1. It is very fitting that we have relations and of course Bob Snowden and his daughter with us this morning. It has really been down to Bob that we are standing her by Brian’s grave this morning. Thank you all for coming.
2. I am going to say a few words. I know Matthew has a poem to read and then Bob will say a few words himself.

Brian was a pupil at our school when he died.

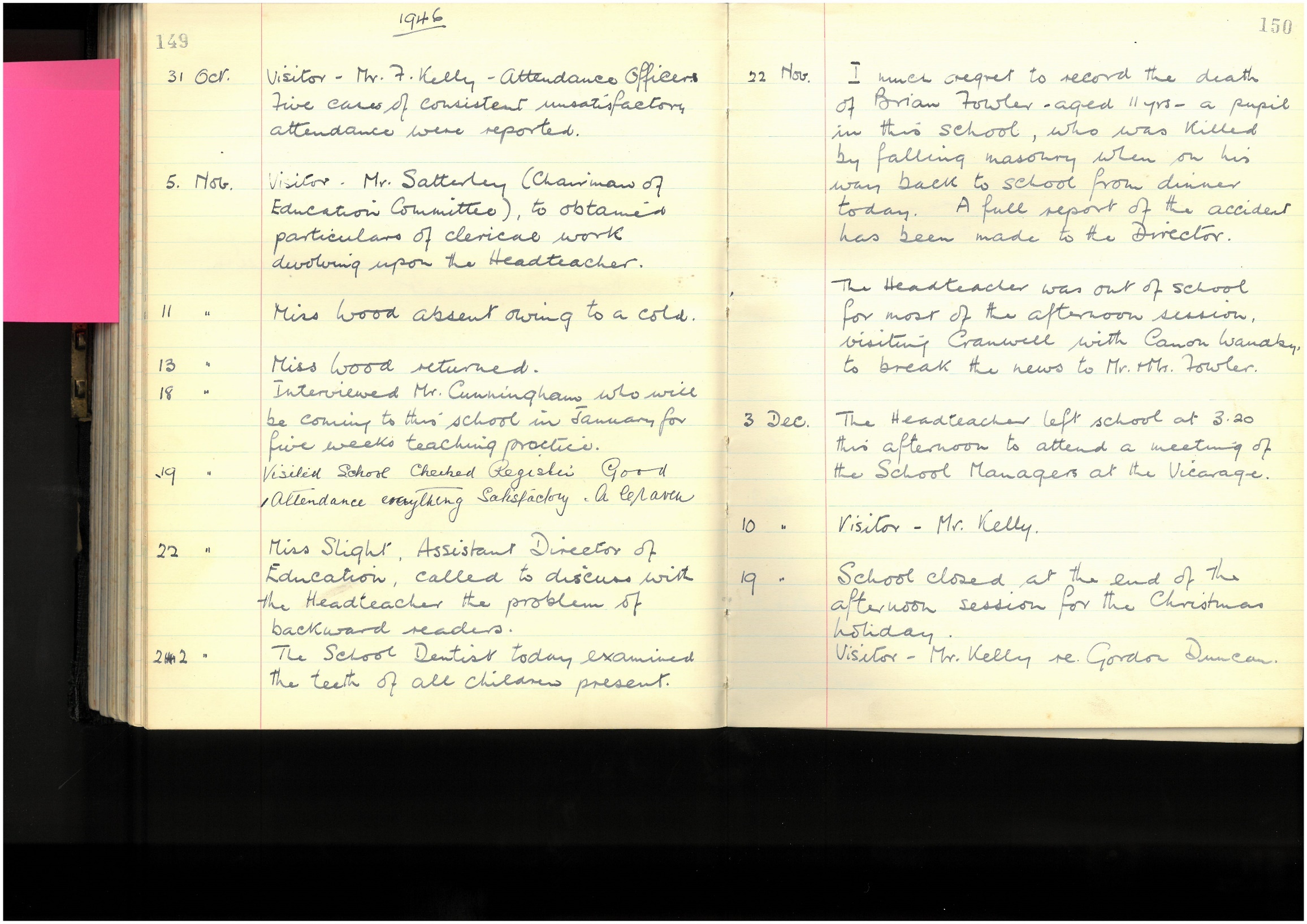
He was an Alvey Boy.

He was 11 years old, Matthew’s age, when he was on his way back from lunch at the Sleaford Methodist Church.

It’s fairly easy to imagine Brian telling his friends that he could jump from the stone pillar in Maxy’s yard to the door frame on number 43. I hear similar challenges every day. In fact I would have probably tried to do the same myself when I was his age.

It was a tragic accident.

Mr Dougan, the Headteacher at the time of the accident, recorded it in our log book in a fairly cold almost cursory manner. Let me read it to you…



However, it has only been with Bob’s help, who witnessed the aftermath, that we have managed to fill in some of the gaps and perhaps with help of Sarah and Larry and other family and friends that we can add a little more warmth to this somewhat cold summary.

On Friday in our assembly we retold the story of Brian’s life. What we guessed he ate for lunch that fateful day, what he said to his friends and unfortunately how he fell to his tragic death.

Brian won’t be forgotten, the children at the school walk past number 43 Eastgate most days and I know it now holds a special place in all their hearts. I tell the children what happened, and ask them to take a few seconds to remember Brian. I hope they tell their parents and I hope they tell their friends.

Brian is part of our school’s history, and his life and tragic death makes us part of who we are today.

Forever Alvey. Rest in peace Brian.

# I Did Not Die

Author unknown

Do not stand at my grave and weep;I am not there. I do not sleep.I am a thousand winds that blow.I am the diamond glints on snow.I am the sunlight on ripened grain.I am the gentle autumn’s rain,When you awaken in the morning’s hush,I am the swift uplifting rushOf quiet birds in circled flight.I am the soft stars that shine at night.Do not stand at my grave and cry;I am not there. I did not die.