

## 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.

Kathryn and David to read diaries

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

Reading – An April Day

Prayer

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 everything she gave me. In spirit I am with you and raise a glass to my champagne girl! And Margaret remembers that for me, and blows the candle out. But her light shines forever in my heart, like her favourite and the brightest morning and evening star, Venus. Ours!