

The family would like to thank you all
for attending today to celebrate Diana's life,
and you are all warmly welcome to join them
at The Beehive, Wellington Hill West,
Bristol, BS9 4QY



*But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white - then melts forever;*

*From Tam O'Shanter
By Robert Burns*

Should you wish to make a donation in memory
of Diana for the benefit of the BRACE foundation,
you may do so either as you leave the chapel,
or cheques to BCM Funeral Services,
177 Crow Lane, Henbury, Bristol. BS10 7DR

A celebration of the life
of

Diana May Gillies

21st March 1924 - 28th January 2016



Canford Crematorium
Friday 12th February 2016
11.30am

Entrance music: Big Spender
By Shirley Bassey

Welcome and Introduction
By Christine Barnes, Dip CFC
Civil Funeral Celebrant

Tribute to the life of Diana
Written by Lynne, Ann and Douglas

Poem: She is gone
By David Harkins

You can shed tears that she is gone
Or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all she has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she's gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind,
be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what she would want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

Music for Reflection
I heard it through the grapevine
By Marvin Gaye

Poem: My Funeral
By Wendy Cope

I hope I can trust you, friends, not to use our
relationship
As an excuse for an unsolicited ego-trip.
I have seen enough of them at funerals and they make
me cross.
At this one, though deceased, I aim to be the boss.
If you are asked to talk about me for five minutes,
please do not go on for eight
There is a strict timetable at the crematorium and
nobody wants to be late.
If invited to read a poem, just read the bloody poem. If requested
To sing a song, just sing it, as suggested,
And don't say anything. Though I will not be there,
Glancing pointedly at my watch and fixing the speaker
with a malevolent stare,
Remember that this was how I always reacted
When I felt that anybody's speech, sermon or poetry
reading was becoming too protracted.
Yes, I was intolerant, and not always polite
And if there aren't many people at my
funeral, it will serve me right.

Formal farewell

Closing words

Exit music: On the beach
By Chris Rea