

A celebration of the life of  
**Joyce Pemberton**

14<sup>th</sup> November 1929 – 28<sup>th</sup> November 2019

Crownhill Crematorium - Willow Chapel  
11a.m. Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup> December 2019



# Order of Ceremony

ENTRANCE MUSIC

*Clare de Lune*

Debussy

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

Debbie Steed, Celebrant with Humanists UK

## READING - Erin

### *The Owl and the Pussy-Cat* by Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?"  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

# TRIBUTE

With contributions from Matt and Paul

## READING - Sue

### *Two Mothers* by Joann Snow Duncanson

I had two mothers – two mothers I claim;  
Two different people, yet with the same name.  
Two separate women, diverse by design,  
but I loved them both for they were both mine.

The first was the mother who carried me here;  
She gave birth and nurtured and launched my career.  
She was the woman whose features I bear,  
Complete with the facial expressions I wear.

She gave me her love which follows me yet,  
Along with the examples in life that she set.  
As I became older, she somehow younger grew,  
And we'd laugh just as mothers and daughters can do.

But then came the year that her mind clouded so  
And I sensed that the mother I knew would soon go.  
So quickly she changed and turned into the other –  
A stranger who dressed in the clothes of my mother.

Oh, she looked the same then, at least at arm's length,  
But she was the child and I was her strength.  
So we'd come full circle, we women three –  
My mother the first, the second, and me.

Now if my own children should reach such a day  
When a new mother comes and the old goes away,  
I'd ask of them nothing that I didn't do –  
Love *both* of your mothers as *both* have loved you.

## REFLECTION & COMMITTAL

*Time to Say Goodbye*

Andrea Bocelli & Sarah Brightman

When love is great  
There is no need for words  
For even in the silences  
Love like ours is heard.

by Joyce Pemberton

## CLOSING

### EXIT MUSIC

*String of Pearls*

Glenn Miller



*a personal goodbye*

## Humanist Ceremonies

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