

Celebrating the life of



Joan Pearce

19th July 1931 - 22nd September 2023

Park Wood Crematorium, Elland

Thursday 19th October 12.00

Entrance Music

String of Pearls by Glen Miller

Welcome & Introduction

By Sarah Garg - Accredited Funeral Celebrant

A Tribute to Joan's Life

Poem - Feathers

I left you a little white feather
I placed it there in your way
I wrapped it in love with a message
to let you know you will be ok
I drew you a colourful rainbow
it followed your car for a while
I made it a beautiful rainbow
I hoped it would show me your smile
I flew down a beautiful robin
it landed there on your ledge
I prayed he would give you the strength
to push yourself back from the edge
I try every day to remind you
that I never did go away
the feathers, the rainbows, the robins
are my way of trying to stay.

Reflective Music

Morning by Peer Gynt

Farewell to Joan

The Lords Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,
For ever and ever,
Amen

Words of Comfort

Grandchildren's Memories

Grandma "P" was kind beyond measure.

A selfless person and always thinking about others... some might say a worrier. She adored her family and never asked for much because in her eyes and in her heart she had it all. We spent many school holidays at 174, making dens with the rocking chair in the 'back room', building Airfix models and baking welshcakes, as well as bus rides to Spen baths, Park Fisheries and Dewsbury market - all of which seemed like long adventures at the time.

We were always allowed TV dinners, no matter what time of day. French toast painted with a ketchup smiley face, a bacon 'sangwich' cut into 4s or Panaculty with a can of "pop" to name but a few. Bedtimes were always extra special, we were allowed to stay up late and watch Coronation Street with her and a warm glass of milk and some supper, often whilst ragging Joellie's hair with tea towels.

Followed by the cosy beds waiting for us upstairs, flannelette sheets, electric blankets and a chapter of The Wishing Chair, or The Magic Faraway Tree.

A snippet of our precious memories that we will treasure forever.

Closing Music

Blaydon Races by The Houghton Weavers



"Mine steƵ, it's a long road that is..."

Thank you

Joan's family wish to thank you for your attendance and invite you to join them for refreshments after the service at

*The Black Horse
Westgate, Brighthouse
HD6 4HJ*