

Remembering  
Nicholas Summers

19th June 1950 – 23rd August 2017



Mortlake Crematorium  
Monday 1st September 2017  
12.00 noon



*“Life is either a daring adventure or nothing.”*

*Helen Kneller*

# Order of Service

*Officiated by Lily Johnson, Independent Celebrant*



## Entrance to the Chapel

*accompanied by*

WILD WORLD

*Cat Stevens*

## Nicholas' Entrance

*accompanied by*

RECOMPOSED: VIVALDI, THE FOUR SEASONS

*Max Richter*

## Welcome

## Poem

### THE SUMMER DAY

*by Mary Oliver*

*chosen and read by Kate*

Who made the world?  
Who made the swan, and the black bear?  
Who made the grasshopper?  
This grasshopper, I mean—

the one who has flung herself out of the grass,  
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,  
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down—  
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.  
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.

Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.  
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.  
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down  
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,  
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,  
which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?  
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?  
Tell me, what is it you plan to do  
with your one wild and precious life?

## Remembering Nicholas



## Tributes

ECCLESALL ROAD *by Charlie*

PARAGLIDING IN THE PEAK DISTRICT *by Damian*

## Messages to Nicholas

BY YOUR SIDE

*Sade*

## Words of Gratitude and Farewell

## Commendation and Committal

SAIL AWAY

*Enya*

## Poem

### BEANNACHT

*by John O'Donohue*

On the day when  
The weight deadens  
On your shoulders  
And you stumble,  
May the clay dance  
To balance you.

And when your eyes  
Freeze behind  
The grey window  
And the ghost of loss  
Gets into you,  
May a flock of colours,  
Indigo, red, green  
And azure blue,  
Come to awaken in you  
A meadow of delight.



When the canvas frays  
In the currach of thought  
And a stain of ocean  
Blackens beneath you,  
May there come across the waters  
A path of yellow moonlight  
To bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of the earth be yours,  
May the clarity of light be yours,  
May the fluency of the ocean be yours,  
May the protection of the ancestors be yours.

And so may a slow  
Wind work these words  
Of love around you,  
An invisible cloak  
To mind your life.

## Closing Words

THIS IS REAL AND YOU ARE COMPLETELY UNPREPARED

*by Alan Lew*

This is real. This is very real.

This is absolutely inescapable.

And we are utterly unprepared.

And we have nothing to offer but each other and our broken hearts.

And that will be enough.

## Music as we Leave

FLY AWAY

*Lenny Kravitz*







*Sarah, Katie and Ruby would like to thank you all  
for your presence here today and for all the wonderful words  
of support and love over the last few weeks.*

*Following today's ceremony, you're all invited to celebrate your  
memories of Nicholas over refreshments at Linden House  
Upper Mall, Hammersmith, London W6 9TA.*

Donations in Nicholas' memory can be made to the

**RSPCA**

[www.rspca.org.uk](http://www.rspca.org.uk)

Funeral arrangements by



[www.poetic-endings.com](http://www.poetic-endings.com)