

Les obsèques du Sergent Len Owens. MM

Len pour ses intimes, Joe pour ses compagnons de guerre

Lichfield. Samedi 11 mai

Dignité, élégance et simplicité

A l'image de l'homme, à celle de sa famille

Au milieu de ses proches. A l'ombre de ses 92 ans d'histoire

Ci après, ce qu'on pourrait appeler le Protocole ou « le Livre de messe »

Un hommage public officiel sera rendu dans le courant de l'été

Lichfield & District Crematorium

Saturday 11th May 2013



TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF

LEN OWENS

29th October 1920 - 4th May 2013

Moonlight Serenade Glen Miller and his Orchestra

Introduction Robert

Reading From Ecclesiastes 3

To everything 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 of peace.

Fiddler's Green

John Conolly

As I rowed by the dockside one evening so rare,
To view the still waters and take the salt air,
I heard an old fishermen singing this song;
"Oh, take me away, boys, me time is not long."

Chorus

***Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper,
No more on the docks I'll be seen.
Just tell me old ship mates, I'm taking the trip mates,
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green.***

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell,
Where fishermen go if they don't go to Hell.
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play,
And the cold coast of Greenland is far far away.

Chorus

Now the sky's always clear and there's never a gale,
And the fish jump on board with a flick of their tails.
You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do,
And the Skipper's below, making tea for the crew.

Chorus

And when you're in dock, and the long trip is through,
Why, there's pubs and there's clubs and there's lasses there too.
Now the girls are all pretty, and the beer is all free,
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree.

Chorus

I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me.
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea,
And I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along,
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song.

Chorus

***Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper,
No more on the docks I'll be seen.
Just tell me old ship mates, I'm taking the trip mates,
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green.***

***Just tell me old ship mates, I'm taking the trip mates,
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green.***

Crossing the Bar

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Tribute

Jane

"I have done my best."

That is about all the philosophy of living that one needs.

Lin-Yutang

The little Zen calendar

The Water of Tyne

A Northumbrian folk song

I cannot get to my love if I would dee,
The water of Tyne runs between her and me;
And here I must stand with the tear in my e'e,
Both sighing and sickly my sweetheart to see.

O where is the boatman? my bonny hinny!
O where is the boatman? bring him to me,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
And I will remember the boatman and thee.

O bring me a boatman, I'll give any money,
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
Or scull her across that rough river to me.

No Mourning, By Request

Winifred Holtby

Come not to mourn for me with solemn tread
Clad in dull weeds of sad and sable hue
Nor weep because my tale of life's told through
Casting light dust on my untroubled head
Nor linger near me while the sexton fills
My grave with earth – but go gay-garlanded,
And in your halls a shining banquet spread
And gild your chambers o'er with daffodils.

Fill your tall goblets with white wine and red,
And sing brave songs of gallant love and true,
Wearing soft robes of emerald and blue,
And dance, as I your dances oft have led,
And laugh, as I have often laughed with you -
And be most merry – after I am dead.

Leaving of Liverpool

Traditional

Chorus

***So fare thee well my own true love,
When I return united we will be.
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.***

Committal

Jane

The flowers you are bringing to my funeral,
bring them now for I want to see them.
The kind words you have to say to me,
say them now for I want to hear them. (Hannah Hauxwell)

Please stand

“To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the
heaven:....a time to be born, and a time to die”
Here, in the last act, in sorrow but without fear, in love and appreciation, we
commit Len's body to its natural end.

We'll Meet Again

Vera Lynn

Donations,

Len set up a maintenance trust to maintain the Phantom Garden at the National Memorial Arboretum, in perpetuity.

If anyone would like to make a donation, it can be sent to:

F.M. & J.Wait
25 Bird Street
Lichfield
Staffordshire
WS13 6PW

Jane Wadham
14 Auchinleck Drive
Lichfield
Staffordshire
WS13 6TL

Or,

If you would prefer, to any charity of your choice.

Len was a great supporter of all 'good causes'.

Thank You

Sevacare and Beatrice Court

Special thanks to all the staff at Sevacare and Beatrice Court for the care and affection shown to Len over the last two years.

Here, in the last act, in sorrow but without fear, in love and appreciation, we commit Len's body to its natural end.

La famille de Len

