

A Celebration of the Life  
Of



Anthony Paul Graham Brearley  
4<sup>th</sup> August 1937 – 26<sup>th</sup> June 2020

# Order of Service

**Processional Music** – Lacrimosa, from Requiem in D<sub>min</sub> (K626)  
W A Mozart, Academy of St Martin In The Fields, Marriner, *Chosen by Chris & Mollie*

**Introduction & Opening Prayer** – Canon Peter Watkins

**Hymn** - The Lord's My Shepherd, from Psalm 23 in C<sub>Maj</sub>  
Rous/Crimond, Grimethorpe Colliery band, *Chosen by Yvonne*

*The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.*

*My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own Name's sake.*

*Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill:  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.*

*My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint  
And my cup overflows.*

*Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.*

**Bible reading** - John 14: v 1-6 & 27

**Remembering Paul** – Yvonne, Stephen, Andrew, Alison, Jan, Bob

## **Thanksgiving - 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, forever and ever.*

*Amen*

## **Hymn - Jerusalem (And Did Those Feet In Ancient Time..)**

Blake/Parry, Christ's Hospital Choir, Allwood, *Chosen by Alison*

*And did those feet in ancient time,  
Walk upon Englands mountains green:  
And was the holy Lamb of God,  
On Englands 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 Englands green & pleasant Land*

## **Farewell - Final Prayer & Blessing**

## **Recessional Music – Non Je Ne Regrette Rien**

Edith Piaf, *Chosen by Canon Peter & Stephen*

# Our Dad & Grandad

*from Yvonne, Chris & Alfie*





# My Dad

*from Stephen*

It's a long story to explain.





# Memories of Pamela

*from Hounslow & West Bridgford*









## Our Dearest Paul

*from Andrew & Mari*

Nurtured and loved, an infant to middle age.  
Equipped to enjoy life, to perform on the stage.

Avid adventurer, with relentless curiosity.  
Tenacious researcher, with endless knowledge,  
Lifelong public servant, with robust principles.  
Passionate supporter and competitive player.  
Conveyor of hugs, for us and our loved ones.

Dedicated father and devoted husband.  
Mothers happiness and best friend.

A life well lived.

Loved and never forgotten.





## Paul

*by Alison (& Pete)*

Paul became my Step Dad when I was 15 years old. He was a special part of my life for 37 years. He was my daughters' very special Grandpa, Eva and Clara loved him. We loved him. He also dearly loved my Mum, which I will always be grateful for. He was a gentleman and considerate.

When I remember Paul I think of many things, first I smile, then I recollect small details and happy times. I recall his stories of youth hostelling when he was young, cycling for miles and one time sleeping in a phone box to win a race to get the furthest from the starting point. I think of his love of the French language and all things French: the scenery, culture and food. His French was fluent. Camping holidays in France had been a big part of his early family life. The Tour de France was a favourite.

He loved eating fish, listening to Radio 3's classical music, the Proms, reading and looking up words in the dictionary. A stickler for grammar and punctuation, politely advising shopkeepers when they had changed their intended meaning with incorrect grammar. From being about 14 he corrected my grammar on a daily basis, I can still hear him when I correct myself.

Fish and chips, red wine, cheese, dark chocolate and properly hot coffee, all of these he enjoyed. Only drinking wine with a meal though and always in moderation! A night owl, reading the Daily Telegraph until 1am. European city breaks and always speaking the local language as much as possible, loving the museums and galleries. Last summer he went on a camel trek and slept in the desert under canvas. A lifetime of being agile and slim, regular badminton into his eighties. A lover of the outdoors and long hikes - a 5 mile walk on his last day.

In my mind I can see him queuing in supermarkets reading a book. Carefully cutting cheese and taking the margarine in neat strokes, with the aim to leave a perfectly flat surface. Attention to detail! Beautifully neat handwriting with a very fine biro, perfectly polished shoes, carefully chosen verses in cards. Perfectly ironed shirts, always a clean shave and smart.

My early recollections of him are of a clever, reserved man. In recent years, he enjoyed chatting to everyone. Regularly recalling his interesting stories that gave the exact location, month and year as well as the names of everyone who he was with! He could have recited their address and phone numbers too, even for stories and friends from 65 years ago. A memory and recall like no-one else I have ever known.

I realise now that I never ever heard him swear, complain about life's tough times or feel sorry for himself. Paul never blamed others for his misfortunes and he was never disrespectful of others. Rare qualities indeed.

But to me Paul wasn't just a very clever man who married my Mum, loved Huddersfield Town, France and The Telegraph. He was a very special, unique Step Dad and Grandpa who loved us very much and lived his life to the full.

We loved him.



# My Grandpa

*by Eva Braithwaite, Age 11*

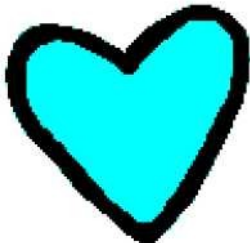
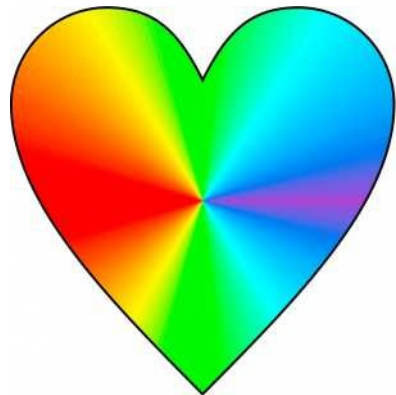
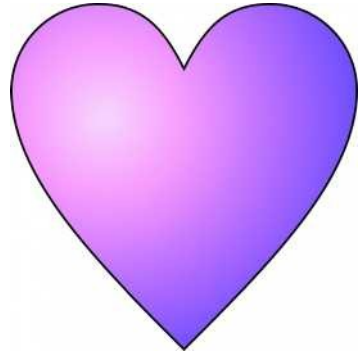
I had a lovely Grandpa  
His name was Paul Brearley  
He was so kind and gentle  
And I loved him dearly

When he came to visit  
We would run round and play  
We really did enjoy it  
When he came to stay

He used to read us stories  
Right before bed  
Then he would hug us  
As we lay down our heads

We would have fun times at Christmas  
And at many birthdays too  
We loved him so much  
He was one of the best people we knew

We'll always remember Grandpa  
Yes, all the time  
And whenever we think of him  
Our hearts begin to shine



# Grandpa

*By Clara Braithmaite, Age 7*

Grandpa was really kind and helpful.

I loved him so so, so, so, so much and I really miss him.

When he stayed he read me bedtime stories.

At Christmas I put a pink wig on his head.

He was the best Grandpa ever.

He had a giant smile on his face.

He made me happy.

I loved him all my life since I was a baby.

These words are from my heart.



# Contributing Relatives

*From our ancestors (going right back to the monkeys)*





## Memories Of Paul, Pat, Pam & His Offspring!

*From Janette Elkins (c& Derek)*

Paul came into my life when he started “courting” one of my best teenage friends, Pat, in about 1960. Pat and I were both members of our local “Youth Hostel Association” Group near Richmond in Surrey. We both lived in East Sheen and became good pals from the early days of the Group.

When out walking or cycling and stopping overnight with other members of the YHA, we were often asked where we lived. When told “East Sheen” there were frequent giggles of disbelief as, at that time, Hancock’s Half Hour (a very funny radio programme) was set in an imaginary “East Cheam” and enquiring boys thought that was where Pat and I lived! They never found us luckily?!

Pat and Paul were married at Christ Church in East Sheen and lots of our YHA – “Your Husband Assured.” friends were there with us to celebrate their wedding. Many of our pals from those early, happy days are still together now like Derek and me and sadly we have said goodbye to others but have great memories of times gone-by wonderful holidays and great weekends at YHA hostels.

If there were quizzes on, we would all appreciate Paul’s vast breadth of general knowledge, his strength in tug-of-war competitions and his good map reading if we got lost on our walks or cycle rides. Paul’s love of France and speaking French made him and our friend Tony Cutting close pals with their joint enjoyment of collecting French stamps.



After the sad loss of Pat, soon after Derek and I had moved to the Cotswolds in 1973, we were amazed that Paul managed to take their two young children to France on camping holidays – very efficiently packing in his car not only them but all the necessary clothes, food and equipment.

With Paul having to work much of the time when Stephen and Yvonne had broken up from school, it was nice to have them both on extended visits to the Cotswolds. They soon got to know our two children's village friends. They often also stayed with our friends Pam and Colin and Jen and Tony before returning home to Hounslow and school.

We were all very happy when Pam came into Paul's life and Yvonne and Stephen then had the company of a larger family. Yvonne particularly had a step-sister, dear Alison, for company.

Most Christmas's we enjoyed seeing them when we were "up in London" to visit family and friends - Happy Memories.

Derek and I have always kept in touch with Stephen and Yvonne and it is nice when they can still occasionally visit us "old folks" in the country (which they do). Stephen and Yvonne have had a difficult time (and so, of course did Paul) losing Pat when they were so young (Yvonne was 4 and Stephen a few years older when Pat died so it has been a pleasure to keep in touch with both of them.

We liked dear Pam and were so glad that she joined Paul in coming for several days most years to the Old Boys and Girls Richmond YHA Group Reunions. It was nice to meet up again with Pam's daughter, Alison, when we were all at her mother's funeral.

God bless them all and you who are reading this.



## PAUL BREARLEY

*from Bob, Margaret & HMRC (Averil & Co.)*

“He’s a gentleman.” So said an old friend of mine on first meeting Paul Brearley. A P G (Paul) Brearley was born in Huddersfield in 1937. However, his family moved to Bridlington when Paul was young, and he spent most of his school years as a boarder at Christ’s Hospital in Horsham.

After school came national service which Paul enjoyed. He was posted to West Germany where he was in the same unit as Burnley and England centre forward, Ray Pointer. When he was once more a civilian, Paul joined the Estate Duty Office and opted to take the Bar exams rather than study for the alternative, the external London LL.B. Paul duly qualified as a barrister but remained in the office which, of course, had many legal technicians at the time.

Paul liked the life and the work of the office and made many friends. He was a keen stamp collector (like quite a few others at Minford House), he helped organise the regular visits of office people to the Proms and both before and after the move to Nottingham he enjoyed friendly (in general) games of badminton. [Paul was still playing badminton until the age of 82 – only the lockdown prevented him carrying on!]





Paul had wide interests. He was a very good and enthusiastic quizzier. He spoke French well (retaking his A level in the language after he retired even though he had passed it at school) and he was a keen member of Nottingham French Circle. Very many of his early family holidays were to France but his second wife, Pam, encouraged him to broaden his horizons. He was a keen cyclist and loved cycling as a sport – mysteriously, his visits to France coincided with the Tour de France. He was also a very enthusiastic Huddersfield Town fan. He and I (and latterly, his son, Stephen) travelled together to matches and generally suffered over the years but with one or two moments in the sun such as winning promotion to the Premier League via the play-offs in 2017.

Following the sad loss of his dear wife, Pam, in 2014, Paul was determined to continue to get the most out of life even though he was now on his own. Inspired by an elderly Polish lady Pam and he had befriended in West Bridgford, Paul went to Polish language classes and spent several holidays in Polish cities. He particularly enjoyed the museums and the opera houses. Back in Nottingham, he was always willing to stop for a chat with friends and former colleagues he bumped into.

Paul died suddenly on 26 June. He is survived by a son and a daughter of his own, Pam's two children and four grandchildren/step-grandchildren. He loved this extended family and relished the time he was able to spend with them all.



*Contrary to Father's Yorkshire instincts, Pam did eventually persuade Dad to buy a colour license.*



Paul's family would like to thank you for all the kind expressions of sympathy, friendship and support given to them at this time, and for your presence here today, which is a great comfort. You are invited to join us afterwards, meeting at:

92 Priory Road, West Bridgford NG2 5HX

After admiring the gardens and service facilities, walking (by crocodile) about 10 mins on foot to:

Bridgford Park

All facilities operating, intending lifts available, for a socially distanced M&S picnic. Probably meet near the children's playground (weather permitting). Suggest bring camp chairs, parasols and brollies. Maybe a cuddly toy too, especially if (he) is in possession of blue and white stripe.

We are planning a full celebration of Paul's life, about the same time next year. All contributions gratefully received! Venue, date and time TBA.

Donations, if wished, in aid of:

**RNLI & Yorkshire Air Ambulance**

% AW Lymn, 128 Melton Road, West Bridgford NG2 6EP

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