



Rita's family would like to thank you for any donations given in memory of Rita

Her chosen charities are:

**The Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal**

*and*

**The RAF Association (Flowerdown House)**

Donations can be sent  
c/o Selim Smith Funeral Directors  
at the address below

Selim Smith and Co Funeral Services  
74 Prestbury Road, Cheltenham,  
Gloucester GL52 2DJ

Call: 01242 525383  
Email: selimsmith.cheltenham@dignityuk.co.uk  
Visit: dignityfunerals.co.uk



# In Loving Memory of Rita Joyce Lucas

4<sup>th</sup> September 1926 - 26<sup>th</sup> March 2019



Monday 15<sup>th</sup> April 2019  
at 11.30 am

Cheltenham Crematorium,  
Oak Chapel



**Music for Quiet Reflection**

The Swan - Saint-Saëns  
*Violoncello - Jacqueline du Pré*

**Formal Farewell**

**Closing Words**

**Music on Departure**

Fascination  
*Violin - Max Jaffa*

**Music on Entry**

Fur Elise - Beethoven  
*Piano - Alfred Brendel*

**Welcome and Opening Thoughts**

*Jill Rundle, Humanist Celebrant*

**Reading**

*read by Pauline Gomer-Smith*

**A Tribute to Rita**

**Poems**

Growing Up – Rita Lucas  
*read by Fay Moor*

The Sky - Rita Lucas  
*read by Moira McCrae*

Growing Up - Rita Lucas  
*read by Fay Moor*

My Mum tells me, as I grow,  
There are things that I should know:  
From what is wrong and what is right,  
And always I must be polite.

She says I'm not to scream or shout  
When other people are about,  
Because they don't like all the noise  
So often made by little boys.

She thinks that I would be a fool  
Not to want to go to school,  
To gain the knowledge that I lack,  
And learn of kings who ruled way back.

But, oh, that I could have my wish,  
And go down to the brook and fish,  
Or push off for a cycle ride,  
P'raps tramp along the riverside.

Then maybe find a piece of ground,  
Where I could kick a ball around,  
And if I'd time, I'd read a book,  
But doubt I'll ever learn to cook.

It's really very plain to see:  
I want to do what pleases me.  
So I'll tell Mum it's now her turn –  
It's not just me who needs to learn!

The Sky - Rita Lucas  
*read by Moira McCrae*

I often wonder, little star,  
Who really put you where you are,  
And the other constellations  
Which shine above Earth's many nations?

I never did pretend to know  
How stars above are kept aglow,  
But mention Milky Way or Mars,  
And my mind turns to chocolate bars!

For me, the sky at night  
Will always be a wonderous sight,  
There must be more than meets the eye  
In that vast outer space called sky!

When at night I sometimes wake,  
A glance up to the sky I make,  
And marvel that somewhere in space,  
Are planets, comets I can't trace!

There's Venus, Neptune, and the rest,  
To land on them a Spaceman's quest,  
But evermore for me,  
They will remain a mystery!

So as I ponder from the ground  
On what else is there is to be found,  
I think too of the moon at night,  
And how it shines so big and bright!

Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
How I wonder what you are,  
Just let your presence ever be  
A source of wonderment for me!