

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

William Myerscough

'Bill'

20th June 1931 - 29th January 2021



BURIAL LITURGY

St Mary & St Michael's Roman Catholic Church
Monday 15th February 2021 at 11.00 am

Dad

Born at Nog Tow Cottage, Woodplumpton, Dad spent his school days at Newhouse School on Station Lane, Barton. On leaving school at the age of 14, he went to work for the Penningtons at Grange Farm, Barton and it was here that his passion for farming began. The farm was next door to Holly House where Dad now lived with his mum, dad and younger siblings Mary and Bernard.

He met our mum Joyce at the Co-op Dance Hall in Longridge and in 1959 they were married in the church here at St Mary's and St Michael's, Garstang.

As a married couple they took their first farm together at Greenacres Farm in Wrea Green. The early days were very different from how things are today - buying cows from Clitheroe Auction required a journey by bus and the weekly trip to Mass was by bike. The purchase of a van gave them more independence and mobility, later trading up to the first of many cars – a task in which Dad always took pleasure throughout his life. Three sons were born at Wrea Green, Bill, David and Michael, and in 1970 the opportunity came to buy Brook Farm at Nateby, and so began a new chapter in our lives.

The following years saw the farm expand greatly and it was during those years that we were taught a work ethic and life skills that have been invaluable to us ever since. Dad never employed a tradesman for a job he could manage by himself or with the support of close family - concreting, block laying, plastering and hedge-laying were all added to the everyday jobs on the farm.

Dad enjoyed his regular trips to Preston Auction and there he met people who were to become lifelong friends. Our memory of auction day is less about the people or the stock and more about the opportunity to sample pie with onion gravy from the Auction Café. If trade was good it might even have been followed by a huge bowl of trifle! Residence at Brook Farm came to an end in 1984 when Bill and Karen took over the farmhouse and Rivermead Drive became the new home. Dad may have spent less time at the farm but he never lost his interest in what was happening there.

Mum and Dad enjoyed many years of retirement, having time now to enjoy coach holidays and short breaks. The garden at Rivermead allowed Dad to continue working the land albeit on a much smaller scale; he especially enjoyed tending to his roses and tomatoes. Dad's life was as a farmer and it's true to say that farming was his life, but we will remember him as a quiet and private family man. Ever proud and caring, he was always there when anyone needed help and he loved talking to others about his children and grandchildren; we in turn are very proud to have him as our dad.

Introductory Rites

After the sign of the cross, Fr Geoffrey greets all who have gathered.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God,
and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

And with your spirit.

Fr Geoffrey sprinkles the coffin with water. After words of introduction, he invites all to pray in silence and then leads the opening prayer.

Eternal God,
you made the love of man and woman
a sign of the bond between Christ and the Church.

Grant mercy and peace to Bill,
who was united in love with his wife, Joyce.
May the care and devotion of his life on earth
find a lasting reward in heaven.

Look kindly on his family
as now they turn to your compassion and love.
Strengthen their faith, and lighten their loss.

We ask this through our Lord Jesus Christ, your Son,
who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
God for ever and ever.

Amen.

Scripture Reading : 1 John 3:1-2

A reading from the first letter of Saint John.

Think of the love that the Father has lavished on us by letting us be called God's children; and that is what we are.

My dear people, we are already the children of God but what we are to be in the future has not yet been revealed; all we know is, that when it is revealed we shall be like God because we shall see God as God really is.

The word of the Lord. **Thanks be to God.**

Homily

Fr Geoffrey may speak briefly on the scripture, and on Christian death as a sharing in the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Prayer over the Place of Committal

Fr Geoffrey blesses the grave.

Lord Jesus Christ,
by your own three days in the tomb,
you hallowed the graves of all who believe in you
and so made the grave a sign of hope
that promises resurrection
even as it claims our mortal bodies.

Grant that your servant Bill may sleep here in peace
until you awaken him to glory,
for you are the resurrection and the life.

Then he will see you face to face
and in your light will see light
and know the splendour of God,
for you live and reign for ever and ever.

Amen.

Committal

During the committal the coffin is lowered.

In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life
through our Lord Jesus Christ,
we commend Bill to Almighty God,
and we commit his body to the ground:
earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

The Lord bless him and keep him,
the Lord make his face to shine upon him,
and be gracious to him,
the Lord lift up his countenance upon him
and grant him peace.

Intercessions

Fr Geoffrey leads the prayers of intercession.

In reverence let us pray to God, the source of all mercies.

Gracious Lord, forgive the sins of those who have died in Christ.
Lord in your mercy. **Hear our prayer.**

Remember all the good they have done.
Lord in your mercy. **Hear our prayer.**

Welcome them into eternal life.
Lord in your mercy. **Hear our prayer.**

Let us pray for those who mourn:
Lord, comfort them in their grief.
Lord in your mercy. **Hear our prayer.**

Lighten their sense of loss with your presence.
Lord in your mercy. **Hear our prayer.**

Increase their faith, and strengthen their hope.
Lord in your mercy. **Hear our prayer.**

Let us pray also for ourselves, on our own pilgrimage through life.
Lord, keep us faithful in your service.
Lord in your mercy. **Hear our prayer.**

The Lord's Prayer

Fr Geoffrey introduces the Lord's Prayer, which all recite together.

**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 trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.**

Concluding Prayer

Fr Geoffrey leads the concluding prayer of the liturgy.

Lord God,
whose days are without end
and whose mercies beyond counting,
keep us mindful that life is short and the hour of death unknown.
Let your spirit guide our days on earth
in the ways of holiness and justice,
that we may serve you in union with the whole Church,
secure in faith, strong in hope, perfected in love.
And when our earthly journey is ended,
lead us rejoicing into your kingdom,
where you live for ever and ever.

Amen.

Prayer over the People

Fr Geoffrey, with hand outstretched over the people, says:

Merciful Lord,
you know the anguish of the sorrowful,
you are attentive to the prayers of the humble.
Hear your people who cry out to you in their need,
and strengthen their hope in your lasting goodness.

We ask this through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Eternal rest grant unto Bill, O Lord.

And let perpetual light shine upon him.

May he rest in peace.

Amen.

May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed
through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

Grandad

When we were younger, Grandad was always sitting quietly reading a newspaper in his chair. As we grew older, we realised just how switched on he was, enjoying many years of his wonderful and kind personality. He was very generous and always shared his sweets, often taking them down to the farm when he went to work there. Once he handed over a Fisherman's Friend and enjoyed a good laugh when it was swiftly spat out.

One of our fondest memories of Grandad was when he was convinced that you can whip single cream and he bet Grandma £1 that he could. You obviously can't whip single cream

but our grandad proceeded to whip that cream like his life depended on it. When he eventually gave up, he insisted that it had failed because there wasn't enough cream in the bowl. He was of a generation where no item was ever thrown away, each item having a purpose. For most items we're yet to understand what that purpose was, but he was always a resourceful and practical man. We will miss the dismantled pieces of household equipment, and the makeshift repairs to everyday items. No man will ever find as many uses for an elastic band as he did. That said, he's left a massive hole in our lives that unfortunately cannot be fixed with an elastic band or two. Never one to complain or ask for help, despite battling Parkinson's for many years, Grandad always had a witty remark to hand, and would even re-tell stories of himself falling over with a sense of humour and a smile. He was often winding Grandma up and keeping her on her toes, even joking about nipping up on the roof to fix some ridge tiles while on a trip to the bathroom.

Strong, independent and determined, Grandad was a generous man and a kind soul, loved so dearly by us all; the memories and joy that he brought to us will live on. He was an inspiration and a pillar in our lives and we will always be proud to be his grandchildren.

May you rest in peace, Grandad, and finally have an uninterrupted night's sleep.

Close The Gate

For this one farmer the worries are over, lie down and rest your head.

Your time has been and struggles enough; put the tractor in the shed.

Years were not easy, many downright hard, but your faith in God transcended.

Put away your tools and sleep in peace; the fences have all been mended.

You raised a fine family, worked the land well and always followed the Son.

Hang up your shovel inside of the barn; your work here on earth is done.

A faith few possess led your journey through life, often a jagged and stony way.

The sun is setting, the cattle are all bedded, and here now is the end of your day.

Your love of God's soil has passed on to your kin; the stories flow like fine wine.

Wash off your work boots in the puddle left by blessed rain one final time.

You always believed that the good Lord would provide and He always had somehow.

Take off your gloves and put them down, no more sweat and worry for you now.

Your labour is done, your home now is heaven; no more must you wait.

Your legacy lives on, your love of the land, and we will close the gate.

Nancy Kraayenhoef



Charitable donations in memory of Bill will be gratefully accepted for
Parkinson's UK and St Mary & St Michael's Church
c/o Greg Hodgkinson Independent Funeral Director
at the address below.



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