

In Loving Memory
of



Valerie Rose Morris

13th September 1941 - 29th July 2019

A special thank you to everyone who has attended and celebrated the life of Valerie.

Please join us for food and refreshments at
2 Brampton Close, Wisbech, PE13 1LU, after the service.

The **co-operative** funeralcare

Central England Co-operative

Old Royal Standard, Weasenham Lane, Wisbech PE13 2RY

Telephone: 01945 475495

www.centralengland.coop/funeralcare

'To whom the arrangements have been entrusted'

Wednesday 21st August 2019

at 11.30 am

Mintlyn Crematorium, King's Lynn



A TRIBUTE FROM STEVEN

GRANDCHILDREN'S TRIBUTE

Funny... loving... selfless...
are the only three words that we need to describe our nan.
She brightened up our days with her crazy ideas, out of tune singing
and not so amazing dress sense. She loved her mobility scooter -
it gave her a new lease of life, even though we feared for ours.
She loved to park in doorways and take out bollards,
but she always had a cheeky grin on her face.
We are thankful that our nan got to meet five of her great-grandchildren
and showed them true love and kindness
that they will be able to pass on to future great-grandchildren.
No words will describe the love we all shared and the
memories we made together.
She was a wonderful nan and we thank her for sharing her life with us
and we will miss her like the stars miss the sun in the morning sky.

ENTRY MUSIC

I Will Always Love You - Whitney Houston

WELCOME

FAMILY TRIBUTES

A MOMENT TO REFLECT

Supermarket Flowers - Ed Sheeran

WORDS OF COMFORT

WORDS OF FAREWELL

EXIT MUSIC

Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life - Monty Python

ANTHONY'S TRIBUTE

through, but in typical Valerie style, and another medical miracle, she defied all odds and survived, but sadly lost the use of her legs and thus her independence. Fortunately she still had all her marbles, her amazing strength of character and was still able to talk for England, and she never let this life-changing situation get the better of her, although she did say it's the little things she missed like being able to stand and wash up or cook a cake.

Thankfully mum was not a technophobe, she always embraced new technology and absolutely loved her iPad, FaceTime and Messenger being her speciality.

Mum was discharged from hospital and went to live with Debbie and Paul but her medical needs were too great and with her consent a nursing home bed was found for her at Glenfield.

Mum always said that staff at Glenfield Nursing Home treated her like a queen, she said she was very happy there, and the family as a whole would like to express our most sincere gratitude for the care and kindness given to her.

Mum's passing was sudden and unexpected and has come as a shock to all of us, but we are comforted in our belief that she is reunited with her beloved Fred and Jenny and Little Nanny. She was a significant influence within the family for 77 years and will leave a void in all our lives, but our memories will be with us forever, and she will never be forgotten.

Our mum, Valerie, was born at 5 Matilda Street in London on 13th September 1941, in the middle of the Second World War. She always said she could remember the ration books and how her mum used to save them up so they could have extra treats. Her mother, Alice, became so skilled at this, she started a small enterprise purchasing black market extra ration books.

Mum always said she lived a full and happy life with her mum, Alice, who we all knew as Our Little Nanny, and was a great mother and grandmother.

Our mum said she met her beloved husband and our dad, Fred, at a club called White LaReid in Islington when she was 15 years old. At the time she was dating another lad, but by the end of the evening she was determined she was having Fred as her boyfriend. She got her wish, and they were married with a special marriage licence at the age of 17 on 28th March 1959 at the Islington Registry Office.

Mum had the same degree of resilience as her own mother, as she was determined to have a family of her own, even after being told by the doctors that she would not be able to. Thankfully she went on to have four children: Stephen, Jenny, Tony and Debbie.

Mum went through a terrible time not long after having Debbie. In 1969 she was diagnosed with womb cancer. It was assumed that Our Little Nanny would have to take on the responsibility of us four children, as Dad was very young and working full time. I remember a frightening time when Our Little Nanny had a talk to us children about the possibility of her having to care for us, as the prognosis was not good for our mum as her weight had plummeted to only six stone.

Thankfully, to everyone's surprise, Mum remained strong and recovered and, defying all the odds, she was able to return to being a mother and wife.

In 1973 we moved from London to Hertfordshire, as Mum and Dad wanted a better life for their children in the countryside.

Our house in London didn't have a bathroom but a tin tub bath, no running hot water and an outside toilet in a garden brick shed. We moved into a brand new two storey home, with two indoor toilets and a bathroom, sheer luxury for all of us.

Sadly Our Little Nanny passed away on 7th April 1983, the same year that Stephen and Jenny were married.

In 1987 Debbie got married. Then in 1988 Mum and Dad decided to move even further into the countryside and moved to Wisbech St Mary in Cambridgeshire. Fenland was one of Dad's favourite fishing haunts and undoubtedly this influenced their decision to move.

I was the last of their children to be living at home, so I moved with them to Fenland. I moved out within six months and married the following year.

Within a few years of Mum and Dad moving, Jenny and then Debbie moved to Wisbech to be near to them. Eventually Stephen followed suit, so Mum and Dad had all their four children living locally.

Our mum was happily married for 53 years. She would often be a real victim of the family's jokes and wicked sense of humour.

Mum's limited culinary skills were well known in the family. Everything was cooked in lard or had chips, except for a cup of tea. I recall one of Mum's Christmases in Wisbech St Mary, she cooked a turkey, that she referred to as 'beautifully cooked, look it's just falling off the bone.' However, after being in the oven for eight hours, it fell off the bone more like sawdust than turkey.

Needless to say we went through a lot of gravy that Christmas.

I recall Christmas time was always Mum's favourite time of the year, and normally started with Christmas carols from September, and this would continue to the New Year or even past it. She would binge watch any and every Christmas film and loved anything Christmassy around her. It would not be a lie to say Tinsel Town would have been an understatement in

comparison to Mum and Dad's Christmases. They always pushed the boat out, not leaving one inch of visible ceiling uncovered. These were magical times for all of us, whether adults or children. This tradition of tinsel remains to this day in the family as we still splash some over our ceilings and walls in their honour.

Mum absolutely loved her food, she was particularly fond of Chinese, fish and chips and especially had an addiction to prawns and satsumas. Her cooking skill set significantly improved in later years when she shopped till she dropped on the QVC channel and bought every kitchen gadget known to man and subsequently tried them all out, using all the knowledge she gained via TV cooking programmes and books.

Sadly Fred, our dad, passed away at home on 24th July 2012, surrounded by his loving family. Mum committed herself to his full-time care 100% throughout his last days supporting him as she had done throughout their marriage.

After losing dad, Mum continued to live her life the best way she could and concentrated on the rest of her ever-expanding family. The following year tragedy hit the whole family when Mum's eldest daughter, Jenny, was diagnosed with a brain tumour. During this time Mum put her energies into being there for Jenny, who was incredibly brave and positive, qualities she no doubt inherited from her mum. Jenny sadly passed away on 25th March 2015, only aged 53, again surrounded by her family.

Although Mum carried the sadness of losing her mother, her husband and daughter, she strived to be as positive as she could and continued living life to the best of her ability, and at this time was still living independently.

Our mum always said she was very lucky to have the extra time after her Fred passed away, and never thought she would be lucky enough to be given extra time to see her own children, and her grandchildren, namely Samantha, Dean, Derrick, Stacie, Lucy, Rebecca, Robert, Jessica, Katie, Emily, and Spencer and great-grandchildren, Ella, Freddie, Payton, Madison, and Maisie grow.

Thankfully mum certainly made the most of her twilight years.

In the last two years of Mum's life she was admitted to hospital with encephalitis and meningitis and in all honesty nobody thought she would pull