

A portrait of an elderly man with short, light-colored hair, wearing glasses and a dark jacket over a patterned tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

SERVICE OF CELEBRATION

Anthony Trill

13.05.1940 - 14.08.2020

Order of Service

ENTRANCE MUSIC: Nimrod, composed by Edward Elgar

POEM

Read by granddaughter; Hannah Johnson

Life is a train ride,
Life is a train ride for me,
Scotland and wales is all I see,
I'd leave my home of sand and sea,
Heading north to the town of Pitlochry,

Boarding the train to a cobbled street,
A suitcase of bad jokes and lookalikes filling my seat,
Drinking diet coke so nice and sweet,
Looking forward to my well-earned retreat,

Memories made with people I love,
Seagulls flying, stealing ice creams from above,
Standing there with camera in hand,
Laughing away but they wouldn't understand,

I step on the platform, ready to depart,
Grandchildren waving me off, right from the start,
My family are my world, and I'll say this true,
I may leave on this train, but I live on through you,

Arriving at my final stop,
The ride was fun, the cream of the crop,
My moto in life was to laugh and sing,
So remember Granddad, don't panic Mr. Mannering

EULOGY

By sons; Daniel and Joel Trill

TIME OF REFLECTION

Dance of the Reeds - The Nutcracker - Tchaikovsky

READING

By Daughter; Rebekah Johnson

ADDRESS

By Reverend Lee

CONTINUED REFLECTION

Gig in the Sky - Pink Floyd

POEM

By son; Joel Trill

HOLY SONNET 10: DEATH, BE NOT PROUD

By John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy'or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

CLOSING WORDS

By Reverend Lee

EXIT MUSIC:

The Lord's Prayer from African Sanctus sung by
The Bournemouth Symphony Choir

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Forest Holme Hospice Charity

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