

IN LOVING MEMORY

Cyril Alan White

21ST APRIL 1951 - 9TH AUGUST 2021





CELEBRANT
Michael Peacock

PROCESSIONAL SONG
"The Rowan Tree" played by Bagpiper

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION
Michael Peacock

READING
Psalm 23 (KJV)

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

A dark horse is captured in mid-stride, running from left to right across a field. The horse's mane and tail are flowing, and its legs are extended. In the background, a vibrant rainbow arches across a sky filled with soft, white clouds. The ground is a mix of brown and green, suggesting a natural, outdoor setting. The overall mood is one of power and hope.

READING

Revelation 21:4 (KJV)

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

READING

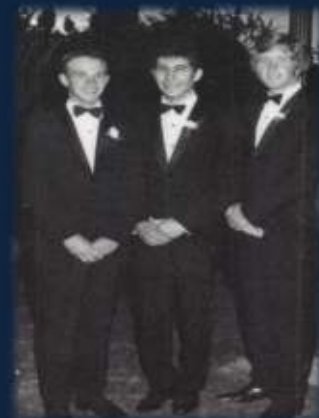
Psalms 34:18 (NKJ)

The Lord is near to those who have a broken heart,
And saves such as have a contrite spirit.

EULOGY

Given by Raymond White





REFLECTION SONG

“How Great Thou Art” played by Brass Musicians

O Lord my God
When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made
I see the stars
I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Refrain

**Then sings my soul, My Saviour God to Thee
How great Thou art, How great Thou art
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God to Thee
How great Thou art. How great Thou art**

When through the woods
And forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees
When I look down
From lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze

Refrain

When Christ shall come
With shout of acclamation
And take me home
What joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow
In humble adoration
And there proclaim
“My God, how great Thou art!”

Refrain



POEM

“Never Forgotten”

I think of things you used to say,
And all that you would do.
At some point, every single day,
My thoughts will turn to you.
To lose you was a bitter wrench,
The pain cut to my core.
I cried until my tears ran out
And then I cried some more.
This wouldn't be your wish for me
That I'd be ever sad
So I try to remind myself
Of happy times we had.
I know I can't be with you now
And you can't be with me
But safe inside my heart you'll stay;
That's where you'll always be.

TRIBUTE

Given by Cyril's Children









POEM

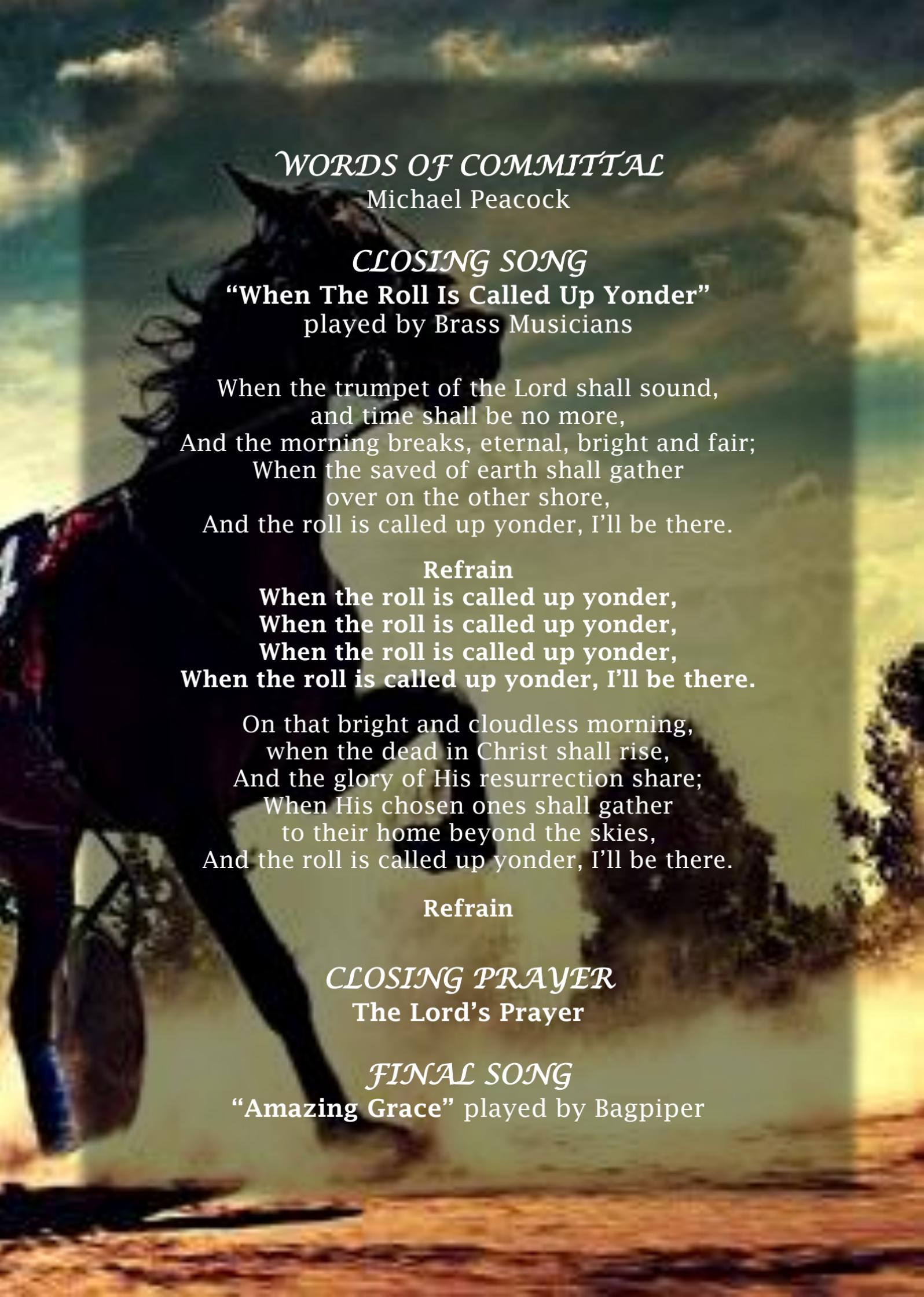
"The Dash"

I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
from the beginning to the end.
He noted that first came the date of birth
and spoke of the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.
For that dash represents all the time they spent alive on earth
and now only those who loved them know
what that little line is worth.
For it matters not, how much we own,
the cars... the house... the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash.
So think about this long and hard;
are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
that still can be rearranged.
To be less quick to anger
and show appreciation more and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.
If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile
remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.
So when your eulogy is being read,
with your life's actions to rehash,
would you be proud of the things they say about
how you lived your dash?

REFLECTION SONG

*Cyril would usually have his head in the newspaper whenever I
practiced music at home. Even pretending to snore if pieces
were slow and dirgy. But I would often catch him bopping along
whenever I played a jazz chart. So this one's for you darling
~Anita White*

"When The Saints Go Marching In" played by Brass Musicians



WORDS OF COMMITTAL

Michael Peacock

CLOSING SONG

“When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder”

played by Brass Musicians

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather
over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain

**When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.**

On that bright and cloudless morning,
when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather
to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

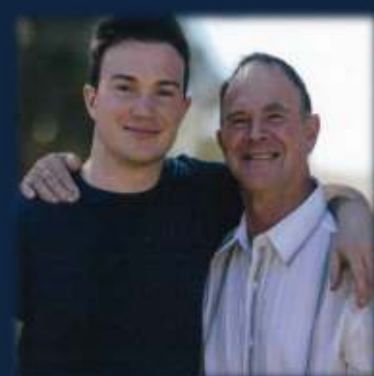
Refrain

CLOSING PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer

FINAL SONG

“Amazing Grace” played by Bagpiper







*Cyril, I'm so thankful for all the memories we made together.
I only wish you were still here to make more ~ Anita*

**It is with love and gratitude the family thank you for your
kindness and expressions of sympathy at a time when it is
needed and deeply appreciated.**



ALAN HARRIS MCDONALD
EST. 1928