

A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF



TREVOR PEET

24th October 1941 ~ 11th February 2021

Wednesday 3rd March 2021 at 2.00 pm
Wilford Hill Crematorium



ORDER OF SERVICE



MUSIC IN
Son Of A Preacher Man by Dusty Springfield

WELCOME AND PRAYER

CELEBRATION OF TREVOR'S LIFE

read by Nichola

Trevor (Trev to all his mates) was born to parents Leslie and Catherine in Ruddington at the Cottage at the end of Manor Park. His father was one of the Desert Rats fighting in the Middle East under General Montgomery so Trevor never knew his father until he was three years old. His father was a great influence on Trevor and Trevor inherited many of his father's traits, including being a good listener. His mother, being the breadwinner at that time, went out to work and Trevor was mainly brought up by his grandmother, one of the then village characters, and Trevor adored her.

Trevor had a very happy childhood and made many friends, most of whom were local boys from the Ruddington Village Boys' School. Trevor was a good scholar and a very intelligent and quick learner and passed all his exams with flying colours. He left school at 15 years of age and was accepted by the Co-op and obtained a five year Electrical apprenticeship with the Co-op. On completion of his apprenticeship some years later, he then obtained a position with Hartley's Electrical in Ruddington and then on to E.G. Philips as an Electrical Engineer, and during this time passed many exams in engineering and finally gained his higher national certificate, and then his BTEC Diploma, the National Certificate in Engineering. His next and last position was with Notts County Council in the Architects' Department and after many promotions at NCC was finally promoted to Engineering Works and Buildings Manager.

He met and married Margaret, also a village girl, in 1965 and they had two children, Gary and Alan, four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, one of whom was the first girl born to the Peet family in 112 years.

Trevor and Margaret separated in later life but happily they met up again and became friends and rekindled their love for one another. They made many, many plans for the future together, which sadly never came to fruition because tragically Trevor developed a cancer, followed by several other cancers, and suffered many operations over the years, but he endured all and never complained or let us know how much pain he was in.

Trevor fought a valiant battle with this terrible crippling disease right up to the end, with Margaret and Alan by his side, but sadly passed away on 12th February. Alan was Trevor's confidant and best pal (Marra) and fond and happy memories will be held by all his family and all who knew him. He will be remembered for his dry sense of humour (which Margaret sometimes was not tuned into and was ribbed over this many, many times by Trev and Alan).

We shall always remember him.

We shall always love him.

We look forward to being together again one day.

ALAN'S POEM
My Dad read by Alan

Always around to steady and guide,
My dependable rock, stands firm right by my side.
Now that you're gone, I want you to know,
With you in my heart, I'll continue to grow.

You taught me so much
And we learned lots together,
So our journey continues
In my memory forever.

A cruel twist of fate
Brought on early this chapter,
But the time that we had
Brings much love and much laughter.

With respect, a true gentleman,
You'd not wish for me sad,
Just to remember our true life bond,
"My best friend, my rock, my hero."
"My dad."

Words will never cover all that I feel and could say,
Just remember I love you, and take this on your way.
Your ever-loving son,
"See you morra marra."

Alan x



POEM

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep
read on behalf of Gary by Nichola

Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

Mary Elizabeth Frye (1905-2004)

MARGARET'S EULOGY

read on behalf of Mags by Nichola

Trevor, my soulmate and my guide,
You totally understood me more than I ever deserved.

You were always there for me,

For a time we were apart but through the years,
we were always in each other's hearts.

You were always someone on whom I could depend,
You will forever be my 'ALWAYS', my best friend.

I woke from a dream and remembered all the reasons I loved you,
My heart and time were never ready to say goodbye, so until we
meet again, my love, I will keep you in my heart.

We've seen each other grumpy, we've seen each other sad,
we've seen some good behaviour and we've also seen some bad.

You've even seen my wobbly bits and loved me more each day,

I've seen you in your birthday suit and loved you anyway.

You've seen me when I'm slobbering out and still think that I'm cute,

I've seen you dressed up to the nines and in your birthday suit.

We've seen the worst, we've seen the best and like we always knew,
No matter what, life's ups and downs, we've seen each other through.

HYMN

All Things Bright And Beautiful

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful
The Lord God made them all.*

*Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings:
All things bright and beautiful...*

*The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky:
All things bright and beautiful...*

*The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one:
All things bright and beautiful...*

*He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well:*

POEM

Remember Me by Christina Rossetti

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

COMMENDATION AND COMMITTAL

PRAYER

MUSIC OUT

Telstar by The Tornados

The family would like to thank everyone
for their kind words and support at this sad time.

Memorial donations for
Cancer Research UK
may be sealed in the donation envelope in your order of service
and placed in the temporary box on leaving the service,
left online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituries
or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

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