

21 APRIL 2017



EINDHOVEN - CLAY CROSS

INTRODUCTION

21-04-2017 MARGARET'S FAREWELL

I like to share this booklet with you to commemorate "the love of my life" on her birthday (21-04).

According her wishes, some of her ashes have been buried next to her parents that day at the cemetery in Danesmore.

At the same time we've celebrated her life, which she enjoyed to the full.

She was very proud of our place and wanted to say goodbye with an open house and garden party for family and friends.

Ashes have been spread under a new rose tree in the middle of her garden, which was her pride.

Every year the scent will cover the garden in her memory.

Also some, under her favourite statue, Queen of Cap d'Agde which I've made after our holidays .

Everybody was asked to bring a rose.

She had to suffer so much for many years, without ever complaining and passing away at home overlooking the garden in holding my arms sitting behind her.

Her wishes for her farewell have now been full filled in many ways.

She wanted to celebrate life aswell, being happy for so long together for which we're both very grateful.

Now it feels that she present forever under my skin.

Thank you all being present and for attending the ceremony ,so well organised and performed by June Fellows and contributions of Jill Vavasour, Timothy Fellows, David Holland and Kathryn Turner.

The home party was in the excellent hands of Angelique Chen and the Oriental Greenhouse staff.

Credit to them since they organised it in sympathy for us as friends and neighbours.

Support from our friends, Lilian Stuyfzand and Marieke Goossens.

This booklet has been composed by Frans Kirchner with also his photography. And from Howard Tan, Dunstan Vavasour and Tim Fellows

The covering film was produced by Chris Dekkers (<https://youtu.be/geDqBAYym8U>) as an honour to Margaret.

Thank you all very much.

Peter Nagelkerke (www.peternagelkerke.nl) and Margaret in spirit.

I'm happy to share all the beautiful memories of her, with all of you.





UITNODIGING

Mede namens Margaret wil ik u hierbij uitnodigen voor
een feestelijk
OPEN HUIS EN TUIN SAMENZIJN
met hapjes en drankjes op:

21 april 2017,
van 14.00 tot 16.30 uur
in de Vesaliuslaan 27 te Eindhoven,
parkeergelegenheid tot 16.30 uur bij Oriental Greenhouse.

Margaret heeft zelf die wens geuit en beloofd er
IN SPIRIT bij te zijn.

De bedoeling is om, samen met u,
vrijlijke herinneringen aan haar op te halen.

PETER (p.nagelkerke@chello.nl)



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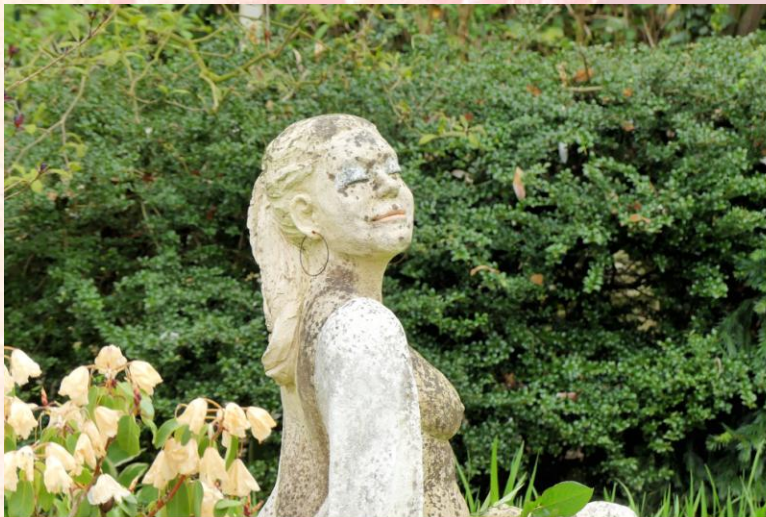






















































































MARGARET'S EULOGY

Peter, reading by David Holland:

I am with my love now, wherever she may be.
Together we had something exceptional – my giving girl of so many talents, especially the art of loving.
Our relationship started late in life, from 1976 onwards, although we had already met at Philips, back in 1967.
We liked each other very much from the beginning, but we both had responsibilities from our past.
The memories of these days are not happy: at least we tried to make the best of it.
But after we kissed on London Bridge, there was no way of return.
We had to wait patiently for a long time, but we took every opportunity to be together.
I became her “Dutchman” and we loved each other unconditionally.
Recently, I have found her diary and would like to share the following pages, because Margaret can express her feelings better in writing than I can, unless it was only to her.

There have been so many things that have happened which we don't know about, never thought about - things going on around us which we have no notion or control of.

Things which don't interest us and of which - in retrospect - we say we should have known, or thought about at least. What it is to be in love so very much.

Perhaps we should take account of the rest of the world - or should we?

Time goes by so quickly.

Let's get all we can out of life: don't let us forget the past we have had together, but **that** is the past we have had apart.

So many factors: things that have happened which shape the way we were... the way we **are**.

Time can often give memories a rainbow glow: the dark patches can be gently erased by time's fingers.

The beautiful times can also become routine and we should never forget the first kiss, the first embrace, the glow of loving and being loved; of waiting for the other to appear around the corner, over the hill, in the room, in the country. Enjoying each other's experiences and knowing the joy of seeing the love in the other's eyes, the gentle touch of fingers, the safety and warmth of being encircled by strong and soft arms.

Waking in the morning, seeing each other and knowing it is going to be a lovely day again.

Doing things together, 'being' together in every sense of the word.

Doing things for each other with love, with patience, with understanding.

Avoiding hurt, pain and distress, wanting with every fibre of your body to support, help, care for each other.

I suppose all this in one word would be to say 'Love'.

What a simple, complicated, easy, difficult word. Contradictory? Or simple?

With us, it is certainly not contradictory, and simple is so easy a description.

But it's there!

That is certain – and we plan to nurture it from all sides, come what may!

My love has gone now, but I feel closer to her than ever before, and will nurture that warmth for the rest of my life.

One day, I will visit this place again for she wanted my ashes, in due time, together with hers.

I have kept half of her ashes and spread this in her rose garden, and every year the roses will flower and carry the scent throughout the house and garden... the place I built for her, where we were so happy and of which she was so proud.

Also, a little bit of the ashes will be placed in the statue of The Potato Eaters, which she unveiled in 2015, and which is dedicated to her.

She is such a part of that place, and it is symbolic of what we both shared.

I feel so very proud of her, but sad at the same time.

She had to suffer so much, but she never complained, and she died softly, sitting upright in my arms, with her tears falling onto my hands.

According to her wishes, she is now reunited with her parents, who she loved so much.

But she is also forever in my heart: the unforgettable woman that she was.

My great love.

BURIAL OF MARGARET'S ASHES

We meet together to bury the ashes of our dear Margaret. As we stand side by side, we will all have our memories of her, whether as a beloved member of our family, or as a precious friend.

Although this occasion is tinged with sadness at such a loss, we can remember her with joy - her zest for life, her generosity, her sense of humour and the love that radiated from her.

As time passes, these are the things that will stay with us, and they will help us to celebrate and give thanks for a full life, well lived.

As he cannot be here today, Peter has asked that we read out extracts from Margaret's diaries, and their shared reflections on what they meant to each other.

Margaret's diary pages, reading by Kathryn Turner:

As her illness progressed, it was Margaret's wish that some of her ashes should be buried here with her parents. She often talked about her life in Clay Cross, and we would reminisce about the Grundy Road days with Auntie Annie and her sister, Kath, whose own ashes we recently scattered at the nearby bluebell wood where we loved to play when we were young.

As we ask David to come forward and bury the ashes, we will play the song that was special to her and Peter, and which was played at her cremation ceremony.

Play THE DUTCHMAN:

*The Dutchman's not the kind of man
Who keeps his thumb jammed in the dam
That holds his dreams in,
But that's a secret that only Margaret knows.
When Amsterdam is golden in the summer,
Margaret brings him breakfast,
She believes him.
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow.
He's mad as he can be, but Margaret only sees that so-
metimes,
Sometimes she sees her unborn children in his eyes.
Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuider Zee.
Long ago, I used to be a young man
And dear Margaret remembers that for me.
The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes,
His cap and coat are patched with the love
That Margaret sewed there.
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam.
And he watches the tug-boats down canals
An' calls out to them when he thinks he knows the Cap-
tain.
Till Margaret comes
To take him home again*

*Through unforgiving streets that trip him, though she
holds his arm,
Sometimes he thinks he's alone and he calls her name.
Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee.
Long ago, I used to be a young man
And dear Margaret remembers that for me.
The winters whirl the windmills 'round
She winds his muffler tighter
And they sit in the kitchen.
Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew.
And he sees her for a moment, calls her name,
She makes the bed up singing some old love song,
A song Margaret learned
When it was very new.
He hums a line or two, they sing together in the dark.
The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret blows the candle out.
Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee.
Long ago, I used to be a young man
And dear Margaret remembers that for me.*

Reading by Jill Vavasour:

AN APRIL DAY

*When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.*

*I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.*

*From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.*

*The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.
When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.*

*And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.*

*Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.*

*Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;*

*Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.*

Prayer by June Fellows:

Lord God,

*We have commended our sister, Margaret, to Your
everlasting love and care.*

*As we do this, we pray for those whom we love but
see no longer, especially Kathy.*

*Grant them peace: may they be united in the full
knowledge of Your love and the unclouded vision of
Your glory.*

*As this time we have shared together comes to an
end, we ask you to bless with strength, Margaret's
beloved husband Peter, her closest relatives and all
her dear friends, and bless us all with peace, with
hope and with refreshed faith as we say farewell to
her, and return to all that awaits us in this world.*

Amen

Peter's Word's (spoken by Tim)

*Thank you for joining this service and many thanks
to the ones who are present who made it happen.*

*Peter, the Dutchman, who is so grateful for every-
thing she gave me.*

*In spirit I am with you and raise a glass to my cham-
pagne girl!*

*And Margaret remembers that for me, and blows
the candle out.*

*But her light shines forever in my heart, like her fa-
avourite and the brightest morning and evening star,
Venus. Ours!*











