



Celebrating the Life of

Terry Frost

13th June 1939 – 14th June 2017

Parndon Wood Crematorium
Monday, 3rd July 2017 at 1.00 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

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Celebrating the Life of

Terry

Entrance Music

Gentle On My Mind – Glen Campbell

Welcome & Introduction

Welcome here today as we meet to celebrate Terry's life, to pay our respects to him and 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.

For some years, Terry had Alzheimers and for those who were closest to him, it was as if the Terry that they knew and loved was fading away.

Today we look back to a time when he was fit and healthy and able to enjoy everything life had to offer him.

Our service has been created to celebrate his character and his life and everything he leaves behind, rather than only focussing on our individual loss. I hope that as we go through it, you feel that it does reflect, respect and honour the Terry you all knew and loved.

Terry was a real character, he was unique. There's never been anyone like him before and there will never be anyone quite like him again. He was a colourful character who often had colourful language to match.

In many ways he will be remembered as a gentleman.

Terry will always be remembered as a 'cheeky chappy'. He was a warm, smiley man with a big sense of humour. He was naturally funny and a joker with a very quick wit. He was the life and soul of any party. He was gregarious, popular and loved being with people. He was always a mans man.

He had traditional values of politeness, family and right and wrong.

His family are his greatest achievement in life.

Our hearts and prayers are with his boys Ray and Kelly and his grand children, Ellen, Drew, Josie and Lucy. They are the wonderful legacy that he leaves

behind, a living and growing memorial to him and a testament to the love of Jackie and Terry.

We take a moment to remember Jackie – the pair were best friends, soul mates and a team. She was always in his heart and such a special part of his life.

We think too of Rosemary and Karl particularly at this time having lost their 2 boys – our mates and cousins – Kurt and Neal, and now they've lost another irreplaceable part of their family. And we also think of and thank His daughter in law, Jackie, who helped us and cared for him daily in the last few years.

During the next few moments, we're going to share some of the love and esteem that his family have for him. We're going to start with Drew.

Drew:

Celebrate

*Weep not for me though I have gone
Into that gentle night
Grieve if you will, but not for long
Upon my soul's sweet fight*

*I am at peace, my soul's at rest
There is no need for tears
For with your love I was so blessed
For all those many years*

*There is no pain, I suffer not
The fear is now all gone
Put now these things out of your thoughts
In your memory I live on*

*Remember not my fight for breath
Remember not the strife
Please do not dwell upon my death
But celebrate my life*

Family Tributes

Ellie:

Wotto everyone.

To this day I don't know where 'wotto' came from or what it actually means, it's one of those made up words that us Frosties always seem to create. But it will forever be a word I'll always associate with my grandad and will think fondly of him when it comes into use.

Grandad, thank you for giving us the best dads in the world (after you of course). Although you would give them a 'clip around the ear hole' if they were cheeky, and would make them eat their unfinished dinners for breakfast, you moulded them into the men they are today, and I know you adored them so much and would be proud of them today.

I'm sure you would be proud of us four too, and I hope you're smiling down on us as we continue to grow up and achieve. My Grandad epitomised what it meant to be a Frost; you were kind, compassionate, always made everyone laugh, and loved a good drink and party!

And it's important that we all remember these qualities of yours as you were never anything less in anyone's eyes.

Wotto grandad, I hope heaven has stocked up on their brandy.

Lucy:

Grandad was an amazing person.

Some of my favourite memories with Grandad are at Uncle Ray's family BBQ's where I used to play Swingball with him and when I didn't win he would mock me!

A few times when he forgot his hat, he decided to use some of my skirts to replace it!

One of my biggest memories is Grandad singing the Grand Old Duke of York to me - he would bounce me up and down on his knee or we would be marching up and down the living room.

Also on the occasional night he baby sat, we would always sneak him in some milky bars, as we knew they were his favourites. We thought at the time it was funny to hide all the wrappers! So, mum did not know how much we had eaten! Not realising at the time that mum bought them in the first place so she knew what was missing!!!

Josie:

Grandad. I have lots and lots to say about you, but mum and dad don't like me swearing.

But what I can talk about with you all are his wonderful phone calls abroad and telling us how amazing it all was from what he could remember (he may have had one too many) and the key rings and little elephant presents that followed after his trip had ended.

Whenever he would babysit us, it always turned into a feast of milky way bars since they were his favourite, well, mainly ours, but he soon learnt to love them too, and we would stuff the wrappers at the bottom of the bin so we didn't get told off by mum and dad when they got home.

He taught both me and Lucy how to play cards and it didn't dawn on us that the Alzheimer's, probably affected his teachings, but he seemed to know what he was doing if you asked me. We would let him win when we thought he was changing the rules due to his Alzheimer's, but he was pulling one over on us the whole time just for him to win.

Finally, my main memory that will always stick with me is that when I was around 8 years old, he taught me how to pour a pint, which I believe sums him up in a nutshell.

Love you always, Josie

Kelly:

Terence, Terry, Tel, Frawst, Frosty.

Just some of the mentionable names he was known by.

For me, though he will always be my Dad.

Dad, loved Mum, Ray and I, Grandchildren and family. Life, Beer, Travelling, Friendships, Storytelling and more beer.

He also drank brandy and wine, he was concerned that too much beer would get boring.

In our early years, he never pushed us down a road he wanted for us, it was almost like he operated in stealth mode, guiding us sublimely.

When you needed him the most he just phoned or appeared. Told you what you needed to hear then left again.

In his later years, he continued this story creating. My favourite is his around the world stop off in Cairns, Australia.

His first stop, "The Cairns Royal Yacht Club" He was so looking forward to this place. He had shown everyone the brochure of it.

Our first daughter was born during this time so I decided to call the yacht club to give him this great news.

I googled the number and called the reception desk

"Gu'day The Cairns Royal Yacht club", she replied in a posh Australian accent.

"Would you be kind enough to put me through to Terry Frost?", I asked

"Yes, sir please hold....."

"Sorry Sir, did you say Terry Frost?"

"Yes, that's him, he's my Dad."

"Sorry Sir, we don't appear to have a Terry Frost staying here."

"Are you sure, you'd know if you had him staying there. He's from Walthamstow," I explained.

"No, sorry sir no one of that name."

"Oh", I said and hung up.

Jackie said, "Well??"

"he's not staying there", I stuttered.

Some 4 weeks later he called having spent this time being pissed up with the Captain of Mel Gibson's super Yacht in Port Douglas and then having gone on to kill Bob Povey's highly trained budgie in a freak washing up accident.

"Dad, where the hell have you been, are you ok? I called the Yacht club and you weren't there."

No, that's right boy, I stayed in the place on the other page!"

"The other page dad!!"

"Yeah, I couldn't remember the name of my hotel but the Yacht club was easy, it was on the opposite page in the brochure."

Maybe this was the beginnings of his Alzheimer's, maybe it was just another fantastic story, I'll go with the latter.

Dad's story was to drink beer where ever he was on the planet, tell stories and leave an imprint on the soul's of those who listened.

He was just playing his part. Well Dad, thank you for playing your part.

I have enjoyed almost every moment of the last 50 years thanks to you and your beautiful outlook on life.

X

Terry's Story

Terry was born in the back of an ambulance on 13 June 1939 to Fred and Mary Frost. That was when it all started going wrong!

His sister Rosemary, was five years younger.

The war started just three months later and he was evacuated to The countryside with his mum and they stayed to with Aunt Nan. Later he was evacuated to Leeds with the school and was there for 4 and a half years. He was fortunate to be housed with a lovely family. He survived and thrived, but much to his mum's dismay, he returned with a Yorkshire accent!

Rosemary was born shortly afterwards. She recalls fondly "we had wonderful parents and I, a wonderful brother. We grew up in a happy, contented home, where listening, whistling, giggling, and cuddles were the order of the day. Friends were always welcome.

After the war, they moved to 24 Ainsley Wood Road. It was a Victorian terrace where there was an outside toilet and the tin bath. The park, the woods and an open air pool were only a few minutes walk away. There were always lots of things to do, and many a scene from Saturday morning pictures re-enacted with friends.

Tel and his mates though, would try and lynch some poor soul with a rope they found in the woods. No wonder, Our poor mum went grey at an early age!

As mum and dad were both from large families we were surrounded by aunts uncles and cousins. The Collison's were real party people and Terry got his sense of humour and love of dressing up from them.

So many funny stories, but not enough time to tell them here.

With dad's sister, May living on the Isle of Wight, our holidays were generally spent there with her family and other members of the Frost clan. We were very lucky kids.

Terry's school days entailed the writing of thousands of lines and several swipes of the cane. Any A's that he got were for Absence!

Terry left school and went to work at the Beautility as a wood machinist. Many of those lines were written by me for him!

Of course, he also started going to the pub. First, with dad to play cribbage with his uncles, then with his mates, Dell, Bobby, and Gillylly. He and his mates had some terrific times. He had some great holidays with a wide circle of friends. His best friend was always his dad.

When Rock and Roll arrived in the UK, Terry embraced the fashions and the music – he wore smart suits and winkle picker shoes. His suits would have 28 buttons – remember Terry was a storyteller and very prone to exaggeration!

Through Gilly, he met Jackie, they were cousins. She was the love of his life and a very special lady. She worked as a hairdresser.

They married on 20th July 1963 with dad as his best man. The wedding was held at Saint Peters and Saint Pauls Church in North Chingford. Frank Ifield was at Number One with 'Confessin – That I Love You'.

I have nothing but good memories of my brother while we were growing up and I was very fortunate to share in so many giggles.

We thank you for them all Tel. Thank you also for being a very special brother, brother-in-law and uncle to our boys.

We will love and miss you always."

Terry made an impact on so many people. His old next door neighbours wrote to Terry's family...

We were blessed to have Terry and his dear wife Jackie share the most precious times in our early married lives. We were young married couples who have purchased our first homes next door to each other in Sinclair Road Chingford. Terry worked alongside Fred in the sanding department of Beautility furniture. Although repetitive and monotonous work, the days were never dull with Terry's humour and jokes coming thick and fast each and every day.

The most wonderful events we shared with the birth of sons to both of us. Barry Ray and Keith and Kelly who shared gardens and junior school together.

All those years and miles through us apart, the special memories and family friendship built during that time will last for ever. It is with great sadness that we, once again, say farewell to this great pair of neighbours who we had a great good fortune to have spent many hours in one another's company. Cheers, Terry mate, keep them rocking up there, take some a few new words, and save us a space beside you for when we once again move in beside you. Megan, Fred, Barry and Keith.

Ray:

So Wotto everyone!

Before I continue the Tel Frost story, me and Kel would just like to thank you all for turning up to Dad's final farewell Wing-ding Do! Although we're not sure who's doing the dressing up and funny hats now he's gone!

I can't name names as you have all had your own special relationship with our Dad so I'd have to name you all - but we are overwhelmed with your support and showing of respect by being here today - Dad would love it - as you will know. So thank you all.

Ray - Cover off the wake!!!

Unfortunately the 2 Ronnies couldn't be here today so you've got us the 2 Frosties as mine hosts for the day and we intend to live up to Dad's high standards so as he would want there must be many laughs and funny stories throughout!

So to roughly continue from Auntie Rose's part of the Story.....Terence (no middle name) Frost (we couldn't afford middle names in our house!).....Known

as Terence (when in the Dog House!) or Tel, Terry, Frawst, Frosty or just simply Oi! He'd answer to most names or even insults without a flinch – normally because he knew it was his fault either way!

Just to clarify a couple of points:-

Born in 1939 Dad reliably told us that the reason for some bloke called Hitler bombing the shit out of London was because he was trying to kill our Dad – lucky for all of us that bastard Hitler failed!

First born son to Fred and Mary who were legends in their own lifetime and the origins of where the modern Frost legacy began and as Auntie Rosie suggests with a little Collison input Dad never had a chance but to be the entertainer that he turned out as! At the same time having the skill of being a loving dad with life lessons to teach both me and Kel in later years.

It was Dad who found Uncle Karly in swinging 60's London – somewhere - and brought him home to meet and eventually marry our Auntie Rosie – How's your Luck!

So after growing up in the 1950's with a tendency to smart suits and drainpipe trousers and winkle pickers the humourous side of Dad flourished at family parties wild nights and holidays with the boys. It was in 1960 that he met our mum and fell madly in love. He loved our mum so much – and us too strangely – but he was devastated to lose her in 1997.

We're pretty sure that you all will have been touched by Dad's razor sharp wit and spontaneous sense of humour but also his recall of jokes was unrivalled! For us though the list of laughs is so long....as every day – working or not – was a good enough excuse for dad to have a laugh!

Me and Kel – and some of you! – will remember an endless run of parties in the 60's and 70's at houses or social clubs various – it was always Dad who disappeared and then re-appeared dressed up in some fashion or another.

On one occasion at a party at our house he disappeared, I think with Alfie Bindley, only to return dressed as firemen with a fire alight in a wheelbarrow which was wheeled into the back half of the lounge.....dad was so busy telling jokes and enjoying himself he didn't notice the flames got higher and started to burn the ceiling! It all turned out ok in the end after water was thrown on the fire....but the party continued as if nothing had happened!

From the Factory days when Dad went to work by push bike and came home to play football with us in the garden wearing his workboots and waistcoat – to the days as a milkman and then the special days of happiness working with him and growing up on the IOW.

Every day was a laugh and the annual Christmas get together with fancy dress was particularly special when many of you came to stay with us and the Parson's Gang at the Barbary. It was there, as our honorary other brother (uncle) Joe remembers that Dad earned his Superhero status as Captain Helpful in the Barbary Hotel Kitchen where there was no job too large or small that Dad couldn't fuck up!

No doubt there will be more on that and other stories later!

So after Mum died, and though always missing her, Dad's Joie de Vivre continued with many new adventures in Pubs various until his actual retirement in June 2005, aged 66.

He had in fact already had a 65th/Retirement Party the year before but the party was so good he decided to stay on another year and do it all over again! Typical of Dad anything for another laugh!

In retirement he relished his travels far and wide – worldwide! Often disappearing for 3 or 6 or even 10 months to notably India and Australia – what a great life he had! He and we were so lucky!

What a great Dad! Dad you simply are the Best!

So on that note there is nothing more to add but to say it's Goodnight from Me and Kel but most of all it's Goodnight from Him!

Fini.

Terry spent the final months of his life at Broome End Care Home. His family, thank the staff there for the care and support that the staff there gave to Terry and to themselves. They made a very difficult time, easier.

Terry passed on the 14th June, the day after his 78th birthday.

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

While you do that we're going to share some more memories, this time in pictures.

More Memories of Terry

A tribute in pictures set to

'It Was A Very Good Year' and 'Come Fly With Me' – Frank Sinatra

Quiet Reflection

During the next few moments, think about the things that you've heard today. Think about your own memories of him - they will be every bit as special and unique as he was. Think about why it was good to have had Terry as part of your life - the impact that he had on you.

If you have faith you might like to say your own private prayer for him.

The Committal

Sadly, Terry has reached the end of his journey here with us.

He has left behind all of the cares of the world. He is now free of all the troubles of the world, all the worries of the world – he's free of pain, of illness, of fear and of sorrow. He is at total peace.

Terry...

To everything there is a season

A time to be born and a time to die.

We have remembered your life with respect and gratitude.

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 and your friendship,

The fun we had and the laughter you brought into our lives..

We will recall the things that you did with us,

And the happy times we shared together.

We commit the memory of you and of your love to our hearts and minds.

With respect, love and tenderness we leave you in peace.

Closing Words

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. Whenever we lose someone close to us, it reminds us of our own mortality. Terry's passing reminds us that we are only here a short while – that brief moment will never be long enough for those who truly love us.

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

Talk about Terry often, think about him fondly. Whenever you get together, enjoy sharing your stories about him and laughing at things that he did and said.

There is nothing wrong with laughing, especially today. If he were here he'd be laughing with you!

Feel No Guilt In Laughter

Feel no guilt in laughter, I know how much you care.
Feel no sorrow in a smile that I am not here to share.
You cannot grieve forever; I would not want you to.
I'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 me back as clearly as though I am still here,
And fills you with the feeling that I am always very near.
For if you keep those moments, we will never be apart
And I will live forever locked safely within your heart.

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

Thank you most of all to Terry for sharing his life with us.

Terry chose our final song many years ago. His sense of humour will live on.
No doubt, his choice raised lots of laughter over the years. I hope it does now.

In fact, it came out in 1974, a time when Terry and his family had so many wonderful things to look forward to.

Terry always worked best with an audience. Please show your appreciation for Terry Frost.

Exit Music

The Streak – Ray Stevens





