

A Humanist Ceremony
To Honour And Celebrate The Life Of

Richard John Maltby

2nd December 1964 - 29th December 2020



Friday 22nd January 2021 at 2:45
Southfields Green Cemetery, Rufforth, York

Funeral Director

Hayley Owen

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<https://yorkfunerals.uk/>

Celebrant

Julie Kay

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Accredited by



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Music by

Jamie Roberts of Gilmore and Roberts

Peter Outhart of Two Black Sheep and a Stallion

Music

'Who Knows Where The Time Goes' - Fairport Convention

Welcome & Introduction

Music

'The Leaf' performed by Peter Outhart

What's the life of a man any more than a leaf
Life has its seasons, so why should we grieve
All through the world we appear fine and gay
Like a leaf we shall wither and soon fade away

As I was a walking one morning at ease
Viewing the leaves as they fell from the trees
All in full motion appearing to be
And those that had withered they fell from the tree

If you'd seen the leaves just a short time ago
How beautiful and green they all seemed to grow
A frost came and bit them and withered them all
A storm came upon them and down they did fall

Walk through the graveyard and there you shall see
Those that have fallen like leaves from the tree
When age or affliction upon us do call
Like the leaf we shall wither and down we shall fall

Poem

Funeral Blues (abridged) - WH Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

Poem

Not, How did he die

Not, how did he die, but how did he live?
Not, what did he gain, but what did he give?
These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of his birth.
Nor what was his church, nor what was his creed?
But had he befriended those really in need?
Was he ever ready, with words of good cheer,
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?
Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,
But how many were sorry when he passed away?

Eulogy

A transcript of the Eulogy will be provided separately



Music

'Peter Pan' written and performed by Jamie Roberts

They call me Peter Pan from time to time
Cos i often act an age somewhat younger than mine
But 40 years a joker, soon to be cut off short
Betrayed by a failing body shutting down before it ought
So just hold my hand and ease me on through to Neverland

Now i can't help going over all the things that may be
With images of the life i've led thrown somewhere in between
I just pale in the memories that the kids forever hold
Cos now i'm Peter Pan and i'm never growing old
Now i'm Peter Pan and i'm never growing old

What would've been my next new favourite song
I wonder how i'd look when 80 years had been and gone
And who'll take on the work i'm forced to leave
who would've copped for the April Fool hidden up my sleeve
Now i'm out of time, but i know i've made good use of mine

Cos there's so many little things just too easy to ignore
but i still know every face that ever came through my workroom door
i'm just proud i played a part whatever life may now behold
Cos now i'm Peter Pan and i'm never growing old
Now i'm Peter Pan and i'm never growing old

Now i can't help going over all the things that may be
With images of the life i've led thrown somewhere in between
I just pale in the memories that the kids forever hold
Cos now i'm Peter Pan and i'm never growing old
Now i'm Peter Pan and i'm never growing old

Opportunity for friends to say a few words

The Committal

Poem

Do not stand by my grave and Weep
Mary Elizabeth Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you wake in the morning hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.
Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep.
(Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there, I did not die!)

Closing Words

Thanks

Thank you everyone who came today to show their love
and respect for Rich he would have been speechless.

Thank you everyone who wanted to come and elected
to stay away for safety reasons - it was a hard call for
many and a brave decision.

Music

'The Parting Glass' – Traditional Performed by Peter Outhart

Of all the money that e'er I had
I spent it in good company
And all the harm I've ever done
Alas, it was to none but me
And all I've done for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be to you all
So fill to me the parting glass
And drink a health whate'er befalls
Then gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all
Of all the comrades that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And for the sweetheart of 30 years
She'd wish me one more day to stay
But since it fell into my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all
Fill to me the parting glass
And drink a health whate'er befalls
Then gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all

If you wish to make a donation in Richard's memory
there is a plate and all donations will go to Macmillan
Cancer Support whose Nurses were incredibly
supportive throughout the last 18 months







