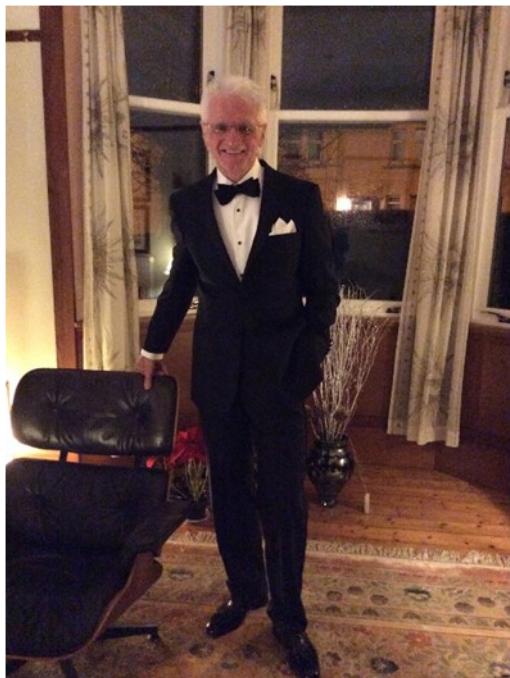


*Honouring and celebrating the life
of a gentleman and gentle man.*

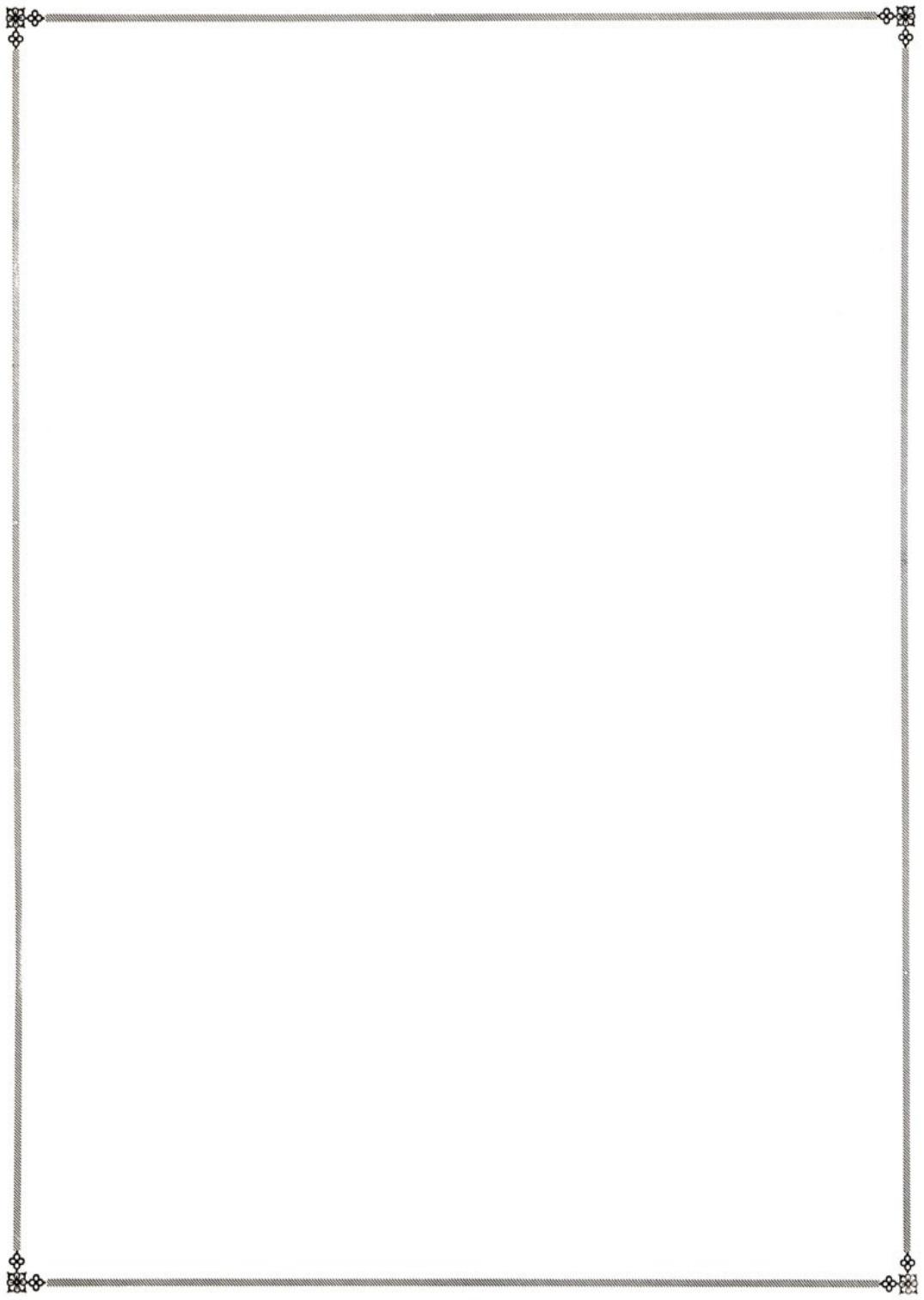


Alexander (Alex) Macgregor, Architect

beloved husband of Mitzi, father of Megan and
Samantha, grandfather of Gabriel, Francesca and Rachel.

30th May 1934 – November 2nd 2020

Monday 16th November 2020 Woodside Chapel,
46 Broomlands St, Paisley PA1 2NPat 12.30 pm followed by
Woodland Burial at Lochwinnoch Cemetery, Lochwinnoch
PA12 4DJ at 1.45pm.



OPENING MUSIC

“Appalachian Spring - First Movement” by Aaron Copland

WORDS OF WELCOME by Michael Hannah, Celebrant

POEM “Epitaph”

by Merrit Malloy

When I die
Give what's left of me away
To children
And old men that wait to die.
And if you need to cry,
Cry for your brother
Walking the street beside you.
And when you need me,
Put your arms
Around anyone
And give them
What you need to give to me.
I want to leave you something,
Something better
Than words
Or sounds.
Look for me
In the people I've known
Or loved,
And if you cannot give me away,
At least let me live on your eyes
And not on your mind.
You can love me most
By letting
Hands touch hands,
By letting
Bodies touch bodies,
And by letting go
Of children
That need to be free.

Love doesn't die,
People do.
So, when all that's left of me
Is love,
Give me away.

EULOGY AND TRIBUTES

MOMENTS OF QUIET REFLECTION AND CONTEMPLATION

BIBLE READING: BOOK OF RUTH 1:16

Wherever you go, I will go,
Wherever you live, I will live.
Your people shall be my people,
And your God, my God.
Wherever you die, I will die
And there I will be buried.

SONG: "O My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose" written by Robert Burns, performed by Davy Steele (vocals) Charlie McKerron (fiddle) and Tony McManus (guitar)

O my Luve is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luv,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

**POEM: “Gone from My Sight”
attributed to Luther F Beecher**

I am standing upon the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze,
and starts for the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength,
and I stand and watch her until she hangs like a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says: “There! She’s gone!”
Gone where? Gone from my sight – that is all.
She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side,
and just as able to bear her load of living freight
to the place of her destination.
Her diminished size is in me, and not in her.

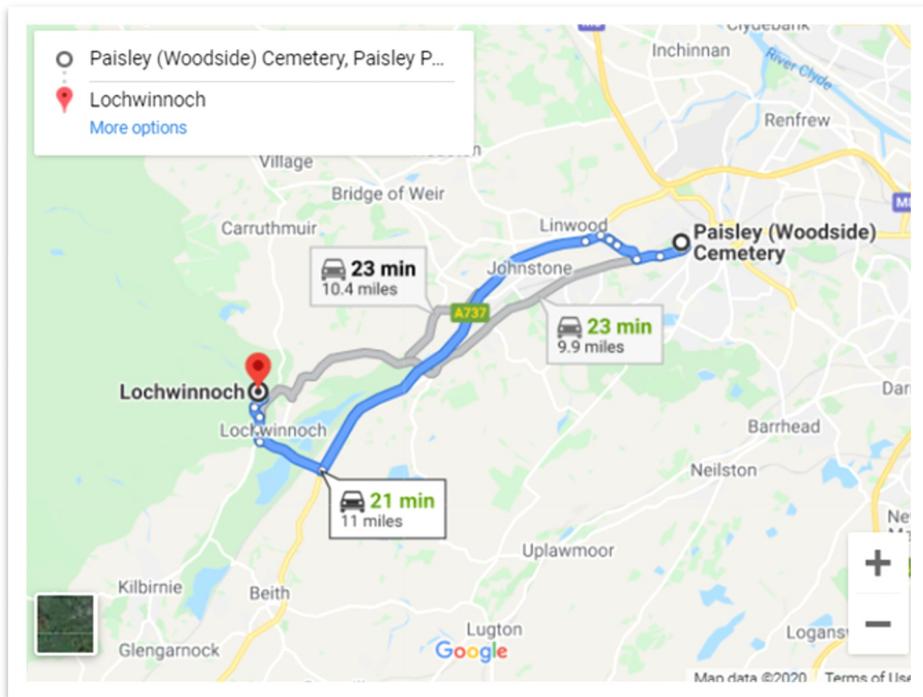
And just at the moment
when someone at my side says: “There! She’s gone!”
there are other eyes that are watching for her coming;
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout:
“There she comes!”

CLOSING MUSIC

**MUSIC: “Der Held: Ein Heldenleben (A Hero's Life), Op. 40”
by Richard Strauss**



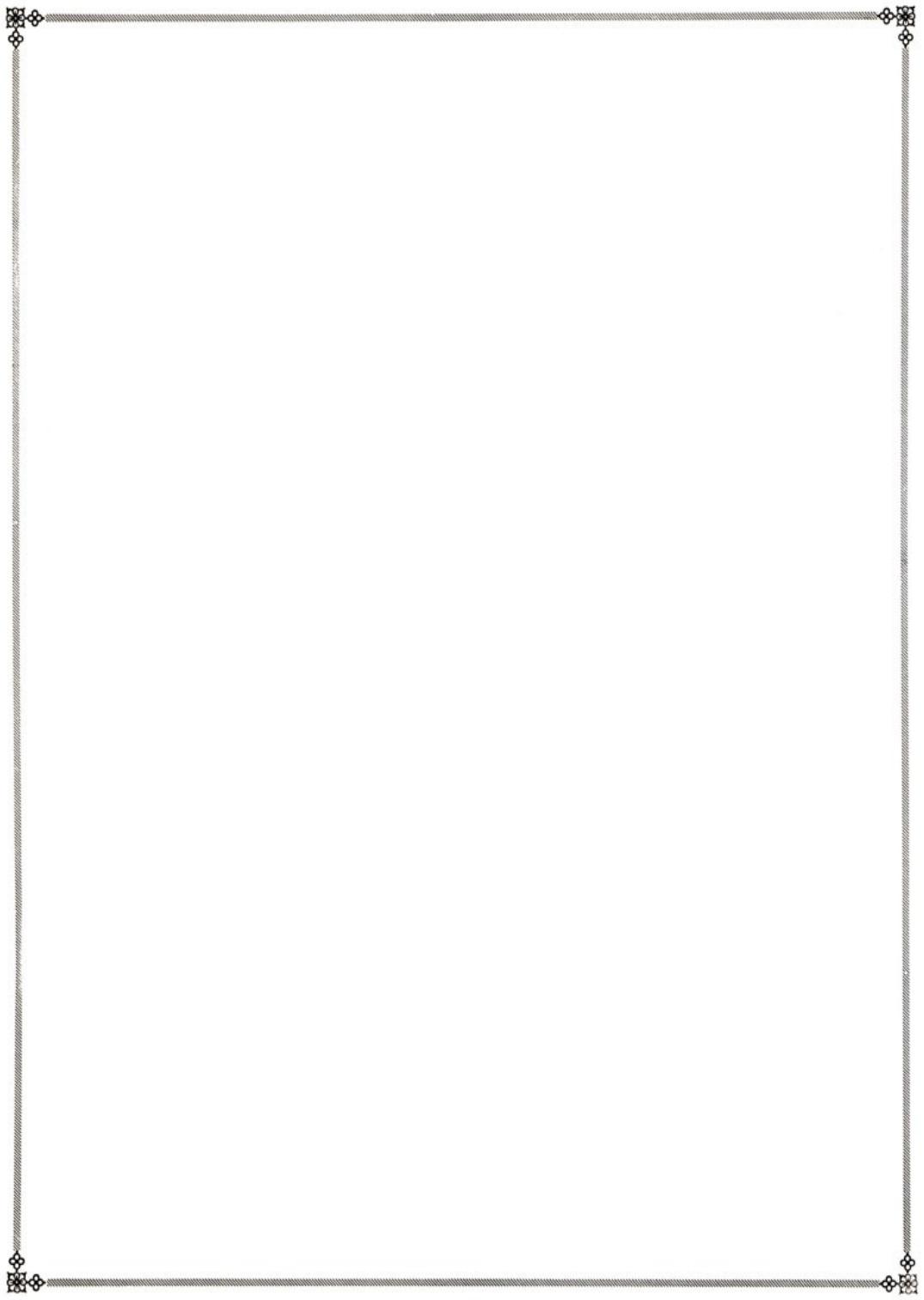
JOURNEY TO LOCHWINNOCH



WOODLAND BURIAL GROUND, LOCHWINNOCH

COMMittal

*Love doesn't die,
People do.
So, when all that's left of me
Is love,
Give me away.*



THANK YOU



Alex's family would like to thank everyone for attending today and
for all your words of kindness and support and for sharing your
memories of Alex with us.

