

*In Loving Memory
of*



U. Aye Maung
BSc. ACSM. IMMI. CEng.
28th January 1931 - 10th September 2020

Mansfield Crematorium, Thoresby Chapel

Friday 2nd October 2020
at 2.15 pm



Order of Service

Processional Music

The Humming Chorus from *Madame Butterfly*

Welcome

given by the host Abbott

Talk

The Truth of Birth and Death

Dr Laow Panyasiri

Abhidhamma Funeral Chants

Offering of Robes

Dedication of Punna Merit to the Departed

Recessional Music

Ave Maria by Pavarotti



Eulogy

read by Robin Maung

Dad came into the world on 28th January 1931 – in Kyaunggon (Bassein District), Burma. He was the third eldest of five and had two brothers and two sisters. As you can imagine, it was a time of upheaval and unrest, with the onset of the Second World War. Dad had a few stories that he shared about those times, like when his mother had to hide food in a hole in the floor from the occupying Japanese forces, or when his Father rowed him across a lake to take his exams in another town in the early hours of the morning, unseen from the Japanese patrol boats.

Dad was a devout Buddhist throughout his life, and when he was a boy, as was the Buddhist custom, he spent time in a Buddhist Monastery as a young novice monk. His Buddhist faith has stayed and been his lifelong companion.

Always quick with numbers and blessed with a sharp and inquisitive mind, Dad was soon off to university and obtained his BSC in 1955 from Rangoon University, after which he left Burma and moved to the UK to attend the Camborne School of Metalliferous Mining in Cornwall. Little did he know that in Camborne, Cornwall, his life would change forever, because that is where he met his darling wife (our Mum) on his trips to Boots the chemist to buy his favourite Eau de Cologne, 4711, or to buy a hairbrush or two, it was during these visits that their 62-year journey of romance, love, and dedication started.

Part of this journey involved Mum travelling from the small corners of Cornwall back to Dad's homeland in Burma, where they spent up to four years establishing their lives and growing their family, whilst Dad was employed in the Burma Corporation Ltd (Silver Mine) in Bawdwin. After a truly wonderful time in this country, Dad had to send Mum home due to the start of martial rule and government unrest in his beloved Burma. Thankfully, Dad returned to England safely six months later to join Mum and their children in Cornwall in 1965.



During their 62 years together there were four children, Giles, Nu-Nu Yee, Crispen (who is watching in America and sadly couldn't be with us today) and myself, Robin, the youngest, and the family moved from Cornwall to Scotland, to Buckinghamshire, then eventually Nottinghamshire - all done together as a family and with Dad and Mum side by side. Dad worked with The National Coal Board Opencast Division which was where he eventually finished his professional career with early retirement taken whilst at the Regional Head Quarters of Open Cast Mines, Cinderhill, Nottingham in 1987. After this period, Dad took a consultancy position in Derby and then finally retired in 1991.

An exceptional time for Dad was in the family home in Parkland Close, which brought out so much in him - his love of cooking, gardening, and the occasional impulse buy in the form of cars. He proudly grew potatoes in a large vegetable patch in the back garden, and to his delight the first year's harvest was exceptional, as was the second year and the third - that patch of garden seemed to produce potatoes forever.

Dad would also use the airing cupboard to grow bean sprouts very successfully. Dad's curries and spaghetti bolognese were always a favourite. He taught each of us to eat spaghetti 'properly', and to this day, my sister always thinks of him without fail when she twirls spaghetti onto her fork. A Sunday lunch of roast chicken was a real favourite too; we always knew that Dad would follow this up with the most wonderful chicken soup made using the carcass, he was never one to waste food, and it was always made with such love and brimming with comfort.

Dad had always loved photography and was a keen photographer in his youth, developing his own photos using a dark room and owning a Voigtländer camera. Dad's wonderful photographic library of his and Mum's inspirational life together, which shines out from his passion for photography, is treasured and kept safe within the family.

As Mum says farewell to her beloved husband, we say farewell to our dearest father. Our Dad, the first man we ever knew, the first man we ever loved, he will always be our teacher and our judge. For us boys, the men we knew we would become, for our sister, the man she would search for.



You grew older as you said you would and are ahead, moving onwards, to that other adventure; we know that you will be waiting for us to be with you again.

Once again, we can share our stories. Know that as you wait, we are coming. Dad, you were one of the world's adventurers. In uncertain times, one of the few who took the first steps from Burma to the UK, to build a new life, a new family, embracing a new and better world.

Always a quiet man, measured in words, thoughtful in what you said, and how you said things. You were wise and knew the power of words, knew how words could damage, hurt, and destroy in ways far greater than anyone can imagine, but also knew how they could build, nurture and grow. A loving and forgiving man, because you knew that any of our misguided actions and selfish decisions did not define us and were unimportant compared to what we could become, you always believed in our ability to become something better and new.

Forgive us for missing you and grieving over you, but the sadness of you not being here is unbearable - your laugh, your curries, your words, your presence is missed beyond measure.

You said to us that we "owed you nothing". In truth, we owed you everything. Know, Dad, that we will all continue to build new stories, and when we are all together again, there will be so much to tell. It is time to let you go just as you let us go in life. So, continue to be an adventurer, we will follow as we have always done.

Our Mum is lost, the love of her life has gone, but we want you to know, Mum, that Dad is still here, in us and with us in our memories and thoughts. Mum and Dad had a very special relationship and the love they had for each other could only be understood by themselves. Dad was a loving husband, devoted father and took great pride in his five grandchildren, Mum will remain devoted to him until the very end of her days.

Be at peace and know that we will always love you,
Dawn, Giles, Nu-Nu Yee, Crispen, and Robin

xxxxxx



Poem

The Tyger

by William Blake

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & What dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears;
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



Tibetan Death Prayer

Through your blessing, grace, and guidance,
through the power of the light that streams
from you:

May all my negative karma, destructive
emotions, obscurations, and blockages be
purified and removed,

May I know myself forgiven for all the harm I
may have thought and done,

May I accomplish this profound practice of
phowa, and die a good and peaceful death,

And through the triumph of my death, may I
be able to benefit all other beings,
living or dead.



A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service**

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