

MUSIC: You Raise Me Up [Performer André Rieu, instrumental studio version, first half then fade out, about 2:10]

HOLD BEFORE.png



Margaret Rose Fox 1932-2020

Eulogies, photos & music running order

Alex welcome

Especially to everyone watching the webcast.

Dave

Margaret was born in Birmingham in 1932 to Ida and Arthur Walters. She had a brother Raymond who was 2 years older.

001.png



After 4 years their sister Joan arrived. In Margaret's own words:

"In 1936 we lived in Birmingham in a 2-up and 2-down little house where the wash house and row of toilets were across the yard which was communal to several houses identical to ours. There was Mom, Dad, Dad's elderly mother who was quite deaf, my brother Raymond, me, and my baby sister Joan 4 years younger than me. My dad was a tram conductor and his wages had to pay for everything including Grandma's keep. So we were quite poor. Dad went down with flu and had to stay in bed. Mom walked to the tram depot for the week's wages and she also went down with flu which quickly turned to pneumonia and in those days there wasn't the medication that we have now and we lost Mom - she, as I was told, "had gone to Heaven to live with Jesus". Mom had made and iced Joan's 1st birthday cake but we hadn't yet put the candle on it. Joan's birthday was January 26th - Mom went on the 27th. My father married again. My sister Joan was already being fostered by one of Mom's many sisters.

The next 3 years were not happy for Raymond and myself - and during a long school holiday we decided we would visit Auntie Lottie's house. Raymond could remember the way - I couldn't even remember who Auntie Lottie was! We were recognized and taken in with open arms. After strawberry jam sandwiches and a drink of milk we were sent home with a note for our Dad. It was inviting Raymond, Dad and myself to go for tea on the following Sunday.

002.png



In the meantime Auntie Lottie had written to Auntie Birdie - Joan's foster mom - and when we arrived Auntie Birdie was there. It was decided that we should go back with Auntie Birdie to live with her. So Raymond and I went back to a much happier home. My sister Joan was now four years old. We were not there for long as Auntie Birdie tried to get us into the local school but there were no vacancies. Birdie wrote to another sister - Alice - who lived in Coventry. Raymond and I were then given another lovely home with Auntie Alice and Uncle Bill. We called them "Earthly Mom" and "Pop". Mom got us into school. Raymond in the big school which necessitated a bus ride and I went to the little school up the road. Raymond had only been at his school

for a few days when he was accidentally run over by the school bus and he went to spirit 15 hours later.

003.JPG



I was eight years old with quite a good imagination, and as I stood there next to my father they began to lower Raymond's coffin into what was already my heavenly mother's grave. I thought to myself, if you go to Heaven to live with Jesus (Heaven, as I knew it, was above the bright blue sky) why are they putting Raymond down there? I kept my thoughts to myself, being very shy and not speaking unless I was spoken to - I decided the answer was that "you go invisible". My curiosity became even more so - I feel this was my first understanding of spirit."

Margaret wrote that in 2003. As you can tell she felt Raymond's loss hugely.

004.png



We have a photo of Alice & Bill's house. On the back Margaret wrote

"Lived 9 years with Mom & Pop, I was happy there"

Margaret helped Alice to look after the chickens. Poultry feed replaced eggs in the household's rations. Margaret was tasked with bartering the eggs for other rationed foodstuffs. She had to knock on doors asking neighbours *"Would you like 2 eggs for a quarter of tea or an ounce of butter?"*. Margaret did not enjoy this as she felt it was like scrounging.

Within a few months the Coventry air raids started. Margaret recalled running for the shelters and staying in there for hours while her Pop was out acting as a warden. The Alfred Herbert machine tools factory, where Alice worked as a cook, was hit.

Again, Margaret's own words tell a story from that time:

"Mom and I were walking to Canley to get some apples. There was an orchard there. A German plane spotted us and Mom quickly pushed me under the hedge and flattened herself against the wall on the opposite side of the path. Bullets hit the path between us."

So Alice not only gave Margaret a home but probably saved her life. Margaret must have recited this story to me a thousand times, pretty much word for word. The experience was seared into her memory.

Margaret had many more stories of her wartime experiences. She recounted details of the various types of air raid shelters, and the family had a Morrison shelter which doubled up as their kitchen table. Aeroplanes could be distinguished as British if the sound of the engine was constant in pitch, but German 'planes had a repetitive sound *"dud-de-duh, duh-de-duh,...."*. Later in the war American troops came through with their tanks. Margaret aged about 12 watched excitedly as the soldiers threw sweets and the kids shouted *"Got any gum, chum?"*

At some point Margaret was knocked down by a car in a road accident and she often pointed to a scar on her left hand as proof.

Margaret's childhood also included some fun and games. She played knock and run, with a clever variation. Where the terraces' front doors all faced directly onto the street, you tie neighbours' doorknobs together before knocking and running. Another one she told me about was removing a passer-by's hat with a thread strung over a track.

005.png



Margaret left Alice & Bill's aged 17 and "went *into digs*". The woman she rented from was a widow who had a child who Margaret liked and looked after sometimes.

Margaret met Bob at the Alvis car factory where she was apparently impressed by his chat up line:

"What about going out with me then?"

006.png



Bob was a motorcyclist. This photo was taken when they went to the Isle of Man TT week in 1953. Margaret told a story of a hair-raising holiday ride when she had to cling on all the way from Nottingham to Scarborough.

007.png



They married in 1954 and lived in Nottingham. Margaret wedding outfit was green. She made it herself.

Here's a song that Margaret loved. They didn't actually ride a tandem to their wedding, but given the austere times then, it feels appropriate.

MUSIC: Daisy Bell (Bicycle Built for Two) [Performer Dinah Shore. 0:00-1:00 first chorus only then fade out.]

008.png



They moved to Bromley in south-east London. Margaret worked for the Admiralty where she would send messages out to the ships, complete with – as she later delighted in recounting – cheeky kisses for the sailors. I think this photo shows her with work colleagues, on the left is Eve Henderson who became a lifelong friend.

In 1964 I came along.

009.png



It was a very difficult birth. Mum came round from the general anaesthetic and on learning she had a boy she said:

"Oh good, I've got my brother back."

(Long pause.)

In 1966 we moved to Bromham near Bedford, where my first memories are. Margaret was a wonderful mother and quite devoted to me. She baked cakes, made clothes, cycled me to nursery, and did a cleaning job while I was there. She taught me to read, write and count before I went to school. She always made sure I went to school with a smile on my face. She ensured that I had a happy home even when she and Bob were not getting on. Together, they just let me grow up and supported me without ever pressuring me to do anything.

010.png



Joan's family lived in Birmingham and Mum arranged visits. Here she is with her nieces Marguerite and Dianne and nephew Ricky. When great-nieces and great-nephews began to arrive, cards with a pound note and later a fiver inside were sent each birthday. It was lovely to learn from Carrie recently of the childrens' excitement when these cards from Auntie Margaret arrived.

In the early 1980s Mum found a new independence. Her interest in Spiritualism grew, she started working as a medium and gave comfort to the bereaved.

She learned to drive. She took lessons for nearly a year but Mum was not very confident and asked for lessons to continue. The driving instructor thought she fancied him. Eventually she took the test and passed first time.

011.png



She bought her first car with an inheritance from one of her many aunts. This enabled her to travel to services across the region as her fame spread within the Spiritualist community.

Margaret and Bob divorced but remained friends.

In 1999 Margaret moved again, but not far, to the house next door on Hillgrounds in Kempston, Bedford.

While Margaret was carrying on her Spiritualist work, Bob had a stroke and needed more help, so she – of course – stepped in. Soon she became his chauffeur and was running his home as well as hers.

012.png



Meanwhile I had started running a Sunday market stall selling surplus produce. This was a lot of work so Mum - of course - stepped in to help. She would drive over to Cambridge and spend the weekend with me, harvesting, washing, bunching, bagging and selling the vegetables.

This was in her early 70s and she was still very active, but in 2007 Margaret started to exhibit signs of dementia. Her capacity declined as Bob's needs increased. A neighbour of Bob's told me of Margaret's very frequent walks to the nearby shop. She had lost the ability to maintain a shopping list and her shoe soles were worn through.

And so, again, Margaret's life had become hard. But these new problems were not as bad as losing her Heavenly Mom, losing her brother, getting bombed, shot at and knocked down all by the age of 10. Most of you knew Margaret as a gentle and loving person, but underneath she was extremely tough and resilient.

013.JPG



In 2011 Bob moved to a care home in Cambridge and Mum moved to live with me. She visited him almost every day for his last two years. Mum was a popular character in the care home. She was caring for Bob while the staff were unofficially caring for her. As both dementias progressed, Margaret and Bob literally forgot that they were divorced and in February 2013 they exchanged Valentine's cards.

014.JPG



Later you will hear about Mum's last seven years, but I want to make a special point of thanking Brian for looking after my mum since I became ill. She could not have been happier, and as her dementia progressed that was quite an achievement. You deserve a medal mate.

015.png



So my lovely mother has moved on to the spirit world. I wish with all my heart that she could have stayed on the Earth plane, as she would describe it, but her time had come. Rest in peace mum. No doubt you will be in touch. (12.5 mins)

Fabio (to be read by Alex)

016.JPG



Hello,

My name is Fabio and it's my honour today to share with you some of the many memories and happy experiences I was fortunate to share with our much-loved Margaret.

I first met Margaret in 1996. By then, Margaret had raised her family and was living a fulfilled and independent life surrounded by her loved ones and many friends. Even through life's inevitable ups and downs, Margaret's good nature, patience, humour, love and seemingly endless wisdom was always present.

Some of you may know that Margaret was a talented and very well-respected Medium and Clairvoyant. Margaret travelled far and wide at times to attend the various groups or services across the country who had invited - and in some cases waited several months for - Margaret to visit them.

Closer to home, Margaret also taught various spiritual development classes in Bedford over many years and this is how I came to know her. Those of us that chose to learn about the wonders of the spiritual movement found an amazing and selfless mentor in Margaret.

017.png

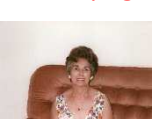


Whether connecting people with their loved ones on the other side through Mediumship, gently guiding those that needed help or reassurance through Clairvoyance or teaching the next generation of spiritualists, Margaret touched and influenced many lives for the better. I saw first-hand how the evidence and reassurance Margaret so selflessly shared of 'life after life' benefitted others. Today, as we celebrate Margaret's life, I hope that you too can draw some comfort and strength from Margaret's beliefs and way of life.

I was also fortunate to learn about Margaret's childhood. There were tough times - these included night-time bombing raids close to home and rationing as a result of the war. Margaret also lost her beloved brother Raymond in an accident. Happier memories involved times spent with her father. When Margaret and her siblings found some coins in the gas meter under the stairs, they were cute enough to wash the coins to remove any taint of gas from them before venturing out to the local confectionary shop for a sugar feast!

In her young adulthood, Margaret worked at The Admiralty in London and would often add notes of encouragement or humour into confidential and sometimes top secret files before they were despatched to our naval forces posted around the world. Margaret was very much a force for good.

018.png



Sometime in the late 1990's, Margaret teamed up with a wonderful group of silver-haired ladies to hand knit woollen hats and cardigans for smaller or prematurely born babies. These beautiful pink and blue creations were very well received by the Cygnet Wing at Bedford Hospital. Somewhere across Bedford there will inevitably be adults in their 20s who would have unknowingly benefitted from Margaret's kindness and ingenuity. My own children were far from dainty when they were born in 1997 and 1998, but typically this didn't stop Margaret from presenting them with normal size hand knitted creations which looked as though they could be on display in John Lewis.

019.JPG



Margaret was a loving Mother to David and led very much by example. David's academic and business successes were of much joy to her, as was David's passion for horticulture. In her later years, Margaret lived happily with David, Brian and their many friends.

Margaret would often say that when the love is strong, there is always a symbolic, unbreakable elastic band that connects loved ones. No matter how far they travel, they always find their way back to each other. Today, we celebrate Margaret's life, her wonderful nature and joy she brought to so many. Rest assured though that when our time is done, when our journey is complete on this side of life, you too could feel a tug on that elastic band. That will of course be Margaret on the other end, gently guiding you across towards the light and that final journey home.

020.JPG



Farewell for now dear Margaret, until we meet again.

Love and light to all. Fabio (4.25 mins)

Alex

Both Fabio and Margaret kept chickens, and Margaret loved this song

MUSIC: Hey Little Hen [Performer Donald Peers, total length 2:51]

Chrissy (to be read by Alex)

Margaret Fox was a special woman to many including me and my family.

My first contact with her was via a phone call. I had suffered the tragic loss of my brother and Dave had come to visit and comfort me. He said his Mum was a spiritualist medium and he believed she could help me. He was so right. I didn't know what to expect from the call but her calm and down to earth manner put me at ease. What she shared with me that day was quite incredible. Her guidance eventually led me to train as a healer and for this I will be forever grateful.

Margaret was dedicated to her path as a spiritualist medium. She was highly respected by her colleagues and sought after to perform demonstrations of mediumship. Week after week whatever the weather she would drive, sometimes long distances to serve different spiritualist churches. She communicated messages of hope and love from departed loved ones to their grieving friends and relatives. Margaret gave to a great many people messages of hope, comfort and evidence that proved that love survives physical death

021.png



She was such a kind and generous person and she came to my rescue on more than one occasion. In 2005 she and her colleague gave their time freely and put on an evening of clairvoyance. Our little girl had severe disabilities and the event ticket sale money of £700 went towards paying for a special exercise programme for our daughter.

Margaret had a joyful nature and a cheeky sense of humour and she loved to sing and dance. Whenever Dave or Brian used to go out and I sat with her she always loved a good old sing song.

022.JPG



I am so glad and grateful that we had the privilege of being part of the life of wise and gentle Margaret Rose Fox. Her spirit lives on in the hearts of those she touched. (2 mins)

Ali

Dementia is so often seen as a cruel condition, in which the focus is on loss. During dementia it is true that there is loss; in the often-quoted metaphor of a bookshelf, dementia results in the slow removal of books, diminishing those parts of a person's whole, until all that remains are the essential components. For Margaret, her dementia journey followed this path, but the essential components of Margaret, which remained even to the very end of her life, were wonderful. She was gentle, kind, loving, enjoyed dancing, laughed readily, and she was warm. Her world was a happy place. Her dementia resulted in the loss of worry and sadness, leaving her with contentment and love. Her last decade was a good part of her life.

023.JPG



Two years after Margaret was diagnosed with dementia her beloved son Dave invited her to live with him in Trumpington. Bob, whom Margaret had been increasingly looking after, moved to a care home in Cambridge at that time, and Margaret's move was to allow her to see Bob more easily. Margaret was very involved with Bob's final years, spending much time with him in the care home until his death in 2013.

024.JPG



Many of you will remember Margaret's Garden Tea Shop from this time. Margaret loved tea, and loved people, and on Sundays she served tea and biscuits to their friends in Dave's garden, raising money for East Anglia's Children's Hospices. Dave still has a 'thank you' card written to Princess Margaret Rose, Lady of the Tea Cups.

Margaret's days involved attendance at Cherry Trees Day Centre, to which she was transported by Dial-a-Ride when Dave was at work. Dave also accessed support from the Dementia Carers' Support Service, who sent the wonderful Brian as a mentor. Brian visited regularly, providing valuable advice and support to Dave. He then additionally offered assistance and respite care, outside his role for the DCSS.

025.JPG



Brian took an increasingly large part of Margaret's care, and they fell in love. Unknown to them all at this time, Dave himself was ill with undiagnosed cancer. Upon Dave's diagnosis, Brian simply said: 'I will look after your mum'. And what a full, rich and joyful life she had with him.

During the next 5 years, Brian took Margaret on many holidays, staying at RAF Association hotels in Northumberland, Weston Super Mare and Boscombe. They visited Taunton, seeing Brian's youthful haunts. They visited his family and friends, and went to outings and parties.

026.png



In Cambridge they were regular attendants of Dancing with Dementia, enjoying music from the 1960s and 1970s. Margaret loved music, and they often danced together at home. She remembered the words to favourite old songs ('Daisy, Daisy', 'One Man Went To Mow', 'Ten Green Bottles',...) long after she found it hard to remember names or faces. Last summer, on one of the hottest days, we all sat in the shade in the garden and together sang along to those classics. A joyful memory.

027.JPG



Margaret adored Brian, she was always content in his presence. She smiled at his many jokes, and her chosen place on the sofa was close to Brian with her head on his shoulder. Earlier in her life she had said to Dave that all she wanted was 'to find a nice man who will be kind to me, and take me out'. In her eighties she found that man in Brian: she spent her last 5 years with a kind, funny, optimistic, spiritual man, who took her out, enjoyed life with her, and made her very happy. Margaret's dementia journey overwhelmingly brought her happiness, not loss.

My memories of Margaret all derive from this time. She was always delighted to meet me, as she did newly each time I went in to see her, and was genuinely pleased to find out that I was Dave's girlfriend. She was ever-ready with kindness, telling all visitors how lovely they were, even the nurses bandaging her sore leg! Her beloved son remained beloved right to the end. In her final months, she showed an admirably feisty ability to assert her own wishes. Even so, if she saw an opportunity to help someone else then she would take it; on one occasion her resolve not to leave the sofa was instantly forgotten when she saw the chance to cross the room to offer Dave a sweetie. We like to think that the determination that she showed then was a reflection of the strength of character that saw her through the challenges of her early life. She was a remarkable woman in so many ways.

028.JPG



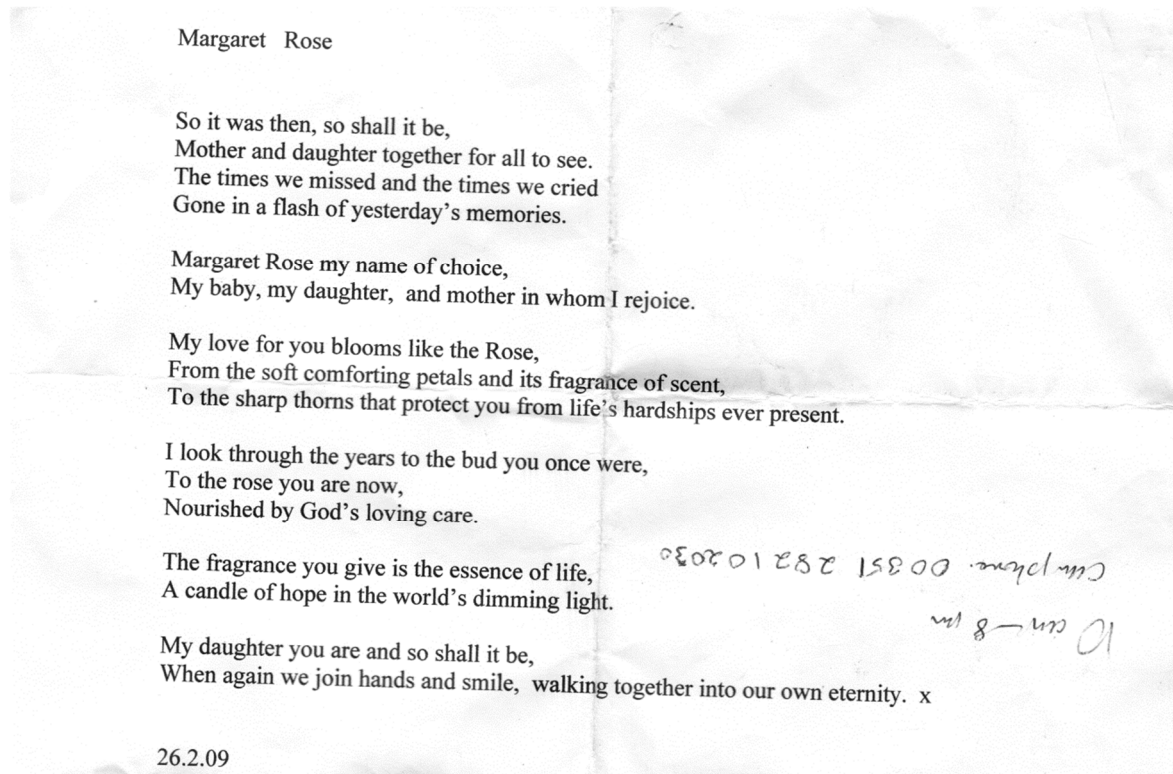
Finally, I would like to end with an event that we know would have been very significant to Margaret. As a spiritualist medium, she believed that there was 'no such thing as coincidence', but instead that coincidences should be seen as messages. After what became Dave's final visit to Margaret, we sat in the car outside her care home, gathering our thoughts. A beautiful fox appeared in front of the car and walked towards us. It paused, looked at Dave through the window, then turned and walked slowly away. Dave said 'that is my mum, saying goodbye'. She died a few hours later.

Goodbye Margaret Rose Fox, it was a joy to know you, to love you and to share your life. Sleep well, we will all miss you. (6 mins)



Dave – Poem

We found this poem by Mum's bed next to a photo of me. It is dated just after her 77th birthday in 2009. We don't know who wrote it: could have been Mum, could have been a friend, it could have resulted from another medium's reading, we don't know. It seems to be written from the perspective of Ida, her Heavenly mother. Its title is Margaret Rose.



(1.5 mins)

HOLD AFTER.png



Alex

Remind everyone watching this webcast live that you are invited to a celebration of Margaret's life on Zoom at 6:30 this evening. Email Dave for an invitation if you do not already have it.

Margaret and Brian liked to listen to music together, especially that of André Rieu. This is one of their favourite tunes.

MUSIC: Hallelujah (performer André Rieu, Johann Strauss Orchestra. Instrumental studio version. Total length 3:24) Committal.

MUSIC: You Raise Me Up [Performer André Rieu, instrumental studio version, fade in second half, about 2:10]