

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



KEITH ALLEN

3rd October 1932 - 17th January 2026

St Andrew's Church, Enfield

Friday 13th February 2026

at 2.00 pm



# ORDER OF SERVICE

## PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

Moonlight Serenade

by Glenn Miller

## WELCOME AND INTRODUCTORY PRAYER

Reverend Dr Steve Griffiths



## HYMN

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;  
To His feet thy tribute bring!  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should sing?  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress!  
Praise Him still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Father-like, He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows.  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely as His mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face:  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace!

*Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)*



## BIBLE READING

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-3  
read by Ben Allen

Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.

## EULOGY

Rob Allen





## REFLECTION

Reverend Dr Steve Griffiths

### PRAYERS *and* THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.  
For Thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory,  
for ever and ever. Amen.





## HYMN

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
    And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
    And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
    And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
    Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
    Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
    Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

*William Blake (1757-1827)*





## READING

### The Train Of Life

by Jean d'Ormesson  
read by Jon Allen

At birth, we board the train and meet our parents, and we believe they will always travel by our side. However, at some station our parents will step down from the train, leaving us on life's journey alone.

As time goes by, some significant people will board the train: siblings, other children, friends, and even the love of our life.

Many will step down and leave a permanent vacuum.

Others will go so unnoticed that we won't realise that they vacated their seats! This train ride has been a mixture of joy, sorrow, fantasy, expectations, hellos, goodbyes and farewells.

A successful journey consists of having a good relationship with all passengers, requiring that we give the best of ourselves.

The mystery that prevails is that we do not know at which station we ourselves will step down.

Thus, we must try to travel along the track of life in the best possible way - loving, forgiving, giving and sharing.

When the time comes for us to step down and leave our seat empty - we should leave behind beautiful memories for those who continue to travel on the train of life. Let's remember to thank our Creator for giving us life to participate in this journey.

I close by thanking you for being one of the passengers on my train!



## THE COMMITTAL

Reverend Dr Steve Griffiths



## HYMN

I cannot tell why he, whom angels worship,  
Should set his love upon the sons of men,  
Or why, as Shepherd, he should seek the wanderers,  
To bring them back, they know not how or when.

But this I know, that he was born of Mary  
When Bethl'em's manger was his only home,  
And that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,  
And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.

I cannot tell how silently he suffered,  
As with his peace he graced this place of tears,  
Or how his heart upon the cross was broken,  
The crown of pain to three and thirty years.  
But this I know, he heals the broken-hearted  
And stays our sin and calms our lurking fear  
And lifts the burden from the heavy-laden;  
For still the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,  
When at his bidding every storm is stilled,  
Or who can say how great the jubilation  
When every heart with love and joy is filled.  
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,  
And myriad, myriad human voices sing,  
And earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, will answer,  
'At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!'

*William Young Fullerton (1857-1932)*





---

## FINAL PRAYER AND BLESSING

Reverend Dr Steve Griffiths



---

## RECESSIONAL MUSIC

In The Mood

by Glenn Miller



## Last Journey by Timothy Coote

There is a train at the station  
With a seat reserved just for me.  
I'm excited about its destination,  
As I've heard it sets you free.

The trials and tribulations,  
The pain and stress we breathe  
Don't exist where I am going,  
Only happiness, I believe.

I hope that you will be there  
To wish me on my way.  
It's not a journey you can join in,  
It's not your time today.  
There'll be many destinations:  
Some are happy, some are sad,  
Each one a brief reminder  
Of the great times that we've had.

Many friends I know are waiting,  
Who took an earlier train,  
To greet and reassure me  
That nothing has really changed.  
We'll take the time together  
To catch up on the past,  
To build a new beginning,  
One that will always last.





One day, you'll take your journey  
On the train, just like me,  
And I promise that I'll be there  
At the station and you will see  
That life is just a journey,  
Enriched by those you meet.  
No-one can take that from you,  
It's always yours to keep.

But now, as no seat is vacant,  
You will have to muddle through.  
Make sure you fulfil your ambitions,  
As you know I'll be watching you.  
And if there's an occasion  
To mention who you knew,  
Speak kindly of that person,  
As one day, it will be you.

Now I can't except this ending  
And as it's time for me to leave,  
Please make haste to my reception  
And enjoy a drink for me.





Keith's family sincerely thank everyone for being with them today and warmly invite you all to join them at Bush Hill Park Golf Club, Bush Hill, Winchmore Hill N21 2BU.

If you wish to make a donation in memory of Keith, the chosen charity is  
**Dementia UK,**

which may be made via the link below:

[https://www.dignityfunerals.co.uk/funeral-notices/  
17-01-2026-keith-norman-allen/](https://www.dignityfunerals.co.uk/funeral-notices/17-01-2026-keith-norman-allen/)



**Blake & Horlock**  
27 Silver Street, Enfield,  
Middlesex EN1 3EF

**Call:** 0208 363 3221  
**Email:** blake&horlock.enfield@dignityfunerals.co.uk  
**Visit:** dignityfunerals.co.uk

