

Elgar Cello Concerto in E Minor | Jacqueline du Pré

Welcome | Edward

Going Home | Brenda

The Final Flight | Nick

Bread of Heaven | All

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer
Pilgrim through this barren land
I am weak but Thou art mighty
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.



Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more (I want no more)
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer
Be Thou still my strength and shield (strength and shield)
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side

Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee (give to Thee)
I will ever give to Thee.

Recollections | Amy and Lucy

Amazing Grace | Alice + All on last verse

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear.
And Grace, my fears relieved.
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'Tis Grace that brought me safe thus far
and Grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me.
His word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been here ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun.
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun.

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

Ramblings | Roger

Sunshine on my Shoulder | John Denver + All

Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy
Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry
Sunshine on the water looks so lovely
Sunshine almost always makes me high

If I had a day that I could give you
I'd give to you a day just like today
If I had a song that I could sing for you
I'd sing a song to make you feel this way

Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy
Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry
Sunshine on the water looks so lovely
Sunshine almost always makes me high

If I had a tale that I could tell you
I'd tell a tale sure to make you smile
If I had a wish that I could wish for you
I'd make a wish for sunshine all the while

Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy
Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry
Sunshine on the water looks so lovely
Sunshine almost always makes me high
Sunshine almost all the time makes me high
Sunshine almost always

Closing | Edward

Gabriel's Oboe | Ennio Morricone

Donations to the Judi Meadows Memorial Trust
www.judimeadows.com



Myrtle - for love



Rosemary - for remembrance

Come to Me

God saw her getting tired,
when a cure was not to be.
He wrapped his arms around her,
and whispered “ Come to Me”.

Going Home

Going home, going home,
I'm just going home.
Quiet-like, slip away-
I'll be going home.
It's not far, just close by;
Jesus is the Door;
Work all done, laid aside,
Fear and grief no more.
Friends are there, waiting now.
He is waiting, too.
See His smile! See His hand!
He will lead me through.

Morning Star lights the way;
Restless dream all done;
Shadows gone, break of day,
Life has just begun.
Every tear wiped away,
Pain and sickness gone;
Wide awake there with Him!
Peace goes on and on!
Going home, going home,
I'll be going home.
See the Light! See the Sun!
I'm just going home.

The Final Flight

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free,
I'm following the path God laid for me.
I took his hand when I heard his call,
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work, to play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I've found that peace at the close of the day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Ah Yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I savoured much,
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me,
God wanted me now, he set me free.

Love and Go On

You can shed tears that she is gone,
Or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she had left.

Your heart can empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she's gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,
Or you can do what she'd want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

AMY:

It's amazing to be standing here and seeing all your faces. It's like looking down a kaleidoscope of our lives – there are friends of old and friends of new. Many of you have known Lucy and I our whole lives. Thank you for coming here today and being with us. Of course each of us wish it was in different circumstances.

Judi was our mummy, and she wasn't just any mum, she was the best mum we could have had. As a friend put it this week when she wrote to us, she was a 'proper mum'.

She was a proper mum because she was ALWAYS there for us, and never ever let us down.

She nurtured us.

She listened to us.

She counselled us.

And most of all she really loved us.

And she loved you all too. Mummy always threw open her home to everyone. It didn't matter how many people there were, how well she knew you or if the visit was unannounced. She would always provide the most heartfelt welcome.

I don't know how she did it. As far back as we remember Mummy always seem to be there not just for us, but for our friends too. When we spent our summers on the beach in Italy she always had enough sandwiches in our bags for the other kids too. And when we were back at school in Farnham she never minded when our friends missed their school bus 'accidentally on purpose' because they preferred being at our home than their own. And once at Bedales, most weekends there would be a motley collection of scruffly dressed teenagers who she would take in. And then their boyfriends too. In more recent years she's hosted our friends not just here, but in France and Waiheke too. So it's little wonder that so many of our friends have mentioned so fondly the welcome Mummy always provided.

I can just imagine how she would have been if she'd been here this week preparing for today. Daddy would have decided on a whim to host a party. He would ring around everyone and invite them. Once everyone was set up to come he would say to Mummy 'I thought we'd have a few people over this weekend'. She'd say 'that would be nice' and ask 'how many'. Daddy would say '160' she'd say '6?'. He'd say 'no, 160'. She'd say 'Oh right, ok'. Daddy would rush around and spend all his time trying to sort out the seating plan, and making sure the napkins were folded the right way, whilst Mummy would quietly get on with the shopping, cooking and serving. That's how it was you see. Mummy is actually the one who makes all the occasions really happen, in her gentle, unassuming way.

LUCY:

Amy and I are the usual type of sisters –we've had some major scrapes in our time. Mummy took our scrapes in hand and chose not to wade into the shouting matches. But, once the doors have been slammed she'd come and have a quiet word to make you see sense and calm the waters.

Amy and I have both inherited Mummy's love of antiques, and old bits, and we will always remember the joy of rummaging for bargains at weekend markets and squirreling things away for a rainy day. We've had great times – our backs against the Aga – with Eccles cakes and liquorice allsorts for treats.

Mummy kept us as a family even when we've been stretched across the world. Big chats bringing up to date with each other's lives. I would always know a message from Mummy on the answerphone from the first sound she uttered 'Ooooooooooooooooooooooh, it's your mother speaking'. As if it could be anyone else.

AMY:

Mummy liked to do things her own way, and, in her own time. As much as Daddy and I would rush around her busying ourselves with writing and checking endless things off our action lists Mummy would get on with her tasks just as efficiently without half the fussing. She was a very important balance for us. Helping to change the pace, provide often much needed space and time for quiet, thoughtfulness and of course the obligatory cuddle.

A clear example of the way Mummy would operate came about the night I went into labour with Rosy. We'd agreed that I'd call as soon as I thought something was happening as after Freddy we anticipated the birth would happen quickly. So as soon as I went into labour I rang her, in the middle of the night. As it happened Daddy was abroad on business. Mummy said she would come over immediately. And if Daddy had been there they would have arrived in 15 minutes, even though it was at least a 25 minute drive away. Mummy though took my call then made herself a cup of tea and went back to bed to consider the birth – preparing herself, she later told me, for what she considered to be the inevitable arrival of yet another grandson. She then got up, had a shower and put on her make-up. Back downstairs she decided she ought to have a bowl of porridge as she didn't know how long it might be until she'd get her breakfast. Then she drove, at her normal pace over to my house. She arrived just as Rosy was born. So not a minute too soon, not a minute too late. Just, perfectly in time.

LUCY:

Jack and Red, Freddy and Rosy, who in their short lives have loved so much being with their beloved Nonna. Making homemade playdoh, building sandcastle on the beach, playing dollies or brave knights, cooking them her famous salmon fishcakes - Mummy, you gave them years for every month you spent together. WE WILL strive to fill your enormous shoes with our tiny feet. We will teach them the names of the flowers, how to cook risotto, encourage them to learn how to stand on their heads, to be kind to animals and people and cherish those dear to them. And as they grow up it is one of our greatest hopes that everyone who knows them will be able to see Mummy in them.

Mummy has given us so much. Not just our idyllic childhood, or our friendship but the fundamental principles she instilled in us. Mummy has taught us:

- The importance of listening
- The need to stop, and take note
- The power of a tickle or a cuddle
- The beauty of nature
- The joy of a cup of tea
- And most of all, the importance of friendship and love

The warmth Mummy put into her relationships with people is now radiating back to us. Thank you everyone for your support and kind words. They have meant so much to us and helped us in these tough times.

AMY:

Dear Mummy – we love you so much. Thank you for all you have given us over the lives. We promise we will continue to make you proud of us. We miss you so much already and you have left an un-fillable gap in our lives. We will remember you each day and cherish memories of our time spent together. But we will try hard not to mourn for you for too long and live our lives looking backwards.

Instead, we will look forwards and learn to be happy without you. We will live our lives to the full.

This is what you would have wanted, and this is the least we can do for you after all you have done for us.

AMY AND LUCY:

Goodbye for now.

ROGER:

Oh my love, are you listening,
can you see my eyes now glistening
Are you there love, can you hear,
can you feel that I'm still near
Can you sense my senses spinning ?
Do you know what's now beginning ?
Can you feel my heavy sadness ?
Oh to stop this current madness ...

We'd lived and loved o'er 40 years,
we'd faced all challenges and fears.
We've seen the world and felt the sun.
We've had a life so full of fun.
Such memories and moments rare,
we've had the fortune both to share.
And now you've gone and left me here.
But you'll not leave without my tear.

I miss you love, and will for all my days,
embrace the memory of your ways ...

Your gentle smile with mischief in it.
Your skill to see through in a minute -
Anyone or thing not to be trusted.
Your love for me that never rusted.
Your body still so trim and slender.
The sweetness of your touch so tender.
The softness of your lovely skin.
The way in bed, you'd snuggle in.

Your sparkle and your dancing eyes.
Your clear dislike of any lies.
Your kindness shown to all you'd meet.
The way you never would compete
Or vie to get the upper hand,
or seek a hurtful word to land.

Your gentle -and your generous-ness.
The lovely clothes in which you'd dress.
Our quiet times – just being there.
Your home and decorating flair.
The absence of a harsh, cross word.
The breakfast porridge you preferred.
The water bottle tak'n to bed.
Your yoga standing on your head.

The laughs and giggles you'd let out.
The way you'd speak and never shout.
The brilliant raising of our girls.
How good you always looked in pearls.
Your radiance and your natural beauty.
Your loyalty and sense of duty

The easy welcome you'd extend,
to any stranger not just friend.
The warmth of being in your arms.
The wrap of your so-many your charms
Your tickles and your sweet caress
And now this painful hopelessness

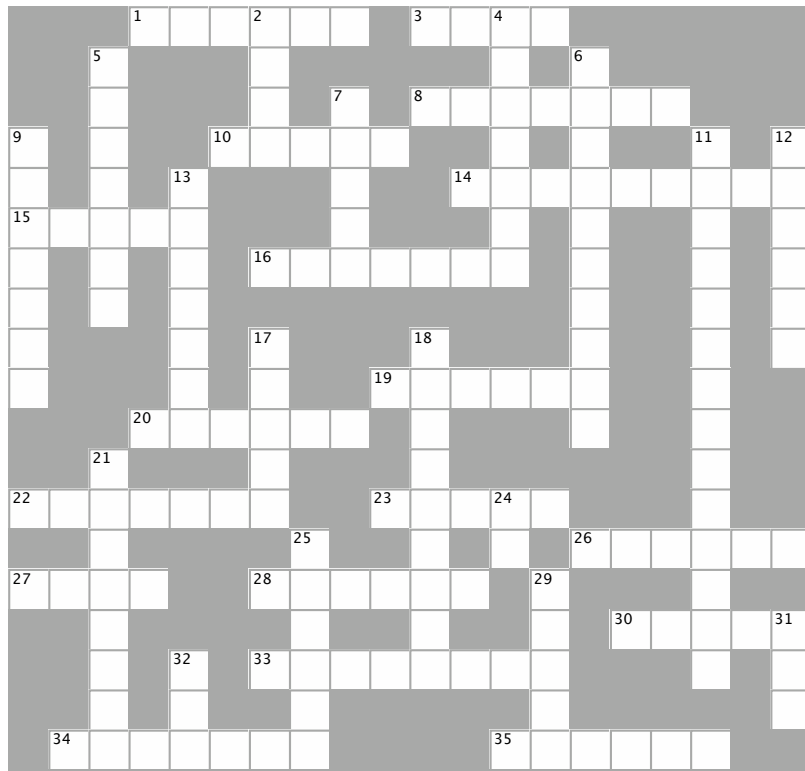
My dear, I hope you've found what you were seeking,
and that it's stopped that inner shrieking

You were so very strong and brave,
that you decided you would save
Us from more trial and horrid fuss,
so you lived - and died for us
I will be strong, you asked me to,
but how I wish so much that you,
Could still be here and we could view,
a future not as one but two.
You were the sunshine of my life.
You were my simply, perfect wife.

My love – I'll miss you, miss you so -
I want you back - and yet I know
No special case is made for me.
You will not answer to my plea.
And so I'll hold you close within,
and slowly now a new begin.

My warmest thanks to all of you -
both family & mate,
to those of you here gathered
to seal my darling's fate.
With heavy, hard reluctance
I rest my heartbreak's pen,
and bid my Judi farewell,
alas and fond Amen

Judi's first cross-word



Across

- 1 Holds her favourite brew
- 3 Our curly redhead
- 8 Ju-Ju's much-loved footwear
- 10 Her lifelong beau
- 14 Our Asian home
- 15 Her normal expression
- 16 ...with the most-ess
- 19 Her favourite caress
- 20 Her usual composure
- 22 Her dress sense
- 23 Her 'granny' name
- 26 Her way to wander
- 27 Her daily discipline
- 28 Our first foreign home
- 30 Our last black cat
- 33 Her natural skill
- 34 Much-loved flowering plants
- 35 Her first priority

Down

- 2 Our Italian tabby
- 4 Née
- 5 Our Italian gundog
- 6 Our Farnham home
- 7 Our Dordogne retreat
- 9 One of her signature dishes
- 11 Her other bed mate
- 12 Her most-worn necklace
- 13 Our Rogate home
- 17 Judi's childhood village
- 18 Her favourite sweetie treat
- 21 Another supper speciality
- 24 Our Waiheke homeland
- 25 Perhaps her favourite flowers
- 29 Our preferred lake
- 31 Our eldest 'angel'
- 32 Our first hound



"Remember me with a smile"

Judi Meadows

5 Dec 1947 - 1 Jun 2009