



The family would like to thank everyone  
for all your support, kind thoughts  
and expressions of kindness at this sad time



Donations in memory of Frank to  
Alzheimer's Research UK  
C/o the funeral director:  
Robert & Kathryn Counce,  
Ascension & Cliff Small Funerals,  
5-6 Pringle Court,  
Thomas's Weind,  
Garstang  
PR3 1LN  
Tel: 01995 605548

BURIAL LITURGY OF  
**WILLIAM FRANCIS HIGHAM**  
"FRANK"



AT  
ST MARY & ST MICHAEL'S CATHOLIC CHURCH  
ON  
FRIDAY 22<sup>ND</sup> JANUARY 2021  
AT  
11 AM

*LED BY REV'D GEOFFREY STEEL*

## Eulogy

Frank was born on 22<sup>nd</sup> May 1930 in Lostock Hall, moving to Leyland when still young he grew up there with his big sister Edith, Mam and Dad. He went to school at Leyland St Marys RC school. Friendships formed in his early years with several friends in Leyland were kept all his life. After school he followed his father and went to work at Leyland Motors. National Service was carried out in the RAF where again he made many friends. He often reminisced about his RAF days and that he regretted how ironically he never got to fly. Dad loved playing football, going to the cinema and, later on, going to dances in the area. He met his wife (Josie) through friendship with her brother John Stringfellow. He kept treasured letters from their courting days. Married at St Marys, Leyland they set up house in Lancaster Lane where Mark, Debbie and Louise were born. By this time Dad had changed jobs several times and was a sales rep for a garage supply firm. This took him far and wide and it was while he was travelling he spotted the house for sale at Brock Bottoms; his heart was set on bringing up his family there. They moved with 3 small children to a house with no running water in the middle of the countryside. He and Mum worked so hard and made it into a lovely home. Memories of Dad and Mum back then were of them constantly doing back breaking jobs in the garden and around the house. James came along in 1971 and the family was complete.

Dad loved the countryside and animals, he always encouraged us with our menagerie of pets and poultry. He could often be seen picking up litter up and down the lane left behind from day trippers. He really gave us an idyllic childhood where we would run free in the woods and by the river. Dad always had the time for us and made a treehouse, a rope swing. He was always up for playing any kind of sport with us and was fiercely competitive. He ran the Cloughton St Marys school football team whilst we were there, lord help the boys if they lost! Dad and Mum joined the community at Whitechapel where Dad started playing badminton. He continued this sport playing for fun at Bilsborrow and Garstang into his seventies.

Dad was thrifty and kept everything as it "will come in useful" and it always did. It was a family joke that if you wanted anything at all it would be in the long cabin. That long cabin took a lot of emptying when they decided to move to Garstang. They moved in 1991 to their bungalow where they would spend more happy days. Dad was an old romantic, a dreamer and loved to laugh and make others laugh. He was always there to listen to a problem and often came up with solutions.

His care and love for Mum and us four children shone through always. He made Mum laugh with his jokes which she had heard for years (the old ones are the best) and he loved a good laugh out loud. He also loved watching old musicals and cowboy films which he passed on to at least two of us. Walking was also a great pastime, he covered miles every day chatting to people along the way and waving to others in houses along his daily route. He volunteered in the community and helped out with Garstang In Bloom tidying up the town, the Hummingbirds move from the portacabin and playing Father Christmas for a playgroup, to mention a few. When grandchildren arrived he was thrilled to entertain, play and babysit.

He was a sociable person, soft hearted and kind. He wasn't materially focused. He didn't holiday abroad or long for new cars, his life was simple and if he had a piece of Mum's custard pie he was content.

We feel privileged to have had him as our Dad and know that he will be looking down on us today with a smile.

Your jokes and nick-names live on, as do your distinctive sayings. Every event is discussed with the words "what's the drill", your grandchildren continue this tradition.

I know you will be reunited with Nanna, Grandad and Auntie Edith now who you missed so terribly and I hope you are looking down on us with pride. We will see you again dad. Love and miss you so much

Mark, Debbie, Louise & James



### Poem - Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.  
I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.  
I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways,  
Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.  
I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to dry before the sun;  
Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.