



Celebrating the Life of

STANLEY SOUTHERN

‘STAN’

4th December 1925 – 18th March 2017

The Vale Crematorium
Monday, 3rd April 2017 at 2.45 pm

Conducted by
Steve Stacey - Civil Celebrant

Steve Stacey
CIVIL FUNERAL CELEBRANT

www.funeralcelebrancy.com
T: 01438 362061 M: 07775 645735
E: steve@funeralcelebrancy.com

10 CHELLS LANE | STEVENAGE | HERTS | SG27AA

Script copies:
Additional printed & bound copies available
PDF version www.funeralcelebrancy.com/StanSouthern.pdf

Celebrating the Life of

STAN

Entrance Music

I Can't Stop Loving You – Ray Charles

Welcome & Introduction

Welcome here today as we meet to celebrate the life of Stan, to pay our respects to him and to comfort and support each other in our loss.

Stan was unique - there's never been anyone quite like him and there never will be anyone like him again. He was a one off.

He was a gentleman in every sense of the word who had traditional values.

He was a kind, caring and loving man. He was selfless and always willing to help if he could. Stan hated injustice in life and would speak out if he needed to.

He was a quiet, private man who didn't talk much about his past or his emotions.

He was a warm hearted man, with a ready smile – fun to be with and funny too. He was young at heart and could get on with anyone – children simply gravitated towards him. In later life, he worried that he might turn into a grumpy old man! He was always witty and entertaining.

He was a thoughtful and intelligent man who always had a pragmatic and logical way of dealing with things.

He was someone who liked to be busy and always showed a very good work ethic.

His family are his greatest achievement in life. He was proud of them and everything that they've done in life.

Our hearts go out to Jackie, Karen and Gina. They've lost the cornerstone of their family. Stan was the proud grandfather of Jane, Paul, Jenny, James and Philip. I'm sure that his great grandchildren Darcy, Mason, Luke, Hannah and John will grow up hearing wonderful stories about him. In June Jenny and Ty will be having another baby. A timely reminder that there will always be wonderful things for the family to look forward to, even when we are in times of sorrow.

His family are the wonderful legacy that he leaves behind. They are a living and growing memorial to him and a testament to the love of Olive and Stan.

We take a moment, of course, to remember Olive. The pair were best friends, soul mates and each other rock. She was always in his heart and never far from his thoughts.

We think too of Graham and Neil, who have lost such a special part of their lives.

Each one of you here today has lost a special person in your life too.

Our service today has been created by his family to celebrate his life and everything that he leaves behind, rather than simply focussing on our loss. We celebrate the part that he played in our lives.

I hope that as we go through the service that you do feel that it reflects, respects and honours the Stan that you all knew and loved.

Stan had a long life, but his passing is a reminder to us all that we are mortal and will face death as all living things must. We're only here for a brief moment. However long we are here for, that moment will never be long enough for those who love us.

Tributes

I want to share some words that reflect the love and esteem That his girls have for him. Stan always liked an immaculate lawn with perfectly straight lines and borders. Our first reading talks about a different kind of garden, though.

Our Father Kept a Garden

Our father kept a garden. A garden of the heart;
He planted all the good things, That gave our lives a start.

He turned us to the sunshine, And encouraged us to dream:
Fostering and nurturing The seeds of self-esteem.

And when the winds and rains came, He protected us enough;
But not too much, he knew we'd need To stand up strong and tough.

His constant good example, Always taught us right from wrong;
Markers for our pathway To last our whole life long.

We are our Father's garden, We are his legacy.
And we hope today he feels our love, For him eternally

Stan's Story

Stan was born on the 4th December 1925 in Liverpool to Elizabeth and Peter Southern. His father was an engineer – perhaps in later life Stan would take after him.

Stan was the ninth of 11 children – fortunately some had left home by then – the family lived in a modest 3 bed roomed house. The house had an outside toilet, but was considered to have an ‘element’ of poshness – the family had an inside bath!

Elizabeth was very much the matriarch of the family – there were extended family living nearby and she would know everything that was going on.

He went to Banks Road Council School in Garston.

He was a hard working lad at school. When he left in December 1939, his Headteacher wrote “Stanley Southern is a clean, tidy and well mannered boy. He has always been regular and punctual in his attendance at school and his conduct is excellent. His work is very good and shows thought and interest. I recommend him most highly as an honest, reliable boy who will endeavour to give every satisfaction.”

On leaving school, he went to work for Rootes. A car company in peacetime, they had a factory at Speke Airport that produced amongst other things, the Handley Page Halifax bombers.

That meant Stan was in a reserved occupation. By the time he was 18, he wanted to join up and go to War – he had 7 brothers in the War.

He didn't have a quiet war – Liverpool was a target for the Luftwaffe, Stan remembered the bombs that rained down – his workplace was certainly a target.

He became a draughtsman.

As a young man, he was quite sporty. He enjoyed rock climbing – he played rugby too, and also swam. He had a good physique and was built like a whippet!

Olive met Stan when she was 19. She was a very beautiful and elegant young woman.

Elizabeth kept control - as was customary, Olive went to meet them all one Sunday so that they could give her 'the OK'!. She passed muster with flying colours.

The following summer, Stan asked her to marry him. They were married six weeks later on the 26th September 1949.

They began their married life living in a council house in Winsford.

They started their family in 1952 with the birth of Jackie. By the time the 1960's arrived, they had three beautiful daughters. Their family was complete.

They moved to Liverpool in 1956 when Stan found a job with English Electric. He was working on hydro-electric turbines. He was always fit – he cycled to work and cycled back to have his lunch every day. It would be the early 1970's before he would learn to drive. He was a good swimmer – the company had a pool and he would take his girls there regularly.

Holidays were special family times. It was always Olive who wanted to go – he enjoyed it once that they were away. They went to Wales and the Isle of Man. He enjoyed being with his girls and was always very inventive when it came to playing with them – he was continually creating new games. His favourite memories of being a dad was when the girls were younger and when they were all on holiday together.

A great hobby of his was photography. He did his own printing and developing and enjoyed taking pictures of his growing family – it did mean that he wasn't often in the pictures, though.

He was always a very practical man and was prepared to tackle anything. He loved the challenge. When the family moved to Old Lane in Prescot, the house had some coving that had been painted over so many times that it lost all of its detail. He spent many long and patient hours carefully removing the layers of paint and restoring it to its former glory.

He loved working with wood and was very skilled. He knew how to carve a chain from a solid block of wood. He had a block of pearwood and carved a chain from it. He made several – if you fancy a go, the design on your order of service shows you how to do it! He would have loved to spend his retirement working with wood and metal.

His shed was a big part of his life – it was like an Aladin's cave. He was a just in case man and kept things just in case they might come in useful. He would find useful discarded items when he was out and bring them back for a future project. He was very organised – he had tools for everything. He enjoyed making racks to hold the tools and cupboards and drawers to put things in.

Stan was a hard worker all of his life and retired when he was about 70. Olive and he moved to Dunstable about 10 years ago.

When Olive developed dementia, it was Stan who was her carer for as long as he could. I know that Jackie, Karen and Gina are so grateful for everything he did for their mum.

Gina has written some words which reflect the love his girls have for him – a reminder of how good a father Stan was and how much he will be missed.

Dad...

He was kind, loving, happy, quiet, private, very intelligent, fun, inventive, fiercely independent, honest, funny, hard working, caring. All of these things but in no particular order.

He lived his life with strong Christian values, but he wasn't a religious man at all. He was just a very good man.

A very rare sort of man, these days.

In later years he asked me once if I thought he had been a good Dad when we were all growing up.

I was quite taken aback by the question. He seemed worried and nervous while he waited for my answer.

I wondered how he could ever question his own parenting skills. I definitely reassured him that he really had been the best Dad ever.

I know most children would say this about their Mum or Dad. But we as children growing up really had the best time with our parents. Obviously they weren't perfect (who is). Kids don't come with an instruction manual unfortunately.

I told Dad that we had all been very happy growing up and I wouldn't have changed a thing about my childhood. He worried that he had been too strict with us. He pushed us quite hard with our schoolwork and watched over our homework much to my annoyance.

I could tell whenever Dad tried to help me with my maths homework, it was going to be tough, as much for him as me. It was probably one of the few things that we ever fell out over. He was a gifted mathematician given his job as a draughtsman and I just didn't get maths at all and it frustrated him no end.

I'm much better now Dad, thanks to you. Though I still think algebra is absolutely of no use to anyone.

Dad was amazingly resourceful and would make most things that we needed out of anything he could find.

He made bunk beds, fitted wardrobes, tables, the shed the summer house various benches in the garden. I don't mean he built them up from flat packs. I mean made as

in designed, found the materials and built them. Often these items were made from other things or wood etc that was found. He was way ahead of his time when it came to recycling and he usually roped us all in when it came to sourcing materials.

Dad did all his own DIY, gardening, car repairs and would turn his hand to anything in the home that needed doing. He couldn't just Google how to do things or even look them up in a book he just seemed to know how to do things. As a kid, I was in awe.

I was usually persuaded (forced) to help. But as a result, I learnt how to use most tools properly and do most jobs around the house. I can paint, wallpaper and plaster, all the day to day stuff. I helped him rewire the house and was used to crawl through roof spaces and all the other little places he couldn't get into. We re-plumbed the house too. No job never seemed too big for Dad, or me it seems.

I was taught how to change a wheel, brake shoes, bulbs, leaf springs, oil, water, spark plugs, and air filter.

He had his 3 lovely daughters but I get the feeling sometimes, that maybe a son would have been nice too!

When Mum became ill with dementia and he had to watch the love of his life slowly disappear into the disease. His heart must have been totally broken but he carried on and looked after her with such patience and love for over fifteen years. He was so strong and determined that they should be together. I truly believe that they are now finally together, forever.

When Dad died people said 'you have to think of all the happy memories you have of your Dad'

I'm so fortunate that I have so many, many happy memories of my Dad and I will always treasure those memories and be grateful for everything he ever did for all of us.

I'll miss you so much Dad

Love you, night night.

The last few years of Stan's life were difficult for him and for those who were closest to him and he became unable to do so many of the things that he had previously enjoyed doing.

Stan passed away on the 18th March, this year.

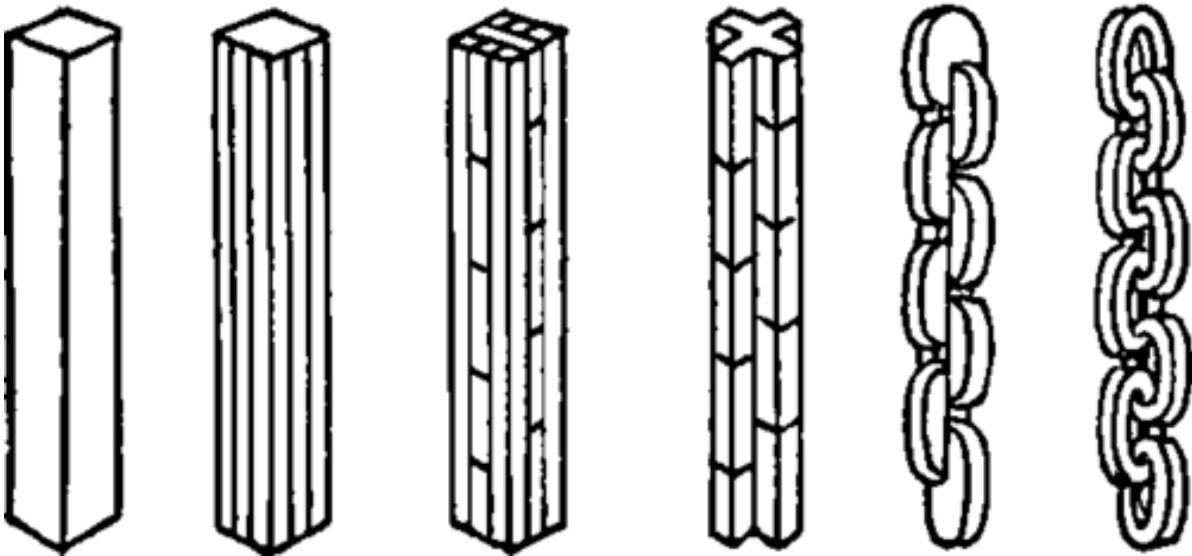
I hope that you can take comfort in the fact that he had a good life and a life he enjoyed. He leaves behind that wonderful legacy of family, friends and some great memories.

I'd like you to 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.

While you do that we're going to listen to a favourite song from a favourite singer, Matt Monro.

Music for Reflection
Softly As I Leave You – Matt Monro





Quiet Reflection

We're going to spend a moment or two in silence. Try to think of a special memory. There are so many good things to recall. I hope that whatever you think of does make you smile as you remember.

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 Stan'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 is at total peace.

Stan...

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 company,
The wonderful things that you did with us
And the happy time that we spent together.
We commit the memory of you to our hearts and minds.
With love and tenderness, we leave you in peace.

Closing Words

It has been said that a person is not dead while their name is still being spoken. That we are only truly gone when we disappear from the memories of those who loved us.

Those memories will be reinforced each time you tell the stories and laugh about the things he did and said and you recall what he meant to you. While you remember Stan, he will live on. We never lose the people we love. Be thankful that Stan was, is and always will be a part of your life.

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

Whenever you can, enjoy reminiscing about Stan. Laugh at stories about him. When we finish here, you'll have an opportunity for that. You are all invited to Karen's house to share your memories. I'm sure that there will be more laughter than tears when you get there.

Laughter is good, especially on days like today.

Stan and Olive are reunited in death – our final words reflect that and are perhaps words that both of them would appreciate being shared today.

Feel no guilt in Laughter

Feel no guilt in laughter, we know how much you care.
Feel no sorrow in a smile that we're not here to share.
You cannot grieve forever; we wouldn't want you to.
We'd hope that you could carry on the way you always do.
So, talk about the good times
And the way we showed we cared,
The days we spent together, all the happiness we shared.
Let memories surround you, a word someone may say
Will suddenly recapture a time, an hour, a day,
That brings us back as clearly as though we are still here,
And fills you with the feeling that we're always very near.
For if you keep those moments, we will never be apart
And we will live forever locked safely within your heart.

The couple always loved to dance – they were good on the dancefloor - and we finish with a reminder of that, a Rogers and Hart song that came out in the 1930's – a time when they both had such a wonderful life to look forward to.

Exit Music

Blue Moon – Memorial to Glenn Miller