

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
BRENDA ATKINSON

15th January 1940 - 3rd December 2024



Mansfield Crematorium,
Newstead Chapel
Monday 13th January 2025
at 12.00 noon



A bouquet of pink roses with green leaves is positioned in the upper right corner of the page. The roses are in various stages of bloom, and the background is a light, textured surface, possibly wood. The overall aesthetic is soft and romantic.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Led by Katie Page, Civil Celebrant

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

I Love You Because
by Jim Reeves

WELCOME WORDS

by Katie Page

POEM
Death Is Nothing At All
read by Geoff

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away to the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other,
That, we are still.

Call me by my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way
Which you have always used.
Put no difference in your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed
At the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Let my name be ever the household word
That it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect.
Without a trace of a shadow in it.

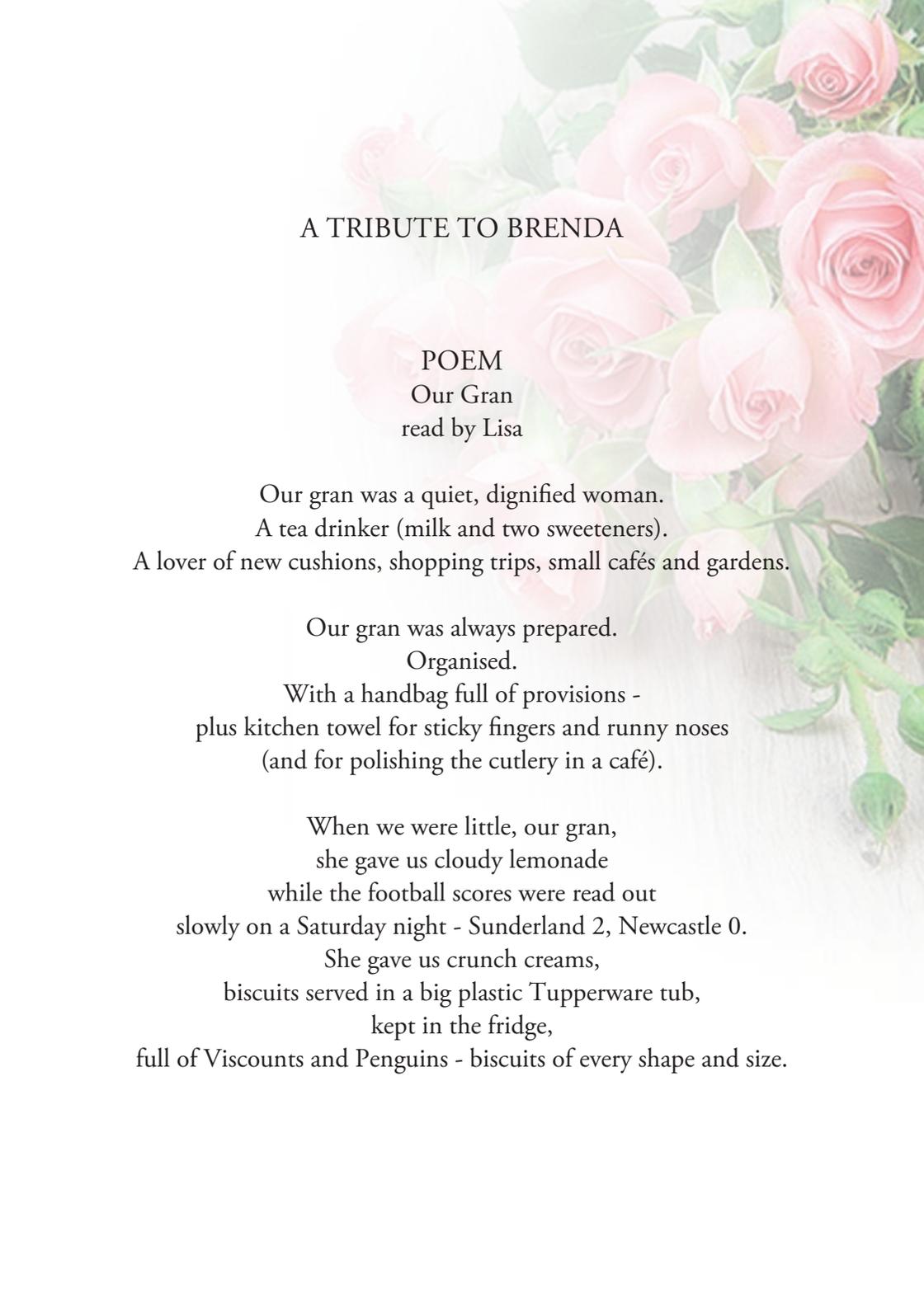
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was;
There is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
Because I am out of sight?

I am waiting for you, for an interval,
Somewhere very near, just around the corner.

All is well.

Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)



A bouquet of pink roses with green leaves, resting on a light-colored wooden surface. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

A TRIBUTE TO BRENDA

POEM
Our Gran
read by Lisa

Our gran was a quiet, dignified woman.
A tea drinker (milk and two sweeteners).
A lover of new cushions, shopping trips, small cafés and gardens.

Our gran was always prepared.
Organised.
With a handbag full of provisions -
plus kitchen towel for sticky fingers and runny noses
(and for polishing the cutlery in a café).

When we were little, our gran,
she gave us cloudy lemonade
while the football scores were read out
slowly on a Saturday night - Sunderland 2, Newcastle 0.
She gave us crunch creams,
biscuits served in a big plastic Tupperware tub,
kept in the fridge,
full of Viscounts and Penguins - biscuits of every shape and size.

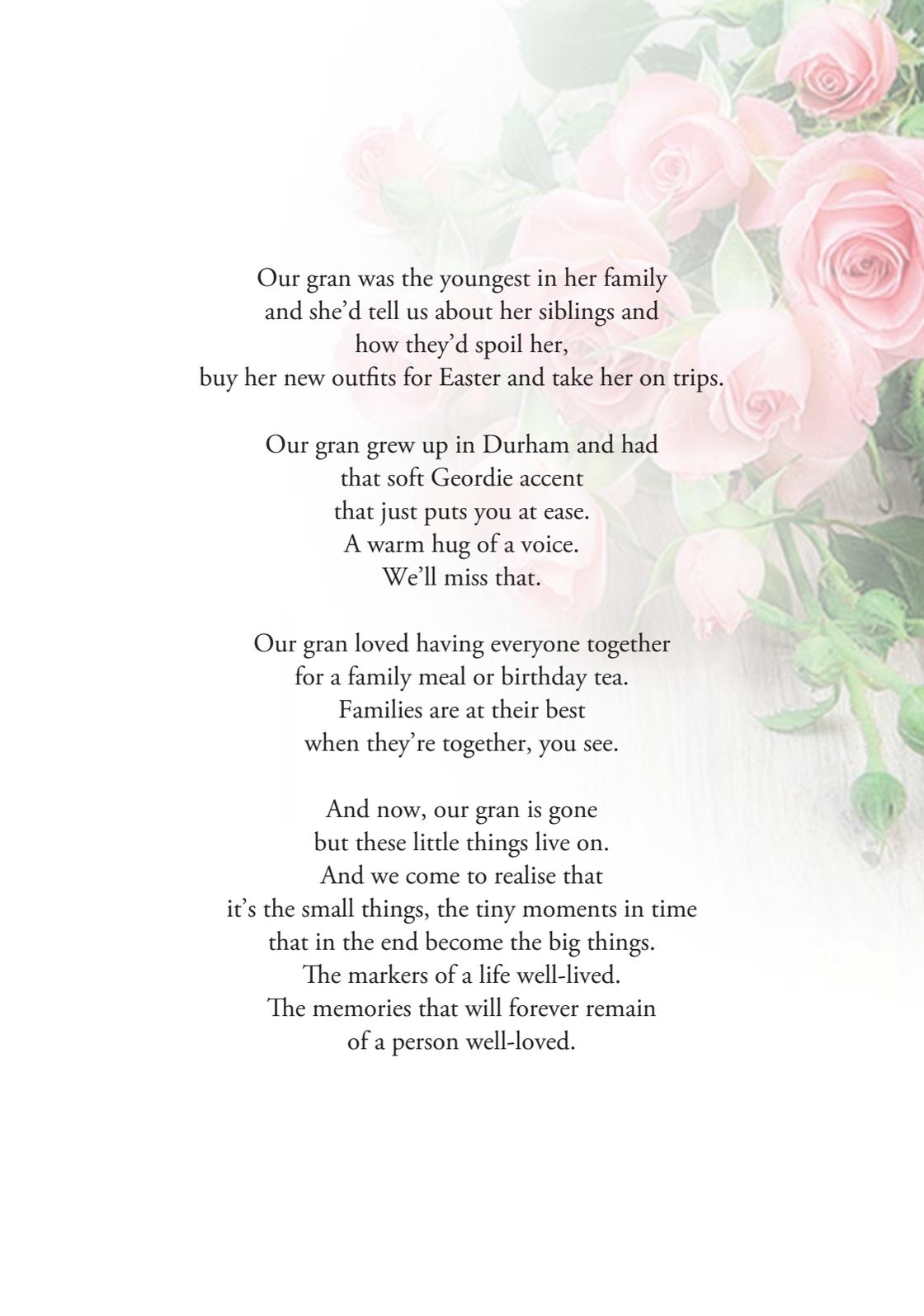
Our gran baked - and boy, could she bake!
Coconut cupcakes, butterfly cakes, quiche, Bakewell tarts
and the best caramel shortcake you've ever tasted.

Our gran loved birds and animals.
And dogs. Especially dogs.
Especially Sadie,
who always had a pork pie picnic
and a trip to Rufford Abbey on her birthday.

Our gran loved our grandad, Eddie,
and even this year, years after we lost our grandad,
she told me she still asked him for help.
'Come on Eddie, tell me what to do!'
she'd say out loud
when she was trying to fix something
or work something out in the house.

We remember our gran telling us stories
while she was ironing in the bedroom
about dances she'd go to on a Saturday night
when she was young,
and how my grandad was not a dancer
but he would dance,
because if he didn't
there were other boys there just awaiting their chance.
And it seemed funny to imagine
our gran dancing with anyone else.



A bouquet of pink roses is positioned on the right side of the page, resting on a light-colored wooden surface. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green, suggesting foliage.

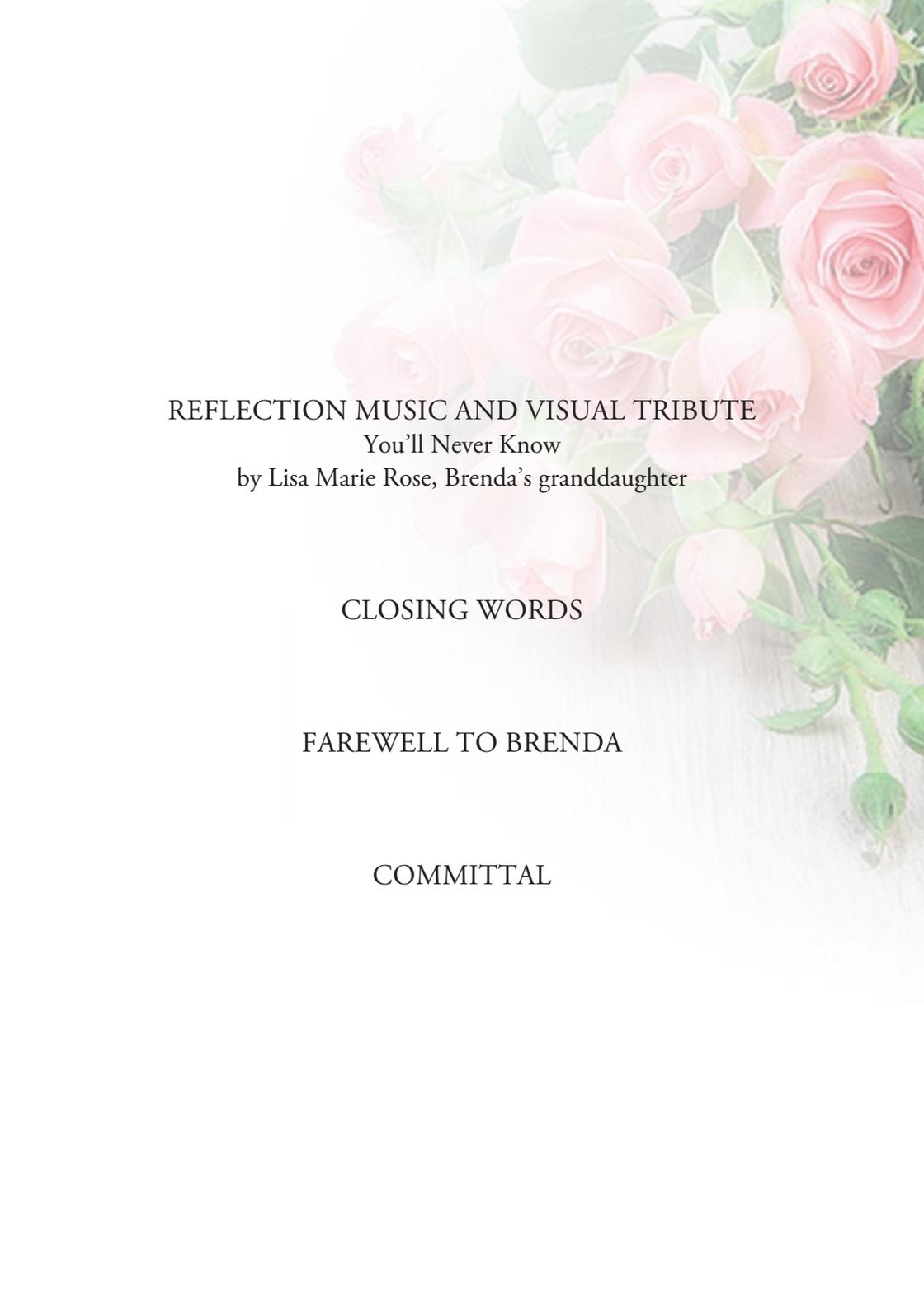
Our gran was the youngest in her family
and she'd tell us about her siblings and
how they'd spoil her,
buy her new outfits for Easter and take her on trips.

Our gran grew up in Durham and had
that soft Geordie accent
that just puts you at ease.
A warm hug of a voice.
We'll miss that.

Our gran loved having everyone together
for a family meal or birthday tea.
Families are at their best
when they're together, you see.

And now, our gran is gone
but these little things live on.
And we come to realise that
it's the small things, the tiny moments in time
that in the end become the big things.
The markers of a life well-lived.
The memories that will forever remain
of a person well-loved.



A bouquet of pink roses is positioned in the upper right corner of the page. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. They are set against a light-colored wooden background. The overall aesthetic is soft and elegant.

REFLECTION MUSIC AND VISUAL TRIBUTE

You'll Never Know

by Lisa Marie Rose, Brenda's granddaughter

CLOSING WORDS

FAREWELL TO BRENDA

COMMITTAL

POEM
Legacy Of Love

A wife, a mother, a gran, and great-gran too,
This legacy we have from you.
You taught us love and how to fight,
You gave us strength; you gave us might.
A stronger person would be hard to find,
And in your heart, you were always kind.
You fought for us all in one way or another,
Not just as a wife, not just as a mother.
For all of us you gave your best,
Now the time has come for you to rest.
So go in peace, you've earned your sleep,
Your love in our hearts we'll eternally keep.

RECESSIONAL MUSIC
I Wonder
by Dickie Valentine





Together again



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 Venue, Kirklington Road,
Rainworth NG21 0JR.

Donations in memory of Brenda for the
Dogs Trust
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

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

296 Southwell Road East
Rainworth, Mansfield
Nottinghamshire
NG21 0EB
www.lymn.co.uk



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