

A Celebration of the Life of

Liz Millwood

27 February 1929 – 30 June 2022

2pm St George's Church, Hinton St George, Somerset



Music on arrival – Bach

Welcome and opening prayer

Hymn – The Lord's my Shepherd

Remembering Liz

Bible Reading – 1 Corinthians 13

Address

Hymn – Guide me, O thou great
Redeemer

Story – Give a little whistle

Poem – Mum Taught Me

Prayers

Commendation and Committal

Blessing

Depart – Gabriel Fauré,
Requiem: 'In Paradisum'

Hymn – The Lord's my Shepherd

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.



Remembering Liz

Liz was born on 27 February 1929 in China in the Mission Hospital Hankow, now part of Wuhan. Her parents, Arthur John May, a Methodist Missionary and architect, and Lily Graham Iliff, an Anglican Missionary and doctor, met and married in China but returned with Liz to England when she was one.

Brought up in Welwyn Garden City, she was joined by two brothers - Christopher and Michael to whom she remained close all their lives. Chris, who was two years younger, trained to become a doctor, married Pauline and had three children - Caroline, David and Peter. Chris passed away in 2000.

Michael is four years younger, trained to be a Civil Engineer, married Elaine, got involved in running the family motel and later, a gymnastics club with much of their family involved. They had three children - Stephen, Helen and James.

Liz loved her home in Attimore Road, Welwyn Garden City, which was designed and built by her father. During the early part of the war Liz was sent to live with her father's parents in Bristol where she attended Badminton School. Later on in the war she returned to Welwyn and attended Welwyn Garden City Grammar school until she was 18, where she met Dickie.





He was three years older and Liz remembers noticing him riding his bike. Both Liz and Dickie played hockey at school and beyond, and through sport were also linked to Liz's brothers. Later, Liz played hockey for both Hertfordshire and Kent.

They became friends and used to walk home from school together. Liz was a spirited girl at school, her headteacher once called her into his study to reprimand her for distracting her then

boyfriend (Dickie) while he was supposed to be studying hard for his School Certificate examinations. At one point during the interview the headmaster chased her round his desk and, I believe, out of his study due to her negative response to his entreaty to leave Dickie alone.

Dickie and Elizabeth were always friends at and after school, though they both went out with and nearly got engaged to other people. The deciding factor came when Dickie went to see a film called 'I Know Where I'm Going!', starring Wendy Hiller, who reminded him of Elizabeth. They began courting, eventually got engaged, and married at Stoke Bishop Methodist Church in Bristol on the 4th of April 1953, a marriage that lasted 63 years until Dickie passed away on 26 May 2016. Their diamond anniversary was recognised by the Queen.

Throughout their life together they enjoyed intelligent conversation and debate, a taste passed on to their children. Liz had mixed memories of her teachers and maintained a critical perspective on education, later backing the move to comprehensive education by supporting the Confederation for the Advancement of State Education.

Liz was denied the opportunity of a university course, but trained as a school teacher at Stockwell College in Bromley, Kent where she made many lifelong friends and continued to meet them into old-age. At the age of 40 she studied and obtained an Open University degree.

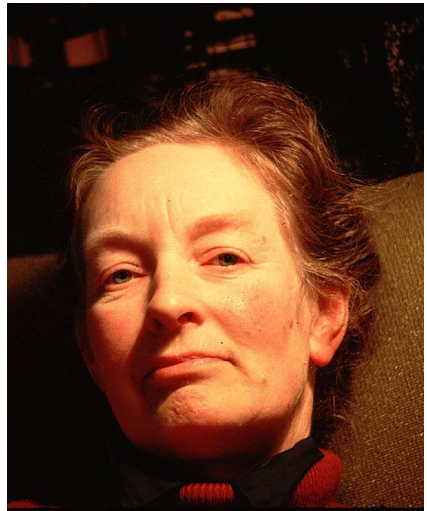


Liz taught in London primary schools, initially in Walthamstow, until she became pregnant, when she and Dickie moved to 23 Birds' Close, Welwyn Garden City, where they had three children - Elizabeth, Richard and Seán. In 1960 the family moved to Dumfries in Scotland, where Bridget was born.

Together, Liz and Dickie were active in the Dumfries community, teaching pottery evening classes in the local technical college after establishing a workshop in the basement of the family home in Lovers' Walk. They were active in the United Nations Association, regularly welcoming visitors from all parts of the world to stay in their home.

They were also advisers in the Family Planning Association which led to training as Marriage Guidance Counsellors. Such was Liz's desire to work together with Dickie that when selected to become a full counsellor she turned down the opportunity as Dickie was not offered the role.

Instead, Liz focussed on teaching, working in primary schools, the local psychiatric hospital and specialist units to help children with special needs. Liz would regularly invite her pupils into our home for tea. Liz was instrumental in enabling many children and young people to engage with education and significantly improve their choices in life. A number of her pupils maintained contact with her to the present day.



When Liz's children left home, she and Dickie, who retired at 54, moved to Laxfield in Suffolk and again Liz became active in the local community, joining an art class and singing in the choir. Both became parish councillors and worked hard to build a new community hall in time for the millennium. She welcomed her family and new grandchildren to Corner Cottage and enjoyed the challenge of a larger garden. She continued to work, travelling to Hackney in London to teach at Haggerston Girls School and support the young people there. When Liz retired they moved to Bury St Edmunds to be closer to the shops and services. Together they worked to support the Labour Party. Liz took an executive role in the local party and stood as a council candidate in Risbygate Ward.

When old age crept up on her, Liz moved with Dickie to Busy Bee cottage in Costessey, Norwich to be closer to daughter Elizabeth, so that she could look out for them more effectively. Eventually she fell over at home and after some hospital stays, was taken into care. Later after Dickie died and Elizabeth moved to Dorset, she moved to Somerset to stay in Immacolata House, her final resting place.



The time Liz spent in care was peaceful - she was happy, chatty and friendly to her carers and they in turn enjoyed her company. Visits from family were very welcome and full of loving talk and discussion of the family's fortunes.

Her family, which largely occupied her interest and gave purpose to her life, had grown to ten grandchildren and four great-grandchildren by the end of

her life. She continued to keep in telephone contact with many friends and wider family until the end. Liz was noted for the way in which she spoke to people, especially the young, treating them with respect, listening carefully and showing genuine interest. She would engage in a dialogue with anyone, and was a natural teacher in the way she could argue a cause. She was a great collaborator, both professionally and personally, and was a wonderful role model to all her children, nieces, nephews and grandchildren.

Her dearest wish was to be reunited with Dickie, and the family will mingle their ashes before scattering them on St Marys Island in the Isles of Scilly, their honeymoon location, and a place where they were very happy.



Bible Reading

Maeve Millwood

1 Corinthians 13

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I have become as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.

If I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

If I give all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profits me nothing.

Love suffers long and is kind; love envies not; love flaunts not itself and is not puffed up, does not behave itself improperly, seeks not its own, is not easily provoked, thinks no evil; rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things.

Love never fails. But if there are prophecies, they shall fail; if there are tongues, they shall cease; and if there is knowledge, it shall vanish.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect comes, then that which is imperfect shall pass away.

When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, and I thought as a child. But when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see as through a glass, dimly, but then, face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know, even as I also am known.

So now abide faith, hope, and love, these three. But the greatest of these is love.

Hymn - Guide me, O thou great Redeemer

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.
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer
Be thou still my 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.
I will ever give to thee.

Give a little whistle

Bridget Millwood

In the early 70's we stopped eating Outspan Oranges. Mum explained why and whilst I probably didn't grasp the intricacies, I fully embraced the standpoint, anything which meant eating less fruit was to be welcomed.

I would often accompany Mum 'getting the messages'. Since mum returned to teaching part time when I was quite young it was an opportunity to have her to myself and sometimes a small treat would be in the offing.

This was in the days before supermarkets defined the way we shop and there were numerous small grocers in Dumfries, which was just as well, since Mum would regularly place an embargo on one or other of them for reasons of conscience. This could result sometimes my choice of treat being limited, but without doubt broadened my understanding of the concept of embargo.

On these trips we would rarely get far without being waylaid by someone Mum knew, and I would impatiently wait for what seemed hours to progress. Dad often joked Mum was the only person who could go on a ten minute trip for a pint of milk but take two hours. Looking back I was pretty much oblivious to the detail of those exchanges, but on reflection I realise how many people's lives Mum touched and gave to.

My childhood was punctuated by evenings of filling envelopes with leaflets, trying to peek through the keyhole of the living room door to see what was going on at one of the meetings Mum and Dad regularly hosted of various organisations, or sometimes less happily, seeing Mum bring calm to someone of her acquaintance's hazardous lives.

My mum it is who gifted me the inability to not put up my hand to volunteer or look the other way or never buy anything from Amazon despite its fabulous convenience. In 1988 my mother ate her last Kit Kat. Mum told me they were her favourite chocolate. I know she would have turned her back on Amazon too.

Whilst its unlikely that the Millwoods ceasing to purchase Outspan oranges brought about the collapse of apartheid, I know it made a little difference.

Mum Taught Me

Richard Millwood



How to read and to write
And made my possibility
To feel what's wrong and right
Against all probability

Be good and generous
Both caring and thoughtful
Think about all of us
Even those who're awful

To feel for our neighbours
Through rationality
Give welcome to strangers
All nationalities

To know that our reward
Will be found in heaven
And not to be blind bored
When I was eleven

Listen to soft-spoken
Speak for fearful or mute
Help always the broken
Disregard ill-repute

To act, not just to talk
Step up to any plate
Show how I walk-the-walk
And not fear how I rate

Now my turn to grow old
I delight in her seed
Learning proudly and bold
To follow well her lead

She bought me a towel
Before I left to grow
And never did she howl
But I miss her smile so

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on earth,
as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts,
as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil:
For thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory,
forever.

Amen.

Tribute page

Please feel free to read others' and leave your own tribute to Liz on her tribute page: elizabethmillwood.muchloved.com

Arrangements for the wake

At approximately 3pm, after the church service, we are further celebrating Liz's life over a bite to eat and a drink in the Lord Poulett Arms in the High St, Hinton Saint George TA17 8SE. It is a short walk, about 250 yards from the church.

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