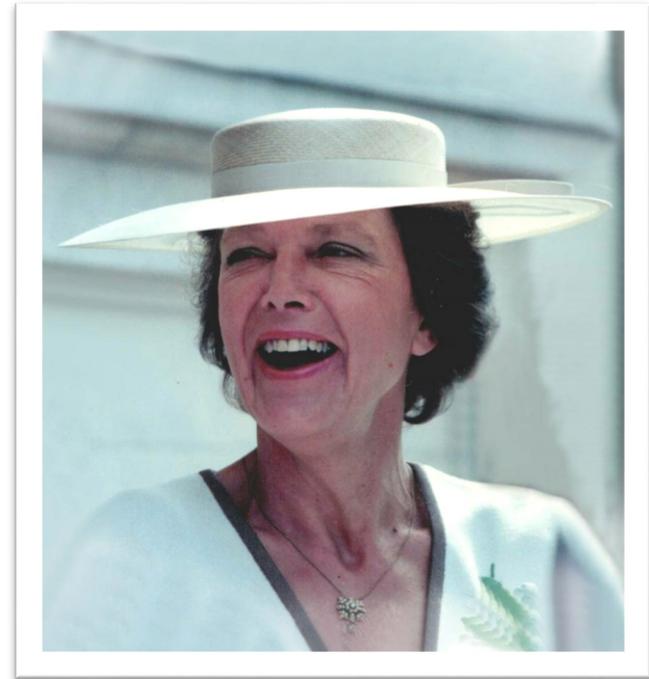


If desired, donations in memory of Pat  
may be made payable to  
**Barnardo's**  
and sent c/o  
Peasgood & Skeates,  
45 Moorfield Road,  
Duxford,  
Cambridge,  
CB22 4PP.

Alternatively, these may be made via  
Pat's personal 'In Memory' Page  
at  
[www.peasgoodandskeates.co.uk](http://www.peasgoodandskeates.co.uk)



In Loving Memory of  
**Patricia Alice Legge**  
**'Pat'**

13th March 1940 - 7th November 2019

Cam Valley Crematorium  
Great Chesterford

Thursday 28th November 2018  
at 1.00 pm

# Order of Service

Entry Music

'Clair de Lune' Debussy  
London Philharmonic Orchestra

The family would like to thank you all for being here with them today and for all the kind messages of sympathy and support that they have received.

## Welcome and Opening Words

*Lynne Harrison, Humanist Celebrant*

You are all most welcome to join them for refreshments after the service at

**The Ickleton Lion,  
9 Abbey Street,  
Ickleton,  
Saffron Walden,  
Essex,  
CB10 1SS**

## Recollections of Pat

As a teacher and Headteacher  
*Ken Jackson*

and to share memories of Pat.

## Tribute to Pat

*Mike Knapton*

### **‘A Grandmother’**

*Adapted from a poem by Pam Brown*

A grandmother is a luxury most  
Of us can afford when we are young.

They say that they are our  
mother’s or father’s mother – but we  
only half believe them – for they belong to us.  
Their whole existence is dictated by our own.

They do have houses and cups and saucers and gardens and pets,  
But it is as if all they possess is on stand-by  
waiting for us to visit.

They are there to tell us stories, sing us songs, talk about The  
Long Ago,  
give us surprises, keep our secrets,  
show us how to do things, and  
tie up shoe laces.

They are there to be hugged and snuggled,  
made cups of invisible tea,  
sung to and wrapped up in blankets.

They are there to love us,  
And to be loved back.

### **‘This Table’ Fascinating Aida**

This dear old kitchen table bears the scars of  
All our celebrations.

It proudly wears its marks and stains like  
An old soldier's decorations.  
We take our customary places,  
Self-appointed, not dictated.  
And warmly greet familiar faces  
In the circle we've created.

Each time we meet the wrinkles show,  
The time is passing ever quicker.  
But, to each other we still look the same  
Across the candle's flicker.

Lay one place fewer at the table,  
And shuffle up the empty spaces.  
We'll talk and smile as best we're able.  
Try not to count the missing faces.  
Time is a thief who steals our treasure.  
Life never gives, it merely lends.  
So laugh and cry in equal measure,  
And celebrate that we were friends.

## A Time for Reflection

The scrubbed and faded grooves have long absorbed  
Our foolish indiscretions.  
It's heard our quarrels, our rapprochement,  
Our denials and confessions.  
It's heard our trials and tribulations,  
Our triumphs and our glories.  
If only it could speak you'd hear it tell  
A thousand secret stories.  
It's brought old enemies together,  
And will do the same for many another.  
For when we sit around the table,  
We are forced to face each-other.  
Lay one place fewer at the table,  
And shuffle up the empty spaces.  
We'll talk and smile as best we're able.  
Try not to count the missing faces.  
Time is a thief who steals our treasure.  
Life never gives, it merely lends.  
So laugh and cry in equal measure,  
And celebrate that we were friends.  
So laugh and cry in equal measure,  
And celebrate that we're friends.

## The Committal

### Poem

#### 'If I Should Go Before The Rest Of You' Joyce Grenfell

If I should go before the rest of you  
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone  
Nor, when I'm gone, speak in a Sunday voice,  
But be the usual selves that I have known.  
Weep if you must  
Parting is hell.  
But life goes on.  
So sing as well.

## Closing Words

Exit Music  
'All You Need Is Love'  
The Beatles