

*A Celebration of the Life of*



**Margaret Mary Watson**  
**“Maggie”**

7<sup>th</sup> February 1954 - 18<sup>th</sup> February 2016

Basingstoke Crematorium  
Tuesday 1<sup>st</sup> March 2016

*Service conducted by Helen Herman*

## **Entrance Music**

Love is all around - Wet Wet Wet

## **Opening Welcome**

By Helen Herman

## **Mark's Tribute**

Presented by Mark's brother Duncan

## **Hymn: Jerusalem**

And did those feet in ancient time Walk  
upon England's mountains green? And  
was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire! Bring  
me my spear! O clouds, unfold! Bring  
me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land

## **Tribute**

By James and John

## **Music for Reflection**

Circle of Life - Elton John

# Committal

## **Poem: Do Not Stand By My Grave And Weep**

Read by Rosanne a close family friend

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 sun 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 Frye*

## **Closing Words**

### **Exit Music**

Always look on the Bright Side of Life - Eric Idle



Mark, Alexis, James and John would like to thank you all for your kind words of sympathy, cards and flowers



You are all warmly invited back for refreshments at  
Sandford Springs Hotel and Golf Club Kingsclere,  
Hants RG26 5RT  
after the service

Donations to McMillan Cancer Support and St Michaels Hospice  
who both provided Maggie with support.  
Either by the tube provided or send cheques

c/o Spencer and Peyton Ltd.  
380 Worting Road  
Basingstoke RG22 5DZ  
Tel. 01256 323165

## **Helen Herman's Order of Service**

### **A Celebration of the Life of Margaret Mary Watson Basingstoke Crematorium 1<sup>st</sup> March 2016 at 11 am.**

**Entry Music – Love is all around – Wet Wet Wet.**

**Opening Welcome.**

**May you find comfort  
In the memory of your  
Precious loved one.  
And in the caring thoughts  
Of those who share your sorrow.**

Good morning and on behalf of Mark, Alexis, John and James I welcome you all to Basingstoke Crematorium and thank you for your presence here today, as we commemorate with joy and thankfulness, the life of Margaret Mary Watson known as Maggie. The music that you heard as you came into the chapel was ‘Love is all around’ by Wet, Wet, Wet. Maggie selected all the music herself for her funeral. I hope you appreciate the sentiments and reasons for her choices. Maggie was a beautiful gracious lady, who lived for her family and loved all of her friends. She did not want this service to be sad and morbid so lets enjoy hearing about Maggie’s life over the next half hour and be glad that we walked the paths of life with her.

Maggie’s flower’s here today are from the immediate family, but if you would like to make a donation to St Michael’s hospice where Maggie spent her last 24 hours, or to MacMillan nurses who were involved with Maggie’s care, you can do so by placing them in the box provided by Spencer and Peyton, or you could send a cheque directly to them where they will forward them on for you.

You are all warmly invited to join the family immediately following the service at the Sandford Spring Golf Course in Kingsclere. This was a favorite place for the family to hold many family functions.

We are gathered here today to celebrate the wonderful life of Maggie and to offer our love and support to her beloved husband Mark, and the whole family that she loved so much. Alexis and her husband Leo, and their children Arabella and Georgiana. John and his wife Rachael and their daughter Kaitlyn. James and his wife Phili. Maggie also was honoured to attend Phili's scan so also saw her baby granddaughter to be. She was known as Nanny by her grandchildren.

It becomes a challenge for us all to honor such a special person in just a few words. We have been incredibly saddened by Maggie's sudden passing to cancer. We offer to Mark and his family our most sincere sympathy as we struggle to grasp just how they will come to terms with their incredible loss. Yet we also draw some unbelievable inspiration from her life, all of you here who have known her, a vibrant, loving individual who loved her husband and family very deeply.

We know that death is in the natural order of things just as night follows day. Yet we know that it is hard to face death as it represents the loss of someone we loved and who played a unique part in our lives. You are sharing your grief as you mourn Maggie and I hope that you can derive some comfort from this as you remember her and the wonderful memories you have of her, some of which you hold in common, but others are very personal to each of you.

Memories build a special kind of bridge when loved ones have to part – they help us feel we're with them still and soothe our pain and grief. These memories span the years you shared, preserving all the ties of love and bringing us peace of mind. And so today, the 1<sup>st</sup> March on St David's day, we will remember Maggie and all that made her very special to us all.

## **Tribute opening**

Maggie was born on the 7<sup>th</sup> February 1954 in Willesden London. She has one surviving sister – Elizabeth – Lizzie for short. She married Mark on the 20<sup>th</sup> November 1976. This November would have been their 40<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. She has three lovely children Alexis, John and James.

I'm now going to invite Mark's brother Duncan to continue with Mark's tribute.

## **Mark's Tribute read by Mark's brother Duncan.**

## **Hymn – Jerusalem - vocal version Please stand.**

## **Tribute from son's John and James**

This next poem is in honour of Maggie who gave her time to help and support others throughout her life who were in need of help and support.

## **Poem - Hearts of Gold - Sherry York**

There are times in our lives when we sit down and wonder where our lives will lead us.

Sometimes we get so caught up in our jobs that we forget what we truly represent.

We get frustrated, aggravated, pushed to the limits and so mentally tired that we feel what is the use in being a Nurse!

But then someone gives us a weak smile or holds our hand and may say, "Thank you, you are so special."

Then we feel the warmth growing in our hearts.

All the bad feelings disappear and replaced by the core values that we represent:

Human dignity, compassion, dedication, integrity, stewardship, leadership and excellence.

So when the bad feelings begin to show, take the times to say this prayer.

Lord, help me to bring comfort where there is pain.  
Courage where there is despair.  
Acceptance when the end is near.  
A touch, gentle with tenderness, patience and love.  
And always remember, all Nurses are truly blessed.  
For you see – God gave them all ‘Hearts of Gold.’

The family would also like to thank St Michael’s Hospice where Maggie spent her last 24 hours. Within 10 minutes of arriving, she was made really comfortable by the lovely caring staff. Maggie was surrounded by her devoted family and lots of love throughout this time.

### **Reflection – Circle of Life – Elton John**

We have now come to a time of reflection so that you can each remember Maggie in your own way and to say your own goodbyes to her. Holding her gently and lovingly in your hearts, take a few moments now to think of Maggie, maybe saying a few quiet words to her, or recalling precious times you spent together, and remembering her wonderful qualities as we now listen to ‘Circle of Life by Elton John.

### **Committal**

It is now the time in the service where we say a final farewell too Maggie and she says farewell to us. Remember though that she will live on through your memories of her and in the ties of love that not even death can break. It is also a good time to remember that every person is individual and special. Every life is like a stitch in the great tapestry of the universe, one piece in the jigsaw puzzle creation. All those stitches, and all the individual pieces make up the whole and without them the picture wouldn’t be complete. They create the colour, the richness and the vibrancy of the world. Each life is created and lived by each person in the



best way they know how. That is how Maggie lived and we thank her for the gift that she has been to each of us, for the richness of her personality, for the pleasure and love, laughter and tears that were shared together.

She lived a full positive life. She worked hard yet played hard. She was a practical joker creating laughter all around her. Towards the end, she was also very brave and courageous.

**Poem Do not stand at my grave and weep – Mary Frye  
Read by Roseanne a close family friend.**

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's 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.

**Congregation to respond – We let you go**

Into the freedom of the wind and sunshine  
We let you go.

Into the dance of the stars and the planets  
We let you go

Into the wind's breath and the hands of the star maker  
We let you go.

We love you, we miss you, we want you to be happy  
Go safely, go dancing go running home

Curtains Closed

A limb has fallen from the family tree  
That says; grieve not for me.  
Remember the best times  
The laughter the song  
The good life I lived while I was strong.

### **Closing Words**

Let us now promise Maggie to have a devotion to things worthwhile and fill our own lives with words and actions of real and meaningful worth. May you find strength and support in your love for one another and may you find peace in your hearts.

We have now come to the end of the service but before we leave, we are going to listen to the final piece of music that Maggie selected for today's service – Always look on the bright side of life. By Monty Python. I hope you all have a safe journey home and I leave you with these final few words;-

“Life is a journey  
Death is the continuation of the journey.  
Heaven is a temporary rest,  
For the commencement and fulfillment  
Of a new life, a new hope  
And a new promise.

**Exit Music – Always look on the Bright side of Life – Monty Python.**

## Marks Words read by his brother Duncan

Maggie was born in London in 1954 to a Scottish Dad and Welsh Mum giving her divided loyalties, that is until her nephews started playing rugby for England. But it seemed very appropriate to have Maggie's funeral on St. David's day.

When Maggie got her diagnosis of Cancer, she faced the outcome with great courage. People asked if she had a bucket list, to which she replied “No I want to concentrate on what I have achieved in life,”. When she started to write, she wrote in large capitals “Raising 3 wonderful children” and all three have been rocks who both Maggie and Mark have relied on extensively over the last few months. Maggie also loved acting as second Mum to her daughters and son-in-law Leo Philli and Rachael, making a bit of a mockery of the mother-in-law jokes. When Maggie was presented with grandchildren she was over the moon, and was a fully active “Nanny”. The sad fact is that the grandchildren will not now benefit from her Wisdom, Common sense and love. Maggie throughout her life was a very giving person, highlighted by her career, which was spent as a nurse, midwife and carer, and even when retired volunteering to do charity work. All Maggie's family and friends will miss the happy, sensible, fun loving character that lit up their lives.

## James and John's Tribute

We would firstly like to thank you all for coming here to today to celebrate the life of our Mum, Margaret Mary Watson.

We are James and John, Maggie's little boys. My boys as she called us.

We both felt it was important that we stand here and talk about our Mum together.

I had the privilege to do the same for Mums Mum when she passed away and it is an honour to stand here and do the same for our Mum.

Whilst is it us that stands here, we speak these words on behalf of our dad Mark and Alexis our Sister, as well as the rest of our family.

Mum went for a routine CT scan to check for gallstones. We left and went off shopping for fireworks for that evening's bonfire night. Mum then got a phone call, asking her to come back to the hospital. We both knew this wouldn't be good news. We went back to the hospital and we entered the room where the Nurses and Doctors were waiting. She sat down, broad shouldered and insisted that they tell her straight.

Mum sat and took every piece of information given to her and didn't batter an eyelid.

However, her 6 foot 27 year old son, was in pieces. The first mum knew of this was when the Doctor passed me a box of tissues.

Only at this point did Mum become upset, but not because of the life changing news she had just received, it was the fact I

was upset, she immediately apologised to me because I had become upset. She then became more tearful as she thought she may not be around to see her new grandchild arriving in May.

This was a prime example of Mum, always thinking and caring only for others, thinking for herself last. She only became upset when she broke news to family and friends, feeling bad that she had upset them.

Mum wasn't a materialistic person, items didn't worry her. She had a very positive attitude towards life and wouldn't let herself get hung up on things. She was always telling us "there's nothing you can do about it, so there is no point in worrying about it". Words I will tell my children. With this statement in mind, Mum insisted that we continued with the fireworks display we had planned for that evening. Mum was cared for in the last few weeks of her life by all of the family. But in particular, Dad was the one who gave Mum all of the support she needed. Running the house, while making her dinner and helping her move to more comfortable positions. Dad has said that it was a privilege to nurse her, she was always positive and more interested in others than herself

While we are all grieving, it is important to remember that Mum would be wanting us all to celebrate her life. Most would say Mum passed away after she lost a brave battle with cancer, but Mum wouldn't have seen it that she lost. She would have seen it as a victory. A victory that she spent Christmas with us all. A victory that she enjoyed a Bollinger Afternoon Tea at the Goring Hotel in London just a few weeks ago. A victory that she had Dad, her children and her grandchildren.

I am in absolute awe of my mum and the way she dealt with the last few months of her life, but this was only a tiny part of her life and one that should not be prominent in people's

memories of her. I feel it is important that we remember mum for everything that she was. She was a loving wife, a fantastic Mum, an amazing Nanny and by the looks of the amount of people here, a very dear friend.

Mum spent many years nursing. This was something she really enjoyed. As we grew up and would hurt ourselves, we would often run to Mum who would dismiss us quickly and tell us to stop being pathetic. When mum became serious, and said we needed to go and see a doctor, we knew she wasn't messing about.

Let's talk about Mum as we were growing up. Mum (and dad) were always very supportive of our choices as we grew up. Mum was our role model, not only in the sense of right and wrong, but also in her playful side.

Mum was very laid back, she loved a joke and especially loved to laugh at her own jokes! Mum loved to play practical jokes too, tickling your feet and pulling off the duvet to wake you up in the morning, or putting an ice cube or cold hands down the back of your neck. In Alexis' case, Mum hid in in her bedroom for 20 minutes to jump out and scare the life out of her when Alex was going to bed.

This is a reflection on who Mum really was. These were traits that Mum loved to do, including, without fail, sending a text to us all on the 1st of every month, to say pinch punch first of the month!

Her way with her 3 grandchildren was truly lovely, and I hope that even though they are young, they may have memories of their Nanny.

Mum adored her granddaughters, and was over the moon to hear that she would be becoming a Nanny again very soon.

**Nanny and Gaga's house is somewhere you get spoilt, you can eat anything you like and open all the cupboards, pull everything out and no one worries! – and that's just James and I!**

**A good friend of Maggie's in Cyprus said to us when we questioned, why does this always happen to the nice people? She responded with, "If you were to walk into a field full of beautiful flowers, you would only pick the best one."**

**As you all know, Mum and Dad adopted John and I, they both, with Alexis accepted us as their own, which makes this next statement most fitting for our mum.**

**"Anybody can become a parent, but it takes someone truly special to be a Mum".**

**I have these words that I will take with me, and I hope that some of you will too.**

**"Perhaps they are not stars in the sky, but rather openings in heaven where the love of our lost one pours down on us to let us know they are happy."**

**There is one more thing I would like to say on behalf of our Dad, Alexis, James and I, to our dear Mum. It's still before midday Mum, so we are in time... Pinch Punch, First of the month, no returns, full stop.**

**We love you so much Mum, thank you for everything you have done for us, but mostly, thank you for being you.**

**Sleep tight Mum, sweet dreams and don't let the bed bugs bite.**