

In Loving Memory

Elizabeth May Savins Remfry

19th April 1927 – [Date to be inserted]



The Eternal Forest, Boduan

[Date to be inserted]

Funeral Director: Tirion Funerals

Celebrant: David Atkinson

~ Opening Music ~

Moonlight Serenade (Glenn Miller).

~ Welcome and introduction ~

We have come together to remember with love and affection to honour the life of Liz Remfry who passed away on [date to be inserted].

This ceremony offers you the opportunity to remember Liz and to think about some of the special moments you shared with her, and which were enriched and made memorable by her presence.

My name is David Atkinson. I had the great pleasure and privilege of spending time with Liz in early 2021 getting to know her and hearing her recollections of her fascinating life. At that time, she was really quite poorly. The fact that she battled on for [Period to be inserted] more is a measure of her strength and determination.

This is an undeniably sad occasion, but Liz lived a fascinating and interesting life worthy of celebrating. So, we will celebrate it here in these beautiful, tranquil surroundings.

We just listened to Glenn Miller's Moonlight Serenade, picked for this occasion by Liz. She was 12 years old when the Second World War began; she remembered distinctly listening to Neville Chamberlain's broadcast on 3rd September 1939. So, music from that era was important to her.

Let us begin with a tribute to Liz based on notes I took from my chats with her back in early 2021, and also from watching a series of wonderful videos of Liz recalling various periods in her life which she and Paul Martin were kind enough to share with me.

~ A Tribute to Liz ~

Liz was born on 19th April 1927, Primrose Day, in Oxford at her Auntie May and Uncle Sid's house on Abbey Road. Liz remarked to me with a sense of humour: "Thank goodness I wasn't called Primrose!".

Her father, William Joseph Rushworth, had been born in the grounds of Eton College where his father taught cadets. William was a Hussar who had fought in the Great War. Liz suspected that he had (not surprisingly) been deeply affected by what he had witnessed; he didn't speak much about it.

Her mother was a Green and her grandmother a Savins, a family that included two notable historians (perhaps where Paul Martin got his interest and talent from?). Her mother, Elsie May Rushworth, was a forward-thinking woman who was a munitions girl in the war. She rode a motorbike in the 1920s (very unusual for a woman in those days) and was a photographer.

The family lived on Leopold Street in Oxford where Liz had a very happy childhood. She was an only child, but for a time during the war they were joined by three evacuees. She enjoyed going to St Mary & St John infants' school from the age of three on Cowley Road, then on to Milham Ford secondary school. She had vivid memories of her childhood and her school life, in which she excelled in academic and practical lessons.

Liz's first memory at infants' school was "A bucket, a spade and the feel of sand". She remembered lessons of drawing, knitting, weaving, painting and sewing (all for boys as well as girls). Liz was fortunate that her mother had already taught her to knit. She enjoyed reading and it was a highlight each week when books from the main Oxford library were brought to the school. Liz remembers writing a fairy story which the headmistress shared with a visiting dignitary.

As an only child, Liz sometimes had to make her own amusement. She had two special German dolls, Gloria and Margaret. She would pretend to be their teacher, and they both learned the times tables and the alphabet! Gloria is still in existence.

She had a close group of friends as a child including Charlie Curtis, Alan Redman, Melba Patten and Jean Newell. There is a lovely photo of Liz and Charlie playing with the dolls and 12-piece tea set.



Food was a highlight of Liz's childhood. She spoke enthusiastically about going with Melba to the nearby Wall's Ice Cream factory with a halfpenny each to buy an ice-lolly to share. She recalled calling in at Butler's bakery with her mother on the way home from school to buy bread and cakes. She remembered the smell of sizzling bacon and the good supply of eggs from her Uncle Arthur who kept hens at the end of his garden. There was always a Sunday roast with meat from the local butcher and vegetables from Uncle Arthur's garden. Chicken was only eaten once a year at Christmas.

Liz lived in Oxford until she met and married Ron in 1951. It was important to Liz that Ron had been able to ask her father's permission to marry her before he died, sadly shortly before their wedding. Liz and Ron would be married for an amazing 53 years, living in Southsea, Peterborough and Malvern. They celebrated their golden wedding in 2001 with a lovely party with 50+ guests at their home in Malvern. Along the way, they had three sons - John, Alan and Paul Martin.

During her life, Liz did some interesting work including working for the Treasury in London, and as a typing teacher. She was apparently quite strict as a teacher!

Throughout her life, she enjoyed arts and crafts. She was immensely talented, although she was often not quite satisfied with her creations - despite them looking like perfection to others. She was a weaver, knitter, embroiderer and much more. Her home is full of evidence of her interest and talents - from the two spinning wheels, to the wonderful embroidered pictures hanging on the wall, to the sculpture of Jane Austen, to the clothes made from hand-woven cloth of remarkable quality and uniformity. Two of the embroidered pictures hanging on the wall are of her mother and father. They are so good, they look like photographs.

In the 1970s, Liz was a member and chair of the Weaving Guild at Malvern Hills College which met at the Craft House in Malvern, an old wartime canteen. There, weaving and spinning classes were held where Liz could impart her knowledge to others and also hone her skills by observing other talented artists such as Vera Lockyer who led the classes, and by attending talks and workshops by visiting experts.

Ron sadly died in 2004. He had for many years intended to retire to his hometown of Colyton in Devon, but in the mid-1980s when he and Liz visited there he found everything had changed and he didn't know anybody. So, he and Liz remained in Malvern, first at their large house on Richmond Road, then at a more manageable home on Pickersleigh Road.

Over the years, the family had holidayed in North Wales (as well as Devon). Liz gradually came to the conclusion that she would like to move here. She had a family connection although she did not know it at the time. Genealogy has shown that she is the 25th great granddaughter of the prince of Wales, Llewelyn ab Iwerth, who died in 1240. She was eventually able to move here in 2011 by which time her health had deteriorated quite a bit. She moved into her home in Ceidio, originally an RAF radar station protecting Liverpool from bombing raids, where she has remained with Paul Martin who has been her companion and carer.

Liz travelled overseas a number of times. She enjoyed trips to France, once on her own to Paris, and twice with Paul Martin. She visited Ypres where her father had fought in the Great War. She went to Vancouver twice to visit son, Alan, and his family. On a memorable trip to Scotland with Paul Martin, he bought her one square foot of Scottish land which allowed her to thereafter be known as Lady Elizabeth May Remfry which she thought was very funny.

Cats have been a feature of Liz's life for many years. At one time she had five! Until recently she had two cats – Blackie and Kebel. Sadly, Blackie died recently, but Kebel remains fit and strong. They have been an important part of Liz's life and have brought her much comfort over the years.

Liz's health has deteriorated over the last few years, and she has been very poorly for some time. She passed away peacefully on [Date to be inserted]. She will be sorely missed and fondly remembered by all those who were fortunate enough to have known her.

~ Reflection ~

We will now have a period of silent reflection. I invite you to use this time to think about Liz as you loved her and to remember things that are special to you. This is a time to give thanks for her life and to commit her memory to your hearts.

~ Committal ~

Now, with respect, affection and abiding love, let us lay Liz to rest. Let us just take a moment to listen to the sounds and to feel the presence of nature all around us. She will rest here through the freshness of Spring and the mists of Autumn, through the cold of Winter and the warmth of Summer, and she will be at peace. We dedicate this place to her memory.

~ Closing words ~

I hope you have found comfort in the words spoken here today and by being in one another's company.

Liz will be remembered in many dimensions. As a daughter, wife, mother and grandmother. As an immensely talented craftswoman and artist. For her rich and interesting life history. For her sense of humour.

Saying goodbye to Liz does not mean that your memories of her must fade. She will be an on-going part of your lives. You will think of her often and remember things she said and did that made you smile. Each time you think of her, you will be ensuring the continuing value of her life.

Paul Martin would like to thank you for coming today to say farewell to Liz and to honour her memory. Your kindness and support during this period of bereavement is very much appreciated.

He would like to express his sincere thanks to all who showed love, friendship and care towards Liz during her life. He particularly wants to thank Nia, Ali, Carol and Beryl and all the other carers for their attentive and dutiful care of Liz which has been invaluable.

We will close the ceremony listening to a final piece of music – Don't Worry Be Happy by Bobby McFerrin, also chosen by Liz and before her, Ron, her husband, I'm sure with a twinkle in their eyes.

Lady Elizabeth May Savins Remfry, thank you for your very special life. May you rest in peace.

