

**Celebrating the life of**  
**Anthony Carleton Henry**  
**Astell**



**29<sup>th</sup> April 1938 - 25<sup>th</sup> April 2026**

**Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> May, 2pm**  
**Sheila Kendrick Suite**  
**Service led by Berni Martin**

### **Opening Music**

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra - James Bond Original Theme Tune

### **Welcome & Introduction**

#### **Tribute**

Written & Read by Susie for her Dad

#### **Visual Tribute**

accompanied by John Denver - Leaving on a Jet Plane

#### **Tribute to her Brother**

Written and Read by Sister Jane

#### **Letter to his Grandpa**

Written and Read by Grandson Oliver

#### **Visual Tribute**

Simon & Garfunkel - Bridge Over Troubled Water

#### **Poem**

Our Bond , Anthony

Written & Read by Berni Martin

Not all men leave a mark on life,  
Not all bring joy through pain and strife,  
But Anthony did — with style and grace,  
A warm smile shining from his face.

They said he looked like Roger Moore,  
With charm that opened every door,  
A smooth-talking gent, so debonair,  
With laughter dancing everywhere.

He loved the roar of engines fast,  
The thrill of races flying past,  
From karting days when he was young,  
His love for Formula One had sprung.

Yet speed alone was not his way,  
He paused to truly seize the day,  
With guitar music softly played,  
And songs that never seemed to fade.

He'd sit and watch those western shows,  
Where dusty winds and outlaws rose,  
Cowboys riding across the land,  
A drink of something close at hand.

But Anthony was born to roam,  
The whole wide world became his home,  
A Land Rover packed up for the ride,  
Adventure always by his side.

Through distant roads and foreign lands,  
He learned new words and customs firsthand,  
Immersing fully where he'd be,  
Living life so courageously.

And everywhere he chanced to go,  
People warmed beneath his glow,  
For he possessed that rarest art —  
The gift of making friends by heart.

And oh, the ladies knew it too,  
That cheeky smile, those eyes so blue,  
Sweethearts waiting here and there,  
Falling for his charm and care.

But most of all, beneath the flair,  
Was love beyond what words can share,  
A loving Dad, so proud and true,  
A treasured Grandpa through and through.  
A brother standing strong beside,  
A faithful friend through every tide,  
And those who knew him understand,  
He gave his heart with open hands.

Though now the road has led away,  
And brought us to this painful day,  
We know a man like him won't fade,  
For memories such as these stay made.

So somewhere now beyond our sight,  
Where stars burn softly through the night,  
There walks a man so sharp and grand,  
Exploring some far distant land.

No final ending — just a flight,  
Toward another golden light,  
One last adventure to be found...  
While "Country Roads" plays all around.

So fly high now, our dear old friend,  
Where roads and stars forever blend,  
Your passport stamped, your final flight,  
Now carried softly toward the light.

Though earthly journeys now are gone,  
Your spirit endlessly lives on,  
So rest in peace, your race now won...  
Our Anthony.  
Our Bond.

### **Time of reflection**

**John Denver - Sunshine on my shoulders**

### **Committal & Farewell**

### **Closing Words and Thankyou's**

### **Closing Music**

John Denver - Country Roads



**Thank you for attending the service today, and you are warmly invited to stay for light refreshments after the service.**



**Donations in memory of Anthony are for  
Diabetes UK**

**These can be made online at  
[www.funeraldirector.co.uk/anthony-astell](http://www.funeraldirector.co.uk/anthony-astell)**

**Or sent to  
17 Victoria Road, Ferndown, BH22 9HT**

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