

Amen.

Eulogy

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done; in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Committal & Commendation

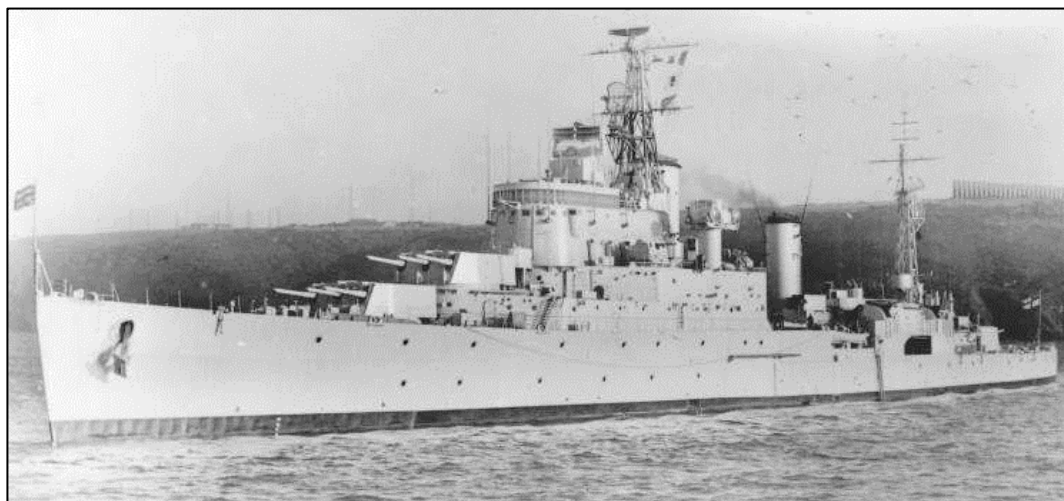
Last Post

Silence

Reveille

Blessing

Exit Music - *We'll Meet Again, Vera Lynn*



HMS Newfoundland 59

Donations in memory of Roland for Poole Sea Cadets may be sent to Albert Marsh Funeral Directors, St Michaels Road, Wareham, Dorset, BH20 4QU.

Or made online at: www.funeraldirector.co.uk/roland-brooker



Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson