

To Celebrate the Life of

# Mary Bridget Turk

11th September 1923 - 29th May 2019

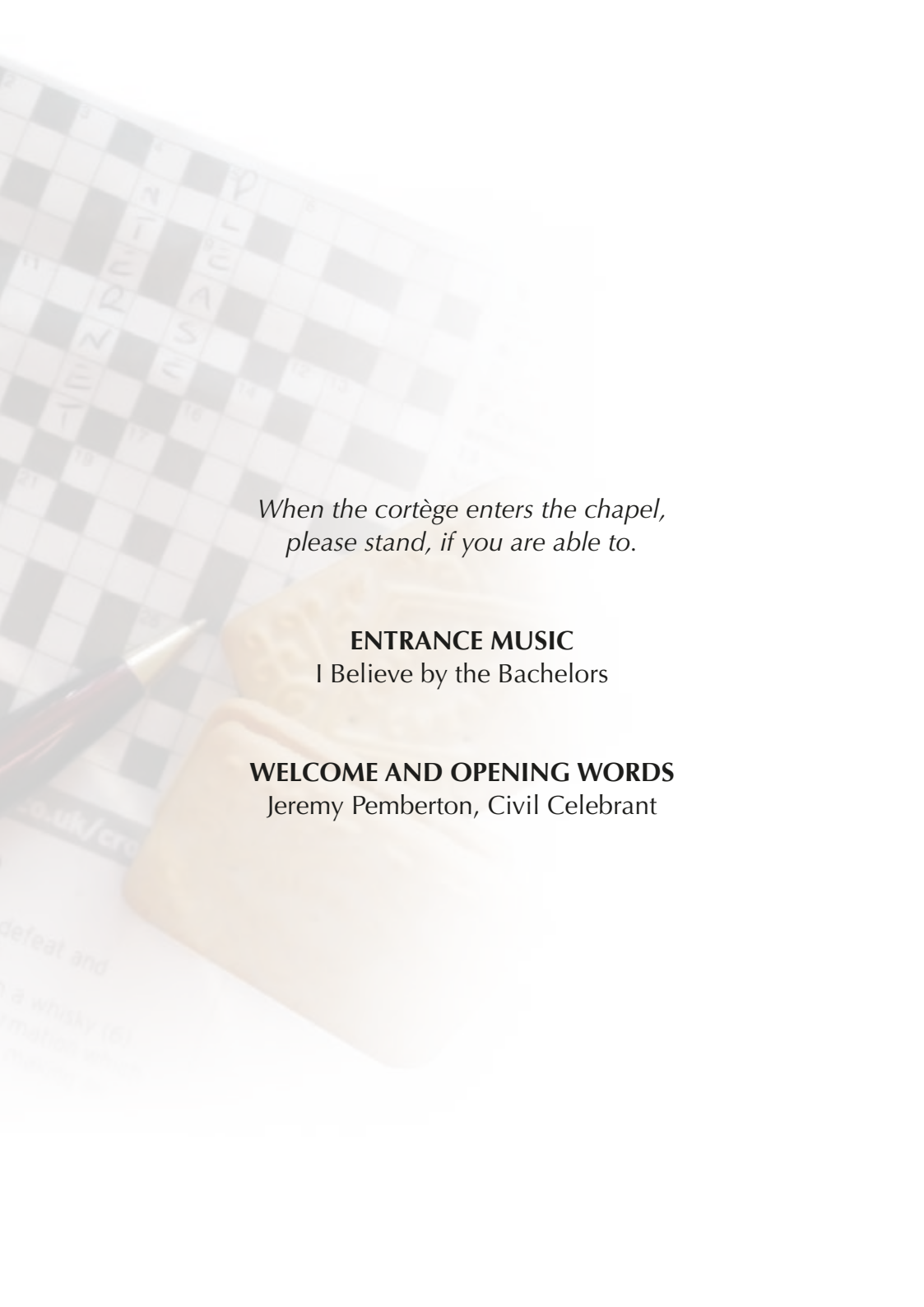


Mansfield Crematorium

Wednesday 19th June 2019 at 11.00 am

A high-angle, close-up photograph of a white ceramic cup filled with a light brown beverage, likely coffee or tea, resting on a matching white saucer. A silver spoon is placed on the saucer, its handle extending towards the bottom right. The background is a soft-focus collage of a crossword puzzle grid and a newspaper clipping. The crossword puzzle has some numbers visible, such as 1, 3, 10, 23, 24, and 28. The newspaper clipping includes a URL 'www.' and a list of items: '1 Admit...', 'return (5)', '2 Put down', '3 Gives info...', 'could lead to', 'arrest (3)', and '4 3-apt...'. The overall aesthetic is clean and intellectual.

# *Order of Service*

A crossword puzzle grid is visible in the background, with some words filled in, including 'TIMZRU' and 'NSAC'. A pencil and a yellow sticky note are also present in the background.

*When the cortège enters the chapel,  
please stand, if you are able to.*

**ENTRANCE MUSIC**

I Believe by the Bachelors

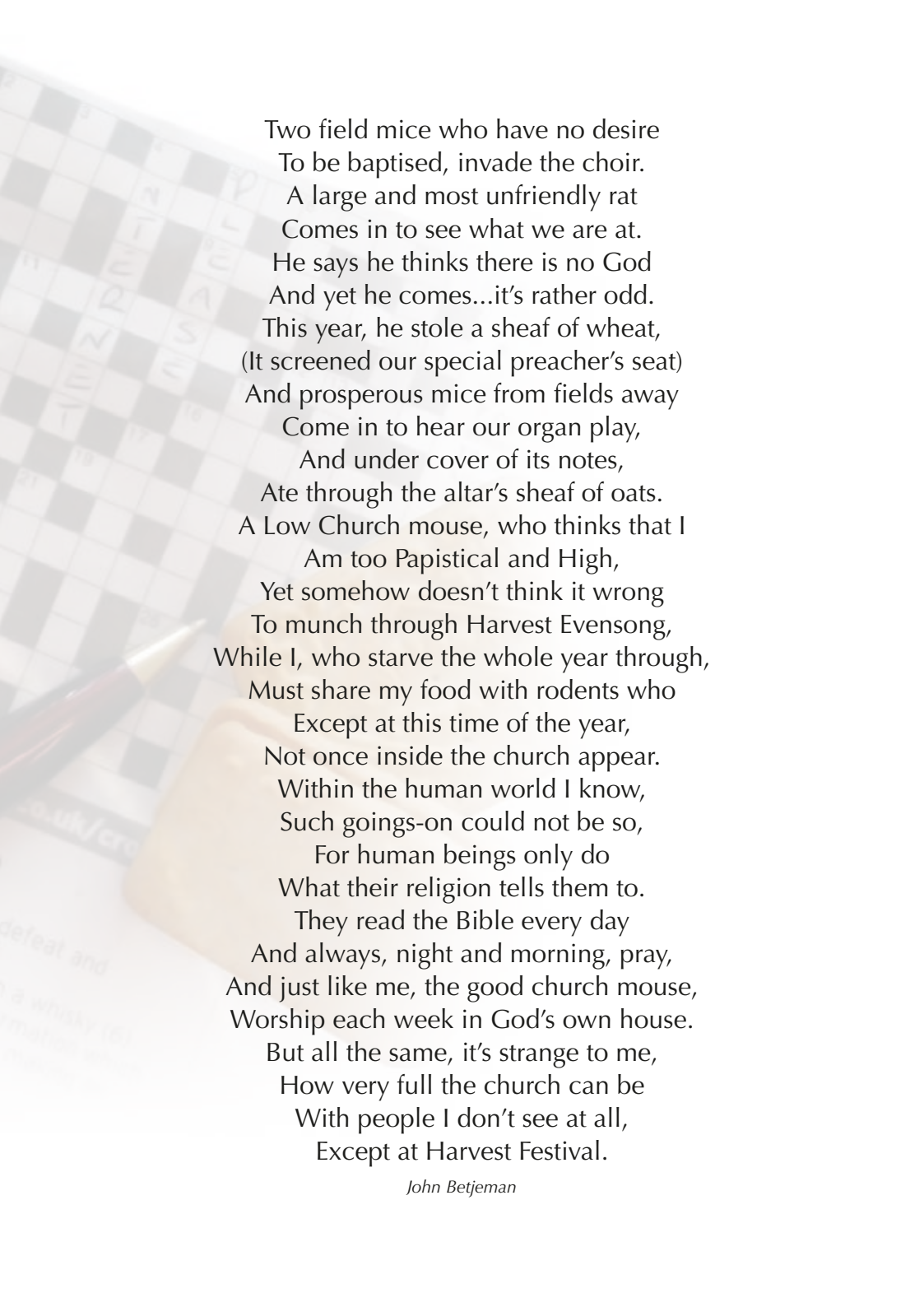
**WELCOME AND OPENING WORDS**

Jeremy Pemberton, Civil Celebrant

## POEM

### Diary Of A Church Mouse

Here among long-discarded cassocks,  
Damp stools, and half-split open hassocks,  
Here where the vicar never looks,  
I nibble through old service books.  
Lean and alone, I spend my days  
Behind this Church of England baize.  
I share my dark forgotten room  
With two oil-lamps and half a broom.  
The cleaner never bothers me,  
So here I eat my frugal tea.  
My bread is sawdust mixed with straw;  
My jam is polish for the floor.  
Christmas and Easter may be feasts  
For congregations and for priests,  
And so may Whitsun. All the same,  
They do not fill my meagre frame.  
For me the only feast at all  
Is Autumn's Harvest Festival,  
When I can satisfy my want  
With ears of corn around the font.  
I climb the eagle's brazen head  
To burrow through a loaf of bread.  
I scramble up the pulpit stair  
And gnaw the marrows hanging there.  
It is enjoyable to taste,  
These items ere they go to waste,  
But how annoying when one finds  
That other mice with pagan minds  
Come into church, my food to share,  
Who have no proper business there.

A crossword puzzle grid is visible in the background, with some words filled in like 'USA', 'TUESDAY', 'WEDNESDAY', 'THURSDAY', 'FRIDAY', 'SATURDAY', 'SUNDAY', 'MONDAY', 'TUESDAY', 'WEDNESDAY', 'THURSDAY', 'FRIDAY', 'SATURDAY', 'SUNDAY', 'MONDAY'. A pencil and a yellow highlighter are also visible on the grid.

Two field mice who have no desire  
To be baptised, invade the choir.  
A large and most unfriendly rat  
Comes in to see what we are at.  
He says he thinks there is no God  
And yet he comes...it's rather odd.  
This year, he stole a sheaf of wheat,  
(It screened our special preacher's seat)  
And prosperous mice from fields away  
Come in to hear our organ play,  
And under cover of its notes,  
Ate through the altar's sheaf of oats.  
A Low Church mouse, who thinks that I  
Am too Papistical and High,  
Yet somehow doesn't think it wrong  
To munch through Harvest Evensong,  
While I, who starve the whole year through,  
Must share my food with rodents who  
Except at this time of the year,  
Not once inside the church appear.  
Within the human world I know,  
Such goings-on could not be so,  
For human beings only do  
What their religion tells them to.  
They read the Bible every day  
And always, night and morning, pray,  
And just like me, the good church mouse,  
Worship each week in God's own house.  
But all the same, it's strange to me,  
How very full the church can be  
With people I don't see at all,  
Except at Harvest Festival.

*John Betjeman*

## HYMN

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
    Forgive our foolish ways;  
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
    In purer lives Thy service find,  
    In deeper rev'rence, praise;  
    In deeper rev'rence, praise.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
    Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
    And let our ordered lives confess  
    The beauty of Thy peace;  
    The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
    Thy coolness and Thy balm;  
    Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
    O still, small voice of calm;  
    O still, small voice of calm.





## **THE TRIBUTE**

### **REFLECTION MUSIC**

Imagine by John Lennon

## **FINAL FAREWELL AND COMMITTAL**

### **THE LORD'S PRAYER**

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done; on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,  
for ever and ever. Amen.

## **CLOSING WORDS**

### **EXIT MUSIC**

Mack The Knife by Robbie Williams



... has  
... a player (4)  
... French-born  
... who had a  
... in electronic  
... (6)



www.

- 1 Admit to  
return (5)
- 2 Put down
- 3 Gives info  
could lead to  
arrest (8)
- 4 ...



The happiest times we spent as a family were on our annual holiday which, with just two exceptions, was spent either on or close to the Norfolk Broads.

Preparations would start six weeks before the leaving day with Dad writing lists of things to take, such as torches, batteries, money for the meter, playing cards, etc.

And so the first day of the holiday would arrive. With a four-five hour journey ahead, we'd be leaving bright and early to miss the traffic and give the car time to cool down after the inevitable overheating; it wouldn't be a proper holiday without the car breaking down at least once.

We'd all pile into the car and, before we had left the kerb, someone would announce they'd not packed their wellies. This would happen a couple of times more before we'd got to the end of the road.

The journey would begin and, as we approached the first turning, Dad would ask Mum, "Which way now?"

This would be his mantra for every junction, roundabout and signpost on the route, the same route he drove every year. For Mum's part, she didn't like driving fast: 40mph was the max she would allow (hence the four-five hour journey).

I'm of the firm belief that the reason we had a two week holiday was to give each of our parents time to recover from the outward journey and brace themselves for the return!

The following poem is our (Genevieve, Robert and Patrick's) tribute to Mum and Dad for the wonderful memories we made together.

## POEM

Sat Nav by Pam Ayres

I have a little Sat Nav, it sits there in my car.  
A Sat Nav is a driver's friend, it tells you where you are.  
I have a little Sat Nav, I've had it all my life.  
It's better than the normal ones, my Sat Nav is my wife.  
It gives me full instructions, especially how to drive.  
"It's sixty miles an hour," it says, "You're doing sixty five."  
It tells me when to stop and start, and when to use the brake,  
And tells me that it's never, ever safe to overtake.  
It tells me when a light is red and when it goes to green,  
It seems to know instinctively, just when to intervene.  
It lists the vehicles just in front and all those to the rear.  
And taking this into account, it specifies my gear.  
I'm sure no other driver has so helpful a device,  
For when we leave and lock the car, it still gives its advice.  
It fills me up with counselling, each journey's pretty fraught,  
So why don't I exchange it and get a quieter sort?  
Ah well, you see, it cleans the house, makes sure I'm properly fed.  
It washes all my shirts and things, and keeps me warm in bed!  
Despite all these advantages and my tendency to scoff,  
I only wish that now and then I could turn the !!!!! off.





Genevieve, Robert and Patrick thank you for your support and presence here today, and thank you for the many kind messages of condolence they have received at this sad time.

They would like you to join them, after the ceremony, at  
12 Dunbar Drive, Mansfield NG19 6TP  
for refreshments, and to continue to remember Mary together.

Donations in memory of Mary will be going to  
**The Welcome Treatment Centre at King's Mill Hospital.**

Donations can be left in the box provided  
at the end of the service, or sent care of  
A.W. Lymn, The Family Funeral Service  
at the address below.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

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[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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