

# Erik "Kirre" Borgström

★ 26 februari 1945

† 16 augusti 2019



*Begravningsceremoni i Heliga Korsets kapell  
Kristianstad, torsdag 12 september 2019*

## *KLOCKRINGNING*

### *SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW - ISRAEL KAMAKAWIWO OLE*

Inspelad musik

Somewhere over the rainbow. Way up high. And the dreams that you dream of once in a lullaby.

Somewhere over the rainbow Bluebirds fly. And the dreams that you dream of. Dreams really do come true.

Someday, I wish upon a star, wake up where the clouds are far behind me. Where trouble melts like lemon drops, high above the chimney top. That's where you'll find me.

Somewhere over the rainbow Bluebirds fly. And the dreams that you dare to. Oh why, oh why can't I?

Well, I see trees of green and red roses too. I'll watch them bloom for me and you. And I think to myself What a wonderful world.

Well, I see skies of blue and I see clouds of white. And the brightness of day. I like the dark. And I think to myself what a wonderful world.

## *INLEDNINGSORD*

## *LJUSTÄNDNING*

Nu har jag gått för att ej vända åter och det blir bara värre mina kära, om ni gråter Inget kan ändra det öde vi har Så jag vill att Ni minns mig som jag var Nu när Ni står här och kanske mig saknar Då vill jag mina kära att ni vaknar och livslusten har och lever de dagar den tid Ni har kvar.

### *MINNESTAL*

Tack älskade Pappa för åren som gått. Tack för all kärlek och omsorg vi fått.  
Tack för all ömhet och glädje Du gav. Sov så gott käre Far.

### *SOUND OF SILENCE - DISTURBED*

Inspelad musik

For tonight's performance of the The Sound of Silence, join us on the stage to be the odd Garfunkel to my Paul Simon tonight. Please welcome mister Myles Kennedy. Now fire up those lighter and cellphone and hold them it up in the air people, now it's the time.

Hello darkness, my old friend. I've come to talk with you again because a vision softly creeping left its seeds while I was sleeping. And the vision that was planted in my brain still remains within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone, narrow streets of cobblestone, 'neath the halo of a street lamp. I turned my collar to the cold and damp, when my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light that split the night and touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw, ten thousand...

## ÖVERLÅTELSEN

Ibland liksom hejdar sig tiden ett slag och något alldeles oväntat sker. Världen förändrar sig varje dag men ibland blir den aldrig densamma mer.

Alf Henriksson

### *MY WAY - ELVIS PRESLEY*

Inspelad musik

And now, the end is near. And so I face the final curtain. My friend, I'll say it clear. I'll state my case, of which I'm certain.

I've lived a life that's full. I've traveled each and every highway. Oh, and more, much more than this. I did it my way.

Regrets, I've had a few. But then again, too few to mention. I did what I had to do. And saw it through without exemption.

I planned each charted course. Each careful step along the byway. But more, much more than this. I did it my way.

Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew. When I bit off more than I could chew. But through it all, when there was doubt. I ate it up and spit it out. I faced it all and I stood tall And did it my way.

I've loved, I've laughed and cried. Had my fill, my share of losing. And now, as tears subside. I find...

## *AVSKEDSTAGANDE*

### *FRIDSLYSNING*

Det kommer en dag när jag är borta. En dag då mitt liv har tagit slut.  
Så länge du minns mig är jag kvar ändå och finns i din närhet som förut.  
Jag finns där i vågen invid stranden. Jag finns där i vårens varma vind.  
Jag finns där och leder dig vid handen ibland. Jag finns där i tåren på din kind.  
Jag finns i en blommas spröda knoppar, i fågeln som sjunger i ett träd.  
Jag finns bland de fjärilar som fladdrar kring på åkrar med mognande säd.  
Jag finns i ett regn som slår mot rutan och i flingor av fallande snö.  
Jag finns i musiken som du hör på ibland.  
Så länge du minns kan jag ej dö.

### *AVSLUTNINGSSORD*

*THANK YOU FOR THE MUSIC - ABBA*

Inspelad musik

I'm nothing special, in fact I'm a bit of a bore. If I tell a joke, you've probably heard it before. But I have a talent, a wonderful thing. Cause everyone listens when I start to sing. I'm so grateful and proud. All I want is to sing it out loud.

So I say. Thank you for the music, the songs I'm singing. Thanks for all the joy they're bringing. Who can live without it, I ask in all honesty. What would life be? Without a song or a dance what are we? So I say thank you for the music. For giving it to me.

Mother says I was a dancer before I could walk. She says I began to sing long before I could talk. But I've often wondered, how did it all start? Who found out that nothing can capture a heart. Like a melody can? Well, whoever it was, I'm a fan. So I say

Thank you...

*Borgerlig officiant: Marie-Louise Wallin*

*Fonus ceremonivård: Lars Karsten*





