



LOUIS TOM CAMPBELL
30TH MARCH 1976 – 30TH JANUARY 2019

WEST LONDON CREMATORIUM
KENSAL GREEN
WEDNESDAY, 20TH FEBRUARY 2019

HIGHWAYMAN

THE HIGHWAYMEN
(JOHNNY CASH, WILLY NELSON,
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, WAYLON JENNINGS)

WELCOME

AN ELEGY FOR LOUIS

BY SOPHIE HERXHEIMER
READ BY SOPHIE

NATURAL MYSTIC

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

CHEROKEE STORY

READ BY PACO LUBIAN-TARACIDO

FAWLTY TOWERS

LOUIS WOULD SPEND COUNTLESS
HOURS WATCHING VIDEOS OF
BASIL FAWLTY. HE KNEW MANY
OFF BY HEART

I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU

RAY CHARLES

THE TYGER

BY WILLIAM BLAKE
READ BY ROSIE CAMPBELL

LAY ME LOW

ERIC HOLLOWAY

COMMITAL

SHINE ON YOU CRAZY DIAMOND

PINK FLOYD



AN ELEGY FOR LOUIS

BY SOPHIE HERXHEIMER

(Inspired by reading with Sarah from a book in my kitchen one day, that Louis was born in the Chinese year of the dragon, and that his years element was fire, which seemed to fit him rather well)

A dragon was born
in a busy crazy city
made of zillions
of families and bricks

his mother
didn't have enough fire
or milk for him

so she took him
to a warm house
where everyone was
waiting up excitedly

*Hello little dragon
and welcome
sorry it's quite messy
here*
said his bright-coloured
new parent birds

This is FINE
roared the little dragon
and he jumped
and he jumped

his wings were
enormous
but he only knocked
over
a couple of vases

he played and grew
and learned the words
faster than anyone

but at school
the other children
didn't have wings like him
and he got into trouble
for breathing fire
even though
he couldn't help it

as he grew up
finding jobs was hard too
the only ones to suit
were driving ones –
shiny vehicles
were a bit like
friend-dragons,
they'd roar together
into an imagined freedoms
dust and fire.

as a man
he found a signorita
as colourful and fun
as his kind Clapham mum

they had three
baby dragons
and luckily
she trained them
how to fold away
their wings in class

so no one would
suspect
they had a fiery
impossible dragon
for a daddy.

It's very hard to be a
dragon
and to roar so loudly
you drown out
which bits are true
and which bits are
made up

but how magical it is
to use the fire to warm
the seeds of ideas
into sprouting
or words into music

or some kind of love
into some kind of future
for your very own
children

although our poor dragon
boy and man
has thundered off
to his next world

we'll remember
his amazing energy
and maybe to harness outrage
when we need to roar
and make something new
from anger

like a way to be heard
in the crazy busy city
with its zillion bricks

we'll remember with love
his difficult brilliance
his difficult path
his very handsome wings

and to always be here
with the useful fire
of our loving hearts –
for his boys who shine
and carry their own voices
their own beautiful flames.



CHEROKEE STORY



One evening an old Cherokee told his grandson about a battle that goes on inside people.

He said:

“My son, the battle is between two wolves inside us all.

One is Evil – It is anger, envy, jealousy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority, and ego.

The other is Good – It is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion and faith.”

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather:

“Which wolf wins?”

The old Cherokee simply replied,

“The one you feed.”

THE TYGER

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

