

## *Music for Reflection:*

*The Rose – Bette Midler*

Some say love, it is a river  
That drowns the tender reed  
Some say love, it is a razor  
That leaves your soul to bleed  
Some say love, it is a hunger  
An endless aching need  
I say love, it is a flower  
And you, its only seed

It's the heart, afraid of breaking  
That never learns to dance  
It's the dream, afraid of waking  
That never takes the chance  
It's the one who won't be taken  
Who cannot seem to give  
And the soul, afraid of dying  
That never learns to live

When the night has been too lonely  
And the road has been too long  
And you think that love is only  
For the lucky and the strong  
Just remember in the winter  
Far beneath the bitter snows  
Lies the seed that with the sun's love  
In the spring becomes the rose

*Shirley's Life Story*

## *Shirley: The Early Years*



## *Passage from Shirley's Daughter, Julie*

As with Dad, David and I wanted to put a few words together to share just how much Mom meant to us, a keepsake almost of a Mom with pictures and words to songs she loved. The words were so important to her, she was all about the words!

I can't express how devastated we are losing Mom so suddenly. I was with her a few days before she left us, the time was happy, with laughter and silliness, with Mom making fun herself, a wonderful way to remember my last few hours with her. The comfort we can take is that she passed at home, peacefully in bed surrounded by pictures of Dad.

I'm so proud to have had such a strong, determined, loving mother, an amazing role model for me. She's given me her love of travel, music, the joy of snuggling up with a good book, watching film particularly horror, and my passion for swimming. There are so many fond memories of family holidays, both abroad and in the UK with Lady, our dog in the family caravan in Cornwall and Devon. Cherished, wonderful times. Its periods like this when you appreciate what wonderful parents you had, a safe secure loving environment where two people adored each other and raised a family together.

I'll end with a passage Mom gave to me the start of the year which I've carried around with me ever since.

Never forget how much I love you.

As you grow older you will face many challenges in life. Just do your best. I might not be with you but know that I believe in you.

You are and always will be, one of the best things that ever happened to me.

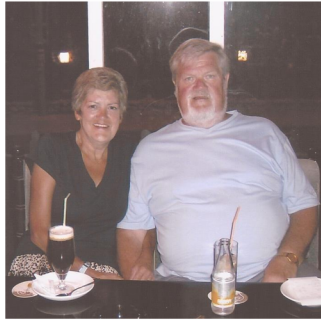
You'll always be in my heart Mom

Love and miss you xxxx

Julie



## *Shirley: The Later Years*



## Passage from Shirley's Son, David

One of my very first memories I have, is being pushed in a pram, down our hallway towards the front door to go out. And the next memory is of me doing the same trip, but walking and I knew I was holding my mum's hand at the time. Pretty much every core memory I have since then includes my mum. She used to take me to nursery and pick me up, she even used to take me to work when she used to work in a clothes shop at the end of brierley hill high street.

Mum was a very quiet and introverted person, but she had abundance of love for me and Julie. Throughout my adolescent years, she was there for me and encouraged me and supported me in anything I wanted to do. From wanting to join the RAF and become a pilot, to becoming what I am today, and working in IT. She supported me, and I can still remember when she bought me my first ever computer. So for the career I have now, I owe that to my mum.

Thank you for everything you have given me, emotionally, physically and thank you for being there when I needed you and even when I felt I didn't, but I did. I hope I've made you proud and I do my utmost to continue to do so and carry on the values you have taught me.

For now, enjoy your time being reunited with everyone you lost, Dad, Vicky, Your dad Tom and your mum Beryl. You are with them now for eternity. Time has no meaning in the afterlife, so for you, I am already there.

Love you mum! xxx

*"Mothers never really die, they just keep the house up in the sky. They polish the sun by day and light the stars that shine at night, keep the moonbeams silvery bright and in the heavenly home above they wait to welcome those they love." -Helen Steiner Rice*



## *A Song for Shirley:*

### Perhaps Love – John Denver and Placido Domingo

Perhaps love is like a resting place  
A shelter from the storm  
It exists to give you comfort  
It is there to keep you warm  
And in those times of trouble  
When you are most alone  
The memory of love will bring you home

Perhaps love is like a window  
Perhaps an open door  
It invites you to come closer  
It wants to show you more  
And even if you lose yourself  
And don't know what to do  
The memory of love will see you through

Oh, love to some is like a cloud  
To some as strong as steel  
For some a way of living  
For some a way to feel  
And some say love is holding on  
And some say letting go  
And some say love is everything  
And some say they don't know

Perhaps love is like the ocean  
Full of conflict, full of pain  
Like a fire when it's cold outside  
Or thunder when it rains  
If I should live forever  
And all my dreams come true  
My memories of love will be of you

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*Poem and Closing Words*

*Afterglow*

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.

I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways,  
Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun;

Of happy memories that I leave when life is done

## *Departure Music:*

### *You're My Best Friend - Don Williams*

Please remain for the first verse of "You're My Best Friend" before starting to leave, thank you.

You placed gold on my finger  
You brought love, like I've never known  
You gave life to our children  
And to me, a reason to go on

You're my bread when I'm hungry  
You're my shelter from troubled winds  
You're my anchor in life's ocean  
But most of all, you're my best friend

When I need hope and inspiration  
You're always strong when I'm tired and weak  
I could search this whole world over  
You'd still be everythin' that I need

You're my bread when I'm hungry  
You're my shelter from troubled winds  
You're my anchor in life's ocean  
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