



FREDERICK JOHN
WRIGLEY

30.09.1925 – 03.06.2017

HIGH FLIGHT

*Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, --and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of --Wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark or even eagle flew –
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.*

This verse was written in 1941 by John Gillespie Magee Jnr.
A 19-year-old RCAF Pilot Officer, just three months before he died

ENTRANCE SONG

Similau – Bert Kaempfert

WORDS OF WELCOME

Christine Capewell

REMEMBERING FRED

A SON'S TRIBUTE

Peter and Ian Wrigley

WORDS OF FAREWELL

RECESSIONAL SONG

That Happy Feeling – Bert Kaempfert

FRED'S FAMILY WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR
YOUR LOVE, SUPPORT AND PRESENCE HERE
TODAY.

FOLLOWING THE SERVICE FRED WILL BE
PRIVATELY CREMATED.

IT IS AT THIS TIME YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN
WITH THE FAMILY FOR LIGHT REFRESHMENTS IN
THE MEMORIES ROOM.