A Celebration of Life for



Patricia Doris Baron
'Trish'

15th October 1940 - 26th October 2026

Markeaton Crematorium, Round Chapel
Tuesday 17th November 2026
2.00 pm



Order of Service

Entrance Music
What A Wonderful World
Louis Armstrong

Welcome
Service led by Leni Robson, Independent Civil Celebrant

Poem

With These Hands - Pam Ayres

Mum loved Pam Ayres

With these hands so soft and clean,
On which I stroke the Vaseline,
I soothe the fever, cool the heat,
Lift verrucas out of feet,
Slap the plasters on the knees,
Dig the garden, prune the trees,
And if it doesn't work at all,
I throw the mower at the wall.
With these hands I crack the eggs,
Floss my teeth, shave my legs,
Write the cheques, count the fivers,
Make rude signs at piggish drivers,
Clean the goldfish, light the fires,
Pump up half a dozen tyres,
Feed the hamster, worm the dog
And decorate the Yuletide log.
With these hands I block the lens
When taking photos of my friends,
This is Mary, this is Fred,
See their eyeballs all gone red.
With them I gesticulate,
I wag a finger, say, 'You're late!'
Throw them up, say, "Don't ask me!"
And, 'What's that in your hand? Let's see!'

With these hands, I fondly make,
A brontosaurus birthday cake,
I'm sorry for the shape it's in,
But half of it stuck in the tin.
I pop the corn, I pick the mix,
I whack the cricket ball for six,
I organise the party game,
And clean up things too vile to name.
No pair of jeans do I refuse,
No Levis, Wranglers or FUs,
I wash them fast, I mend them quick,
I sew through denim hard and thick,
For no repair job makes me frown,
I take them up, I let them down,
I do the fly, I do the rip,
I do the knee, I do the zip.
And with these hands I dab the eyes,
Officiate at fond goodbyes,
As in the earth we gravely dig
The late lamented guinea pig.
I bow my head, cross my chest,
And lay his furry soul to rest,
Reflecting that, on many a day,
I could have helped him on his way.
I greet the folks who bang the door,
Fill the mouths that shout for more,
Scrape the trainers free of muck,
Gut the fish and stuff the duck,
I cart the shopping, heave the coal,
Stick the plunger down the bowl,
Take foreign bodies from the eye
And with these hands I wave
Goodbye.

Remembering Trish

with contributions from Clare,
and from Rosie on behalf of the grandchildren

Moment of Reflection

Music: Nights In White Satin
The Moody Blues

Committal

Closing Words

Poem

If You're Wondering Where To Find Me - Catherine Prutton

If you're wondering where to find me,
I'll tell you where I'll be,
I'm in that in-between bit,
That space where sky meets sea,
In the whispers of the trees,
And the edges of your dreams,
Close enough to almost touch,
But slightly out of reach.
I'm in the moon and in the stars,
But never really far,
And always, always
I'm there inside your heart.

Exit Music

Cecilia
Simon and Garfunkel



The family would like to thank everyone
for their kind words and support at this sad time.

All are welcome for light refreshment at the
Hawk and Buckle, 46 Main Street, Etwall, Derby DE65 6LP.

Donations in memory of Patricia for
Blue Cross
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

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