

Maeve, Mary, Mum, G-Ma



21.01.48-11.12.21



These words were sung to the tune of 'I am a rock' by Simon and Garfunkel for Mum's 70th:

Some call her Maeve, but some they call her Mary. Some call her Mummy, some call her
Granny, some call her sis, Some of them have even called her 'miss'!

She is our rock, she is Mary Ireland!

She was born in Dublin, in 1948, Her Mum and
Dad called her Maeve, Her aunties and her
uncles made sure that she behaved, and her
Granny loved her more and more each day

She was their rock, she is Mary Ireland!



First there was Mary, and then along came George, next was Shirl, and later on came
John. The brothers and the sister, look up to sister Maeve, they thank her for the
stories and love she gave.

She is their rock, she is Mary Ireland!



Maeve came to London, when she was only five. She learned quickly to fit in, she thrived at school, and later became a teacher too, inspiring kids to live and learn and do.

She was their rock, she is Mary Ireland!

When she met Sidney, she fell in love with him. They soon extended the family, Julie first with dark hair, Ruby next with blonde. Both helping to enrich their special bond.

She is their rock, she is Mary Ireland!



Her girls adore her, and now there's two more Js. Jem and Jody love their granma Maeve. Baz and Lee are sons-in-law, adoring Mary too, so we can add 'mum-in-law' to titles due.



She is our rock, she is Mary Ireland!

Remembering Maeve, Mary, Mum, Granma on 7th January 2021

Order of service:

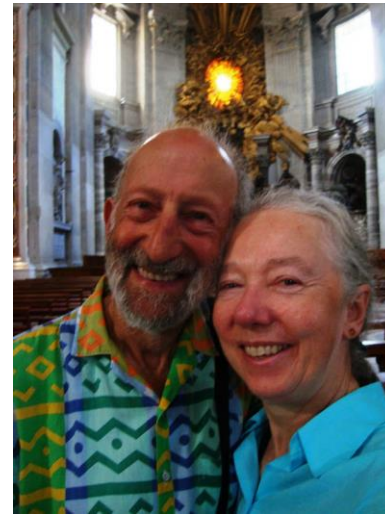
Song

Introduction by Joan

Words by Sidney

String quartet

Eulogy



Music by Celeste and Alex

Poem, 'She is gone', by David Harkins read by Julie and Jem

Let it be



Small said: "But what about when you're dead and gone? Would you love me then? Does love go on?"

Large held Small snug as they looked out at the night, at the moon in the dark and the stars shining bright. "Small, look at the stars – how they shine and glow. Yet some of those stars died a long time ago. Still they shine in the evening skies... love, like starlight, never dies". (Debi Gliori)