

Requiem Mass
for



Mary Winstanley

7th October 1925 - 24th December 2020

SS Mary & Michael's Church, Garstang

Monday 4th January 2021

Mummy. A Celebration of Faith and Family.

Written by Anne Marie Butement, Mary and Brian's eldest child.

It was the laughter that got me every time, that wicked sense of fun which was so infectious. Then I would join in and be called a "giddy Kipper". Mummy loved to sing hymns and love songs, and this too was something to cherish.

I think that our dear Mother, born Mary Oxby, was very patient, generous and brave, growing up in hard times and learning to make the best of things. As her father suffered from ill health, and her mother worked tirelessly as a talented dressmaker, she supported the family by working to bring in a wage. From an early age, she and her twin sister Ada each had looked after one of their younger twin brothers, Dennis and Clement. Mary was very fond of Dennis and enjoyed taking care of and playing with him. Ada went to college and became a teacher. Mary became a librarian but was called away to do long hours of war work at 18. She was a tester for valves used in RAF wireless equipment. Little did she know that she would marry Brian, an RAF wireless operator, in May 1951. They celebrated milestones with all of the family, reaching their 68th Wedding Anniversary before Brian died in July 2019.

Mary did return to the library and had periods of other work as well. Having trained in First Aid, she did a duty during the evening shift at a cotton mill. Then she worked in the library at Bolton Technical College. In Bournemouth, she became the most mature Saturday girl employed in the Southbourne branch of Boots. She was positive and professional, always ready to serve and to help. Our father remembered their first meeting at the library. He said that Mary asked "Can I help you?" and his little joke was that she had been helping him ever since. Most of all, she provided a practical, stable and loving support to Brian in his demanding role as head teacher.

Sometimes, I would feel that Mummy deprived herself in order to stick to a routine. She did certain house chores on specific days and kept a sparkingly clean and ordered home for us all. In much later life, she learnt about seizing the day and going out! Her treat was a car journey to a lovely hotel for coffee and a scone and latterly to the Priory in Scorton, where she loved to watch the world go by.

Mummy was meticulous and ensured that we looked smart and cared for despite a restricted budget. Twice a year, she made the pilgrimage to the sale at Henry Barrie, children's outfitter for best hats and coats for Sunday Mass and to Jones' for new best shoes. She herself had some stunning outfits, some made by her mother. When I was small I remember her going out to a dance wearing a rainbow sateen ball gown and another green one with a rabbit fur jacket, just like a princess!

She loved us all, her five children, and took care of us well, enjoying each new child whilst coping with feeding and taking care of the rest of the family, especially our dear father who had some serious food allergies. New family members and their families were welcomed with open arms. In time, three sons in law, one daughter in law, thirteen grandchildren and six great grandchildren became essential to the family ethos.

Our Mother was devout in the practice of her Catholic faith, leading by example. She has been a constant prayerful support to us all throughout our lives. Family prayers were de rigueur and I thank her for teaching them to us. I used to be afraid of the one which says "drive far from it all the snares of the enemy". Yet the ending "and let thy blessing be always upon us" is uplifting.

On retirement, she was glad to move to Garstang and to live opposite her own mother and twin sister. She was born in Bolton and was at heart a Northern lass.

My lasting treasured picture, after her epic hip operation, is one of deep love. Mummy was not at all well and looked dreadful but when Daddy appeared in the room it was like an electric charge and you could feel the strength between them. Magical!

Let us not forget the bravery she showed in accompanying our father on his return to India where, inadvertently, she was found to be in possession of an offensive weapon, namely a butter knife! In addition to several enjoyable holidays abroad with the Catenians, our dear parents were privileged to have some super family holidays. Old Colwyn with both of our Grandmothers was an early favourite. After morning Mass we would spend all day on the stony beach, swimming with the jellyfish. The last few holidays were at Manorbier Castle with a posse of grandchildren and their parents. All family events were cherished celebrations.

She was very determined to "just get on with it", holding out bravely at home right until the end, grateful for the wonderful support offered by members of the family and carers. She received the Sacrament of the Sick on the eve of her death. We are grateful that she travelled forth on her journey in faith in strength, peace and with the blessing of Our Lord.

We thank God for the blessing of our dear Mother Mary whom we shall miss more than words can express.

Requiescat in pace.





Mary's family thank you for attending the Mass and Burial today.



Donations in memory of Mary may be made to:

'The Garstang Friends of Chivuna',
supporting the Clinic and other works in Chivuna, Zambia.
A project of SS Mary and Michael's Parish, Garstang, of which
Mary and Brian were very supportive.

via the funeral director & donation box.

Mass offerings for the repose of Mary's
Soul would be appreciated.

WILLIAM HOUGHTON
Funeral Director



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