



Memorial Service  
Dame Edith Jones

2<sup>nd</sup> April 1950 - 15<sup>th</sup> March 2020



Musselburgh Town Hall  
21<sup>st</sup> March 2020 at 1.00 pm





Entry Music            'Don't Cry for Me Argentina'

Background Music        'Climb Every Mountain'

Good afternoon, everyone. It is heart-warming to see so many of you here today. We join together for a Memorial Service, remembering Dame Edith Jones, much loved, respected and fondly missed by so many.

I am Gillian Robertson, a Celebrant and I am honoured to be conducting this memorial service today.

Edith's immediate family, Elaine, Andrew, Craig and Sarah, and Maggie and Rachel are with us today - all far travelled and glad to be able to share this memorial service for a dearly loved Aunt and Great Aunt.

We have come together today to remember, celebrate and give thanks for the wonderful life of Dame Edith Jones. Although I never met Dame Edith, I have spoken to many of her family and friends and discovered a remarkable woman, amazing actress and dedicated supporter of her Youth Theatres.

We have a difficult task today, because we are here together to reflect upon Edith's life following her passing three months ago. But, in spite of our sadness, today is also a day of memories, a day of celebration and gratitude for the life of a very special lady who you were so very privileged to know. So I ask you to keep a smile in your heart for Edith and to let your thoughts go to happy times and memories that are special to you.

Let us begin our service by joining together and singing one of Dame Edith's favourite hymns:

**'All Things Bright and Beautiful'**





## Tribute

Dame Edith Jones lived a full and exciting life and is well known for her roles in many West End Musicals. Born in 1950, in Edinburgh, Edith Walker married Stanley Jones after their whirlwind romance, in 1970. They chose not to have children and their lives centred around their family of fellow actors - and what a family they were! Edith was heartbroken when Stanley died, suddenly and unexpectedly two years ago, and, as many of you will know, she never really recovered from this tragic loss. In letters to her friends and family, she told them that she just wanted to be with Stanley again, and that she missed him too much. A partnership so strong, that one without the other seemed almost unimaginable.

Stanley's nieces, Elaine and Maggie are here with their families, and it is wonderful that they have travelled from Australia to join with Edith and Stanley's extended family. Elaine and Maggie's mother, Margaret, was Stanley's sister and she married Charles, and moved to Australia where Elaine and Maggie were born. Margaret and Charles returned to London for a brief visit in 1985 - special guests to the opening night of "Les Misérables", starring Edith and Stanley, and Elaine and Maggie share the most wonderful memories of the glamour of the evening. What a very special occasion for two young girls who will never forget the sparkly dresses they wore and the thrill of sitting in a box in the theatre.

Elaine's husband, Andrew and their two children, Craig and Sarah, and Maggie's partner, Rachel, never met Edith and Stanley, in person, but, through Skype, were in regular contact. Edith and Stanley took great delight in these conversations and were particularly proud to watch Craig and Sarah growing up. Edith compiled a number of scrapbooks, recording photographs, posters and reviews of their performances, and the family have told me how much pleasure they have had in leafing through the pages.

They will be meeting many of you for the first time and are glad of the opportunity to hear more about their remarkable Aunt and Uncle. I am sure that many of you here will also be glad of the opportunity to connect with Edith and Stanley through Elaine and Maggie, after the service. Elaine and Maggie have brought Edith's scrapbooks to share with you before they return to Australia - I am sure they will stir more memories for you and we are grateful to them for bringing them today.





Take my hand  
And lead me to salvation.  
Take my love,  
For Love is everlasting.  
And remember  
The truth that once was spoken:  
To love another person  
Is to see the face of God'  
  
Les Misérables





## Funeral of John Smith

3<sup>rd</sup> December 1935 – 30<sup>th</sup> November 2019

Paisley Crematorium

8<sup>th</sup> December, 2019 at 2.00 pm

## A Tribute to John Smith

John was born on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of December, 1935, to parents Elizabeth and Craig Smith. He was brought up with his younger brother, Andrew, and older sister, Anne in the beautiful village of Plockton in the north west highlands - a place which continues to be precious to the whole family. As a child, John spent many happy hours fishing with his father and brother and loved to mess about in boats, becoming very useful as he developed his skills in fixing the engines. Like all young children in Plockton, attending the small primary school was a joy. Everyone knew everyone else, helped to look after each others' families and the children spent more time outside than in, learning about crofting and fishing as they grew up. Going to the much bigger high school was a difficult change, particularly as this meant living in the school hostel during the week - home comforts were sorely missed and children had to grow up very quickly, with little contact with their parents. John was fortunate that Anne had moved up before him and was there to keep an eye on her little brother, just as he looked out for Andrew when he moved up.

John left school when he was 16 and, with two friends, left the highlands to find work in Glasgow. John initially became an apprentice welder and, like so many others of his time, entered into military service while still a teenager: he served with the Black Watch and was posted in Germany and Libya. John made many life-long friends in the army: all young lads, far away from home in countries that were so different and foreign. They needed to be strong and adaptable and to support each other, and John's caring and compassionate nature helped many of his fellow soldiers who were homesick. His dearest friend, Robert, who is here today, remembers that John always seemed to be able to know when it was OK to use humour, and when to be more sympathetic and supportive. Robert was one of the many who benefitted from John's great friendship and they managed to keep in touch over the years, in spite of living many miles apart. Since their army days, John and Robert have been in regular communication, initially by letter and more recently, joining the age of technology and emailing and even texting - a skill they were both very proud of mastering!

When John finally returned to complete his apprenticeship in Glasgow, he worked in the shipyards of Govan, part of a team of men who were a community in their own right.

John and his friends were regular attenders at the Saturday night dances at The Barrowlands, and it was here that he met the love of his life, Elspeth. Elspeth was born and brought up in Glasgow, and had many family connections with the highlands, and so it was as if they were made for each other. They discovered their shared love of music: John, by now an accomplished fiddler, would accompany Elspeth who loved to sing, especially songs by Robert Burns.

They courted for about a year, until John was finally brave enough to ask Elspeth's father if he could marry his daughter. Although he was a strict and formidable gentleman who thought that no man would ever be good enough to marry his daughter, Elspeth's father recognised a genuineness and sincerity in John and trusted him to take good care of her, which he always did. A true romantic, John proposed to Elspeth on the top floor of the double decker bus as they travelled to their Saturday night dance. How could she refuse?

John and Elspeth married on the 7<sup>th</sup> of August, 1954 in the Unitarian Church in Glasgow. They set up house in the south side of Glasgow and were delighted when their own family arrived: Ian in 1960 and Carol in 1963.

John's love of music and highland hospitality continued in Glasgow, where he and Elspeth were frequently the generous hosts of many 'Ceilidhs' and John played his favourite Scottish fiddle tunes, and Elspeth sang.

They didn't need to worry about disturbing their neighbours in the tenement block - they all shared John and Elspeth's love of music and were frequent attenders at the Ceilidhs where all were encouraged to sing or play if they wanted to.

John's workmates remember him as a 'grafter' who always pulled his weight and looked out for the rest of his team, making sure they were doing OK and offering help if it was ever needed. His skill as a welder was legendary: he would be given the most complicated jobs to do and would always find a solution when others would have given up. He was well known in the neighbourhood as someone who would lend a helping hand when jobs needed to be done, especially those that required a bit of welding. The lives of many old cars were prolonged by John's skills and willingness to help.

John's hard work and Elspeth's shrewd budgeting meant that they were able to move out of their tenement flat and into a newly built house, a few streets away. They kept in touch with their old neighbours and also made lots of new friends who were all in the similar situation of moving into new houses with young families. The Ceilidhs continued and John was delighted when Ian and Carol joined, playing fiddle and whistle respectively. Together, the family enjoyed playing their own music together and sharing this with many friends and neighbours.

Family holidays, returning to John's beloved home village of Plockton, are the source of many happy memories, and looking through the many photographs are a reminder of the great times spent there. Going home meant that John could spend more time with his parents and his brother and sister, and, later, as their families grew, the cousins got to know each other and became firm friends. Andrew and Anne's children David, Allan and Sonia had many adventures with Ian and Carol, exploring on the beach, sailing and rowing round the islands and climbing in the beautiful mountains nearby. Elspeth recalls John's great delight at the big family Sunday brunches which would last for hours and inevitably finish up with songs and stories round the fire. John would take his family for their annual trip in Callum's boat, to see the seals around the islands. John would join Callum in regaling the visitors with stories of the highlands which would always be embellished with interesting facts, which could be true ... or not! Many a happy evening was spent with family and friends in the Plockton Hotel, with a few drams, more stories and, of course, music - at the heart of all John's social gatherings!

John was very proud of his family and their achievements and never missed a school show or concert when he always managed to get a front row seat. No matter how small a part Ian and Carol had, John took great delight in pointing them out to fellow audience members and clapped and cheered louder than anyone else - much to the embarrassment of Ian and Carol! Fortunately, Elspeth was usually in the background, helping backstage or organising the refreshments, so she was spared John's enthusiastic support of his children!

His pride in Ian and Carol continued when he attended their graduations. Ian, who studied Law, again remembers being able to hear his Dad's cheers over everyone else's. However, he had to explain to his Dad that the front row seats were always

reserved for the University dignitaries and so John would have to be content with being in the second row!

Carol tells the story that, when her graduation photographs arrived, John showed them to anyone and everyone, and told them that she must have been the best in her class because she was called first to receive her scroll. Actually, this was because she had recently married, and her new surname began with an 'A' and so, rather than being the best in her class of Computer Scientists, she was called first because their names were in alphabetical order!

Although John's enthusiastic pride often embarrassed Ian and Carol, they secretly loved to see him so pleased with them and enjoyed his high praise and many compliments.

He supported them both through their studies and was always there to offer advice and help when they needed it. He welcomed their friends, both from school and University into their family home and was never more pleased than when he discovered if any of them were at all musical, at which point they became just as much John's friends as Ian and Carol's!

John especially extended this welcome to Paul and to Susan, who describe him as the 'best father-in-law anyone could have! They quickly became established family members enjoying the hospitality that was John and Elspeth's trademark, and they found John to be a kind and helpful friend who, as a father-in-law, would offer useful advice and humorous observations on marriage and parenthood!

John and Elspeth's family continued to grow with the births of their treasured Grandchildren: Simon, Rachel, Alan and Robert. John and Elspeth were always grateful that their children chose to live close by and, while this made babysitting and child care much easier for Ian and Susan and Carol and Paul, it also meant that the Grandchildren all had a great relationship and close bond with their Grandparents. John's commitment to attending school shows did not diminish, in spite of having four grandchildren to support, and his enthusiastic clapping and cheering continued to be louder than anyone else in the audience! Being the only Granddaughter, Rachel was 'the apple of her Grandad's eye' and Simon, Alan and Robert are sure that she always got more sweets from the sweetie jar, and the biggest slice of cake when they visited. John, of course, would always deny this - with a sly wink at Rachel!

John's love of family was further rewarded by the births of his beloved Great Grandchildren: Susie, Claire, Fiona and Ewan . They each have drawn a picture of themselves with their Grandad, and, when you see them as you leave, I am sure you will notice the cheerful colours, and the sunshine in all of their pictures: real tributes to a very much loved Great Grandad who spent fun times with his young great grandchildren.

John's health began to decline over the last few months, but he never lost his sparkle, the twinkle in his eye and his love of the company of good friends and family. While many happy memories are a comfort, his family are deeply saddened to have lost someone who played such an important part in their lives. They will miss his loving kindness, his pride in their achievements and his unfailing support. A devoted husband, father, granddad, great grandad, brother and uncle. John was also a great and true friend and he will be greatly missed by many.

## Reflection

Let's take some quiet time just now and remember the  
John that you knew.

Time to hold him in your hearts and remember the  
way he touched your life, the special times you spent  
together.

The precious memories that you will always have.  
And while we do this, we will listen to:



'The Gentle Light that Wakes Me'

Played by Aly Bain and Phil Cunningham

## The Committal

To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose on earth.

A time to be born and a time to die.

Although today you are deeply sad that John is no longer with us, you will be grateful for the many memories that you share. You will never forget the happy times, the music and the laughter. You will remember his pride in his family, his gentle smile and his sense of humour. You will remember his love and his friendship and commit these to your hearts.

This last act, with love, respect and appreciation, and without fear.

We now commit John's body to its final end.

May the road rise up to meet you.  
May the wind always be at your back.  
May the sun shine warm upon your face.  
May the rain fall soft upon your field.  
Until we meet again.



## **In Loving Memory of Scott Brown**

**23<sup>rd</sup> July 1947 - 14<sup>th</sup> January 2020**



.. Life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.  
Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.  
And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to  
climb.  
And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then you shall truly dance.



## In Loving Memory of Scott



Remembering Scott - the man who means such a lot to each of you.

Your grief and sorrow just now and in the days to come, only reflect your own special relationship with him and the memories you made together.

We are joined in deep sadness at his passing, but, in remembering Scott, I hope that you can all - Scott's family and friends here, and those of you joining us, near and far, via the web-link, hold a smile in your heart for the memories, the love and the laughter that will always be Scott, and take some comfort from this time together, remembering the many ways that Scott touched your lives.

Death ends a life, but it does not end a relationship. Within the shelter of your hearts, you will never lose your love for him. You will always have the gifts that he gave you. Though a door may have closed between you, the warmth of your precious memories will never leave you and are yours to keep and to share and to cherish.

I have heard many stories of Scott's love for the hills, and the photographs that I have seen show me someone who found great joy in being out in nature, in the company of dear friends and family.

People who climb mountains have such connection with nature. They find joy, peace and friendship. They create memories of days of beauty and sunshine and days of challenge and foul weather. People who climb mountains know what it means to touch the sky.

**At the Graveside:**



## In Loving Memory of Scott

Scott, you were much-loved by many and it is with heavy hearts that we  
let you go.

We remember with gratitude your generosity and kindness, your love of  
family, your connection with nature, your love of music and your very  
unique character.

We hold you gently in our hearts and deeply mourn your passing.  
And now in this final act, with sadness and with love, and in appreciation  
for the gift of your life, we release your body to its natural end.

Earth to earth

Ashes to ashes

Dust to dust

***Deep peace of the running waves to you,  
Deep peace of the mountain skies to you,  
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,  
Deep peace of the smiling stars to you.***

Rest in peace and in love.

