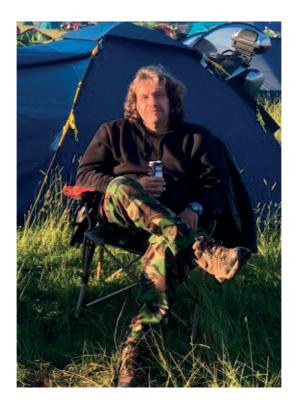
# A Humanist Ceremony To Honour And Celebrate The Life Of

# **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 169, 171 Boroughbridge Rd, Acomb, York YO26 6AN 01904 792525 / Hayley\_Yorkfuneral@yahoo.co.uk https://yorkfunerals.uk/

### Celebrant

Julie Kay 07889 573217 / julie.kay@humanistceremonies.org.uk https://humanist.org.uk/juliekay

Accredited by





39 Moorland Street, London EC1V 8BB 020 7324 3060 / ceremonies@humanism.org.uk https://humanistceremonies.org.uk

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 been 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 been 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

































