

Val's family would like to invite you all to refreshments, after the service, at Val's home, 4 Steedman Avenue, Mapperley NG3 6DL.

Val supported many charities. If you would like to give a donation in memory of Val to the **British Red Cross**, please send it to A.W. Lymn The Family Funeral Service.

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service*

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*A Celebration of the Life  
of*



**Valerie Barry**

16th October 1932 - 17th August 2017

Gedling Crematorium, Nottingham

Friday 25th August 2017

at 1.30 pm



### **Val's Life**

Born in Kirkcaldy near Edinburgh, Scotland on 16th October 1932, Val was the younger of her mother Anna Clerke and her father John Barry's two daughters.

Val was first sent to boarding school in Dublin at the tender age of seven and her father died two years later after a long illness. After a relatively contented and settled spell in Dublin with her mother and sister and attending a day school, the girls were packed off to the Sacred Heart convent boarding school near Brighton. Tragedy struck when Monica was killed in a car accident at the age of 18, leaving 16 year old Val and her mother alone together and devastated.

There followed a highly unsettling period for Val, during which she and her mother travelled the world aimlessly as Anna sought in vain to assuage her own overwhelming sense of loss. Val's plan to follow her sister to Trinity University in Dublin was somehow scuppered amid all the grief and instability.

To Val's relief, they finally settled near relatives in Nottingham and before long, the young secretary had encountered a handsome young Irishman, Patrick Cooney, at a Catholic church dance in the city. Soon after, they married.

Val immersed herself in marriage and having a very large family, reaching the grand total of eight children. During this understandably busy and lengthy period of caring for her five daughters, three sons and her elderly mother, Val's own interests and ambitions in life were very much consigned to the back seat.

As her children grew and her marriage crumbled, Val started exploring the kinds of academic and cultural pursuits which had inspired her teenage hopes and dreams. She did her A-levels at evening class, pursued her interest in languages and became an active member of the local tennis club.

She set about gaining an impressive string of varied qualifications, starting with a certificate in teaching English as a foreign language (TEFL) that enabled her to spend a year teaching in Barcelona and Madrid, Spain.

### **Poem**

'Weep Not For Me'

by Constance Jenkins

read by granddaughter, Niamh

Weep not for me though I have gone into that gentle night.  
Grieve if you will, but not for long upon my soul's sweet flight.  
I am at peace, my soul's at rest, there is no need for tears.  
For with your love I was so blessed for all those many years.  
There is no pain, I suffer not the fear is now all gone.  
Put now these things out of your thoughts in your memory I live on.  
Remember not my fight for breath, remember not the strife.  
Please do not dwell upon my death, but celebrate my life.

### **Music**

'The Parting Glass'

by Cara Dillon

### **Celtic Blessing of Rest**

May the road rise up to meet you.  
May the wind always be at your back.  
May the sun shine warm upon your face,  
And rains fall soft upon your fields.  
And until we meet again,  
May God hold you in the palm of his hand

### **Recessional Music**

'Farewell To Govan'

by Liam O'Flynn

## Music

'Wild Mountain Thyme'  
by The Corries

Oh the summertime has come  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

I will build my love a bower (summerhouse)  
By yon' cool crystal fountain  
And around it I will pile  
All the wild flowers o the mountain  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

I will range through the wild  
And the deep glens sae dreamy  
And return with their spoils  
To the bower o my dearie  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, Lassie go?

On her return to Nottingham, Val enrolled on a Hispanic Studies degree at Nottingham University, spending six months in Colombia as part of the course, before graduating with BA Honours in her 60th year.

Meanwhile, Val was steadily accumulating grandchildren (eleven in total) and eventually two great-grandchildren, all of whom were a source of great pride and affection. In her regular communications with them, she embraced social media and owned a smartphone long before some of her own children.

In her later years, Val astounded many of us with the way she maintained such an active social and educational life and forged so many new friendships. In addition to Spanish and French, she also studied and spoke some Italian, Portuguese and Turkish.

She has been a stalwart volunteer at her local Oxfam shop for the past 14 years, and was heavily involved with the University of the Third Age (U3A) up until her death. The courses and groups she followed included Spanish, French, Italian, Film, Walking, Singing, Public Speaking, The Dickens Fellowship, and Poetry.

Val was a very active person, well and truly determined to make up for lost time. She loved meeting new people, was warm-hearted and had an enquiring mind. It's hard to believe that she has actually left us rather than just being away on some new course or off on another trip abroad.

While there will be inevitable tears at her passing, we her children would primarily like this occasion to be a celebration of Val's rich and varied life. Although she endured difficulties and struggles, in her later years Val found contentment and peace within herself. We can all draw on Val as a source of inspiration and strength through life's ups and downs. We will all miss her.



# Order of Service

## **Processional Music**

'The Four Seasons'  
by Vivaldi

## **Welcome and Introduction**

Celebrant Brendan Flanagan

## **Val's Early Years**

by her daughter, Geraldine

## **Poem**

'Wild Geese'

written by Mary Oliver  
read by daughter, Finola

You do not have to be good.  
You do not have to walk on your knees  
For a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.  
You only have to let the soft animal of your body love what it loves.  
Tell me about your despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.  
Meanwhile the world goes on.  
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain  
are moving across the landscapes, over the prairies and the deep trees,  
the mountains and the rivers.  
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,  
are heading home again.  
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,  
the world offers itself to your imagination,  
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting -  
over and over announcing your place in the family of things.

## **Val's Later Years**

by daughter, Monica

## **Music**

'Amor Venme A Buscar' (Love Come And Find Me)  
by Il Divo

## **Memories of Nana**

by Val's grandchildren