



To celebrate the life of
Christopher John Sowden
'John'

11th January 1950 - 14th October 2018



All donations gratefully received will be given to
Kirkwood Hospice;
a plate is available as you leave the service.

Cath and family would like to thank all who have attended today
and wish to extend a warm invitation for everyone to join them
for refreshments and to share memories, following the service, at
Bradford Bulls RLFC, Provident Stadium, Odsal, Bradford BD6 1BS.

Friday 9th November 2018 at 11.15 am
Park Wood Crematorium



Brighouse Funeralcare
44 Huddersfield Road, Brighouse, West Yorkshire HD6 3RA
Telephone: 01484 713 512



FUNERAL SERVICE CONDUCTED BY
HANNAH MCKERCHAR

MUSIC ON ENTRY
Imagine by John Lennon

WELCOME

TRIBUTES
including music: Capstick Comes Home by Tony Capstick

MUSIC FOR REFLECTION
Our House by Madness

COMMITTAL

MUSIC ON EXIT
Simply The Best by Tina Turner



POEM
IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master,
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling