

In Loving Memory of



Patricia Allwood
'Pat'

27th May 1932 - 16th November 2020



*Main Chapel,
Wilford Hill Crematorium
Friday 11th December 2020
at 12.00 noon*

Music on Entry
Clair De Lune - Claude Debussy

Welcome and Introduction



Poem

... And I will leave,
But the birds will stay, singing:
And my garden will stay, with its green tree,
With its water well.
Many afternoons the sky will be blue and placid,
And the bells in the belfry will chime,
As they are chiming this very afternoon,
The people who have loved me will pass away,
And the town will burst anew every year
But my spirit will always wander, nostalgic,
In the same peaceful corner of my garden.

Music for Reflection

Almost Like Being In Love - Edmund Hockridge

Pat's Life



Music

Pat's Garden composed by Philip Allwood



Hollie's Memories

read by Richard

The sayings 'heaven has gained an angel' or 'they broke the mould'; this is how I can describe my grandma. She was one in a million, she never moaned or complained, she just got on with it.

Pat had time for everyone, from my dad's band mates, my childhood friends, neighbours and even the stray cats!

People were drawn to her and especially children, who adored her. Plus, she always had the best biscuits and cakes, which was the added bonus. Pat would spend hours playing tea parties with me in my little Wendy house, where I would insist on real tea not water!

She loved nature, especially the birds, and we would often throw food out for them together.

I loved throwing it as high as I could.

She loved birds that much, she even taught her beloved cat, Misty not to kill them.

Pat was a wonderful mother to my dad and they had a bond like no other.

They helped each other and were always there for each other, even to the end.

I know she was proud and grateful for all my dad did.

Pat was a great-grandmother to my three children, Fraser, Hayden and Evangeline.

She would spend her time cooking, sewing teddies and playing Scrabble.

Pat had the voice of an angel, very calming; she called everyone 'my darling'. Her voice is what I shall miss the most.

Though this is a sad day for us, it's also a day of celebration, a celebration of a long and full, happy life.

Pat told me once, "Hollie, I have really, really enjoyed my life.

I have seen the best London shows, been to the best ballroom dances.

Yes, Hollie, I have enjoyed it."

I was fascinated by what she said and it stuck with me forever.

I wish most people this happy ending in life, because I certainly live my life like this.

My grandma taught me: be happy, grateful, play the cards you have been dealt and just get on with it.

I love you, Pat.

Goodnight.

Committal and Farewell

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

Poem

The tide recedes
But leaves behind
Bright seashells on the sand
The sun goes down
But gentle warmth
Still lingers on the land
The music stops
And yet it echoes on
In sweet refrains
For every joy that passes
Something beautiful remains

Music on Exit

Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life - Eric Idle



A.W. LYMN

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Deer Park House
359 Wollaton Road
Nottingham
NG8 1FQ

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