

# A Sample Script



tomos  
james

funeral celebrant

Created from fictional details.

And presented to give you an idea of my writing style, my thought process, and the 'story' I tell.

# A ceremony to thank and celebrate Roxanne Buckley

Opening music (4m 🔄)

Get the party started, P!NK

## Opening Words (3m not inc. music / 400w)

‘Get this party started...’

That’s something Roxie always said...

PAUSE

**Welcome** to everyone joining us from afar.

We are together. And our unity spans the distance.

I’m Tomos James. Tom. A funeral celebrant. And I’m here to lead us through this ceremony to thank and celebrate Roxanne Marie Buckley.

Roxie.

Daughter. Sister. Granddaughter. Cousin. Niece. Friend. Beautiful and talented soul. A bundle of energy. A go-to advice giver. Taken too soon from us. Taken without warning.

And we’re here to honour her. To celebrate her. And to thank her.

We’ll capture her spirit with words.

We’ll listen to her favourite artist – P!NK – who she saw three times in concert.

And when the time is right, we’ll offer her our gentle farewell.

PAUSE

Now, I’m sure that a place like this isn’t where you’ll normally be on a day.

Indeed, Roxie’s death on Sunday, June 30<sup>th</sup> – aged 22 – comes as a shock.

It’s hard to believe.

It doesn't feel fair.

That moment passed and now emotions swirl with the obvious loss she brings to the air.

There's little reason to be found.

Yet it's easy to find the hole that hurts.

And so, today, our unity – our togetherness afar – is a safe space for us to feel however we feel. To **be** however we be.

Whether we laugh. Cry. Or sit in silence. We welcome it all and more. No judgement here.

After all, grief is every emotion knotted as one.

It is threads of joy and sorrow.

Of **love**.

And our love is the absolute **best** of ourselves that we can offer others.

PAUSE

And maybe this reading chosen by Mum Joyce can help us voice all that we can't put into words...

Reading: Never Forgotten [amended] (MS Moem) (1m)

I think of things you used to say  
And all that you would do  
At some point every single day  
My thoughts do turn to you.

To lose you is a bitter wrench  
This pain so cuts my core  
I cry until my tears run dry  
And then I cry some more.

This wouldn't be your wish for me  
That I'd be this very sad  
So I try and remind myself

Of all the happy times we had.

I know I can't be with you now  
And you can't be here with me  
But safe inside my heart you'll stay  
My precious, my gorgeous, my beautiful Roxie.

PAUSE

I didn't know Roxie personally. I got to meet her through photographs and memories. Through **love**. Which is always a nice way to meet somebody.

And it's been a privilege to experience the legacy of her big heart. Her care and support. Her joy. Her love. Her beautiful outlook on life.

The inner strengths she taught – of self-value and worth, of our beauty both inside and out – are truths for us to forever hold and never let go.

And this sort of impact she had on others shall remain as positive in death as it has been in life.

Your joining us today shows the power of Roxie's style.

And while the following eulogy is only snapshots of Roxie's time with us. It gives us a flavour of her spirit.

It shows us a soul who put love above all else...

## Eulogy (7m inc. "warm-up" @ 1m / 800w)

Born after Julian to Mum Joyce and Dad Richard. On Tuesday, February 5<sup>th</sup>, 2002, in Portsmouth. Roxie was a mischievous child with a cheeky smile. And absolutely **loved** getting muddy. But those big brown eyes of hers always saved her from a rollocking when she traipsed mud through the house. 'Though, they didn't save her when she got mud on a brand-new cream sofa. And the stains, I'm told, were impossible to remove. They couldn't even be hidden by a throw!

As a teen, Roxie took **forever** to get ready. But always conscious of the time she took, she was never late. She'd take forever out of her **own** time. And wouldn't make whoever she was meeting wait. She was so successful at it

that no-one really knew it took her **three** hours from shower to out the door.

And as an adult. Roxie was a go-to for measured, well-heeled, and fantastic advice. **A devil's advocate, she'd give a balanced view of the problem. And come out with this pearl of wisdom** that soothed. Gave comfort. And more importantly, made all that felt too much, feel achievable. She was in **your** corner. Rooting for **you**. And with her by your side, **nothing** could win.

### PAUSE

And for Roxie, family was important. Above all else, they came first. And after Grandpa Buckley died, she was an absolute rock of support for her Grandma. Her weekly visits became events in themselves – facemasks. Pampering. Hair done. These little distractions will be forever treasured. And forever missed.

And Julian, being a good sport, didn't get away scot-free – I'm told he wears rouge nicely. And Roxie was jealous of his skin.

And she was an amazing daughter. Central to so many happy times. To great holidays.

One of their true memories will always be their family trip to Spain. Roxie **insisted** on only speaking Spanish to help with her GCSEs. And while she sounded fluent, she never once managed to order the food she wanted at a restaurant. But she got a C in her exams. So, it clearly paid off.

### PAUSE

And Roxie absolutely adored her friends. The life and soul of the group. She was always up for a laugh. Usually the instigator. And it was all delivered with her kind and considerate nature. And whether you were a close friend or someone she'd just met, Roxie worked to build you up. She'd help you see your inner and outer beauty. And if you didn't believe her, she'd argue good and convince you why you should.

So many people have benefited from her thoughts and presence. From her fun loving, live now attitude.

Trips to London's SOHO – she found the vibe, the colour and bustle

addictive.

Weekends at spa's. Or glamping.

One trip to Scotland could've ended in miserable disaster when the car broke down in the middle of nowhere. But Roxie kept everyone entertained with a mud fight. It got very messy. The car (once fixed) never got clean again. But it was very funny. (A bit cold.) Very muddy. And made a four-hour wait feel like nothing.

### PAUSE

And as I've already touched upon, beauty to Roxie ran deeper than the surface – it runs to our core. And she loved us all looking and feeling good. She thought the power of make-up could soothe an inner demon. And a mirror reflecting our beauty in its entirety could chase that demon away.

And her passion for make-up got honed at Halloween. And I'm sure many of you will remember her corpse bride look...

And this passion of hers was a mega-talent. Her and make-up were one. So much so, that only last month, having applied to be a trainee make-up artist for an ITV murder mini-series. Roxie was hired on the spot. She took in her portfolio. Got asked to do an impromptu bit of making an actor look dead. And got hired before she'd even finished her work.

### PAUSE

Carefree. A rock. Mud-lover. Fun-lover. Determined. Talented. Fantastic advice giver. Upbeat. Inner and outer beauty promoter. Underdog booster. Bundle of energy. Ambitious. Caring. Kind.

And of course: Daughter. Sister. Granddaughter. Niece. Cousin. Friend.

Just a few words to describe Roxie.

And with those words in mind, maybe her sheer love of P!NK is explained with these lyrics:

Jump with me, come with me, burn like the sun  
We'll talk, then we'll cry, then we'll laugh 'til we're done, oh my  
It's like we're out of our minds

It's a trust fall, baby.

And isn't that Roxie?

A beautiful soul rooting for **us**?

## A moment for you (4m inc. music)

We've heard only an ounce of a life that gave much more than it took.

And I know that each of you hold reflections of Roxie that are reasons to thank and celebrate her that are entirely unique and personal to you.

To give you the chance to bring these reflections to mind.

To collect your thoughts in preparation for our gentle farewell in a little while.

To offer her a prayer.

Or maybe, to just **be** here surrounded by the music.

These next few moments are for **you**.

And we're going to listen to Dream by Marshmello, Sting. And of course, P!NK.

Reflection (3m)

Dreaming, Marshmello, Sting, & P!NK

The time nears us to say farewell. And maybe Roxie would say these words to you:

## Reading: I want to harvest from the sky [amended] (Darrielle Cresswell) (1m)

I have gathered from the sky  
A little song,  
A lullaby,  
That I'll settle softly in your seams,  
To bring you peace

And fill your dreams.

## Our gentle farewell (3m inc. committal reading)

Now, the time has come for us to bid our gentle farewell to Roxie.

Please stand wherever you are if it is safe, and you are able.

### PAUSE

Roxanne Marie Buckley.

Roxie.

Like all those times you were there for us. We're here for you today.

We stand in **your** honour.

We root for **you**.

We hold **you** in our hearts – embraced by love and memories.

And we say this to you:

## Committal reading: Love Shines Through [amended] (Anon)

Like a shadow in the moonlight

Like the whisper of the sea

Like the echo of a melody

Just beyond our reach.

In the shadow of our sorrow,

Passed the whimper of farewell

Love shines through all eternity

While in our hearts you dwell.

Thank you, Roxie.

Thank you for being **you**.

For building us up when we were down.

For bringing us joy and comfort.



For showing us unconditional love.

And we promise to do as you always told us – look good and live good!

And we'll do those things for **you**.

We're going to miss you. But we let you go.

So, go – go live your best life for us!

Have fun, babes.

We'll join you when the time is right.

LONG PAUSE

Thank you.

You may sit, if you stood, for our final few moments.

Closing words (3m not inc. music / 260w)

Shortly, our ceremony to thank and celebrate Roxie will come to an end.

This video feed will close.

And you'll find yourself in the silence that comes when a video stops.

And may that silence be peace-filled. Comforting. And full of love.

And before you head back to your regular toil, you have an opportunity here to take some time for yourself. To rebalance in the best way that you know how.

Whether that be a walk. A cup of tea. A slice of cake.

All that matters is that **you** do something for **you** before you do anything for anyone else. Roxie would want that for you. Especially today.

To continue the celebration we've started for Roxie. It's been suggested that you spend some time with your inner and outer beauty and a mirror, and listen to some P!NK. And enjoy all you see and feel.

Or, maybe pop out and grasp your dreams with both hands.

And always **live good** and **look good**.

Be confidently **you**.

And beautiful.

PAUSE

May I thank you all for joining us today. For Roxie. For her family. For **you**.

Our unity has stretched the distance between us. And been such strength and support.

And I hope this ceremony has offered some semblance of comfort like Roxie would have for you.

She'd want you feeling good, I know that.

She'd want you feeling free to laugh at the memories.

To live and love and breathe the freedoms of life.

To embrace your beauty, inside and out.

And maybe the best way to do that is to be a little more Roxie.

Have a mud fight whenever able.

Share your pearls of wisdom and give another comfort.

Love what you see in the mirror.

And, of course – love yourself and others like loving is your air.

And more importantly, I think Roxie would say this:

Pretty please, don't you ever, ever feel that you're less than perfect;  
And pretty pretty please, if you do ever, ever feel like you're nothing –

Remember: You're perfect to me.

Closing music (4m)

Fucking perfect, P!NK