

Celebrating the Life of

Sidney George Goodson

14th May 1931 – 29th May 2017

Harwood Park Crematorium
Friday, 16th June 2017 at 5.00 pm

Conducted by
Steve Stacey - Civil Celebrant

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Celebrating the Life of

Sid

Entrance Music

April Showers – Al Jolson

Welcome & Introduction

Welcome here today as we meet to celebrate Sid's life, to pay our respects to him and of course to comfort and support each other in our loss.

We meet to share our memories of him, our stories about him, our love for him and to share our grief at losing him.

Sid had some wonderful qualities.

He was unique... a one off. There's never been anyone quite like him before and there won't be anyone like him again.

He was warm hearted with a good sense of humour, always smiling gently with a glint in his eyes. He enjoyed mucking around and pulling silly faces.

He was a gentleman, a private man who very much kept his emotions to himself. He was a discreet man, someone you could always talk to.

He was uncomplaining and never liked to make a fuss.

There were times when he could be very stubborn. In his eyes there were two ways of doing things – Sid's way or the wrong way!

His greatest achievement in life are his family – he was absolutely a family man and cherished the time that he spent with them. He loved being with children.

Our hearts go out to Debbie, Karen, Denise and Mark on losing their wonderful father – they have lost the cornerstone of their family. He was a doting grandfather to his sixteen grandchildren and proud great grandfather to 14 with more on the way.

His family are the legacy that he leaves behind, a living and growing memorial to him and a testament to the love of Jean and Sid.

The birth of Bella-Rose is a reminder that their legacy will go on and that there will always be good things for Sin and Jean's family to look forward to, even when we are in such sad times.

We take a moment to remember Jean. The pair were a team, best friends and soul mates. Sid believed that they would be reunited in death. She was always in his heart and never far from his thoughts.

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.

Sid's passing is a reminder that like all living things, we're only here for a moment. That moment is never long enough for those who love us.

Our service for Sid has been created by his family so that we can celebrate his life and everything that he leaves behind, rather than simply focus on our loss.

I hope that as we go through the service you feel that it reflects, respects and honours the Sid that you knew and loved and gives you the opportunity to pay your respects in the way that you would wish.

We're going to spend a few moments sharing some of the love and esteem that his family have for him.

Our Grandad

Georgina and Jessica

Grandad was the most loving, funny and generous man, who was so proud of all thirteen of his grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren. We all have memories as kids of him bouncing us on his knee singing “Horsey Horsey” and singing Al Jolson songs to us at any opportunity.

He was big on health and safety and would bubble wrap any furniture in his house that was slightly sticking out. He was always giving us safety advice on the world outside, and thought any time you were leaving the house you were going to get pick-pocketed.

He would always give us secret pocket money when Nan wasn’t in the room, and tell us not to tell her, even though she definitely knew. We used to love staying at the Nan and Grandad’s house, and we were so spoilt when we did.

Grandad always made us toast and a glass of milkshake before we went to bed, and he would sleep in the spare room so that we could stay with Nan.

Nan and Grandad played a big part in Alex and Amy’s upbringing, and they are so grateful for everything they have done for them. One of their fondest memories is of Grandad’s bald head popping up over the banister every night to check they were going to sleep.

Grandad spent a lot of his life in the funeral trade as an Undertaker, so he regularly spoke to us about death and had a very dark sense of humour. He would extend this to occasionally pretending to be dead, so when family would come to visit they’d find Grandad sat down, head slumped, with his tongue hanging out, only to open his eyes to shock whoever it was checking he was okay. This was just one of Grandad’s many tricks he played on us.

He once handed James an oddly shaped peanut. Although it didn’t feel like a peanut, it was the right colour. James soon discovered it was in fact Grandad’s tooth, which had fallen out. He had cleaned the tooth and pretended it was a peanut just so James would touch it. From then, Grandad went through a spell of losing teeth until he eventually looked like a cross between Dracula and the BFG.

Grandad taught us all so much about history and his favourite subjects were the War and Jack the Ripper. Whenever we went round, he would send you upstairs to look for a particular book he wanted to show you, and didn’t care how many times he needed to send you back until you found the right one.

He had recently been teaching Grace about Jack the Ripper for her school project, and it was a lifetime achievement for him when she got the highest mark in her class. It definitely fulfilled him to know that his knowledge had not gone to waste.

Grandad was always open and honest, and he didn't care if he offended you. His famous last words to Olivia were "Your arms look a bit fat", and he didn't hesitate to then prod her bingo wings.

On the day that Ella announced her pregnancy to Grandad, I was lucky enough to witness his reaction. He did not hide his feelings, asking Ella, who the father was, whilst Shaun was sitting next to her. He then proceeded to ask Shaun why he didn't "put something on the end of it".

In more recent years we started calling Grandad a Princess. He found it amusing to ask for endless cups of tea, and always gave you the thumbs up as you sat it down in front of him. On some days he was very particular, and requested half a cup, which was really annoying because twenty minutes later he would then ask for another half a cup.

He was also fascinated with technology, especially when he realised we could search for any song he wanted on our phones. He would hold the phone up to his ear and sway and sing along. Singing was one of the things that made Grandad happy, and we will cherish those moments forever.

Grandad we love you so much and words cannot explain how much you mean to us all.

We are going to miss the way you used to smile at us without saying a word. The way you would randomly start singing to us all your favourite songs. Your funny stories and mischievous ways, and most of all how no matter how bad our days had been, you always managed to make us laugh.

We know you are now back with Nan, which is what you have wanted for so long, and the thought of this will help us through the hard times. You made us the strong family we are, and we are forever grateful for everything. We love you so much Grandad, sleep tight.

Your Spirit – A Tribute to Our Father

We know that no matter what,
You will always be with us.
When life separates us,
We'll know it is only your soul
Saying goodbye to your body.
Your spirit will be with us always.
When we see a bird chirping on a nearby branch,
We will know it is you singing to us.
When a butterfly brushes gently by,
We will know it is you assuring us you are free from pain.
When the gentle fragrance of a flower catches our attention,
We will know it is you reminding us
To appreciate the simple things in life.
When the sun shining through our window awakens us,
We will feel the warmth of your love.
When we hear the rain pitter patter against our windowsill
We will hear your words of wisdom
And we'll remember what you taught us so well.
That without rain trees cannot grow.
Without rain flowers cannot bloom.
Without life's challenges we cannot grow strong.
When we look out to sea,
We will think of your endless love for your family.
When we think of mountains,
We will think of your courage.
And no matter where we are,
Your spirit will be beside us
And you will be with us always.

Our hymn today is one that Sid would have sung at some of the happiest times of his life as well as some of the saddest. Family card nights were always a big part of Sid's life. It was a standing joke that with Sid and Derek working in the funeral trade, the conversation inevitably turned to funeral music – Sid's choice? Jerusalem.

Hymn - 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 these dark satanic mills?

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

Sid's Story

Sidney George was born on the 14th May 1931 at number 47 St Clements Street in Islington to Alice and Walter Goodson – at that time his father worked as a porter in a pub. Sid was a twin born at 11.40 pm. His older brother was Walter – they were part of a family of 10 children, Lily, Cissy, Elsie, Violet, Joan, Alf, Alice and Rosie, the youngest.

By all accounts Wally and Sid were a pair of horrors – they would sit on a wall and throw stones at their sisters.

Sid remembered the day that war was declared. 'I was only eight years old, my mother was listening to the wireless and told us to be quiet for there are some important news coming on. The Prime Minister, Mr Chamberlain, spoke. 'Herr Hitler has broken the Munich Agreement', he said, 'we are at war with Germany'.

Preparations were being made for all children to be evacuated out into the country or a town is not to be considered too much of a threat to the German air attacks. I and my two brothers and my two younger sisters - I had seven sisters all told, were sent to Northampton.

I can remember marching off with all the other kids, with a few of our personal belongings, the gas masks over our shoulders. We were marched round to the local railway station in Islington, and then taken on to Watford Junction railway station, where we were all transferred onto another train which took us to Northampton.

We were taken off the train, and each given a small carrier bag, containing a large bar of chocolate, biscuits and one or two goodies to eat.

All the children were sorted into different groups and marched around the streets to our prospective new families and homes who we hoped would be happy with for the duration of the war. My eldest brother went with the family on his own, me and my twin brother were kept together, and my two sisters were also kept together.

It wasn't long before me and brother Wally found we could not settle in - our mother came to visit us each Sunday - she could see we didn't want to stay evacuated, so cleverly smuggled us onto the charabanc which took us back to London.

The year was now 1940 and we had a new prime minister, Winston Churchill, he was to lead us all through the remainder of the war.

Anyway, the London Blitz started about September and as soon as the sirens went, people rushed down the air raid shelter these there were brick built shelters in the streets, but these only protected you against the blast or shrapnel from the shells.

We had a really strong kitchen table up against the wall in the kitchen and our mum used to push us underneath, but eventually we used the shelter which was built at the Church Mission Hall opposite our house.

The air raids were frightening, one of my sisters was an ARP warden.

During the war we had to have ration books for food and clothing coupons for clothes... I used to sell my clothing coupons to my elder sister so I could go to have the money to pay for the odd occasions that I went to the cinema.

There were now 1944 and the Germans had invented two dreadful weapons the V1 nickname to The 'buzz bomb' or 'Doodlebug', and the V2 rocket. The buzz bomb you could see coming over most times get some idea where it was going to land.

The V2 rocket you never heard the old saying was if you heard it you are dead.

I remember Christmas 1944, it was Boxing night and I was seated around the table in the front room playing cards with the rest of the family. It was about 9 PM when there was an almighty bang.

The whole house shook, and we could hear glass shattering everywhere. We were saved from serious injury because my dad made these heavy window shutters which we closed at night for the blackout. The next morning we discovered that the V2 rocket had hit houses and pubs, four streets away, tragically it wiped out the lives of a complete family, seven children included along with many others.'

He left school when he was 14 and found a job working for Monteques Pianos as a piano tuner. This was slightly ironic given that he was tone deaf!

His sister Rose went to school and girl guides with Jean Usher and the pair were great friends. As a result, Sid met Jean while she was still quite young. Rosie was there at the very start of their relationship and was a constant, still there for her brother to the very end.

It wasn't love at first sight and Sid went off to do his National Service. He served in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps from 1949-1951. He never forgot his Army number – his shoe polish brushes had it written on them – 22172701.

When he returned, he had a job with Reuters in Fleet Street and rugged good looks. In 1952 and 1953 Sid lost both of his parents and Jean and he became very close.

Finally, he asked her out and they went to the pictures. Sid didn't remember the film when we talked about it.

Finally, Sid asked the question and Jean asked her Dad for permission to marry. Duly

granted they were married at St Andrew's Church in Islington on the 21st July 1956. Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers were at number one in the charts with 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love'! Years later, they went back to visit.

Their honeymoon was in Hillcrest where Sid's sister Joanie lived and swathes of Stevenage were very much in the countryside. These were the days when a job came with a house and soon Sid was working for George W King. They moved into Homestead Moat and then number 52 which became the family forever home.

Soon they had started their family and Debbie arrived in 1957 followed by Karen in 1960, Denise in 1963, the World Cup in 1966 and at last a boy in 1969 – Mark came on the scene.

He changed jobs and for many years worked as a cleaner for Loundon Country Buses. He worked nights and was known to sleep on the back seat during shifts! He always said that he could have been a bus driver – he clipped the kerb on a test and failed. Mind you, there was the famous occasion when he managed to drive a double decker bus into Penn Road so that he could move some furniture!

He never drove officially. He worked for Austins as a pallbearer and odd job man for 16 years, retiring in 1996. He was well liked and well respected there.

He was very organised. He was a just in case man who kept everything, just in case it might come in use one day. His shed was neat and tidy – he was organised and knew where everything was.

Sid enjoyed DIY – his family say that in reality, he was a bit of a bodger. Some things came in very useful – he made farms and forts and of course, the well used bar in the living room! Whatever he did, he put his heart and soul into it.

He also used a lot of something that in his eyes was one of the greatest inventions of the 20th Century – Blu Tack. He used it whenever he could.

His organisational skills were apparent around the house – he would rearrange the furniture every Sunday as he moved things to clean under them.

Holidays are fondly remembered. One favourite destination was Caister.

Everyone had great fun and Jean would be would be joining in all of the activities and fun – three legged race, and piggy back racing. Sid preferred to sit and watch everyone else having fun, but the pair of them enjoyed the chance to dance together.

The grandchildren years started in 1984 with James and the rest of them, Sid loved being a grandfather.

The family grew, but the traditions carried on. There wasn't one family Christmas missed since moving to Penn Road in 1964. Whenever there was a party, there was always much fun and laughter.

Sid enjoyed a drink with his family. It was a tradition to go to the pub on Christmas lunchtimes. On one famous occasion he went out with the boys and drank 14 whiskies in the space of 2 hours. He played perfect games of pool there, came home and fell off the dining chair. He had his dinner cold later that day. The following year, he did it again. Jean banned him after that!

Once he was invited to a neighbours party – he totalled the room when he leaned on a mantelpiece and ended up crashing out in the toilet. He was never invited again!

They enjoyed their surprise ruby wedding party and the mini-cruise on The Oceana for their Golden Wedding.

When Sid became ill after a stroke 12 years ago, Jean became his carer. The loss of Jean in 2013 was a huge blow to him and to the family.

He lived the rest of his life quietly. He enjoyed placing his bets on the horses – he bet every day, but was always a very sensible punter. He followed owners and trainers. Even during his final week he was able to work out the odds – he had his famous little ready reckoner.

He enjoyed watching war movies, classic westerns and crime shows like Columbo and Murder She Wrote. He was an expert on Jack the Ripper – the case fascinated him and he had many books on the subject.

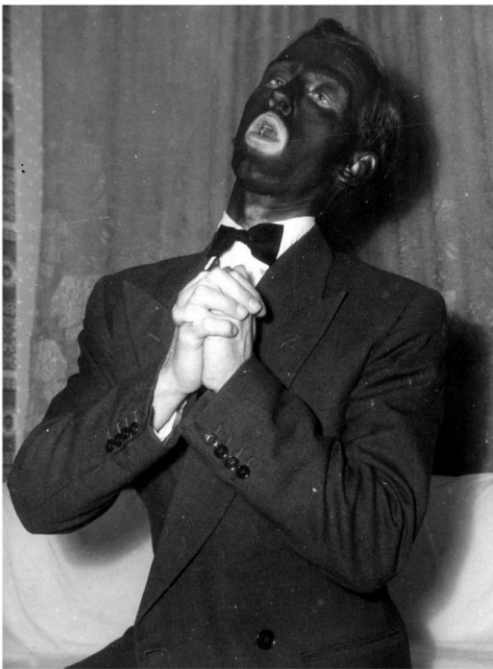
Sid passed peacefully on the 29th May. I hope that you can take comfort in the fact that he had a good life and a life he enjoyed and passed where he wanted to be knowing how much he was loved. He spent so much of it with the woman that he loved. He leaves behind that amazing legacy of family, friends and some great memories.

During the next few minutes we're going to listen to some songs that he loved – they came from his own collection. At the same time, we're going to share some more memories of Sid – this time in pictures.

Memories of Sid

A Tribute in Pictures set to

Wish You Were Here – Eddy Fisher, Goodnight Sweetheart – Dean Martin



Quiet Reflection

During the next few moments, think about the things that you've heard about him today. Think about your own memories and how good it was to have him as part of your life - those memories will be every bit as special and unique as he was. No two of you will have exactly the same memory either.

Remember the times that you spent with him, times that you had a laugh with him, things you did together, perhaps something that he taught you.

If you have faith you could use the time to say your own private prayer for him.

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 Sid's journey with us here has now ended. He is free of all of the cares of the world, free of all of the troubles of the world. He's free of illness, of pain, of fear and of sorrow. He is at total peace.

Sid...

To everything there is a season

A time to be born and a time to die.

We have remembered your life with love and thanks.

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 treasure the wonderful 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

In the hope that you are reunited with your darling Jean.

Closing Words

It is sometimes said that a person dies twice. The first time is when their heart stops beating. The second is when they are finally forgotten.

Whatever your faith, it is in remembering that we live on in others.

Think about Sid fondly. Talk about him often. Speak of him kindly. Although he has gone, his memory will stay with you always and whenever you think of him, he will be there for you.

We never lose the people we love. Be thankful that Sid was and still is a part of your life. For his family, he will always be a part of them, he will always be with them.

Enjoy sharing your memories of him with each other.

After the service you are all invited to the Cricket Club. Remember, When you get there enjoy reminiscing about Sid. Enjoy laughing at stories about him. I'm sure that there will be more laughter than tears and that if he were with you, he would be laughing loudest and longest.

It has been said that grief is the price that we pay for losing someone that we love and who loved us. It is painful and it hurts so much.

Our last poem reflects what Sid might want to say to all of you in your grief.

Remember Me

Remember me, but don't be sad,
Laugh about the times we've had.
Remember me, but not with tears
Talk about our bygone years.
I'm still with you, just out of sight.
I am the darkness, I am the light.

In times of trouble, I'll hold your hand
I'll try to guide you, you understand.
Don't ever think that I'm not there,
My spirit's alive. I'm everywhere.
I was ready to go when the Lord called my name.
I followed the path, I felt no pain.

It was a relief to walk through heaven's doors
I am at peace so rest assured,
We'll be together again one day,
I was needed first to light the way.
So please don't cry, you must not weep.

There is no death, just peaceful sleep.

Sid loved the music of Al Jolson, he would sing his songs to his grandchildren adding their names into the songs. He was thrilled when Gina and Jamie took a day off their honeymoon to visit Al Jolson's grave – it was as if he'd been there himself. Our last one is so appropriate then – perhaps Sid's singing it now.

Exit Music

Let Me Sing A Happy Song – Al Jolson

