

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land:
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd;
Only remember me: you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Acknowledgement

The family of Annie May wishes to express our sincere thanks for the donations and other expressions of love during our time of bereavement. The Family

P J Delahunty Funeral Service
237 Commercial Road
Yarram 3971
Ph 5182 5168

In Loving Memory

Annie May Polldore
September 12, 1946 to April 26, 2011



Funeral Service
Wednesday, May 4th 2011 at 3.00pm
The Regent Theater Yarram
Celebrant Trevor Donley

Order of Service

Prelude	Il Divo
Entrance	Heard It On The Grape Vine
Introduction	Trevor Donley
Welcome	Trevor Donley
Tributes	Bobbie Cain Neville Dawson
Announcements	Trevor Donley
Tributes	Alan & Meg Timoney Liz Allen
Presentation	Our Mama
Reflection	GraceLands
Committal Service Song	Trevor Donley Amazing Grace

Obituary

Mrs Annie May Polldore, age 64, died at Port Albert Seabank Caravan Park in Port Albert, Victoria, on Tuesday, April 26th, 2011.

She was a battler who survived many hard times to become the centre of a large loving family as she had always wanted. There is many a person who's life is richer for knowing her and poorer for having never met her.

She is survived by her loving husband Brad, her three children Liz, Phil & Geoff, her nine grandchildren, JJ, Leigham, Gareth, Jake, Reece, Kansas, Mea, Gabby and Izzy and her three great grandchildren Angel, Sam and Amber.

Funeral Blues

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 She Is Dead,
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

She 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.