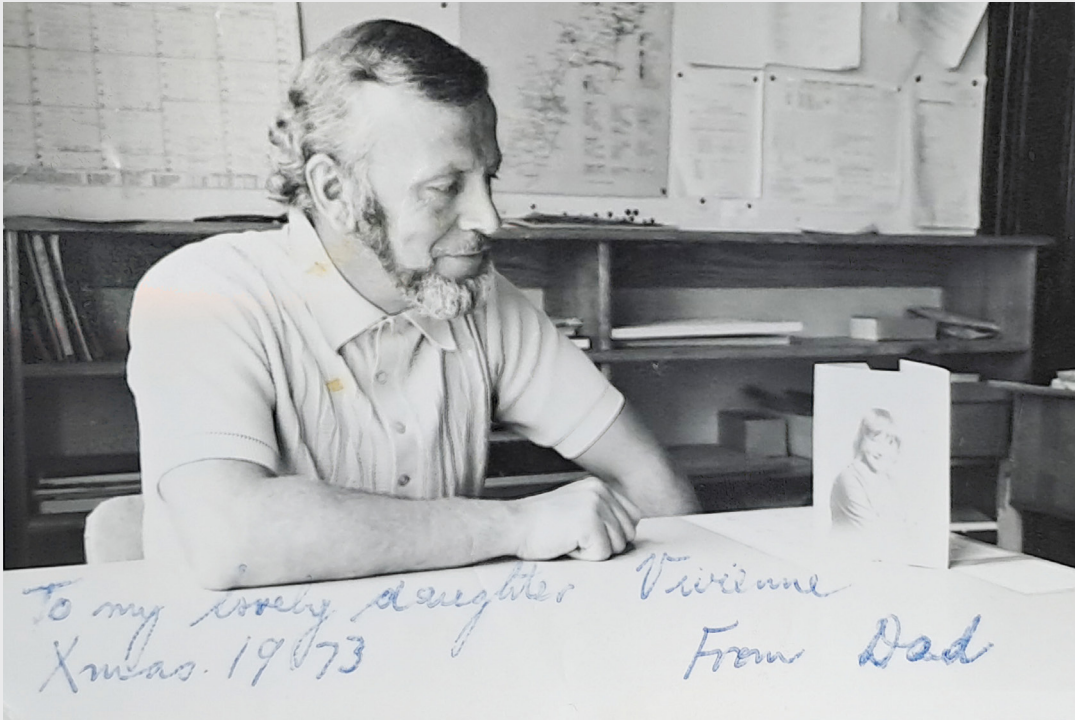


CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

# Brian Anthony McEntee

8 November 1934 – 11 November 2023



*“The limits of my language are the limits of my life”*  
Philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein

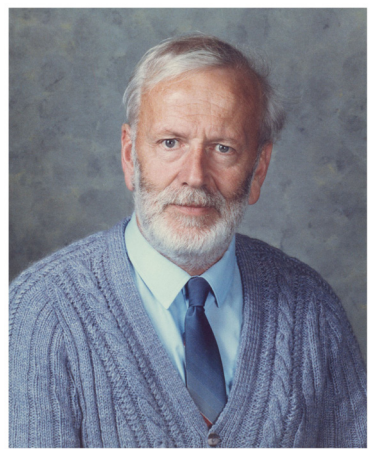
## Whakaaria Mai

Whakaaria mai  
Tou ripeka ki au  
Tiaho mai  
Ra roto i te po  
Hei kona au  
Titiro atu ai.  
Ora, mate,  
Hei au koe noho ai

Brian’s family  
thank you for your  
love, support and  
attendance here  
today, and warmly  
invite you to join them  
back in the Chapel for  
light refreshments  
after the service.



*“If music be the food of love, play on.....”*  
William Shakespeare - opening line of Twelfth Night



This Service is a Memory and Celebration for the Life of Brian.  
Service held at Collingwood Funeral Home Chapel at 1pm.

Officiating: Judy Thompson

Funeral Director: Todd Gower, Collingwood Funeral Home

FRIDAY **24** OCTOBER  
2023

### Order of Service

**Introduction:** by Judy Thompson

**Brian's Eulogy:** Anne McEntee

Vivienne Milmine

Patrick and Anthony McEntee

**Dad's Gardens**

**Open to other speakers**

**Readings:** Loveliest of Trees,

A Code Poem for the French Resistance

**Waiata and Blessing:** Hare Lelievre

**Close of service**

**Refreshments**

### Loveliest of Trees

A E Housman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

*"The race of men is like the generations of the leaves  
They fall in the autumn to return in spring"*

Homer

### A Code Poem for the French Resistance

Leo Marks

The life that I have is all that I have  
And the life that I have is yours.  
The love that I have of the life that I have  
Is yours and yours and yours  
A sleep I shall have,  
A rest I shall have,  
Yet death will be but a pause,  
For the peace of my years in the long green grass  
Will be yours and yours and yours.

