



Hymn

ABIDE WITH ME, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Committal

Blessing

Donations by retiring collection shared between
All Hallows Church and Calibre Audio Library

Guy and the family invite everyone for refreshments at
The Journeys End immediately after this service.

**ALL HALLOWS CHURCH
RINGMORE**



A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life
of
MYRA FRANCES EDDY
04/08/1924-22/05/2012

Thursday 7th June 2012
2.30pm

Service conducted by Mr Michael Tagent

ORDER OF SERVICE

Opening sentences

Welcome

Hymn

THE DAY THOU GAVEST, LORD, IS ENDED,

The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Reading Psalm 23 by Myra's grandson Thomas

Eulogy by Myra's daughter Vivien

Prayers

Hymn

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH,

Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and ever more,
Feed me now and ever more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee,
I will ever give to Thee.

Poem read by Myra's son Colin
"Miss me but let me go"
When I come to the end of the road,
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in gloom-filled rooms,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little--but not too long,
And not with your head bowed low;
Remember the love that we once shared
Miss me--but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know,
And busy your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me - but let me go.

Final Prayers

Commendation

A Eulogy

If you hold a kaleidoscope up to the light you witness a brilliant array of colours. Twist it a little and the tiny specks rearrange themselves so that we gaze upon different design and colours. Today I want to tell you a story of my mother. It might be different to the story I could tell on another day. And any one of you gathered here to show appreciation for her life, and support for my father would be capable of telling your own story of her.

We are here in sadness at Myra's passing but also to celebrate her life. One only has to read the cards and letters sent to my father to realise that my mother made an impact on people's lives. But what I have found in gathering together this eulogy is that it is not possible to talk in celebration of Myra without talking of her husband Guy. They are both in the photo on the back of your service booklet. From the early nineteen forties their lives were intricately woven together like the knot work of a Celtic Cross. But more of that later.

My mother was born in Plymouth on August 4th 1924 to Blanche and her husband Tom Collins. Were it not for the vagaries of the First World War Myra's parents would probably never have met and married. As my father has said, in turbulent war times friendships were made and sometimes cut short by tragedy. My grandmother had expected to marry someone else. But during the Ist World War her first love, traumatised by his war-time experiences went AWOL. Through his family she sent him letters but they didn't forward them to him and did not give her his letters. She heard nothing from him. And then she met Tom Collins.

Myra was an only child and her father idolised the very ground she walked on. I cannot imagine how he must have felt when his beloved daughter contracted scarlet fever followed by diphtheria. Myra lost a year of schooling and very nearly lost her life. Fortunately, after that experience the family lived happily and uneventfully until the bombing of Plymouth started in 1940.

Her parents sent Myra to live with her country cousins in Tintagel. She loved her time there. One time she went rabbiting with a cousin, lost the ferret and the pair was told to stay out until the ferret was found. She learnt that not everyone was as indulgent as her father. As the bombing of Plymouth continued her parents reluctantly left the city to settle at Whitecross, a hamlet just outside Wadebridge. My grandmother had loved the cinemas and shops in Plymouth and had not wanted to return to her home town but they settled a country mile away from the farm of Tredruston where Guy lived with his parents and elder sister Eileen.

And so were it not for the vagaries of the Second World War my parents would not have met and married. But I'm jumping ahead of myself again.

My parents met. Guy joined the RAF and went to war. Anyone who has heard my father talk of his time in the services will know he considers himself to have had a good war. A Cornish country boy let loose on the world. He learnt to fly, visited exotic countries such as India, Africa and Palestine and he stayed safe. Although he did manage to cut himself on a bayonet whilst preparing for a parade and ended up in hospital with blood poisoning. Throughout his time away he received letters and photos from my mother. There is one photo Myra sent to him at this time. She is standing on a pier, smiling, glamorous, and beautifully dressed as always. On the back she has written prophetically, "Yours forever", 1943. She signed off with six kisses. In true male understatement my father sent her a photo of himself in uniform from foreign climes with the message "lots and lots of love". And three kisses.

4th August 1945 was Myra's 21st party. My father was stationed in Italy. The war in Europe was over. After three and a half years away he managed to wangle leave and travelled by train, boat, train, hitched and then his father drove him the last twenty miles. Despite his valiant efforts he eventually arrived at midnight. The evening had been a fairly riotous affair by all accounts. One of the revellers, Peter Binks, who would become Myra's brother-in-law, had seen fit to climb a telegraph pole during the evening. Myra had been put to bed, a little worse for wear. When she woke the next day she said that she had had the strangest dream that a soldier had been standing over her. Of course that soldier had been my father in his RAF khaki. By the end of his leave, they were engaged and they married on April 6th 1946. Their marriage lasted 66 years.

Shakespeare wrote that the course of true love never did run smooth. Perhaps the first day of their honeymoon in Mevagissey was a harbinger of the challenges they would face together. Guy and Myra had to walk a tyre from their Austin 7 to a garage to be mended, leaving the car and a second puncture at their digs. A little later they were saved by an incoming ferry from making an unscheduled stop in the river when the brakes proved inadequate for the Cornish downhill gradient.

Myra and Guy's first child, Carol was born during the Berlin Airlift at Christmas 1948. Guy was frequently absent as the Airlift continued for over a year. After he left the RAF in 1950 the family moved to Rock where they took on a smallholding and they worked very hard to make a living. I was born in 1952. As time passed it became clear that the return from pigs, poultry and milk wasn't going to adequately support the family and this became a matter of urgency in 1956 when Myra gave birth to twins Rosemary and Colin.

Dad rejoined the RAF and we moved to Wiltshire and then to Kuala Lumpur and Singapore. After that the family lived in Cornwall and Wiltshire, eventually settling in Wootton Bassett where they stayed until my parents moved to Ringmore in 1976. By this time the children had all left home to lead independent lives. After a nomadic life Mum and Dad settled into a beautiful village where they have remained for the past 36 years. I'm not sure they expected their lives together to last so long. Guy had been on Christmas Island during the H bomb testing. His father died when he was 58 and his mother and sister Eileen both died in their early sixties.

Without a doubt the past 36 years have been the happiest of my mother's life and my father's too. My mother had often found it difficult to bear my father's lengthy absences abroad. I remember her writing lengthy airmail epistles to him. She was a diminished person in his absence, a light dimmed, and she only returned to full power when Dad returned home again.

In Ringmore both Guy and Myra threw themselves into village life. For Mum it was as though she had finally found her niche. She was treasurer to the WI for 20 years. She was clerk for the Parish Council and a councillor too. Never one to do things by halves, if contributing jam and preserves for fetes my mother would contribute twenty or thirty or forty jars, culminating one year in no less than 75.

Not only did she find her niche in Ringmore she found a stool too. At the side of the bar in the JE. She embraced the social life of the village and was interested in other people's lives. But Ringmore is more than a picture postcard pretty village, a Midsomer without the murders. It is a very caring community, an altruistic extended family where residents show the very best of human nature, displaying care and concern for each other, demonstrating supportive and loving qualities to those in need. No more so than in the kindness we have been shown since Myra's death.

In her younger days my mother was a good seamstress and excellent at knitting. She had a great eye for colour. Only the other day I found complicated handwritten line by line directions for a multi-coloured jumper she must have been knitting at one time. And I still have an intricate Fair Isle style beret she knitted for herself when she was a young woman. But of all the activities my mother enjoyed the ones I associate her with most involve the written and spoken word. As a small child I remember her telling me stories of local bonesetters, ghosts, great-grandfather slate quarrymen, fallen First World War soldier uncles, and a step-grandmother with a port wine stain across her face. I learnt of dreams thwarted and lives diminished. I learnt of lucky coincidences and happy times. With some embellishments no doubt. She ignited in me an interest in family history which I have to this day.

My mother liked writing lists and cardigans with pockets. But she loved reading. She didn't just read books, she devoured the printed word. Reading was an essential daily activity and one which I too have embraced. In Wootton Bassett she could get through half a dozen books a week from the library. She enjoyed novels but she loved books about travel, other countries and other peoples. She explored the four corners of the world through her imagination. She had an excellent memory and a sharp intellect.

But as her eyesight deteriorated I remember my mother saying she didn't know what she would do if she wasn't able to read. She despaired at the thought. Eventually we had to stop swapping books as she was only able to make out the headlines in the newspaper. And yet, when the time came, she found the inner strength to adapt to the loss of her sight by turning to taped books. Eventually she joined the excellent Calibre Audio Library and through their CD's has been able to continue to experience the wonder of words right up to her final illness.

In the last few years of her life my mother's health problems began to impact more and more on her life and the life of my father. As her eyesight, mobility and breathing difficulties worsened she retreated from the social life she had enjoyed so much in Ringmore. Since December 2009 she has been helped through every day by a carer and the constant support and enduring love of my father. Despite her problems she refused to dwell on the constant difficulties she faced every day. She told me the subject was boring. Whenever I asked her how she was she would answer briefly and then ask that we talk about something more interesting. She would not thank me for concentrating on the maudlin today. My mother lived a long and eventful life. She died at Derriford with my father, my brother Colin, my husband Gwynn and me at her bedside.

As I sat in the Registrar's office a few days later checking the death certificate I realised for the first time that her life had both begun and ended in Plymouth.

A TS Eliot quote came to mind:

"We shall not cease from exploration.

And the end of all our exploring.

Will be to arrive where we started

And know the place for the first time."

Let us celebrate Myra's life today.

After long illness bravely borne may she rest in peace.

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