



*Granny Pheasant*

*Cover illustration by Amanda Hayler, based on photographs by Richard Millwood, who created this booklet.*

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*A Humanist funeral ceremony  
to celebrate the life of*

# ***Elizabeth Millwood***

*12th May 1954 ~ 13th October 2019*

*at*

*Yeovil Crematorium*

*15:20*

*Friday 8th November 2019*

***Celebrant:***

*Peter Herridge*

*5 St James Park*

*Yeovil*

*BA20 2EX*

*for Humanists UK*

*Humanists UK*

*39 Moreland Street*

*London EC1V 8BB*

*[www.humanism.org.uk](http://www.humanism.org.uk)*

***Funeral Director:***

*AJ Wakely*

*91 East Street*

*Bridport*

*Dorset*

*DT6 3LB*

***Bach's Ich ruf zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ ~ Martin James Bartlett***

## Remembering Liz

*We meet here this afternoon to remember and honour the life of Elizabeth Millwood who died on Sunday the 13th of October.*

*Liz was just 65 years old; we knew that was unwell and we had, in some ways, prepared ourselves for today but that preparation does not insulate us from our feelings of loss and sadness. We cannot, indeed we should not diminish those feelings but I wonder if we might also try to spend our time here with fond memories of the times that you shared in Liz's life with her.*

*This will be a simple and secular occasion; as a member of Humanists UK I am privileged to stand before you but having said that this will be a secular ceremony, I recognise that we meet here with an array of beliefs. During the ceremony there will be a period of reflection for your own thoughts and I imagine that some of you would seek the comfort of private prayer in those moments.*

*Elizabeth was born at Pear Tree Maternity Hospital, Welwyn Garden City on the 12th May 1954. Welwyn was the Millwood family home for the first six years of Liz's life and she attended Rollswood Infants school before the whole family moved to Dumfries in Scotland.*

*There she enjoyed a successful education at Dumfries Academy, studying a broad range of subjects. She took a full part in the school choir and orchestra, playing the violin, and also developed a talent for art. She played hockey, sailed the Millwood dinghy, Siobhan, and made many lifelong friendships. Her leadership as the eldest child in the family was loyal, loving and caring to her brothers Richard and Seán and sister Bridget. Liz enjoyed many wonderful family days out in the Dumfries and Galloway countryside and in particular, visits to the unspoilt beach at Powillimount where Liz's father cooked and the family played.*



*In 1972, after qualifying with good grades in her examinations, Liz embarked on undergraduate study in architecture at Liverpool University, riding her Lambretta scooter 160 miles on her own over Shap Fell in Cumbria to get there. Ultimately the materials science aspects of the degree didn't suit her and she left the course after enjoying many great times with good friends.*

*Liz then went to work in Cannes, France as a chambermaid, sharing a flat in Le Cannet with her good friend Muriel Cameron who was working there as a teaching assistant.*

*In 1975 Liz returned to Dumfries and found a job with Dumfries Roads Department as a civil engineer. She took up and enjoyed theatre management and made many friends in the local Guild of Players at the Theatre Royal in Dumfries.*

*There were several comments posted on Facebook from people who had been at the Theatre Royal with Liz, such as:*

*"I remember her sense of fun and big smile. She was a fantastic stage manager."*

*And*

*"I have so many happy memories of Liz stage managing at the theatre in Dumfries and making fabulous lunches for the club room on a Saturday."*

*The delight of Facebook is that it connects us across different elements of our lives.*

*Audrey Mcquire wrote:*

*"I spent a lot of my childhood at Lovers walk and have fond memories of all the family."*

*Sandy McGhie said:*

*"I worked with her in the Roads Department in Dumfries back in the 1980s, always a friendly face in the office."*

*And Martin James Bartlett, who played the recording of Bach's music as we entered, wrote this:*

*"I am so terribly sorry to hear this devastating news, I always very much enjoyed time with Liz, a beautiful, gracious personality."*

*Liz met Walter in Dumfries and they married at the Queensbury Hotel in 1980. They lived together in Dumfries in their own house before buying the family home in Lovers Walk when her parents moved to Laxfield in Suffolk on her father's retirement.*

*On 22nd June 1987, her father's birthday, her first son Walter Richard Millwood Gardner was born, followed by James Millwood Gardner on 27th July 1989.*

*Sadly Liz fell out with Walter (senior) and in 1991 took the courageous decision to leave him and move with Walter (junior) and James to East Anglia, staying initially with her parents. She took a job with Norfolk County Council roads department which provided her with a great opportunity to exercise her creative, interpersonal and organisational skills as she consulted with residents and designed traffic schemes and improvements.*

*As a single parent, she successfully raised the boys who attended schools in Norwich.*

*Liz took early retirement from her job in 2010 and set about improving her home in Norwich through extension and transformation to let rooms for students.*

*Liz took a large part in caring for her parents too, helping them to move from Bury St Edmunds to Busy Bee Cottage in Costessy, to be nearer to her in Norwich. In the same year, her son Walter and Antoinette announced their engagement.*

*In 2013, Cameron Jake Howard-Gardner was born to Walter and Antoinette,*

*bringing joy to Liz's life as she began a new era as a grandmother, a rôle that was extended in 2015 with the arrival of Jamie Lucas Howard-Gardner. Her few years as a grandmother gave her great happiness and fulfilment as did the gain of a daughter-in-law to her family when Antoinette and Walter married in 2017.*

*In 2015 Liz was diagnosed with endometrial cancer. After chemotherapy, she had seemed to have cleared it but it returned to the lining of her abdomen and liver in 2018. Undaunted, Liz set about organising her legacy and final days by selling her house in Norwich and moving to Corscombe in Dorset.*

*In June this year Liz went off on a week-long tour of Britain with Sean including a two day stay in Dumfries where, quite by chance, Sean had booked an Air BnB which turned out to be the old family home in Lovers Walk! Before the car had even moved off the drive at Corscombe Liz was instructing Sean in the best way to drive her car, a life-long big-sister habit which, happily, she kept up to the end!*



*Being in Corscombe meant that Liz was in the countryside she loved from an early age with a view over landscape, birds to observe and her sister, grandchildren, son and daughter-in-law in close proximity.*

*She passed away with that view in sight.*

## We Are Seven

A simple Child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad:  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little Maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sun-set, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
Quick was the little Maid's reply,  
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

William Wordsworth, 1798



### *Eulogy given by Richard*

#### ***Two Elizabeth***

*Liz, you were first,  
Nineteen months alone.*

*I was complex, imaginary:  
Square root of minus one.*

*Seán transcends three,  
Ever close to pi.*

*And seven years on: Bridget,  
Enough alive to make five.*

*You and I teased about our place,  
Sixty five years in Mums' beautiful eyes.*

*Dad claimed we were all equal,  
He knew the value of nine-tenths of...*

*But Liz you were always number one, be sure,  
And we, we are forever four.*

*Richard Millwood  
1 November 2019*





Let us just pause for a moment in stillness  
and we'll listen to Joni Mitchell singing A  
Case Of You.



## **A Case of You**

Just before our love got lost you said  
"I am as constant as a northern star"  
And I said "Constantly in the darkness  
Where's that at?  
If you want me I'll be in the bar"

On the back of a cartoon coaster  
In the blue TV screen light  
I drew a map of Canada  
Oh Canada  
With your face sketched on it twice  
Oh you're in my blood like holy wine  
You taste so bitter and so sweet

Oh I could drink a case of you darling  
Still I'd be on my feet  
I would still be on my feet

Oh I am a lonely painter  
I live in a box of paints  
I'm frightened by the devil  
And I'm drawn to those ones that ain't  
afraid

I remember that time you told me  
you said "Love is touching souls"  
Surely you touched mine  
'Cause part of you pours out of me  
In these lines from time to time

Oh, you're in my blood like holy wine  
You taste so bitter and so sweet

Oh I could drink a case of you darling  
And I would still be on my feet  
I would still be on my feet

I met a woman  
She had a mouth like yours  
She knew your life  
She knew your devils and your deeds  
And she said  
"Go to him, stay with him if you can  
But be prepared to bleed"

Oh but you are in my blood  
You're my holy wine  
You're so bitter, bitter and so sweet

Oh, I could drink a case of you darling  
Still I'd be on my feet  
I would still be on my feet

Joni Mitchell, 1970



## Committal

*Later today we will return Liz's body to the cycle of nature that she understood so well; here we think of her love, her friendship, her unique character and the special place she will always have in our lives.*

*Here, in this last act, immune now to the changes and chances of life, we commit the memory of Elizabeth Millwood to our hearts.*

*We rejoice that Liz has lived  
We are glad that we saw her face,  
We took delight in her friendship.  
We treasure that we walked life with her;  
We cherish the memory of her words,  
Her achievements, her character, her qualities.*

*With love we leave her in peace.*

*With respect we bid her farewell.*

*We're nearing the end of our time here so I hope that what you have heard this afternoon has given you the chance to remember the woman you knew, and in doing so bring comfort. Knowing Liz has changed each one of you; her influence continues through you all, and through every life that you influence in your turn, so in times to come do talk about her, remember happy times you spent together and enjoy the memories you have of her.*

*You can begin doing that just after the ceremony this afternoon as you are all warmly invited to The Red House Pub on Dorchester Road for light refreshments and to celebrate Liz's life in the way she really wanted.*

*And if anyone would like to make a kind donation in Liz's memory, please give to Weldmar Hospice.*

*One answer to death is for us to have a wholehearted commitment to living – for greater fulfilment and happiness for ourselves and for others. From what I've learned about Liz, I think she would have agreed with that sentiment; she wouldn't want you to be too sad today but to leave here remembering her with a smile.*

*The music today reflects Liz's lifelong love for music. The last piece is by Van Morrison. I'll simply close by wishing you all peace and health and happiness – thank you all for being here today.*



## *Into the Mystic*

*We were born before the wind  
Also younger than the sun  
Ere the bonnie boat was won as we sailed into the mystic  
Hark, now hear the sailors cry  
Smell the sea and feel the sky  
Let your soul and spirit fly into the mystic*

*And when that foghorn blows I will be coming home  
And when that foghorn blows I want to hear it  
I don't have to fear it*

*I want to rock your gypsy soul  
Just like way back in the days of old  
Then magnificently we will float into the mystic*

*And when that foghorn blows you know I will be coming home  
And when that foghorn whistle blows I got to hear it  
I don't have to fear it*

*I want to rock your gypsy soul  
Just like way back in the days of old  
And together we will float into the mystic*

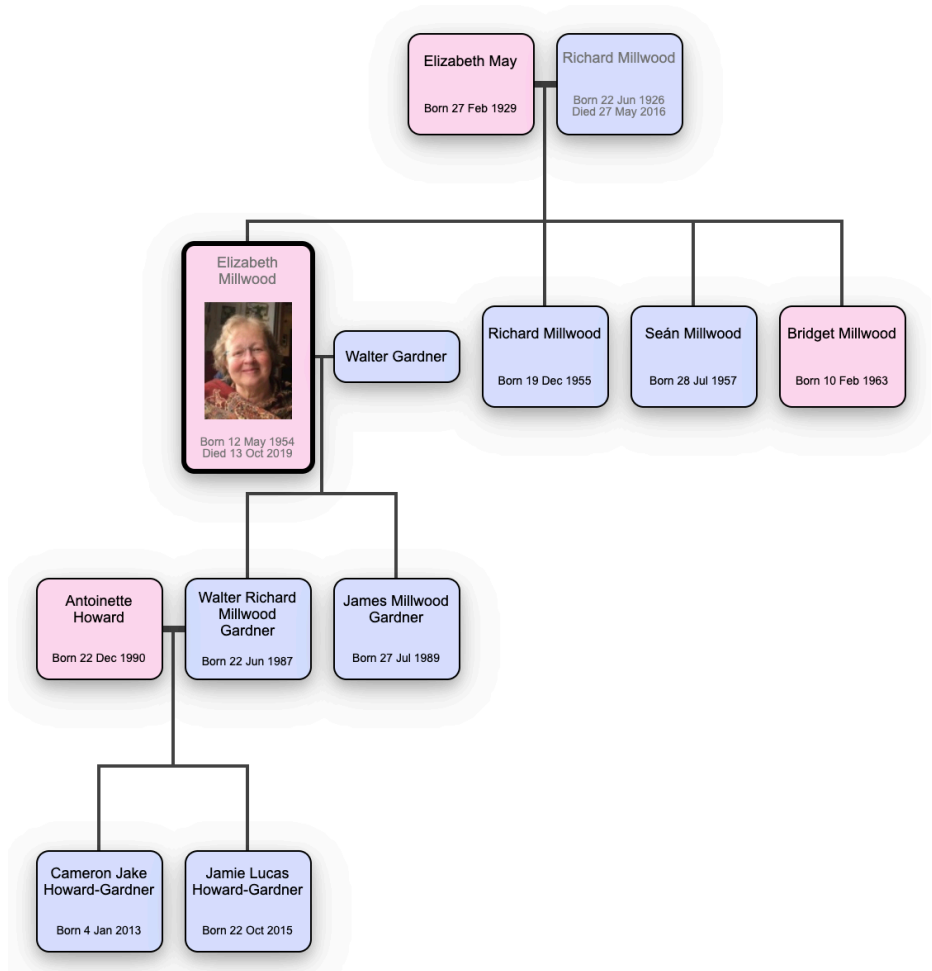
*Come on girl...*

*Too late to stop now...*

*Van Morrison, 1970*

# Family Tree

Liz loved to explore her family history and this is her immediate family tree.



Please contact Richard at [richardmillwood@mac.com](mailto:richardmillwood@mac.com) if you would like to contribute to this work, which the family hopes to continue.