



Give me no grave, who loved the summer sky
Not dark decay, but purifying flame,
And set no stone to grieve the passer-by;
Let thought and substance vanish,
whence they came,
Into the elements that build the stars,
The breath of life and busy mind of man,
So shall my dust discover what we are,
And win its deepest peace since Time began.
If epitaph you seek, write this on air,
"He loved the green earth and his fellow man;
Nature and Cause were his especial care;
He touched the hem of Truth and, now and
then,
Testing old faiths he said, with proffered hand,
"You would believe, but I must understand"
Anon



Patrick Edward Clerkin

3rd July 1931 -
- 7th february 2019

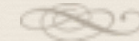




Music for Patrick's service ;
The Dubliners - Song For Ireland
Jim Reeves - A Stranger's Just a Friend
Daniel O'Donnell-Beyond The Rainbow's
End
Celtic Angels - When Irish Eyes Are
Smiling



Funeral Ceremony
Thursday 21st February 2019
Islington Crematorium
Finchley, London N2 9AG
His ashes will be scattered with his
mother's in Cavan, Eire



Patrick enjoyed growing vegetables at his allotment at Kentish Town City Farm and was always out and about in Gaisford Street, where he lived for over 30 years, trimming hedges and catching up with neighbours. Here he is with some prize potatoes We will miss him.

Patrick was born in Cavan Ireland on a farm and moved to live in Camden, London in the 1950's.

He worked as a groundsman and was a kind, jovial, friendly, sociable, helpful man. He had stepbrothers (seen in picture left) and made only one trip home to see his Mother and sisters with his close friend Bridie, (picture right)

