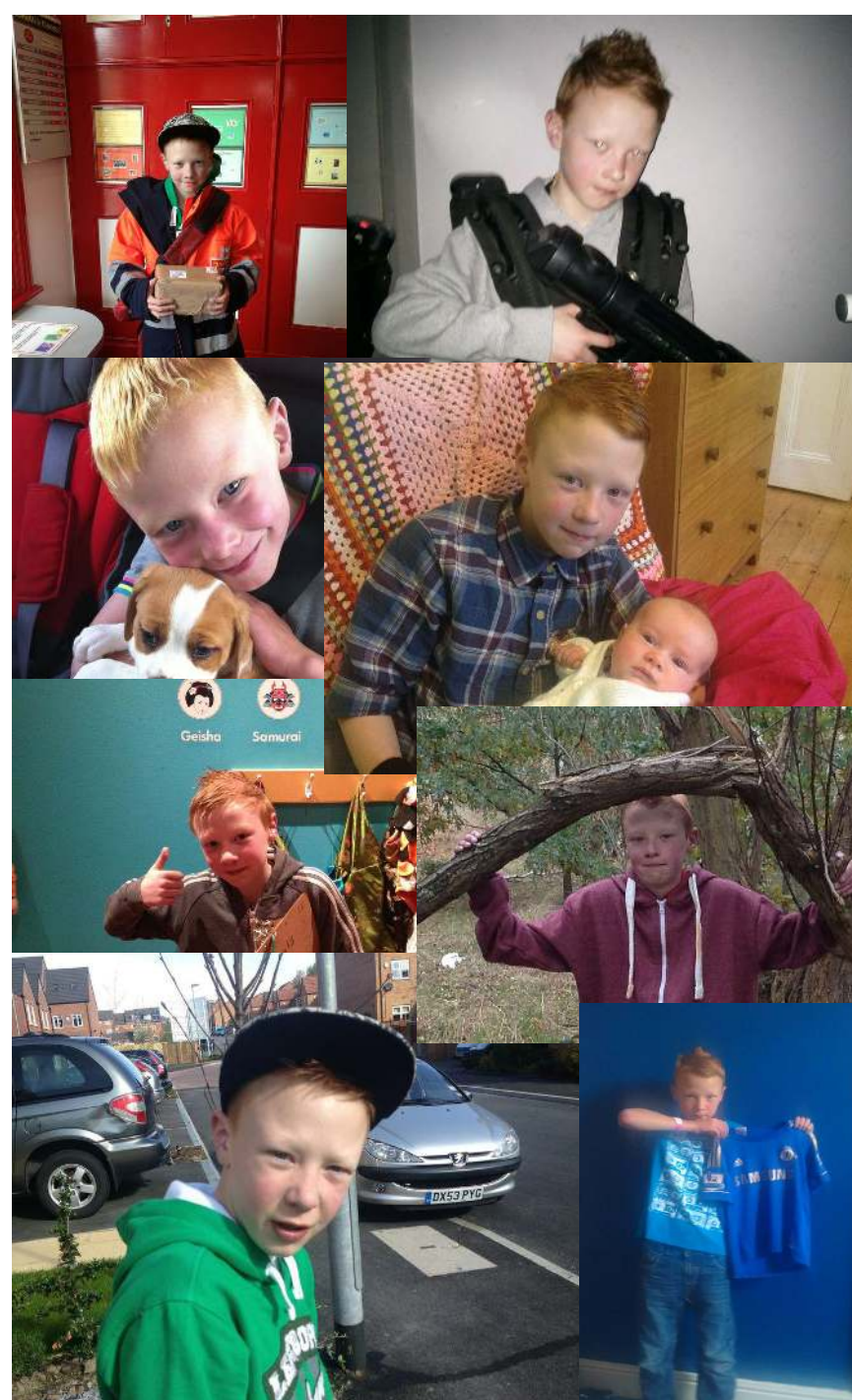


Declan William Hodgson

05/05/2001 to 13/06/2013

Order of Service

- Welcome
- Psalm 23 (The Lord is my Shepherd)
- Poem - Stop all the Clocks (PTO)
- Fathers spoken tribute to Declan
- Poem - Footprints in the Sand
- Reading of Finlays Special Letter
- Video Montage and Music
- The Lords Prayer (PTO)
- The Committal
- Poem - What is Death?
- The Blessing



Stop all the Clocks

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 for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Lords Prayer

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name.

Thy Kingdom come.

Thy will be done in earth,

As it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,

As we forgive them that trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation,

But deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom,

The power, and the glory,

For ever and ever.

Amen.