

In Loving Memory of

Maurice Cage

29th December 1943 - 3rd January 2024



Loughborough Crematorium

Tuesday 30th January 2024

at 11.45 am



Maurice Cage was born on December 29th 1943 to William and Eunice Cage, in Sutton Bonington. He was the 3rd son and 4th child of 6 children. Although of the 6, Maurice caused Eunice the most difficulties in childbirth, with him almost being the last born but thankfully that wasn't the case.

When Maurice was born his older brother Colin was only a toddler and learning to talk, he could not pronounce Maurice and instead called him Moss, from here on after the family always referred to him as Moss. Although in later years work colleagues sometimes called him Moe.

Moss started his education at Sutton Bonington Infants with teachers Mrs Jeffs and Miss Vickerstaff. He then moved up to Sutton Bonington Juniors and only just passing his 11+ he attended Newark Magnus Grammar School.

Moss had many fond memories of his time in Newark and would often point places out on our way to see his sister Jean. He told us how he lodged Monday - Friday firstly in Balderton, then with the Baldwin family in Farndon for 2 terms, however Maurice found their young family to be too distracting and was much happier in his final lodgings, also in Farndon, but with an older lady, Mrs May Johnson. He stayed with her for 3 years and they got on well. On the weekends Moss would return home to be with his family. He would often help his big brother Colin at the farm at St Anne's Manor.

When Maurice finished school at 16 he took an apprenticeship at Herbert Morris Ltd. He did a sandwich course, 3 months at work and 3 months at Loughborough College. His talent of drawing saw him become a draughtsman at Herbert Morris, designing cranes.

Moss would work there until he retired in 2002.



As a young man in the early 70's, Moss enjoyed travelling with his friends John Richardson and Roy Aubry, they travelled across parts of Europe including France, Belgium, Netherlands, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, camping of course! Moss once said that he remembered having funny dreams when in Norway and in France it was the squealing of taxi tyres that came to mind. On another occasion they travelled to Morocco via Spain and saw the sights of Fez, Marrakesh, and Casablanca. They travelled in Roy's yellow Ford Anglia.

Another of Moss's passions was walking and hiking, he spent many hours with work colleagues and his cousin Michael touring the delights of the British countryside, armed with his backpack, hiking boots, hat, and camera. He was especially fond of Derbyshire.



*Moss had many memories which he shared with us all over the years
but there were 2 he asked me to mention.*

During the late 1940's and early 50's I remember electricity being in short supply. It was on a rolling system, meaning one area may receive some but another area would not. So, when it was our turn to go without Colin and I would sit around the table with our dad, by light of a paraffin lamp and a roaring coal fire. We would play crib and other games together. Crib remaining a popular game within the family throughout the years. Although I only ever remember one 28 hand coming up and that was playing my sister Pat, surprisingly it was her hand!

A fond memory that Jasmine, aged about 5 years, has never lived down and always brings a smile to me. This was the time we were sat together looking at pictures of Cousin Michael (sometimes known as Mick) and Mick the dog. She quietly asked me if Mick used to be a dog!



*The family and friends have many fond memories about
Moss that they want to share:*

When Moss was little he loved to go and see the trains and wave to the train driver as we could then. If we could not find him, that's where he would most likely be, or down the lane that we lived in. When he had nieces and nephews, they went with him, long walks down the lane to the river and back. As he got older he enjoyed working in his garden, and walking in Derbyshire. He also enjoyed his skittle nights.

Jean (sister)

So sad to lose my crib playing partner. Moss was always a tease and liked playing tricks on us as children. I remember going with him and Colin to the steps by Marle Pit Bridge to train spot. From an early age (about 5 or 6) we had to get the train number so Moss could cross it off in his trainspotting book, which still exists today! We always listened to children's favourites on Saturday mornings – the signature tune being Puffin Billy (about a steam train).

Patricia (sister)

My brother was the biggest pest but also the most generous benefactor. He wrote the most hilarious 'ditties' on cards. Walking in the Peak District. He enjoyed astronomy – using his own telescope to view the night sky. Photography – he took some lovely photos. Gardening – I loved it when he gave me his home grown produce of strawberries, broad beans (my favourite), potatoes and of course apple crumbles.

Susan (sister)



Mossie I remember:
Running in the fields down Sutton Lane,
Avoiding the steaming cow pats,
Walks in the sunshine and even the rain,
While kicking up leaves and having chats.
The people we've loved don't go away,
They walk beside us every day.

Paula (niece)

Moss was a patient Uncle – when he undertook the task of teaching me to play chess, he had to be. We often had an ongoing game via the postal service; no emails or texts and we didn't even have a phone – this meant the game could last for months. The result, however, was usually the same –
I needed to up my game!

During the summer months I would spend holiday time with Moss and Colin, walking their dog, Mick, over the fields near Sutton Bonington and down to the River Soar. Moss taught me to use a camera, although Bailey and Snowdon weren't in any danger, and what to look out for in nature, birds, trees and the general flora and fauna.

Moss was a fan of board games and cards, and we used the contents of his owl money box for betting purposes – perhaps a questionable lesson to be teaching a young girl; my husband maintains I'm a bit of a card shark, but it was good fun, we had a lot of laughs and I have great memories.

Yvonne (niece)



Moss was a unique person who lived life in his own bubble.

Ann (sister-in-law)

I have vivid memories of the fun I had as a child, using Uncle Moss as a climbing frame.

Janet (niece)

Even at birthdays, Moss always wanted you to learn about money, so he did not buy wrapping paper, but a financial times to wrap your present in. From me and my family, I would like to thank Moss for the help he gave me getting started on the property ladder. I hope Dennis, Colin and Moss are having a drink and a laugh, brothers back together again.

My memory of Moss was on my wedding day when we were having the photos taken. Moss linked his arm in mine and said, "this is the closest I will ever get to a bride" and we smiled. Moss you will be missed so much but now you can rest. XX

Ian & Genette (nephew and wife)



I have a distinct memory of an afternoon at auntie Sara's where you took Isabella and I a walk round the block, which I always enjoyed, only this particular day on our return someone said they could smell poo! It turned out I had trodden in some and you scooped me up so as not to ruin the carpet and cleaned my shoe. Then auntie Pat asked me if I would like a ham cob, but you got there first saying yes please I would.

Emily (great-niece)

Uncle Moss, Uncle Moss, we will never forget you,
Never forget us, you will be in our hearts forever.
We will miss you. Love you.
Have fun in heaven.

Lilly (great-niece)

I have so many memories to cherish with you. Here are some that stand out:

I remember you helping me with my homework on a Wednesday and it always ended up in a lesson on how to spell 'sausages'!

One of my favourite things to do was climbing your apple tree and receiving a delicious box of tomatoes from your greenhouse.

I really enjoyed writing poems with you:

Wilfred had a toolbox,
He left it in his shed,
Along with the spiders
And his cousin Fred!

I will always remember Moss as the fun, annoying, lovable uncle.

Isabella (great-niece)



Uncle Moss, where do we start, I'm heartbroken that we are apart.
Hopefully, I've written this poem as good as you.

Each card came with a verse,
Probably something to do with my purse,
But nothing beat your story,
About squidgy poo!

Us kids found you funny,
Your fruit and veg were always yummy.
And probably around here you'd
Make a joke about going to the loo.

With your camera pointed at us,
And your hat and coat a must,
Nothing beat having an uncle like you.

With your knobbly knee dances,
And all your funny weird prances,
No one will ever be like you.

But now that you've left,
I hope you're getting your rest,
And Uncle Moss, we all love you.

Jasmine (great-niece)

Having gotten to know Uncle Moss over the years, it was always a pleasure to talk engineering with him, a common interest we both shared. However, it was without doubt his sense of humour and silliness with the kids that never failed to make me smile. He wasn't my uncle but thank you, Moss, for always looking out for our family.

James (Sara's partner)



I knew Maurice for over 30 years, he was quiet, charming, generous, and reserved. Highly intelligent (did not suffer fools), would open up when you got to know him. He did not have a bad bone in his body. On one occasion he arrived late for work, only a few minutes, the then D.O. manager by name only, (was really a contracts manager), called Maurice out in front of his colleagues, Maurice wheeled a chair across the office floor and quietly took to his seat. Nothing came of it, I remarked to him years later, “No problem, I often see him in the town whilst out shopping, we get on fine.”

Mo was a regular player in the “Phoenix” skittles team and in 1982 we won the “Team Knockout Trophy” against the then favourites Brush Transformers at the Bandwagon pub, (now the Loughborough Arms). Maurice’s last game for Phoenix skittles was on 2 nd October 2023. He was clearly very ill and much weaker but still maintained an elegant throwing style, scoring a second highest leg score of 7 out of 9 pins.

We the team and work colleagues will greatly miss him.

Cheers Gordon (“Phoenix” team captain.)



Uncle Moss, where I do start? I have so many memories, like your never-ending patience at trying to get me to understand math, our yearly bike rides over the fields to Uncle Colin's, often via Auntie Billie's who always knew you, but took a moment to remember me. Every Sunday you would ride your bike to Kegworth to have Sunday lunch with us, I always welcomed your company, and we would go for walks around the village too, picking blackberries or elderflowers for the vinegar and wine you would make.

Then there was playing crib, whist, and blackout,
a regular Sunday afternoon practice.

Your wit and humour made me laugh even from a young age, I mean who else's uncle uses Sooty to wave to other vehicles and passers by when travelling to Retford! I loved your stories and poems and especially the speech bubbles on photos. You just had a way with words.

You always had your camera with you, and I followed suit in my love to point a camera at you. We often looked at old photos together and you always reminded us of your Dan Dare jacket (see pic). Then we acquired a camcorder and you always enjoyed making the silly films as we called them. As I got older you joined in my pursuit for finding out about the family tree, we even went to the local offices in Wigston together to see what we could dig up!

At parties and large family gatherings both myself and Lilly and most likely many other family members knew to find you round the food with your 'doggy bag.'

When my girls came along you came twice a week, every week with Auntie Sue and mum, right up until Covid! Our house will always have your memory, from the dustpan and brush to you sunbathing in the garden with a hankie on your head. We always enjoyed our holidays with you, and the kids had to get up early in order to enjoy your bacon and egg breakfasts. As well as trying to convince us to watch Buster Keaton who in your opinion was the funniest man out.



We will think of you with your dilapidated hat, old coat and that “holy” blue jumper and trainers with the cardboard in which was such an Uncle Moss thing to do! You loved your garden and growing plants in your greenhouse and sitting in your deckchair in the garden watching the birds.

I was still learning things about you right up to the last when you told me who the best authors of all time were: George Simenon who wrote the *Maigret* novels, P.G. Wodehouse, and Jane Austen, with you having read *Mansfield Park* last summer.

There really was no one else like you. So, I say thank you for letting me be there with you right until the end.

I miss you and hope you know how much we all love you.

Sara (niece)



Finally, Moss wanted to say a few words himself.

A Graduate of the University of Life where he gained 36 degrees (all Celsius) plus a sense of humour. He attained a first at cribbage, a second at skittles and a last at shoe mending! In later life he passed a course for grumpy old men with honours!

I'd like to thank the whole family for being on friendly terms, it makes the journey of life much easier. I would particularly like to thank my nieces and nephews, great-nieces, and great-nephews for having a good sense of humour and tolerating my jokes and poems!



After the family, the love of my life is classical music. I wanted to take you on a musical journey, as it has given me great pleasure throughout my life. My favourite piece being Vaughan William's 3rd movement of 5th symphony (Romance), it was released the same year I was born. Other pleasurable past times have included sitting outside and reading P.G. Wodehouse, chuckling away to Jeeves and Wooster.

You have listened to:

1. Handel - Eternal Source of Light Divine with Alison Balsom.
2. Jan Garbarek, The Hilliard Ensemble - Parce mihi domine.
3. Vaughan Williams - 3rd Symphony, 4th movement with Rebecca Evans
and
conducted by Richard Hickox (WW1 memories).
4. Leoš Janáček - Glagolitic Mass (parts 7 & 8)
- listen out for the brass going mad.
5. Maurice Ravel - Last movement of
Mother Goose Suite called Fairy Garden.



It's time to say goodbye
To our dearest Moss,
Although it's safe to say
That we are at a loss.

We wish you all the very best
As we send you to pastures new,
But just a word of caution,
Please don't stand in squidgy poo!

(written by Sara)

Thank you, Moss, for the memories, may you Rest in Peace. XX





The family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and support at this sad time.

All are welcome for light refreshment at King's Head in Sutton Bonington to celebrate and remember Maurice.

Donations in memory of Maurice for **Rainbows Hospice for Children and Young People** may be sealed in the donation envelope and placed in the box on leaving the service, left online at www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

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