

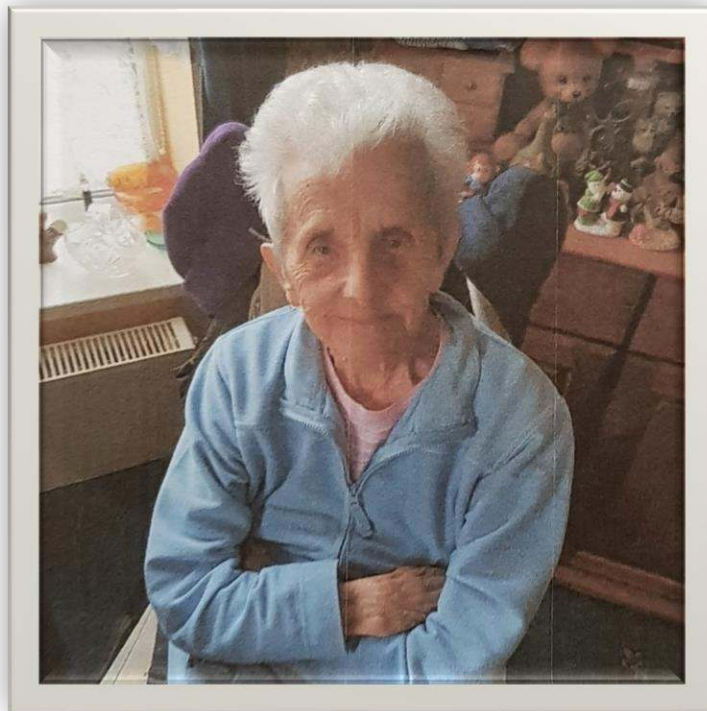


Celebration of
life Service



for

Annie Victoria Slater



04th November 1927 to 10th January 2018

26th January 2018

St Peters Church Selling & Church Norton

By Father Andy Wilkes

(Written by Celebrant Eddie Slater @ES Invites & Occasions.com)

© Annie Victoria Kidman 26th January 2018 Produced by ES Invites & Occasions.com



The Welcome



Welcome

We meet here to honour and celebrate the life of Annie Victoria Slater, known affectionately as Anne and to bring a little consolation to those of her family and friends who are here today.

This ceremony will take the form of a celebration of life service, which is in keeping with her family's wishes.



Opening
Prayer



Opening Prayer

Unfortunately, I did not have the privilege of knowing Anne personally; however, I heard a little about her personality and interests from her family which I would like to share with you all.

I had the pleasure of meeting Annie's Son Lloyd her daughter Gina and her youngest son Edward.

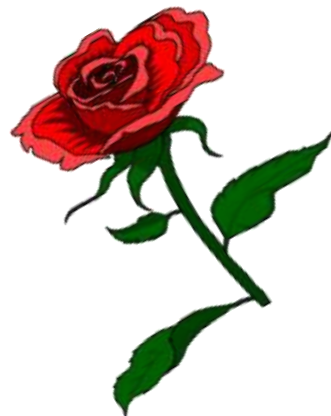
All recalled and shared with me their fond memories and stories they have of Annie Slater when we met.

This gave me a real insight and essence not only to the life of Annie Slater but also to her character. What a character she really was,

Please join us in singing Morning Has Broken



Hymn



Morning Has Broken

*Morning has broken,
Like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird;
Praise for the singing,
Praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing
Fresh from the Word.*

*Sweet the rain's new fall,
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall
On the first grass;
Praise for the sweetness,
Of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness
Where his feet pass.*

*Mine is the sunlight,
Mine is the morning,
Born of the one light
Eden saw play;
Praise with elation,
Praise every morning,
God's re-creation
Of the new day.*



The
Eulogy



Eulogy

Annie Victoria Kidman was born on the 4th November 1927 in The Elephant & Castle in London, to her parents Graham & Abbie King and shared a happy childhood with her elder sister Greta. Annie and Greta were not just sisters, they were twin sisters. If people asked Annie would proudly inform them when asking if they were twins, she would say 'Identical Twins if you don't mind' and they were Identical.

Annie's Dad worked on the railway and her mother was secretary. The Second World War started when Annie was only 12 years old. As a result, Greta and Annie went to live in the countryside with Aunty Primrose, also called Aunty Rose.

Aunty Rose was known as a maiden aunt. This was because she didn't have any children of her own and lived on her own. As Aunty Rose didn't want any gentlemen soldiers of the war staying at her house, she had the children of family members, where a few of them all lived together.

After the war Annie and her family, still lived in The Elephant and Castle in London. Annie liked it there spoke often about the park at the end of their street where Annie and her sister played. Before later, they moved to Morden.

Annie had worked in London during the war and spoke of during one raid of having to walk home along the tube lines in the dark. Annie would often make reference to this when jovially mocking people who had therapy saying "We lived through the war, had to walk along the tube lines in the dark. We didn't have counselling in our day ohhhhh no, we just got one with, we were made of stronger stuff in those days"

Annie family moved to Purley in Surrey and Annie met her boyfriend Freddie (Fred) Slater in London when she worked as a secretary for a solicitor's firm. Their relationship blossomed and eventually in 1956 when Annie was 28, on the 29th September Annie Kidman became Annie Slater.

Annie and Fred moved to Hepping in Surrington to 62a Charlsfield Road. Mum worked locally in a solicitor's firm, whilst Fred continued to work as a Managing Clerk for a firm in London.

By 1963 they bought their next home in March Road and by 1968 started their family by adopting Lloyd. The following year in 1969 adopted their daughter Gina, completing their family in 1973 by adopting a second son Edward known to Annie, Fred, family as Teddy and only to certain friends as Ted. Or the "Tedlett" as mum comically nicknamed him later in life.

Annie became a housewife bringing up Lloyd, Gina, and Ted, walking them to school every day, preparing their clothes for them, for when she had collected them from school.

On a Thursday evening Annie would be doing the shopping all together as a family in Waitrose. Friday's on the way home from school. Annie would stop at Mr Smith's confectionary shop and Lloyd, Gina and Ted were allowed to choose some sweets. Friday became known as sweetie day.

When the children were still young Annie returned to work part time for Christmas in Readmore Parcel sorting office, leaving late evening, returning early in the morning in time for when the children woke up.

Annie would sort the breakfasts, carry out the school walks, clean the home, and then sleep/rest before collecting again from school, doing their dinner and Fred's, then returning to work.

Later in Annie's employment, she worked more local in the evenings at The Grand Penta Hotel, as a chambermaid, Leaving Lloyd in charge for a minimal amount of time until Fred returned home usually about 1830hrs.

Annie and Fred would be visited by Annie's twin sister Greta and her husband Danny Hunch and their three adopted children Carrie, Andrew, and Lisa. The Slater's would travel by bus the Hunch's family often too. However, I will let Ted tell you about one trip.

Holidays for the Slater family were to Pontins in Selling, often stopping off from their evening walk at The Fisherman's Joy. Seeing as neither Fred nor Annie drove, they were transported to and from Pontins by their brother-in-law Danny who was married to Annie's sister Greta.

Later holidays were to Greta and Danny's holiday let home in Witting. Sometimes Fred would accompany, and travel to and from work in London by bus to Chingmere and train to London.

Over time Greta would accompany Annie and her family, with Fred staying in Hepping. By Now Annie had learnt to drive and in convoy style led by Greta with Gina and their Daughter Lisa in the car in front and Annie following behind with Lloyd and Ted, glad to have arrived at the destination. Knowing she had to drive back at the end of the holidays.

Unfortunately, by 1987 Fred had become unwell and retired. Annie found the house too big to maintain on her own, moved from March Road to a town house in Vince Road also in Hepping around the corner 1987.

An opportunity arose of the development of sheltered houses being granted permission and either the land of their family home could be sold to the developers or the whole property.

The house boasted a large triple aspect garden. Not wanting to look out on to the development, Annie and Fred decided to sell completely to the developers, moving to Selling in August 1989 to Ching Road.

Annie was barely known to people and kept herself to herself, looking after dad when his illness became demanding of Annie. Discovering Fred had Alzheimer's, eventually residing in a specialised dementia home sadly passing on 5th September 1997.

Annie was joined by her sister Greta and brother in law Danny, in Selling who too, had sold their property then in Benmore & Fling and holiday home in Witting and decided to move to Selling as well. Mainly to be closer to each other, but also because back then, Wittings didn't have gas and Selling did.

Mum found a new lease of life when she was joined by her sister, enrolling in a favourite pastime of both of theirs, patchwork classes and knitting classes, then going on to discover day trips out by coach.

On one occasion mum had booked to go to Holland for a few days to see the tulips. Unfortunately, Annie tripped over a telephone cover in the pavement outside Argos. The trip was cancelled as Annie had broken her arm.

Going back to Annie and Greta being identical twins, you could spot the gruesome twosome anywhere in the town of Selling. Greta with their Roy Cropper style bag to the left, handbag over the shoulder and across to the right, the other with heir Roy Cropper bag to the right, handbag over the shoulder and across to the left, Hats and coats. All identical albeit, different colours.

Some of Ted's friends would be confused as not aware of Annie being an identical twin, would see and speak to one not fully noticing the other, then inform Ted they had spoken to his mum and she looked blank. Ted would ask if you were facing the way they were walking did you speak to the one on the left or the right. The left they would say. That was my aunt. Mum was always on the right.

In 1998 With Lloyd and Gina having already left Selling and moved to Chelling and Darwood respectively for their work, Ted had by now left home bought his first flat and soon to be second home, with a family on the way. Annie, Greta and Danny were on the move.

In April 1999 they decided to sell their properties in Selling and moved to the Great Lane in Manton Village on the Isle of Wight. Due to the passing of Danny in December 1999, a year or so later it was decided Annie and Greta were on the move yet again.

Returning to Selling, Annie moved to Deerwood Close in doing so meant Ted was able to keep an eye on them both, taking them shopping or going around regularly to sort the TV out because they had pressed the wrong button. This was quite frequently by all accounts. Moving again to Hatfield Road as realised Deerwood Close was a little too far out of the town centre where they wanted to be

After a little while her sister Greta became unwell and so moved in with her sister, where Annie looked after her. With Greta having Alzheimer's Annie continued running around for her sister. Eventually it was decided that this could not continue. Greta went to live in a care home in Selling.

Annie would visit daily, however unfortunately in June 2007 Greta slipped away. Not before both Annie and Greta being Jake The Tattooist's, eldest clients at the grand age of 73. Annie with a tattoo of Piglet on her arm; Greta with a tattoo of Winnie the Pooh on hers. No numbing gel used just pure old-fashioned Twin bravery.

Annie felt the loss of her twin sister, Sorry Annie, her identical twin sister. The twosome had now become a onesome. By now everyone in the town knew Ted and got to know his mum Annie too. Walking up and down the village, bus rides to Chinning.

Further tattoos followed. Clint Eastwood was Annie's passion. So, had his name and his hat tattooed, followed by a butterfly, a cat and of course a teddy bear. Her biggest tattoo was the complete daisy chain on her arm, still no numbing gel.

Annie became more vulnerable as she got older, becoming forgetful and a prime target, to the point one person tried to take advantage of her, taking her to the bank to get money for work allegedly being done at the house.

Only for the quick thinking of the cashier who know this to be out of character for Annie to take large sums out of the bank, phoned Ted and asked if this was correct, then phoned the police. Sadly, they were never caught.

Over the course of time, the community of Selling got to know Annie, and really looked after her, ensuring she was ok. The shops, especially The Coop, One stop, Waves and the greengrocers and Pet Pantry. The charity shops would give her a coat if she'd gone out without one to ensure she was well. Something the family are very grateful for.

After having trusted support by Ted's friends Natalie and later Freya visiting Annie daily ensuring she had company at lunchtime and supporting her to continue to remain independent. Concerned about Annie, and herself making comments to family members it was decided in December 2016 that Annie would come and live with her son Ted and his girlfriend Brigitte now wife and her boys, where they lived in Hanover.

Annie continued to be supported during the day by Freya as Ted and Brigitte worked, also started to attend day centres regularly each week also enlisting the inner family support of Angie.

However, after 4 months, it was felt Annie changed and became more and more difficult to care for.

Sadly, now with the confirmation of Annie also having Alzheimer's, and it being well advanced, discussions and decisions were made and Annie went to live in a lovely dementia home in Harbour Island. Not an easy decision to make, nor a decision taken lightly either.

Annie liked it in the home. Contrary to some of the visits the family made to see Annie, who told them she didn't like it there, they don't feed me or give me any cups of tea (Annie loved her cups of tea). Annie had been witnessed by her children being fed and tea being given to her.

Annie had a sarcastic streak at times. Dawn & Jackie two of the carers at the home witnessed this streak. They would say "Annie would you like a cup of tea" Annie would reply "Oh yes please" when they asked how she wanted it "In a mug of course" would be her reply.

Sarky so and so, but humorous.

The staff at the home grew to be quite fond of Annie, giving reassurance her family, the right home had been found.

Sadly, Annie continued pining regularly for her sister, and her mother and father, always asking her children if they had seen them. Telling her they had passed some years previous was like telling her for the first time. Sadly, not just once in a visit, every few minutes.

Ted said knowing the questions Annie was about to ask, he would cut her off mid-flow to answer fully to what became the repertoire of questions, she had regularly asked people. The squint of her eyes and her pursed lips would entail. She'd ask him "How did you know what I was going to ask". Oooooopsy caught you out.

Last month Annie had a couple of falls and low blood pressure, becoming ill this month just after New Year. Taking to her bed, which I'm told for Annie did not happen. Lying peacefully sleeping, on the 10th of January 2018, also her late husband's birthday; slipped away and became reunited with her sister once again.



Reading
by
The
Family



Reading by The Family

For the second address I would like to ask Annie's Son Edward to come up and read you read his tribute to his mum.



Edward's
Tribute



Edward's Tribute

What can I tell you about my mum?

Everyone would say that they had the best mum in the world ever. Well to me I actually did have the best mum ever.

We'd walk down the street, I'd be holding her leg as we went and Mum would start singing and playing best leg forward. It was her way of us getting home from town quickly. Of course, I'm talking about when we were younger. Not in the last year or so when I'd take her up the town.

No, I had to carry her Roy Cropper bag. "Oh, Ted carry this bag for me it's heavy" with her face strained like she was carrying bricks in it. I'd grab the bag and take the strain. The bag would fly higher than I thought. Not surprising really as it only had a loaf of bread or kitchen roll in it.

Growing up with my brother and sister in Hepping surrey we had a massive house. How mum kept it clean with all of us running around and dad I'll never know.

Our cousins lived in Surgling and for years we caught the Green Line 727 coach outside the hotel mum was a chambermaid in.

Guaranteed as soon as Tallman Tower came in to view, Mum was there with the sick bag and towel. For me, not for her.

One time I'll never forget, is the time we were all piling out the back door, mum doing her final checks, doors shut, 3 kids 1 husband sick bag and towel then WHOOSH.

Mum shouting at dad. We all pile back in to see mum wearing this lilac odd coloured outfit. I'm sure it was blue when we were initially leaving. Dad liked to brew his own wine.

All of the demijohns exploded One by one, over the ceiling, the cupboards the walls oh and of course it was now all over mum. We still made the trip to see our relatives. But I don't recall mum talking to dad that whole day.

Soon after mum surprised us and learned to drive. The only person I know to be stopped by the police for speeding whilst being a learner. Which was ironic, she was the slowest driver ever.

She would joke about buying "fast petrol" when filling the car up, speeding up to go over the hill on the way back. Which in an automatic, you felt it move.

Being in the car with mum was also embarrassing. Even in the national speed limit she went 30 mph. Sat in the front of the car I would sink lower and lower in to my seat. The bus takes 35 minutes to get from Selling to Chinning. I'm sure mum did that road in 50.

"Let them over take me I'm going fast enough she'd say" "Crazy fool," and "Where's your lights" she'd shout as they roared past her.

One hot sunny day I was driving home from work, then suddenly found myself slowly plodding down the Selling Road, me thinking it was a learner driver ahead, as I got closer, No, it was my mum in her automatic mini metro.

She said to me later that day when she finally got home, all these cars overtook her and driving fast, there was one flash git in a car just like yours she said that came whizzing past speeding, so yelled maniac. Laughing to myself, I know it was me.

I was that flash git, I had the roof down went roaring past her and heard her shouting Manic as she did. She was clearly oblivious to the road queue behind her she was causing on the Selling Road. Then, there were more overtaking lines on the road as there is now.

Mind you, more thankfully now there is, mum didn't drive after 1999. 95% of the Selling road is 30 MPH. Mum would love it nowadays, others well what can I say

Another memory I have is that Mum would be on the phone frequently to her sister, they were awful the pair of them. I remember the phone calls would be just to say it's raining, or that there was a Clint Eastwood film on at nine. The good The Bad & The Ugly. Mum loved it and Clint.

Anyway the majority of their conversation would consist of the conversation going "Um kid, Oh Kid umm umm umm oh kid" I genuinely thought poor mum never gets a word in, Aunty Greta does all the talking.

When older and us and our cousins reminisced when her sister passed in 2007, we discovered they only heard the same their end of the phone conversation and they thought, our mum did all the talking. The odd thing was we often got moaned at for the phone bill being high.

Mum did a lot for us growing up, especially my brothers' friends, "The Breakdance Crew" Mum made 16 roast dinners as a minimum every Sunday, more if my friends The Plumbs the people I went to school with in Rowham were down every fortnight to see their dad.

Anyway, over the years people in Selling knew me but didn't really know mum, until later in mum's life, those who did, liked and loved my mum too.

With Mum buying teddy bears galore, practically daily. If there was one on their own in the window of the charity shop, Mum just had to buy it. "It was all lonely and was crying at her saying take me home" so she did. Right sucker for a teddy bear was my mum, for those that didn't know Mum's house was full of them.

When we came to visit her, she had her chair, the few teddies she had, by few I mean thousands had the other arm chair and the triple seat sofa. "Mind out you great oaf" she'd shout "your big bottom is squashing the bears and they can't see the TV" Hello mum we were real the teddies weren't. Even her cat Dougie was the special one too.

Mum and I would be in the local shops and she'd say "Oh I must buy my darling boy something" the shop assistants would look at me and go "awwww that's nice, your mum is buying you something" Mum told them straight "No not him my darling boy Dougie" They'd look confused as people knew, by then. I was the youngest so I'd tell them; she was talking about her cat.

*Lots went on in our childhood, not all good times
but I felt Mum hid a lot of that from the outside
world and let me shine.*

*“A beautiful face without a name for so long”
“A beautiful smile that hides the pain”
“Did you ever know you were my hero”
Mum you were my hero,*

*Mum, You, see to me you really were the wind
beneath my wings.*

And for that I thank you.

You See I really did have the best mum world.

Sleep tight mum,

*say hi to Dad, Aunty Greta and Uncle Danny for
me.*

Thanks Mum, for everything.

Love you mum

God bless.



Reflection



Reflection

Stood here I can only begin to imagine just what an amazing life Annie must have had with so many wonderful stories and adventures.

And what wonderful memories you all must have of Annie too.

Please join us in singing All things Bright & Beautiful And take you own time to reflect on your own personal memories of Annie as we listen to a piece of music afterwards.



Hymn



All Things Bright and Beautiful Hymn

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

*Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.*

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all*

*The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;*

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all*

*The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one;*

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all*

*The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows for our play,
The rushes by the water,
To gather every day;*

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all*

*He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.*

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

Hymn: by Cecil Alexander, 1848.



The
Commendation
& Committal



The Commendation and Committal

As we start the final process of this service known as the Commendation and Committal where we return Annie's body, for that is all that remains.

Despite Annie's great humour and stories of his life you have heard here today, your memories of Annie are all here. They are here, in your head and in your heart. All you have to do is recall these whenever you want.



Thanks



Thanks:

Lloyd, Gina and Edward and the family would like to thank everyone who helped to look after their mum Annie Slater.

I hope that you have derived a little measure of comfort from this service and that you return to your own homes enriched and strengthened by having known Annie Victoria Slater, A very special lady and having had the privilege to have been a part of her life.

Final song.



Order
Of
Service





Flower
Cards





Music





With
Sympathy
Cards





With
Deepest
Sympathy



© Produced by
Eddie Slater
ES Invites & Occasions