



Celebrating the Life of

Doreen Young

13th June 1927 – 16th February 2017

Parndon Wood Crematorium
Saturday, 18th March 2017 at 11.00 a.m.

Conducted by
Steve Stacey - Civil Celebrant



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Celebrating the Life of
Doreen

Entrance Music

Greensleeves – The New Symphony Orchestra Of London Cond: Leibowitz

Welcome & Introduction

Welcome here today as we meet to celebrate the life of Doreen and to pay our respects to her.

We meet to share our memories of her, our stories about her, our love for her and our grief at losing her. We celebrate the role that she played in our lives – a wife, a mother, a grandmother a sister and many more. To each one of you she was a dear friend whose life touched many.

Doreen was unique - there's never been anyone like her before, there never will be again.

Her family describe her as being energetic and always on the move, having a good sense of humour, loyal, determined, a risk-taker and, when faced with challenges, a survivor.

She saw the funny side of things and faced life with a smile – her husband John was always guaranteed to make her laugh!

People treated her with respect and knew they could depend on her to help out. She was a private woman who kept her emotions to herself. She was selfless. If you needed her help, she was there for you.

She was very organised – she liked a clean and tidy house with everything in its place.

Her family are her greatest achievement in life. They are the legacy that she leaves behind. She was very protective of them.

Our hearts go out to Val and Jim, David and Jane, and Richard – they've lost a cornerstone of their family. Lorraine, Emily, Claire, Zoe and John have lost an irreplaceable grandmother.

We take a moment to remember Peter – he was always in her heart.

Each one of you has lost a special part of your life too.

There is never a good time to die or a good way to die. We want the people that we love to be with us always, happy and healthy.

Her passing is a reminder to us all that we're all mortal and like all living things, only here for a brief moment. That moment is never long enough for those who really love us.

Doreen loved to sing – she sang most days when she was a child and would have known our hymn today well.

Hymn: The King Of Love (*Dominus Regit Me*)

The King of love my Shepherd is,
whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
and he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
my ransomed soul he leadeth;
and where the verdant pastures grow
with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
but yet in love he sought me;
And on his shoulder gently laid,
and home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;
thy rod and staff my comfort still,
thy cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days
thy goodness faileth never;
good shepherd, may I sing thy praise
within thy house for ever.



Doreen's Story

Doreen was born on June 13th 1927 in Devon to Doreen and Albert Miller.

Doreen's grandmother lived in the tiny village of Heavitree, just outside of Exeter in Devon where she was the midwife. She brought both Doreen and her older brother, Bob, into the world.

She spent the first 18 months of her life in Devon, before the family moved to 4 Wiseman Road in Leyton.

When Doreen was still a baby crawling about, she fell two stories through railings to a cement floor. The doctor who cared for her considered her a "miracle" baby because she sustained NO injuries. This doctor wrote about her and this event in the British Medical Journal called "The Lancer."

Doreen was evacuated with her classmates out of London by the government to Wales during World War II. Wales was considered safer.

She boarded with a miner's family. After a while, Doreen returned to Devon to be with her grandparents away from the bombs. In her teenage years, Doreen's mother was her strongest companion.

Doreen's school life was short-lived due to the onset of World War II (as was it for many British children). When she did attend, it was for six days a week.

Doreen attended Church of England services each day in school and all day on Sunday. She loved to sing hymns.

She loved to play netball and was very athletic in school.

At the age of 13, Doreen left school because of the war and went to work for her father in a factory painting dolls' faces.

At 15 years old, Doreen worked in an electrical shop in London, selling and repairing small appliances.

At 16, she became a secretary, and at age 20, Doreen was an Accessory Buyer for a London fashion house. It was there she purchased buttons to match the outfits.

Living near London as a young woman gave her unlimited opportunities once the war was over. She had lots of energy and was not afraid to "jump right in."

Growing up, Doreen learned how to type and do shorthand after attending a private school.

She learned how to ballroom dance and was about to take her "gold medal" when the school was bombed. She received her silver and bronze level.

It was here that she met her future husband, John Oliver Young during the war. John was learning how to dance, and by that time, Doreen had already achieved her bronze medal.

Doreen remembered those days well – it was a time of rationing and austerity., when make do and mend was the rule. She enjoyed going out and would appear to have a different dress on every Friday – she was good at altering the same dress to appear like a new one each week.

John and Doreen were married on the 12th April, 1947 in the Parish Church in Leyton.

At that time John was working in engineering as a fitter.

They started their married life in Forest Gate.They began their family in 1950 with Valerie. David arrived in 1953.

Then they moved to Redbridge where Peter was born in 1958.

By the late 50's, John was running his own business making and servicing sweet wrapping machinery.

Tragically, Peter was killed in a road accident when he was just 2.

In 1962 Richard was born.

Doreen was brought up to be very independent, so she brought her children up the same way. Although she wasn't overly sentimental or emotionally demonstrative, Doreen was extremely loyal and would do anything for one of her children.

Doreen loved being at home with her children, especially when they were young. As a family, they had many happy holidays in Devon and Cornwall.

In the early 60's, John purchased a pig farm and moved the family from London to Bawdsey, near Ipswich. She worked with John on the farm by helping to feed the animals. – she would feed the pigs in the early morning -she knew she was doing it to help the family. The accommodation wasn't great – they lived in a caravan during the Big Freeze of 1963. Later they moved into a farm house.

Doreen and John opened up their house when John's brother Arthur returned with his family from S. Africa. Earlier Doreen and John cared for John's mother upon her return from S. Africa also. One memorable Christmas Arthur, Joan and their daughters visited the farm. Susan and Sandra, Doreen's nieces will remember this well.

In 1966 they sold the pig farm. John found a job as foreman on a pig farm near Epping and the family moved to a tied house in Coopersale.

Another new job and a house move took them to Hainault and eventually to St John's Road in Epping in the early 1970's.

Doreen's huge store of energy meant she was always on the go, taking the children somewhere. Her daughter believes Doreen would probably say that she did all she could for them, including tutoring the older children onto the university track in school.

Doreen loved jokes and luckily, John provided plenty to keep her in stitches, although he did not always intend to be funny. It's hard to pick just one funny event as laughter was ever present in the family house.

Holly the family's pet Labrador/retriever became Doreen's constant companion.

John was the gardener in the family and Doreen assumed responsibility for it when he died. Doreen loved the sun – she would sit on her favourite bench and feed the birds – sometimes, she'd chase the cats away too!

In late Spring, Doreen enjoyed the chance to dress up and go dancing at the many ladies nights that the couple attended.

When John became ill, Doreen learned to drive so that she could take him for his hospital appointments. She took her driving test at the age of 52 and passed; that was huge!

In 1982, John passed away; Doreen never remarried.

For 35 years, she lived independently after John died.

As a youngster, some of her teen idols included Gracie Fields, Ava Gardner, and Vera Lynn. Doreen enjoyed listening to English music from the 40's, 50's and 60's. And she still loved buying clothes and dressing well.

Doreen enjoyed going to car boot sales and would shop every day if she could.

She learned sign language and she travelled to America to visit her daughter numerous times as well going to Australia twice to see David and his family.

She made these trips alone, while still maintaining her London home and her Honda car.

She started swimming several times a week and swam until she was in her 70's. She walked everywhere and explored her surroundings. She went out for lunch at the George and Dragon public house with her sister-in-law, Mary on a regular basis.

At one time she resolved to lose some weight and along with her brother, Bob went to Weightwatchers – she was determined – between them they lost 130 lb.

She was a good mother and slipped into grandmotherhood well. She was young at heart and loved to spend time with the grandchildren when she could.

Doreen loved 2 inventions: a car and a stand-alone spin dryer. Because it rained so much in this country, washing for a big family and getting the laundry dry was hard and ever more difficult if you didn't have a dryer.

A great joy was walking. She loved it and would stride ahead – she always seemed to be in the lead! She loved walking fields, seeing farms and exploring.

The last two years Doreen spent her life in Florida with her daughter, son-in-law Jim and granddaughter Lorraine.

She passed on the 16th February.

In a moment we're going to share some pictures of Doreen. Before we do, I want to share some words that Val wrote about her mum. They are very special and sum up so much about Doreen...

I remember my mother best when I was eight years old and she 31.
A fearsome warrior of domestic life. Her long black brown hair most often pulled back,
clasped in a brown toothed comb which snapped
to form a mane that curled and flowed down her back.

She was taller than most women with strong, broad shoulders.
Her legs were long and she strode with purpose along the pavements to the shops, or school,
sometimes just walking for the joy of movement.
My mother loved to move, housework gave her body purpose.

Sometimes I found her in frenzy, with the cupboard's contents,
Strewn around the floor, frantically sorting and discarding.
Sometimes she would paint the hall and all the way upstairs,
Or wallpaper the bathroom, just on a whim one day.

She stood erect and I was always proud to stand alongside
She was my mother, and I feared nothing when on rainy days
or through the snow, we raced along, she pushed my brother's
pram and I, wind upon my face, rushed to beat the school bell.

In summer, she turned a glorious brown. She worshipped the sun
and spent long days in the garden. Windows and doors
flung open, her spirit would not be caged, her energy boundless.
And do not cross her, for I know the power of her hand.

Every morning there was a mission, a reason for the day.
No time for dawdling, I must keep up or I will miss my chance.
She taught me to greet each day with hope and joy,
to rush towards the challenges, we had work to do.

Put your head down, push back, and keep moving forward,
do not stop until your reach a place to rest awhile.
But only for awhile. Get up and keep moving until at
days end you fall, body exhausted and bed ready.

We children grew strong bones and more athletic
than our natural inclinations. Today, I thank her for
that healthy start and simple food and her plain view of
life, uncluttered with abstract ideas or thoughts.

Life was certain then. Perhaps for the last time.
In my life I had this Amazon woman, on whom I could depend
for clean, ironed clothes, three meals a day, my bed made,
a hot bath each night, and twenty-four hours of care.

An organized year of birthday parties, holidays, vacations.
All I had to do was show up! I even had new clothes.
When I think of my mother, this is the person I remember,
A powerful, beautiful warrior who looked life in the eye.

Memories of Doreen in Pictures

Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence - Ryuichi Sakamoto

Quiet Reflection

During the next few moments, think about the things that you've heard today. Think about your own memories of her - they will be every bit as special and unique as she was. They will be special, unique to you and her and no two of you will have exactly the same ones. Think about why it was good to have had Doreen as part of your life - the impact that she had on you. Remember that she was very proud to have had each of you in her life too. If you have faith you might like to say your own private prayer for her.

The Lord's 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

The Committal

Sadly, Doreen has reached the end of her journey here with us.

She has left behind all of the cares of the world. She is now free of all the troubles of the world - she is free of illness and of pain. She is at total peace.

Doreen...

To everything there is a season

A time to be born and a time to die.

We are glad that we shared our lives with you.

We will cherish all of the good things that you brought into our lives.

We will remember your character and your personality,

Your love of fun and your love of life.

We will recall the things that you did with us

And the happy times we shared together.

We commit the memory of you

To our hearts and minds.

With love and tenderness we leave you in peace.

Closing Words

Each of you here will have your own thoughts about death. Some of you may feel that death is simply the end. Some of you may believe that we go on to a different existence or that we are reborn in some way. Some of you won't know what you believe.

Whatever your faith, though, it is in remembering that we live on in others. While you remember Doreen, she will live on.

Be thankful that Doreen was and still is a part of your life. Your lives have been made all the better by knowing Doreen and having shared some of your life with her. Remember, we never lose the people we love.

When we finish here today, you are all invited to the GPCA. When you get there enjoy sharing your stories of her, laugh at things that she said and things that she did. I'm sure that as you do there will be more laughter than tears.

Our last reading reflects the love that Doreen had for the world around her.

Do Not Think Of Me and Weep

Do not think of me and weep,
I'm always here; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft star-shine at night.
Do not think of me and cry,
I'm always here; I did not die.

Before we finish here, I want to share some of Doreen's life lessons...

Some thoughts of Doreen...

"Do not be surprised by anything.
Depend on yourself; don't be a burden to people.
Don't be afraid and find a way to get it done.
Take good care of your health and save your money."

Thank you for being here today for Doreen and for each other.

Today as we reflect on Doreen, we remember her as a hard-working, determined homemaker with a quick smile and an infectious laugh.

Thank you Doreen for all these memories.

Exit Music

Bach: Jesu Joy Of Man's Desiring – Mantovani

