

In Loving Memory of Robert Percy Quantick 'Bob'

8th November 1938 - 15th May 2026



Tuesday 2nd June
11 am
Salisbury Crematorium
Service led by Berni Martin

Opening Music

'In the arms of an angel' Susan Boyle

Welcome & Introduction

Hymn

Abide with me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Tributes

Time of reflection

Accompanied by 'Dance with my Father', recorded especially for Kerry
from a very dear friend Matt Pagan,

Memories of Grandad

Followed by The Angel instrumental Version

Poem

Written and read by Berni

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come; thy will be done;
on 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 & Farewell

Closing Words & Thank you's

Closing Music

'The Angel, North London Forever'
Louis Dunford





Grief is like glitter

Grief is like glitter. In the beginning, it's everywhere - on your hands, in your hair, scattered across every corner of your life.

You try to clean it up, to restore some sense of order.

And for a while, it seems like you've succeeded. But then, one day, you move a sofa or open a forgotten drawer, and there it is again. A tiny sparkle that catches the light and reminds you of what you lost.

It doesn't go away completely, It settles, becomes quieter, less overwhelming. You learn to live with it, to carry it gently. And years later, when you find a bit of that glitter tucked behind a shelf, you might smile. Maybe even laugh. Because it reminds you of love, of connection, of someone who mattered deeply.

Eventually, something will catch your eye, a photo, a favourite song, a familiar scent, and instead of pain, you'll feel warmth. That's the quiet truth about grief.

It stays with you, but it changes. It becomes a part of your story, a soft echo of the love that never really left.



Donations in Bob's memory are to The British Heart Foundation and can be made either via this online link www.funeraldirector.co.uk/bob-quantick or via the funeral directors below

A E Jolliffe & Son, 17 Victoria Road Ferndown BH22 9HT