

FUNERAL CEREMONY FOR MATHEW PEATTIE

at 2.45 p.m. on MONDAY, 16th APRIL 2012 at THORNHILL CREMATORIUM, CARDIFF

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entry Music 'That's Why You're Beautiful' by Beyoncé

Introduction by the Celebrant, Richard Paterson

Tribute

Mathew from First to Last

Words by his Father, Ken Peattie

Read by his Uncle, Peter Thorne

Music 'My Friend the Sun' by Family

Memories of Mathew by his Friends

Music

'Life Goes On' by Tupac

Poem – 'He is Gone', by David Harkins

Read by Richard Paterson

Tribute

Alex Peattie

'To Zion' by Lauryn Hill

Closing Remarks & Committal

Richard Paterson

'Lake Erie Rainfall' by Jim Brickman

OPENING MUSIC: 'That's Why You're Beautiful' – Beyoncé

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6ErF8Nv1A7U>

Good afternoon, everyone. I'm Richard Paterson of the British Humanist Association. We are here to celebrate Mathew's life with music and memories rather than with hymns and prayers, and I must begin by apologising to those of you who can't get a seat or are having to listen outside. The numbers here tell their own tale of how popular Mathew was, and how many have been affected by what has happened. But a crowd is also rather appropriate, as Mathew liked nothing better than having his friends jammed together in an unfeasibly small space - usually in the den, playing Fifa or just having a good time together. Yes, as his memorial website reminds us: 'The more the merrier'.

We can't ignore the sorrow and grief that is inevitable when a life ends, especially when it is cut short many years too soon. We recognise not only the loss of the life that was, but of the life that would have been - a future that would have unfolded to fulfilment over perhaps another sixty years, but which can now only be sketched imperfectly in the imaginations of you who remain. We understand well that death is the natural process whereby generations make way for others, but it belongs with old age, and with the completion of lives, where sadness is mitigated by acceptance. For you who are Mathew's age, death has, until now, barely deserved a second thought. Suddenly it has thrust itself, with brutal abruptness, into your ordinary, everyday existence and into your consciousness, and not at the end of a life,

but on its very threshold. You may seek an answer to that simplest of questions: 'Why?' And, of course, there is no answer - medical or scientific explanations may account for what has happened, but cannot explain why it is Mathew to whom it has happened. The same sort of random chance which brings about the life of any individual sometimes takes it away, and too soon. We are distressingly reminded, in the midst of all our self-assurance and technological sophistication, of just how fragile life can be.

Even so, in spite of the inevitable shock and grief, it's right that this event should be a celebration, because nothing can take away the fact that Mathew lived and was the uniquely special individual he was, someone who brought much happiness to the lives of others through his radiant personality and what one friend has called his positive energy. Mathew was truly a remarkable young man, a bright star, engaging and charismatic, and, through the power of memory, love and affection, and through their lasting influence, such people remain an enduring presence and force in the lives of family and friends. Their lives should be measured not by duration but by intensity. The Russian writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn put it this way: *'Some people are bound to die young. By dying young, a person stays young for ever in people's memory. If he shines brightly before he dies, his light radiates for all time'*. Above all, I say to you this, in the teeth even of his most cruel and tragic premature death: no sorrow should be allowed to outweigh gratitude for Mathew's life, all he achieved and all he meant to his family and friends. So it is in that spirit of gratitude that we look back over Mathew's life. The first tribute is from Mathew's

father, Ken. Unsurprisingly, he doesn't have the voice to share his memories with you, so he's asked Mathew's Uncle Peter to lend him his voice for the occasion:

Mathew from First to Last

I was the first person to see Mathew when he arrived into the world at the Heath Hospital, rather more suddenly than everyone, including his Mother, was expecting. I was also the last person to speak with him, moments before he slipped into unconsciousness – again at the Heath, again more suddenly than anyone expected and far, far too early.

Those of you who have visited Mathew's memorial website will know that we think of his life from first to last in terms of four F Factors – family, fun, football and of course, friends. I'd like to talk about those for a few moments today as we fondly remember Mathew.

In terms of family, we were aware quite early on that Mathew might have wished he was born into a slightly cooler family than the one he found himself part of. However, he loved us all the same, even if he usually expressed it by gently teasing us, and me in particular. For our part we loved him back, despite, or perhaps because of, his quirky behaviour and strongly held, but sometimes seemingly random opinions. He often drove us slightly crazy, but he could also really make us laugh. The last two weeks have been very sad, but we've found solace and sometimes laughter in reliving anecdotes about Mathew with some of his friends. We are also happy that we never

missed an opportunity to tell him how proud we were of him and his achievements at school, on the sports field, and in being someone so well-liked by so many.

Mathew's family were very much in his mind during his final hours, and one moment was both touching and revealing. It came near the end just as Mathew regained consciousness having had a small seizure. I was telling him just to relax, when he told me very calmly that he was relaxed. Then, moments later, he suddenly said with real feeling and a sense of satisfaction: 'Oh, I really love my family'. It was one of the very last things he said, and I believe it came from the very deepest part of Mathew, and we take real comfort from it.

As for fun, football and friends, these were often intertwined for Mathew. He loved his football, whether it was playing for Pentyrch, playing five-a-side or in the park, upstairs in the den with Fifa and a group of friends, or extolling the virtues of his beloved Stoke City. I have a very vivid memory of coming to collect him from a Pentyrch match two years ago played on a horrible winter's day and on a waterlogged pitch. I watched a mud-covered Mathew walking off laughing and joking with his friends all the way, and thought: 'Oh good, they've won' – but it turned out they'd actually taken a moderate hammering, but of course it didn't dampen the fun one bit. We'd like to thank the coaches and his teammates from Pentyrch for all the football and fun Mathew shared with them over the years.

Again, amongst the sadness, we're happy that Mathew spent his last week with us in Cardiff and that he had such a good time seeing so many friends, playing some football

and getting back to late night Fifa sessions in the den. He surrounded himself with family, fun, football and friends right to the very end.

Choosing some music for today was very difficult. It was in issues of musical taste that Mathew and I were furthest apart. Most evenings when I would fix him a bit of supper with some background music on, he'd come in and say with a grimace: 'What's that? Oh, I hate country' – even though of course it was virtually never country music playing. He just knew that this wound me up nicely. So I was slightly tempted to choose a country song for today just to get my own back. Instead, I have selected a song that I long ago chose for my own funeral. It's by the band from the 70s called Family, and that seemed suitable given it's our first F Factor. It's a poignant song, and its themes are about remembering that even during dark and sad times, there are brighter times up ahead; about accepting that things have to change; and about remembering the good times rather than dwelling on the sadness. I know Mathew wouldn't like the music, so I owe him an apology for that, but I also know he'd approve of the sentiments.

A song about sunshine also feels appropriate today since Mathew seems to have brought a lot of sunshine into peoples' lives with his 1000 watt smile and his always-ready-for-any-fun-going attitude to life. As things turned out his life was much too short, but reading the comments on the memorial website makes it clear that he packed more fun and friendship into nineteen years than most people manage in a long lifetime. We would like to thank all his many friends for sharing so much friendship

and fun with him, and for sharing their happy memories and feelings with us through the website.

Although we'll miss him with sadness, we'll remember him with a smile.

MUSIC: 'My Friend the Sun' – Family

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FQPqiXLaqGE>

Ken has mentioned the many friends who have contributed to Mathew's memorial website. It's evident from what has been written there that Mathew had a knack of making many people each feel that they were special, and his best friend. I'd like to emphasize how much Ken, Sue and Alex appreciate all the messages and memories left on the website. There are many friends who would have wanted to speak today if we had the time or if they could have found the words or the strength to cope with the occasion. I'm now going to call on several friends to come forward in turn - their words and experiences of Mathew are their own, but their sentiments reflect the feelings of many:

Gareth

Mat loved playing football; whether for Pentyrch Rangers, at the park, or in the school fields, he was always up for a game. In school he always partook in the infamous lunchtime football game wearing his jeans and hoodie throughout the game, regardless

of temperature, considering it appropriate attire. That hoodie would not be removed, not even after the game had finished and he was sat in a stuffy classroom.

Mathew was a huge character in the Pentyrch dressing room, and easily the most skillful of players. However, the tricks often played little part in the 90 minutes and were often kept for showboating before and after the game. One of his most memorable moments in the black and white stripes was when, in pursuit of an opposition player, he managed to trip over his own feet and take out the player in front of him, earning himself a yellow card. He received a great deal of constructive criticism from the mouthy opposition supporter on the sideline.

At the end of last season Mat won Most Improved player, an award he was rather nonchalant about deciding it wasn't worth his time to show up and collect it!

Throughout his entire footballing career at Pentyrch Rangers, he was beloved by teammates and opposition alike. Everybody was Mat's best friend. It was almost as if his primary purpose on the pitch was to network and befriend the opposition. It was his warm character and the effortless friendship he offered that meant he was so loved amongst the entire squad.

Mathew's friendship stemmed far further than just on the football pitch. We always knew we could count on him to be there for any one of us, should we need him. His advice often left a lot to be desired, but you couldn't fault his trying. He always offered us the time for a bro chat, where he would happily listen to all our problems, and they

were a regular occurrence on a drunken night out where we would go and sit somewhere in the quiet to talk through any problems we had. I know every one of his close friends can relate to his unwavering desire to help, and it is something we will miss greatly.

Ashley

Mat was not only my best friend but the best friend of most people in this room. He was loved by everyone I know and was always up for making more and more friends. I have so many memories of Mat but here is just a few that stand out for me.

A group of us visited Magaluf last summer with Mat and he bet us he would go out every single night and because of this, he dragged himself out, whatever he was feeling like even when he was tired and hungover. One night he had decided to wear the same shorts out to the clubs that he had worn to the beach that same day and realized right at the last minute that they were still wet. His solution to this problem was to borrow one of the girl's hairdryers. However, he didn't want to take his shorts off because it involved even more effort so he tried to lean over backwards and dry them. He inadvertently burnt a hole in the shorts because he had held it too close to his leg. Quickly we had to step in to avoid further damage to his shorts or legs and eventually we had them sewn up as he was adamant that he wear that same pair of shorts. I guess that's just Mat being stubborn as usual.

When we did go to the beach, it was fair to say Mat didn't enjoy going in the water. But Mat being Mat, he always found a way to join in mostly by the use of a lylo or a football or in fact anything that would keep him afloat. He was always happy and smiling even when he tried and failed to swim, he never let it get him down but endeavoured to find a way around it.

Even in a foreign country, Mat seemed to befriend the majority of people he came across, either in the street or across the hall in the hotel. This shows how he was loved by people everywhere and how easy and quickly it was for him to make friends. We will all miss Mat dearly and I know he will be in my thoughts every day for the rest of my life. He was truly one of the nicest people I know. Rest in peace PT.

Ryan

Mat was always clever with his finances, spending money solely on what he deemed the most important things in life, such as alcohol, and clothes. Even after receiving a great deal of money from his family for his 18th birthday, he still asked us to buy him food because he had no change. He'd never request a drink though because he knew his inescapable charm would secure him someone else's. He was equally as stingy when it came to entertaining his guests in his Den at home. We were rationed Dr Pepper at a rate of one per month; water was always available however.

The Den was the room we could all call a second home. A small room comprising of a flat-screen tv, a Playstation, two armchairs, and computer which missing a panel and

had to be kept on an angle to prevent it from over-heating. The very same computer Mat wanted to take to university, instead of buying a laptop- Remember all that birthday money and his important things?

We would spend hours in the Den, leaving around 3 in the morning most nights, playing on the Playstation and listening to music of questionable taste. Those are the times that I'll cherish most, seeing you laugh hysterically at my poor jokes and Facebook statuses, and my outrage when you scored a flukey goal on Fifa.

Mat's charity came in a plethora of ways and his care for his friends' well-being was infallible. He was always a calming influence on us all, and reminded us of what was truly important, such as not completing homework during lunchtimes and driving him to get food instead:

We were regularly told, "It's fine. Don't worry about it. Your teacher told me it's not due in today. Let's go to McDonald's". He was quick to realise that if your friends drive cars, all you need is the ability to charm your way to your destination.

Mat was the happiest, friendliest person I have ever known, and I'm sure that most of you here would say the same. In school or at parties, we'd enter a room and Mat would disappear for 20 minutes making his way around, greeting everyone, before returning to socialise further with us. He really did have a tremendous amount of friends, more friends than I'll probably have my whole life. His confidence and easy-going nature also helped him bolster his ever-expanding network of friends at University and I'm happy to see (so) many of you here today. I'll always regret forgetting to wish him a 'Happy Birthday' this year, and for being ill on the last night

before he fell his illness trigger, but his I'm sure his warm heart and forgiving nature made all that irrelevant.

I am honoured to have even known Mat and feel proud to have called him a friend for almost a decade. I would say rest in peace, but I know you won't be. In whatever realm, afterlife or eternity you're in now, I know you'll be busy, unless it's between the hours of 6am and 4pm when you're usually sleep. We have truly lost a brother, but you will never fade from memory.

Owen

Throughout our lives I was many things to you. During our time at primary school, you were the one who helped to blow out my candles at my seventh birthday party, and helped me learn my times tables; we grazed knees battling imaginary monsters together, something all the Bryn Deri boys; Tom Davison, Tom Heyman, Will, Jake, Mike, can relate to, no matter how stupid the girls thought we looked. The two of us were never too far apart- not even on paper. We each had a poem published in an anthology when we were ten. Our poems are next to each other's on the page- his bore an uncanny resemblance to mine, something I teased Mathew about for the next nine years. I actually went as far to bring it into our A-level Economics class one day, only to be disappointed when the unanimous decision was Mat's poem was the better one. As we grew older more things to the list were added- I became an unofficial driving instructor, self-appointed economics tutor, careers adviser, and a chauffeur but never a taxi service. Above all, you were friend to me, a friend some people wait a lifetime,

often in vain, for. I had the privilege and joy to be the other half of a double act that lasted more than fifteen years. Memories can capture the nature of a relationship like that far better than words can and you've given us all a lifetime's worth.

What mattered to you in life were the simple things- you always knew where to look to find happiness and your easy-going philosophy was irresistible. You're the only person I know who faithfully kept a fully functional VHS system- and why? So you could watch your favourite film... Muppet Treasure Island. I was once appalled to see you combine tracksuit bottoms with a designer top for a 'smart casual' event. 'Well,' you replied smugly, 'the top is smart, and the bottoms are casual', leaving me speechless at your infuriatingly sound logic. Your dream job- and this is always something that will always bring a smile to my face - was nothing more than to own a small greengrocery in a quiet village – because it wouldn't be busy and you could eat fruit all day!

Your relentless love of life, warmth and affection was a shining inspiration to everybody you touched; you'd have been just as staggered at the amount raised for UNICEF in your memory as we have been. I've no doubt the incredible donation has left more than a few puzzled heads being scratched at UNICEF HQ.

The lasting impression you leave on everybody with us today is your dazzling and infectious smile that you carried with you all your life, from the first days of our friendship in the classroom and the playground to that morning just a few months ago when you knew you were going to Birmingham, after you, I, Ryan, Glen, and Dave

had stayed up all night together. It is an image that will never leave me and for that I will always be grateful.

There will not be a day that goes by where we will not think about our friend- neither will a day go by where we do not crack a smile, a laugh or shed a tear at one of the wonderful memories he left us with. Mathew's was a life worth celebrating and a life we are so blessed to have been a part of.

Henry & Hannah

Henry: Obviously this is such a tough period for everyone, but we're going to try and say a few reassuring words to remember Mat in a good light. He was one of those people that everyone was relaxed around, meaning everyone could be themselves from day one, just the kind of person you want at uni. I think what an incredible person you were is done justice by how many people are here to commemorate your life and early death, although if it's the Mat we know, you'll be up there right now loving the attention we're giving you today and all the good memories we've been recounting over the last week.

Hannah: Mat you clearly meant a lot to everyone but this is what you meant to the people at uni. As everyone will agree here your smile defined you, whenever you walked into a room you radiated happiness. But from first hand experience your constant need for attention shaped you too. Mat was a rather disorganised friend to have which was made apparent from pretty much the first day we met him. He didn't

enjoy planning things so I spent most of my afternoons walking to cost cutter to get Mat's dinner, a rustlers chicken. Burger and if we weren't trekking to cost cutters you were in Karan's kitchen waiting for your curry to be served or persuading someone from the block to walk 2 miles to mcdo for a big mac meal and coke. Mat you were always there for me and I will always be grateful for that!

Henry: Mat, life's not going to be the same mate, I have so many good memories with you, not a single bad one. To me, you'll be remembered primarily for your awful financial sense, which I'm sure your parents know about, your signature knock on my door on the rare occasion I'd attempt any work, which was quickly followed by a request of either "costcutter" or some kind of fast food, and your constant use of everyone and anyone's stuff, which never seemed to annoy anyone for some reason, it was almost like it was an honour to have you use our equipment.

Hannah: To everyone else you will always be remembered for your misplaced clothes scattered around every flat, all the times you were there for a chat no matter when and your attitude or lack of it towards work.

Henry: When we asked people what you meant to them, the resounding word was irreplaceable. And I really think this sums up how we feel about you, our house next year isn't going to be the same, and neither is uni in general, we're all going to miss you so much.

We are going to listen, now, to a song that might not seem an obvious choice for this occasion, but, in terms of music, there was no-one that Mathew loved more than Tupac. The core sentiment of the song; 'Life Goes On' is a vital one that Mathew would want to share with you and commend to all his friends:

MUSIC: 'Life Goes On' – Tupac

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W69SSLfRJho>

The death of someone close has been likened to an earthquake, which obliterates much that is familiar and changes the landscape, leaving survivors shocked and traumatised. And yet life does go on - never quite the same but still with its opportunities and possibilities. All who knew Mathew well, as many of you did, can say with complete confidence that he would not have wanted too much grieving for too long. He just wasn't that sort of person - and, make no mistake, there is a clear sense in which his life will go on - through his lasting influence on friends and family. So let all those delightful memories of Mathew not only console you but encourage you. He was a competitive type, and maybe he's leaving you with a challenge - to live your lives with energy, passion, determination and care and concern for others, and to do so not just on your own behalf but on his too, being inspired by him to make use of all the sorts of opportunities he will not now have. The importance of going forward in life with that same positive attitude Mathew brought to his life is emphasised in David Harkins' well-known poem:

*You can shed tears that he is gone
Or you can smile because he has lived.
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.
You can remember him and only that he is gone,
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.
You can cry, and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what he would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.*

Mathew was undoubtedly special. He was attractive and engaging, he lived for the moment, he had a knack of cheering people up just by being with them, he sparkled and shone and he possessed - and gave, in abundance - that most precious gift, the gift of friendship; indeed, he had friends of all ages and generations He was kind, thoughtful and generous - he would have been pleased that a worthwhile sum - in excess of £1,200 - has already been raised in his memory for Unicef. Please use his JustGiving page to contribute if you wish to do so. You might also like to know that, because of the selfless generosity and compassion of Mathew's family, many of his organs are even now helping others to live. Can there be any better kind of memorial?

So take the poem to heart - go from here and continue your lives not brought low by what has happened, unbearably sad though it may be. Go forward instead with a sense of gratitude that Mathew lived, that he was the person he was, that he was part of your lives and always will be. The final tribute is by someone who possibly knew Mathew even better than his parents did - I mean, of course, his brother Alex:

*So when I'm talking about my brother today I'm going to be calling him Mathew, which I know sounds strange to a lot of you - probably to more than 90% of you he was Mat or Peattie. Mat, I'm starting to get used to, but Peattie is still really strange - mainly because all of my friend call *me* Peattie. In fact, they used to call Mathew mini-Peattie, which got really weird when he ended up about a foot taller than me.*

I think everyone thought I was a bit crazy when I said I wanted to try and get up and talk today. We'll see how I go - I have Uncle Peter as my emergency stand-in, so if I suddenly transform into a middle aged man half-way through, don't be alarmed. But there were some things I wanted to make sure I got out, before my inevitable descent into a blubbing wreck, so here they are. First I just want to thank you again/all for coming. We've been really overwhelmed and amazed by the turnout. And I'd like to extend that thanks to my friends, who came today to support me - I really do appreciate it.

On top of that, as some of you may know, I launched a website - matheupeattie.com - in Mathew's memory. A massive massive thank you to everyone who's posted messages or photos, we've had almost 400 so far. For anyone who hasn't visited the website yet, I'd urge you to check it out after the service. If you have any stories of Mathew, any photos on an old memory card maybe, we really do love having them. But I'd recommend even just browsing what's already been posted, we've looking back through all of the amazing memories very very comforting.

As we get towards the end of the service now, in someways it gets difficult, following on from the beautiful speeches from Dad, and from Mathew's friends. I'll do my best not to repeat what's already been said. So I'll try not to mention that award winning smile. And I'm definitely going to stay well away from the award winning rear. I just wanted to talk about a few of the things I'll always remember about Mathew.

One of the earliest stories of Mathew I have, is on our first holiday together - Mathew was probably about 1. We were on the ferry to France, and Mathew invented a game, where he'd throw his toys out of the cot, and I'd pick them up and give them back - only for him to throw them all out again. My parents came back to the cabin, to find me fast asleep on the floor, surrounded by stuffed animals, Mathew laughing away.

Mathew's friends told me about a time they'd all been at our house - I think they'd maybe had a takeaway - and the house was predictably quite a state. Suddenly Mathew announced he was off to bed, and his friends, feeling guilty about the mess, cleaned up while Mathew was happily snoozing. That was one of the amazing things

about Mathew - he had this way of getting you to do these incredible things for him, but somehow you'd never begrudge him for it.

Mathew had a funny approach to money. He was always convinced he would inevitably be a millionaire. He used to tell us that he'd let us live on the grounds of his estate, if we behaved ourselves. However, Mathew's ascent to millionaire status never seemed to involve getting a job. Despite never actually having a job, Mathew was never one to feel under qualified for anything. He could reel of a long list of all the jobs that weren't well-paid enough to deserve his consideration. I remember when he found out he was doing work experience at Cardiff Uni's graduation, he told us "I'm not going to shake everyone's hand".

You could never win an argument with Mathew - as a squabbling sibling I'm sure I've had more first-hand experience of this than anyone. First he was always so sure he was right, despite logic or evidence. A lot of his friends have told us about Mathew preaching the gospel of Tupac's survival. He had a long memory too, he could always be able to remember any time you'd said anything that could contradict you. Failing that, he'd remember some previous grievance against him and adopt the stance of a martyr, as only Mathew could. The worst among these, seemed to be the time Dad hit him with a saucepan (don't ask), when he was forced to do his summer diary, and worst of all - having to going to church on remembrance day. For some reason, churchgoing was the worst sort of torture in Mathew's mind. When he found out one of his friends was going to midnight mass, he said "Imagine having to go to church, on Christmas day of all days".

Once Mathew decided he liked something, that was it. He'd happily cook fried eggs every night for a month – sometimes setting off the smoke alarm at 3AM, much to everyone's delight.. He'd wear his clothes to death, whether his Yankees hat, his Ralph Lauren, or his mootiful onesie. He showed the same loyalty to his friends. He made so many people feel like his best friend, and to Mathew, they probably all were.

Abe Lincoln said "it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years.". Although 19 years was much much too short, Mathew packed in more fun, friendships, and of course McDonalds, in the 19 years that most people do in 90.

And in some ways, in that magical way only he could, Mathew seems to have gotten off easy. In the same way he'd sneak off to bed while we'd clean up, he slipped away, so quickly, right in the middle of a life so full of fun. It's us, his friends and family, who must bear the hard work of carrying on without him.

I'll leave you in a second with one of my favourite songs, and also one of Mathew's, To Zion by Lauryn Hill. And Mathew, goodbye little brother, we'll all miss you so much.

MUSIC: 'To Zion' - Lauryn Hill

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ktgHNJ4RmIY>

The time has come for us to take leave of Mathew's physical presence, comforted and reassured that the power of memory and love will keep him safe with you who knew him best, who appreciated him and who loved him. Would you please stand? The memory of him rests safe in your hearts, just as all that he valued and cared about rests safe in your minds and so now, sorrowfully, yet above all with gratitude, admiration, affection and abiding love, we commit the body of Mathew Peattie to its end, its elements to be scattered back once more into the natural world, in which all life began, which sustains all life and to which all life must return.

COMMITTAL

The family would like to thank everyone for coming to share this celebration of Mathew's life and for all the support and kindness that has been shown them. If you have further happy memories or photos of Mathew that you would like to share, please post them on the memorial website, www.mathewpeattie.com . For those who would like to join the family for refreshments afterwards, there will be an opportunity to do so at the Manor Parc Hotel, Thornhill, from about 4.00. Thank you all.

CLOSING MUSIC: 'Lake Erie Rainfall' - Jim Brickman

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Nw-rKXGNTk8>