



In Loving Memory of

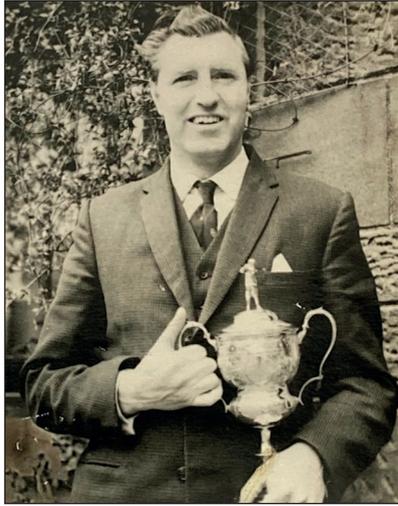
William Ian Russell

MBCChb DRCOG

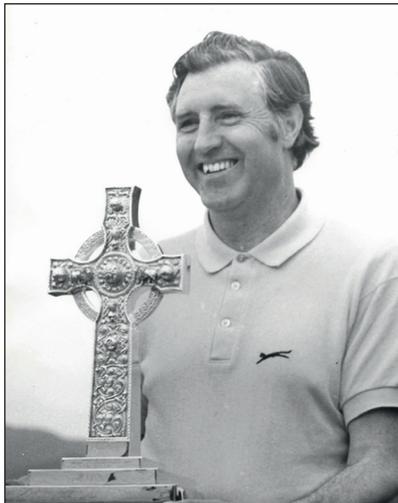
23rd August 1924 - 15th April 2021



11am on Tuesday 4th May 2021
Linn Crematorium, Glasgow, G45 9SP



*A golfer went to Heaven
And entered the Pearly Gate
St Peter asked his handicap
To mark upon the slate
'I've played at Ralston Golf Club
And was Captain for a year'
'So you've had you share of Hell then,
You're very Welcome Here.'*



Opening Music

Love Walked In - George and Ira Gershwin

'Death Is Nothing At All' by Henry Scott-Holland

Death is nothing at all.

It does not count.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.

I am I, and you are you,

and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.

Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.

Put no difference into your tone.

Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.

Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.

Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was.

There is absolute and unbroken continuity.

What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval,

somewhere very near,

just round the corner.

All is well.

Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.

One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

Service conducted by Reverend Thomas L Pollock

Hymn

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
in pastures green; he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill,
for thou art with me and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes.
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me,
and in God's house forevermore
my dwelling place shall be.

Hymn

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,

[Chorus]

Lord of all, to thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,

[Chorus]

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,

[Chorus]

For yourself, best gift divine,
to the world so freely given,
agent of God's grand design:
peace on earth and joy in heaven.

[Chorus]

Text: Folllott S. Pierpoint, 1835–1917

Music: Conrad Kocher, 1786–1872

Closing Music

Kenneth McKeller - Loch Lomond



Ian loved...

Nan, LIFE, family and friends, golf, his profession as a GP, conversation, dances, photography, Dunholme, his garden, days out, travelling, his BSA motorbike, the colour red, kippers, whisky with water, celebrations, his church, Ralston, porridge, white chocolate, Islay, St. Andrews, the Sky at Night, roses and dahlias, making chutney and marmalade, sailing, curling, genealogy, Kenneth McKeller, Frank Sinatra, jazz and classical music, Reader's Digest, tomato soup, cottage pie, Dad's Army, his children, grandsons and great grandson, Nan



A life well lived.
A long and good life, of loving and being loved
And you completed it with such grace.

Precious and unique to each of us
Are the unpublished maps we make ourselves,
Of our place, our daily rituals, our life, our passions;
Those maps of our private world
We use every day; the personal memories
That form the rich tapestry of our lives.

But love - that at least, remains a mystery,
Why it is and how it comes about
That loves transforming breath, that gentle wind,
Should blow it's healing balm across our lives.

(Excerpt from 'Ian Russell's 90th birthday' by W.A. Russell Froggatt)



The family wish to thank relatives and friends for their kindness and support at this time.

They would like to invite you for refreshments at The Sherbrooke Castle Hotel, 11 Sherbrooke Avenue, Pollokshields, Glasgow G41 4PG.



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