

A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING & CELEBRATION FOR THE LIFE OF

Aaron Steven Beard

18TH JANUARY 1984 -
26TH AUGUST 2022



PIDDINGTON'S FUNERAL HOME & CREMATORIUM
12PM FRIDAY, 23RD SEPTEMBER 2022

ENTRANCE MUSIC

“Bittersweet Symphony” The Verve

INTRODUCTION & WELCOME

Peter Howe

FAMILY EULOGY

Read by Sandra Burton

TRIBUTES

Callan Robinson read by Peter Howe

Melody Parkes

AARON’S LIFE IN PICTURES

“Boulevard of Broken Dreams” Green Day

REFLECTION MUSIC & PERSONAL FAREWELL

“Take Me Home” Jess Glynne

COMMITTAL

Peter Howe



RECESSIONAL MUSIC

“Abide With Me” Emeli Sande

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea.
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

If you're wondering
where to find me,
I'll tell you
where I'll be,
I'm in that
inbetween bit,
that space where
sky meets sea,
in the whispers
of the trees
and the edges
of your dreams,
close enough
to almost touch
but slightly out of reach.
I'm in the moon
and in the stars
but never really far,
and always, always
I'm there
inside your heart.

Words by Catherine Proton

The family would like to thank you for your presence here today, for your kind thoughts, prayers and for your expressions of sympathy and support.

