

# Margaret Ellen Scally

South Bristol Crematorium

Thursday 27<sup>th</sup> June 2024

12:00 hrs



## Bristol Celebrant Services

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Association of Independent Celebrants

1:

**Music on Smile, Nat King Cole**

Good afternoon and welcome..... For those of you who don't know me, I am Steve Wood, & when I say it is an honour & privilege to be able to take this service, I do not say it lightly, you see to a number of us here today, Margaret Scally, was simply Aunty Marg.

As we have all come together here today, we are not here just to mourn the loss of Margaret, but more importantly to celebrant her life. The life she created with Husband Patrick, daughter Jane, and Son Nick, later grand-daughter Lucy, nor must we leave out Lorriane or Mike, Nick & Janes partners. They have been a great support not just to Jane & Nick, Lucy, but to Margaret as well.

Margaret Ellen Haskins was born on the 17<sup>th</sup> of September 1936, Born into a Bristol family, her parents Percy & Emma Jane, sister Jacqui. Margaret was born into a loving and gentle family; we are told that her upbringing was filled with love & happiness, it was clear that it was a happy childhood, that produced a loving and wonderful person.

2:

Margaret was born into a world which no longer exists, a pre-World War, which as we know, brought in rationing, along with a number of other hardships. However, this ensured that the future generations were going to be a different type of people for the future, hardy, survivable, but most of all ready to give. If you needed something, and they had it, they would willingly share it with you. This was Margaret's life; she was always helping others.

When Margaret was six years of age her parents enrolled her in piano lessons, her tutor was a lady called Nesta Franklyn. A renown music teacher of Wells Road, Knowle. This simple act was to have not only a lasting effect on Margaret, but it would become here entire life, which we you will hear more of later.

When Margaret went onto attend at Connaught school, where she was Awarded head girl status. Her Mother Emma Jane would give her, her dinner money, then Margerat would then save most of it. During her lunch hour she would attend the local Mevin Square Post Office, where she would buy stamps to send off letters to Hollywood stars, asking to get their autographs. With the remainder of her dinner money, she would purchase a single Oxo Cube which she would eat.

3:

Childhood holidays were spent at Butlins. Where Margaret fell in love with the red coats and kept asking for their autographs, one red coat wrote

“To the girl with the sparkly eyes”

In the late 1950's Margaret met Patrick John Scally whilst on a trip to High Littleton. During a conversation Pat told her he was also taking music lessons. Margaret told me she already had another suitor at that time, but she was not really interested; However, this did not stop Pat from pursuing the women of his dreams. And we are pleased to say that his charm and persistence paid off, Pat & Margaret married in 1957 spending the next 63 years together, even getting the telegram from the Queen.

After leaving school Margaret had a couple of jobs, the first was with a company called John Swine as a typist. Margaret's typing skills must have been legendary as every evening her manager would check the waste bin to ensure that she never used too much paper that day. We now know that Margaret, was a better piano player than typist. From here she went on to work at Duckson & Pinker, a well-known Music shop in Bristol.

4:

Staying in the 1950's to see where Margaret's music career started. Margaret, Pat, Dennis & Pat Scally along with our Grand-parents Jack & Lillian Scally all used to frequent a pub in Hotwells called The Plume of Feathers each Saturday night. We are told it was a small pub with lots of atmosphere. One evening our grandfather (also called Patrick but known as Jack Scally) going off on a tangent at the moment, I am told that in the family home of my grandparents, there were so many Pat's it was most confusing, our grandfather, Partick, Uncle John as known to us Patick, my mother Patricia, Dennis's partner at that time, Patirica, even the bloody dog was called pat. God only knows what happened when you called "Pat dinner is ready"

Back the plume of feathers, it was suggested that Margaret played some tunes on the piano to liven up the atmosphere.

Reluctantly she did, then every Saturday night thereon. It became such a regular event her reputation soon spread and so began her spectacular career playing on a regular basis not only at the Plume of Feathers but other places, like the British Legion, schools and even the Colston Hall (as it was then), along with the Albert Hall and for a number of 'keep fit' classes ..I am told that even Aunty Pat was a participant in a few!!! She wanted me to point out that she was performing keep fit not playing a musical instrument.

5:

As we have heard Pat & Margaret would go on to play together at Pubs & Clubs, on evenings and weekends for many years, it is fair to say that Music became a Massive part of Margaret's life.

**I would now like to invite Maria & Sue to say a few words**

Then in 1973, as Jane & Nick had started school. Margaret applied for a Job with the Old Avon County Council. where she was to become Peripatetic, Margaret went onto work her entire working life in this role, which she adored. To ensure that the family had all the things they wanted, she also worked evenings & Weekends playing with Pat as part of the Chevrons. Whilst not playing with the duo, Margaret would play at other institutions, such as various Freemasons events around the county, plus many more.

Margaret & Pat loved their holidays, especially with the family. They travelled the world as far as New Zealand and loved planning the trips. In the days before the internet Margaret would phone the hotels direct no matter where they were in the world. Who needs a travel agent when you got Margaret.

It was during her working life, Margaret would go on to make many friends, you see Margerat was a friend to many, and an enemy to none.

6:

& Two of these very special friends are here today to that end to tell us a little more about Margaret.

**We would like to invite Maureen to say a few words.**

**Reflection Song: Over the Rainbow, sung by Eva Cassidy**

### MOMENT OF REFLECTION

We are reminded of a quote from a great orator called Pooh Bear, when Piglet ask, Poo how do you spell love? Pooh said “You don’t spell it, Piglet, you feel it”..... This is why today is so hard. We feel that love deep in our hearts, the pain that is grief..... Grief teaches us to value the present, to value the moment that you live in. Life is such a short journey, and so are those moments, experiences, and time spent with loved ones. Every moment shared with those you love is a gift meant to be cherished, a memory created, never to be lost, the loss that is grief teaches us to value those special moments, moment which can be achived in a few minutes, but last a last time.

### **Barely a Day Passes**

Barely the day started and  
it's already six in the evening.  
Barely arrived on Monday  
and it's already Friday.  
.. and the month is already over.  
.. and the year is almost over.  
.. and already 40, 50 or 60 years  
of our lives have passed.  
.. and we realize that we lost  
our parents, friends.

7:

.. and we realize it's too late  
to go back.

So. Let's try, despite  
everything, to enjoy  
the remaining time.

Let's keep looking for  
activities that we like.

Let's put some colour in  
A grey World.

Let's smile at the little  
things in life that put  
balm in our hearts.

And despite everything,  
we must continue to enjoy  
with serenity this time we  
have left.

Let's try to eliminate the  
afters.

I'm doing it after.

I'll say it after.

I'll think about it after.

We leave everything for  
later like " after " is ours for eternity.

Because what we don't  
understand is that:

Afterwards, the coffee  
gets cold.

afterwards, priorities change.

Afterwards, the charm is  
broken.

Afterwards, health passes.

Afterwards, the kids grow up.

Afterwards parents get old.

Afterwards, promises are  
forgotten.



8:

Afterwards, the day becomes  
the night.

Afterwards, life ends.  
And then it's often too late.  
So, Let's leave nothing for  
later.

Still waiting to see  
later, we can lose the  
best moments, the best  
experiences, our best friends,  
the best family.

**The day is today. The  
moment is now.**

We are no longer at the  
age where we can afford  
to postpone what needs  
to be done right away."

It Looks Like an Eternity,  
But It's a Short Trip,  
Enjoy Life and ask yourself,  
what does it cost to  
Be Kind.

**Hymm  
Jerusalem**

And did those feet in ancient time  
walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
on England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
among those dark Satanic Mills?

9:

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant Land.

Would like to Invite Pepi to say a few words about Margaret.

A Quote from Patricia Scally, Margaret's Sister in Law

Margaret was a great lover of cheese.... there were times after shopping that the cheese may not have reached home totally un-attacked & in the later years when making/receiving telephone calls, when she had said what she wanted to say she would suddenly say ' I'm going now 'or just suddenly end the conversation. This always made me laugh as I may have been in full flow but she'd had either finished what she wanted to say or the question had been answered? *I do miss her Steve.*

### **LEAVE CURTAINS OPEN**

"Can I please ask you to stand for “The Committal”.

Margaret what a wonderful life you lived and what an impact you have made on others.

10:

There is no doubt today your time here in this world, has come to an end, but that does not mean that your journey has ended, it is just a new pathway, one we must all walk one day. You have left behind so many hearts that are aching, you have left so many tears of grief, but my goodness, the family & friends here today, have so, so many warm memories and what a beautiful legacy of love for the family and friends you had in life, and those friendship will continue into the next life.

So, it's with love with gratitude, that we now ask that all these fond memories to be locked away in our hearts just for a moment, bringing them out to remember happier times, when we meet again as family & friends, but in our hearts your presence will never depart. There will be days, we will hear your voice in the whisper of the wind, or in the memory of a long-forgotten task, these are the days that will hurt the most, when you are not here to share that memory.

Your time here is ended, we now ask that you go gently into the wind, into the light. Go with love, with honour, and in peace, knowing that you are loved beyond the moon and the stars, your gift to us was just being you.

11:

Margaret we celebrate your life, we honour the life you had, but most of all we pay tribute to that consistent love and sense of fun that you always shared so willingly with your family and with your friends. We are never going to forget you. may the next part of your next journey be one of peace, may your place in the next world be filled with the same love, laughter & humility you had in life, may those who have gone before us welcome you into that unseen world of love & light.

And for each & very one  
of us here today, Thank you for the music.

**Closing words –**

From all of us here today, but calling rank for a moment, especially from your nieces and nephews Thank you Aunty Marg, Thank you for being you.

May you now rest in peaceful sleep and know that wherever you are,  
our love goes with you.

12:

As we are about to depart this place,

We are reminded that:

To the earth and the woods,

To the bluebells in Spring

and the evergreens in Winter.

may you rest beneath the open sky,

In the sunshine and the rain,

In the stillness and the breeze,

Amidst the silence and the birdsong.

Her life has come to its natural end,

Go well into the light, your labours here are done.

may you rest in eternal peace.

Abba Thank you for the Music.