

A Service of Thanksgiving for the life of

Patrick Henry Tremain



31st December 1932 – 16th August 2020

Thursday 3rd September 2020 at 11:00 am

Colehill Woodland Burial Ground

Opening Music

In the Steppes of Central Asia – Borodin

Welcome

By Ellie Lomas, Civil Celebrant

Reading

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3: verses 1-22

*To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that
which is planted;*

a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;

a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

a time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth?

I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it.

*He hath made everything beautiful in his time: also, he hath set the world in their heart,
so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.*

I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life.

*And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is
the gift of God.*

*I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any
thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him.*

*That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God
requireth that which is past.*

All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Tribute

A book of verses underneath the bough
a jug of wine, a loaf of bread - and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness -
Oh wilderness were paradise enow

(The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam)

Reading

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils in the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
while I stand on the roadway, or on the pavement's grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

(William Butler Yeats)

Family Tributes

Closing Words

Sometimes I have wanted
to throw you off
like a heavy coat.
Sometimes I have said
you would not let me
breathe or move.

But now that I am free
to choose light clothes
or none at all,
I feel the cold
and all the time I think
how warm it used to be.

(Vicki Feaver)

Closing Music

The Trout Quintet Fourth Movement - Schubert

The Farewell

At the Graveside

The moving finger writes: and having writ,
moves on; Nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

(The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam)



The family would like to thank everyone for attending the service today.

Produced by
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