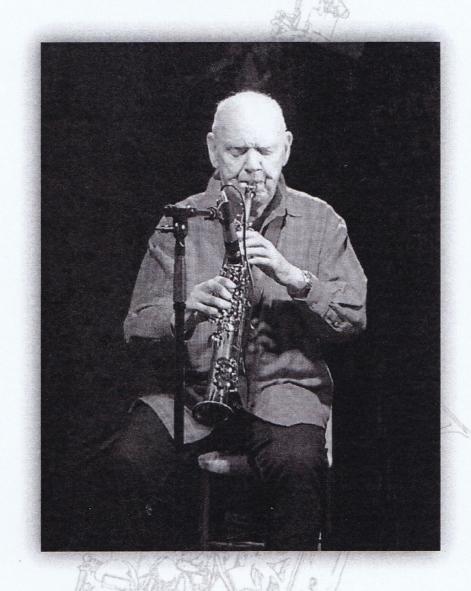
Funeral Service to Celebrate the Life of

HAROLD SALISBURY

1931 - 2023



To be held at Preston Crematorium on Thursday 1st February 2024 at 12.45pm

Service officiated by Mike Brabbin



INTRO

'Everything I Have Is Yours'
Billie Holliday

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF HAROLD SALISBURY

Family Memories

A MOMENT OF REFLECTION

'In A Sentimental Mood' Nat Birchall – Saxophone

SAD TUNES IN MINOR KEYS

In memory of Harold Salisbury Written and read by Alan Dent

Sad tunes in minor keys might fit the day, although wouldn't he have relished a cheeky, pert, scherzo blowing on two reeds at once a trick to make us wonder putting Gabriel to shame stealing heaven's thunder; but heaven was earthly Sunday night was worship at the Lamb every jazzo from the town streaming in to cram for Gary Culshaw's perfect bass Keith Ashcroft's wild progressions pity those who sat at home while we imbibed those sessions; mercy, mercy, mercy mind my little suede shoes they heard him blowing in Lark Hill a ballad or a blues (in F)

Gertrude waltzed in with the chicken we might have been at Ronnie's some had to hang around outside like hopeful stage-door Johnnies every little sunflower had gobbled down her tea to grab a ringside seat to hear St Tom and Donna Lee the cats all purred at Cantaloupe Footprints set strays barking we didn't even have to pay to wallow in Free Parking in a sentimental mood let's raise a toast to all the personnel who played along from here to the Band on the Wall; Birchall Paul and Birchall Nat Steve Oakes, Tim Franks, John Bailey, Andy Smith and Norman Helm, but no one like Bill Haley, Frosty Beadle, Willie Fluss, Tom Vernon, Gavin Barras a fine array of talent with riches to embarrass, Sue Parish, Andrej Baradek, Ed Harrison, Caroline Matt Wells, Munch Manship, Gary Boyle (what, no Courtney Pine?) Paul Burgess, Sylvan Richardson, Steve Williams to boot let squares who like to eat square meals play spatchcock stuff for loot; Dave Hardman in his kitchen pulled his cupboard wide 'I'm going to name my band," he said "by what I see inside."

and so was Pinto Beans baptised which drew us from our tellies to hear then fly 500 miles high at the Ferret and Zeffirelli's; and if you called at number 4 for wine and conversation Harold held forth on Bird and Miles Malthus, dosh, the nation he'd tell you where to stash your pile and other arcane lore ever eager to explain the cause of the 2nd World War; and when the autumn leaves would fall and his mood was indigo he'd say, don't get around much anymore marvel how Bird's KoKo was built on the chords of Cherokee a tune he loved to blow; you always knew just what he loved and what he would abhor and never left with any doubt about the cause of the 2nd World War; and when he played a game of pool he went for the corner pocket poised, restrained, the spit of cool Preston's little rocket: blues in my heart, tempus fugit his horn will blow no more but the notes endure like what we know of the cause of the 2nd World war; Take a walk down Grosvenor Place you might believe you hear

the strain of a plaintive saxophone
let flow a little tear
for Harold
who breathed in air and blew out joy
year after year.

IN HIS OWN WORDS

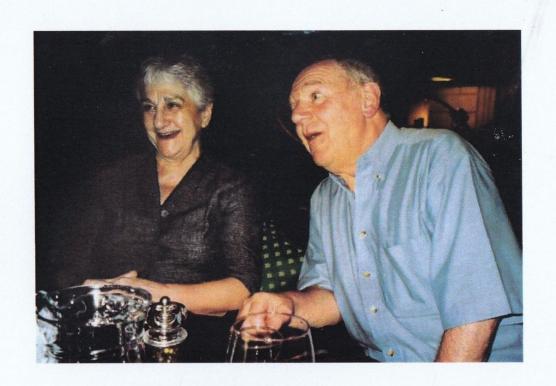
'Blame It On My Youth'
Harold Salisbury – Saxophone
Steve Melling – Piano
Simon Goulding – Bass
Dave Walsh – Drums

REMEMBERED ALWAYS

Words of comfort and farewell Mike Brabin – Celebrant

OUTTRO

'St. Thomas' Sonny Rollins





CELEBRATION

2:30pm The Continental South Meadow Lane Preston PR1 8JP

Harold's family would like to thank all family and friends for their kind thoughts and the expressions of sympathy shown at this sad time.

Donations if you wish to our parents' charity of choice St. Catherine's Hospice www.stcatherines.co.uk/support-us/donate/

Martin's

The Funeral Directors

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