



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

4th September 1926 - 26th March 2019



Monday 15th 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!