

A celebration of life

Patricia Margaret Buxton

17th August 1937 - 9th December 2020

2.00 - 2.30pm, 29th December 2020, Cam Valley Crematorium

a personal goodbye

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The Tribute

Pat was born on the 17th August 1937, in Epping Hospital, to Sidney and Gladys Jones, the third of four children. Sid was an electrician and Gladys worked as a cleaner in the wealthy households of Loughton where they lived. Pat grew up in Loughton, going to school there and then to Walthamstow College. She remembered a very happy childhood with her three brothers Eric, Ron and Melvin and was rather an 'outdoorsy' tomboy herself. The children often played in Epping Forest all day long, as children could in those days.

In 1956, at just 18, Pat married Bruce Buxton and they moved to Derbyshire. Helen and Lyn remember a very happy childhood there. Pat recently said that she felt family life in Derbyshire had been hard for her children but Helen and Lyn were able to remind her of all the good times that they had. There may not have been many expensive holidays but they remember the wonderful freedom of the countryside and appreciating all the clothes that Pat made for them. They remember picking potatoes for the local farmer and taking some home for tea, breeding rabbits at home, as food for the table, these things seemed like fun. They did have a happy childhood in Derbyshire and were able to reassure Pat of this.

When Helen was 9 and Lyn 6, the family moved back to Essex, to Ilford, with Bruce's work. He was a salesman, for duplicating machines and then FAX machines. Then the family moved again, to Cranham, near Upminster, this time the driving force was the children's swimming activities. Swimming and swimming clubs were very important to both of the girls and also to Bruce who had become a swimming coach.

When Pat and Bruce divorced in 1973, Lyn went to Devon with her Dad while Pat and Helen moved to Hornchurch and then to Harold Wood. Life was simple, there was not much money, Pat worked as a legal secretary in London right up until she was 63, and also worked in pubs and clubs back home and she took in an "interesting" selection of lodgers in Hornchurch.

When Helen married Derek in June 1980, Pat did all the catering for the wedding, from her flat. She then had to have a thyroid operation in July, before catering once again, for Lyn's wedding in August. This was typical of Pat, always willing to give and give but not expecting anything in return. In later years she would look after her grandchildren, giving their parents some valuable 'away time,' looking after the house and of course the dogs as well. She simply took everything in her stride.

Pat was not a socially outgoing person, but was very happy within her family circle. Being a grandmother in her 40's she was very involved with her

grandchildren and was able to see her great grandchildren grow and develop as well.

She moved ten years ago to a retirement complex in Saffron Walden to be near to Helen and her family and spent a lot of time with them all, we will hear about their memories of 'Nanny Pat'.

Pat liked to keep moving, she loved ballroom dancing and took up Line Dancing at one point. When she moved to Saffron Walden she enjoyed exercise classes with the warden.

She joined the Cameo Club at the Salvation Army in Saffron Walden and enjoyed chats and trips with other club members.

Pat always maintained her neat and tidy appearance and was particularly careful about her hair. She would not go out unless every hair was properly in place. On holiday, Helen and Lyn would have to send her off to her room to get ready hours before they were due to go out!

Pat had many holidays with Helen and Lyn and their families. In the early 90's she visited her relatives in Australia and was able to visit again, with Helen and Lyn and their families, for three wonderful weeks in 1997. Until last year she had traveled abroad on holiday with Helen and Lyn every year for five years. Pat was always fun to be with, they had great times together.

When the Covid pandemic unrolled, her family were not able to visit Pat in the same way but Helen would pop into her complex most days and stand on her landing to chat and they were also able to meet in the garden. Lyn would talk to her over FaceTime every week. One positive effect of Covid restrictions, it did enable Lyn to say every week just how much she loved her Mum.

Pat was fiercely independent and until just eight weeks ago was shopping and keeping house, even at 83. Pat always said that she didn't want to trouble anybody, trying to keep from Helen and Lyn the occasional 'accident, even if had ended in broken bones.

She was kind and thoughtful, generous and selfless. She was "lovely," one of her favourite words. 'Nanny Lovely' to Ali and Kaitlin.

We are now going to hear some thoughts and memories of Pat, contributed by her family.

Firstly, her grandson Matthew is going to read Pat's memories of her childhood evacuation, which she had shared with her great granddaughter Megan.

Interview with an Evacuee, written by Megan Jordan and read by her father Matthew

My Great Nanny Pat was evacuated during the war. I spoke to her and asked her questions about what it was like to be an evacuee.



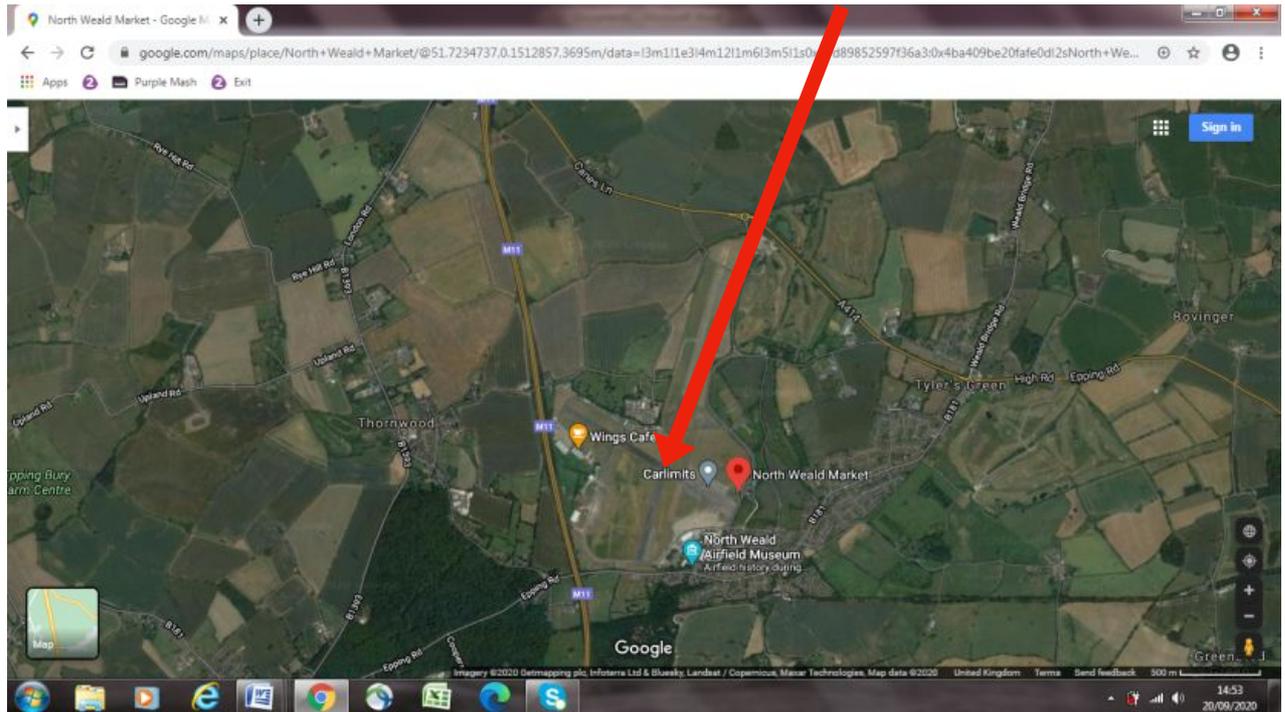
I asked Nanny Pat what it was like to be evacuated. She said that it was very strange and frightening. During the Blitz she lived near an airfield called North Weald in Essex. My Great Nanny and her two older brothers were taken to Sheffield on the train to live with their auntie. She was very scared and wanted to go back home as she was only 6 years old and missed her mum. She had to go to a secondary school in Sheffield with children who were much older than her. Nanny Pat was in Sheffield for about 3 months.

North Weald, Essex

I asked Nanny Pat how old she was when the war started and she said she was 3 at the start and 8 when it finished (which is the same age as me now).

Nanny Pat's mum stayed in Essex with Nanny's little brother. Her Dad was a member of the Home Guard so did not fight in the war but helped protect our country from home.

I asked Nanny what her favourite toy was during the war. She said that she remembers playing with a pram which had a wobbly wheel and she used to make toys and games using cardboard boxes.



Nanny Pat said that she remembers the ration books they used to buy all their food. She really remembers that they were only allowed 1 egg each per week. Nanny was lucky as they had a big garden and were able to grow their own vegetables. They also had lots of fruit trees including Plums, Pears and Apples. We did not have any sweets and were lucky to get a bar of chocolate.

I asked my Nanny what clothes were like during the war. She said that she wore lots of "Hand me downs" They wore vests, Liberty bodice and a dress. She really remembers that the knickers were horrible and uncomfortable.

Liberty Bodice



During the blitz Nanny said that she had to hide in a shelter under the cricket pitch when the Germans were bombing. The Doodlebugs (which were a type of bomb) used to make a horrible noise, but it was worse when they went silent because you knew that the bombs were dropping from the sky. Nanny used to have a big steel table in the living room which they sometimes had to sleep under during air raids. One time when she was asleep under the table her cat gave birth to kittens on her legs.

I have some memories offered by Pat's family

From Matthew

Making chocolate cake at her flat in Hornchurch to find that the cocoa powder was 6 years out of date. A common occurrence in Nanny's kitchen cupboards.

Visiting her with Vicky and the kids and having stopped during the journey at McDonalds, we arrive to find Nanny has made enough tuna sandwiches to feed the whole of Saffron Walden.

From Kirby - Pat's great niece born in Australia

Great Auntie Pat was such a kind, generous and lovely lady. I remember every birthday as a young girl receiving a card with money in it from her. It felt very special to receive something from overseas. I remember her visits to see us all in Australia and meeting up with her during my travels around Europe.

From Ali and Kaitlin - great grandchildren

Nanny lovely gave the best hugs and she had great taste in fans.

From Daniel - Pat's grandson

Taking me to Southend with her big bag full of copper coins for the penny grab machines.

Chastising me for swimming along the bottom of the pool for too long out of fear that I had drowned and then her smile and huge hug when she saw me well up with tears.

From Oliver - a great grandson

Nanny used to give me jellybeans every time I saw her.

She was so funny playing pie face at Christmas. Her face used to get covered in cream.

Recently she was playing Quiz Planet against me on her iPad. Brilliant Nanny.

From Ava - great granddaughter

Nanny used to love watching me sing and dance. She used to watch me at all my school and dance school concerts. I loved just having a chat with her and the picnics we would all enjoy with her at Newmarket races. She would always give me and my brothers and cousins some money for a cheeky bet.

And from granddaughter Nina

My sisters and I will always remember playing for hours with a silver tea set and dressing up in bridesmaid dresses, hats, scarves and jewellery she brought from charity shops. Dancing, singing and performing for her because she was always the most appreciative audience member.

I love that my children also played with the same silver tea set which was always on show on a shelf in her flat ready for little visitors.

What wonderful memories, wonderful to have and to keep.

Pat was diagnosed with lung cancer just ten weeks ago. She quickly became very ill, having other complications, and was admitted to Addenbrookes Hospital and after four weeks there, to Highfield Care Home in Saffron Walden. Here Pat rallied a little here and was able to enjoy seeing her brothers Melvin, and Eric in Australia, via FaceTime.

Throughout these last seven weeks Helen and Lyn were able to visit Pat as much as possible and are so pleased that they were able to sit with her, sometimes right through the night. They are grateful for the compassionate care that Pat received both in Addenbrookes and especially at Highfield.

Pat knew that her family were there for her, her grandchildren Matthew and Daniel were able to visit her during the morning of the day that she died.

Pat died on December 9th.

Helen Jolly

I am speaking today on behalf of my sister Lyn and I, firstly to say thank you to Lynne Harrison, our celebrant, for putting together a wonderful tribute for the best Mum and best friend that we could have asked for.

Kind, thoughtful, lovely, selfless, these are the most common words that have been used to describe our Mum in messages of sympathy that we have received.

Personally, I would like to thank our Mum and Dad for giving me a sister, Lyn, the best sister I could have asked for. We have laughed and cried together and without her love and support during the last two months life would have been even more unbearable. Love you Lyn.

So today we say Goodbye to mum in her bodily form.

But she was a believer in the spirit world, and already, even on the night she died, we have had signs from her that all is well. We know she will always be with us in spirit for she is a part of us, our children and great grandchildren.

When Mum was admitted to hospital her brain function deteriorated rapidly , but her family were uppermost in her thoughts.

Apparently I was in the ward with her, in the opposite bed, and she would often wave to the invisible me even though I sat beside her. Lyn was a volunteer working in the hospital and according to Mum she was doing a great job. The grandchildren and great grandchildren were often playing in the corner of the ward or popping their heads up at the window.

Please keep sending those signs Mum, we take great comfort in them.

We expected to spend quite a long time choosing words which were appropriate to read to Mum. However, when we sat down together to start our search, within only a few minutes the poem jumped out at us as the one.

I'll now explain why.

It was difficult for Lyn to spend any time with Mum this year due to all the restrictions and Mum's growing concerns over what she was allowed to do or not..... so Lyn would talk to her regularly on the phone and once a week Lyn would video call because she obviously missed seeing Mum in the flesh. At the end of the video call they would wave to each other and always blow many kisses, finished off with a "Love you".

I was lucky enough to make a nuisance of myself by standing in the corridor outside the door to her flat to have a chat, whilst Mum remained firmly in her hallway. I would walk away from her, up the long corridor, and as I turned the corner I would stop and turn around, she would always wait for me to disappear from sight before she closed her door. We waved to each other, blew kisses frantically, finished with a 'Love you'.

Dear Mum,

‘We blow your kisses to the sky,
and off to you we let them fly.
Each one a wish we wrap in love,
Then send to you so high above.
We feel you watching as we do,
And know you hear each ‘We Love You’
so every day we’ll send them high
These kisses we blow to the sky.’