

*Joyce- Mum's strong faith was the motivation for her actions. As Paul tells Timothy in the Bible (1 Timothy 5: 5, 10) 'The widow who is really in need and left all alone puts her hope in God and continues night and day to pray and to ask God for help... She is well known for her good deeds, such as bringing up children, showing hospitality, washing the feet of the Lord's people, helping those in trouble and devoting herself to all kinds of good deeds.'*

*Lance Pibworth led a mission at Limes Avenue and taught the members to pray as they entered the hall about who to sit with. Mum regularly welcomed new members and her one complaint in later years was that there were so many new people she did not remember all their names.*

*Mum made detailed notes of sermons for her own devotions. She later recorded her summary on tapes to send to Vera who had moved away and every evening she visited a lady who has lost her sight and read the bible to encourage her faith.*

*She cared for many neighbours and children on a weekly or daily basis. The elderly neighbour, Miss Hayes, who lived opposite her house in Broughton*

*Avenue received daily hot lunches for years. It seemed like every evening she welcomed old Mrs Sherwood, from down the road as well as giving Great-Auntie Lily a home during her final years. Mum was so busy caring that often the housework and ironing was neglected until Saturday night when clean clothes were needed for church. She quoted her mother 'people matter more than things'.*

*When catching the bus from Ingram Avenue she made new friends with Au Pairs from different countries who have stayed in touch. She became a second mother to them and to her various lodgers. She liked to hear all their news and shared all our news with everyone too!*

*She was eager to help our young family and often arrived on the bus to be greeted with the boys would bring her any clothes that needed mending, knowing their mother would not get round to it.*

*Her prayer life has borne fruit in a family who all trust Christ as Saviour and serve him as Lord. She has generously supported them when they each worked in churches and overseas. When her memory*

faded she would just look at her photos and think of each member.

**Janet**- I first met Ivy 37 years ago and was always welcomed by her into the family. I could never direct any 'mother-in-law' jokes at her as she was always kind and good to me.

Ivy took what life threw at her, especially with the untimely death of Derek, to make her strong and dependent on God. She was unswerving in her commitment to God, the church and her family; a faithful prayer who upheld every member of her family daily in her prayers and showed an interest in what everyone was up to.

Ivy was an encourager and could always find something positive to say to make others feel important. I have often quoted her perspective on her latter years "I'm still here so God must still have something for me to do". That positivity kept her actively involved in church life right up until the last few years, and even when that became more difficult for her I believe she has sustained all of us with her prayers.

The funniest quote I remember from one of the children was "Nanna lives on the train". Well, we

always picked her up and took her back to the station and I like the idea that they thought she travelled the country on the train and occasionally arrived in Farnham to visit us!

My other memory of her visits is that, whether she came by bus or train, she always found someone to talk to. I'm sure there are people all over the country who know our entire family history!!!

We have said goodbye to a solid prayer partner, Mum, Mother-in-law, Nana, friend but I think there was a massive welcome party for her in heaven and a very big 'well done faithful servant' for a life lived well.

**Norah**- We had many happy holidays together and Ivy was wonderfully caring, helping Norah with mobility and enabling her to enjoy the sea views.

**Jim**: Ivy has always been a big part in our family life. I remember her and the children staying with us in Allenby Road for Christmas. It was such a joyous time. More recently she has always astounded us with her long newsy letters, demonstrating her energy and devotion to the family. A truly remarkable woman. A truly remarkable woman. She

will leave a big gap, but her influences are clearly rippling through the younger generations.

**Charles:** It was the spring or early summer of 1976. I was, as a nineteen year old, working as an Executive Officer in what was known as the Price Commission. We were allowed to make reasonable personal phone calls so I phoned Joyce who had invited me to a party - perhaps her 19th birthday? She was not about but I had a reasonably long chat with Joyce's mother. She was delightful, encouraging me to come (I didn't) and saying how welcome I would be. Such a nice lady, I thought.

Over the years before our marriage Ivy was a joy. She and Joyce had been very close following Joyce's father's death and, while I'm sure she felt the pain, she managed to let me steal Joyce away from her. Ivy was a constant encouragement. She phoned me as Joyce was on her way from a week at a beach mission to stay for a weekend. She'll just want a hot shower and an early night, she said. Perhaps not quite what I had in mind.

Ivy and Joyce arranged our wedding with lots of help from people at Limes Avenue Baptist Church. I just turned up. Since then, over nearly 34 years she was a wonderful mother-in-law. Mothers-in-law figure in many jokes, but not in mine. She was

always there when we needed her, but never pushing herself forward. She was happy to help, and loved it when the children were young.

In 1997 I swore Ivy to secrecy as Joyce thought she was coming to baby sit while we went out to dinner. In fact she looked after the children until the next morning and took them to school giving us a very welcome night away.

In common with many of her generation she had a very fixed view of the role of the man in the house. His role was to go to work and do household DIY jobs. Apart from that, he was to be waited on. I have been known to cook the odd meal - but when I did Ivy always wore a slightly bemused look that seemed to suggest that she really knew that Joyce had done all the work and just allowed me to serve it...

Above all she was a tremendous role model for us all. A living example of love, joy, peace, forbearance, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control. An example of prayerfulness, in meeting with the Lord's people, and in continuing to learn from the Word of God.

Ivy, I will miss you.

*Carolyn:* She has been the best Mum for me. A faithful, godly example of sacrificial loving and serving of everyone who came in her path. Family, neighbours, friends. I remember coming back from school and saying I had no one to play with in the playground. Mum said look for someone on their own and be a friend to them. The story of her life, always looking out to befriend people whether on the train or bus, in the park or at meetings. She would look to sit with someone on their own and be a friend to them and encouraged me to do the same.

In the park one day after I had left home she met a Czech au pair in the park crying, and befriended her and gave her a place to stay. When I was about 10 we went to stay at Aunty Lily's my great Aunt in Norfolk for Oct Half term. She was 89 and said she didn't want to live another winter on her own so Mum packed her suitcase and brought her back home on the train to live with us where she lived until her death 3 years later.

Mum provided a home for lodgers and visitors. Could always bring friends home for a welcome. We had

people staying from Bhutan, Hong Kong, Austria, Spain to name but a few. She took in my 2 friends from across the road when their family moved away. We had lodgers who stayed from a week to 9 years. Mum often said that God always sent her someone new to look after. When one stopped needing help there was always another one that came along. She took meals to an elderly neighbour across the road for many years and gradually took on all her household tasks, washing, shopping, cleaning etc. When the pound note changed in size we went through her house together as she was prone to stashing notes away in odd places like cushion covers and found many hundreds of pounds which we took and banked for her before it went out of tender. Another elderly neighbour from down the road used to regularly come and sit with her to while away a lonely evening. To her death Mum always had toys available for visiting children and babysat well into her eighties.

Mum would go for walks with me in the evening before bed down by the stream or the canal and we would talk. Especially when I needed a break in revising for exams. Always forgiving saying 'There's nothing to forgive'. She always said that God kept bringing her into positions during her life where there was no one else to do a job so she stepped up

*and did it to serve others. She never desired to lead. This included many roles at church like leading women's Fellowship, Junior girls FOY, Friendship Circle, Sunday School and Creche, and meant that she was often to be found at church events in the kitchen washing up, or playing the piano when there was no pianist available.*

*Mum loved music. She learned to play piano as a child and recalled happy time with family and friends at her London home singing round the piano with I think her mother playing. She sang in David Aylett's Aylesbury Choral Society, I recall especially enjoying taking part in Messiah and Elijah. Not to mention singing Alto in Molly Eames church choir. She used to do the ironing on a Friday night to the accompaniment of radio 4 and 'Friday night is music night' while I used to dance around the living room. And loved hearing John Castle our Music Teacher lodger playing the piano. When he got complimentary tickets to concerts he was performing in from a young age I would accompany Mum to hear him perform on the piano. She attended all my school and orchestra events accompanied by a tape recorder to record the performances.*

*Mum enjoyed gardening although it had a clear place in her priorities after all the people in her life*

*had been looked after and work in the house done. We loved harvest time, picking apples and all sorts of soft fruits and bottling them or making them into jam. I remember taking garden produce up to Limes Avenue Church in a wheelbarrow for the harvest festival. January was for much of her life the time for mass production of homemade marmalade, enjoyed by many.*

*Mum also enjoyed sewing and knitting. Always thrifty from living through world war II lots of mending and making do went on. Sheets sides to middle to make them last as long as possible. I remember her teaching me to knit and sew and to use a sewing machine. I sat on her knee at the sewing machine and practised sewing straight lines on pyjama bottoms. Later she and Joyce would help my friend Mandy and I follow patterns and make clothes for Cindy dolls on a Saturday morning*

*Mum loved to lose herself in a good book often did this at bedtime and stayed up much later than she intended.,*

*Mum had a life long love of country walking, starting with going out from London as a young person on bank holidays and she and some of her friends and family met their husbands on Holiday*

*Fellowship walking holidays HF dubbed as Husbands Found*

*Mum was always visiting our extended church family especially the elderly. She introduced me to visiting with her as a child and I continued visiting members such as Belle Dearing and Win Driscoll on my own through my High School years. Other things she incorporated me in included collecting envelopes door to door for the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen year after year and Carol Singing at the maternity ward at the Royal Bucks Hospital where she herself spent Christmas after she gave birth to me in Dec 64*

*My abiding memory of Mum is however that first thing each morning she would get a cup of tea and take it back to bed and pray for all the family and read her Bible. I believe it is to that regular practice that we her children and grandchildren largely owe our faith in Jesus and much of the blessing in our lives. We thank God for our godly mother, unassuming and humble who lived the best life she knew how to always underpinned by her faith in Christ and supported by her church family and are sure that she will have been welcomed into heaven where we hope to see her again one day as a 'good and faithful servant'.*

*Denis: 1. Ivy was not long out of the Women's Royal Air Force ( WRAF's ) and was appointed as a Lieutenant in the Sydenham Baptist Guide Company. With her recent military training Ivy decided that her girl's would benefit from sessions of formation marching.*

*2. The South East London Girl Guide Companies had a camp site at Cudham in Kent, the whole site was a definite no go area for Males. Ivy decided that she wanted a set of photos of the Sydenham Baptist girls at camp.*

*Cameras were not common after the War but Ivy's teenage brother Denis had a suitable camera.*

*Consequently Denis was required to arrive at the camp early one morning, was smuggled through a hedge and let loose with his camera.*

*Denis managed to take a series of pictures but after a while the ' Authorities ' at the bottom of the field became interested in the "guide " in check shirt and brown corduroy shorts. Denis was swiftly pushed back through the hedge.*

**Michael:** So a week ago my Nana passed away, but obviously some things have to wait until everyone knows before they become public knowledge... Whilst her absence will be felt, this is no bad thing at the age of 94 as she is one of the champions of faith, someone who I can say with certainty has gone to be in the presence of the saviour she loved

Now I have a minimalist memory, so when asked for memories of my Nana I could only come up with things I've been told happened, and little snippets of remembrances - She taught me how to tie my shoes... She wore a rain hood and I always wondered what her hair would do if it got wet that she protected it so... She had me to stay to help with holiday clubs at her church (of 57 years!)... She had a genuine smile of welcome and whisper-soft kisses... She wrote letters with every birthday (and I believe christmas) cards - Letting us know what was going on in the church and the family, and enquiring after us... Most of all she accepted us as we were - never judging our choices or mistakes or passions she couldn't understand - she just loved and prayed and loved some more...

Now I said my goodbyes to Nana last Autumn when we thought she was ebbing, so today I just sat and thought "She would be proud of me, in all I am letting God do in and through me... Yet I can't hold a candle to such an amazing, understated, impacting life"... She was and is one of my beacons of faith calling me to understand how

much more I could be doing, and how much more I could be putting others first at all times in a dozen different ways...

I've never seen a coffin that I knew a loved one was in before... It played on my mind that here she was, so present but so out of reach, and yet so infused in the service that it is a better metaphor to say that she was sleeping than dead.... Some cried but I just remembered this woman with fondness, who worked at good works, never ceasing until God called time (And she is deserving of this rest and renewing)

To hear her voice one last time in a prerecorded testimony of how she first came to faith... To sing the lisp-unfriendly 'In Christ Alone'... To see the hymns that touched her and the verses that sustained and energised her... To hear of the life I knew and to hear of how much deeper and wider and wilder her life was in nearly 80 years of faith in action... Just wow my friends... Just wow

While a great testament to her impact by the large numbers in attendance, I still hate crowds and social gatherings. I still don't know the protocols, hate the smalltalk, and don't know who I'm meant to be engaging... So I went to my default of catching up with my brother, playing and eating with my nephews and speaking with the Morris' (with whom I can always be open and honest, and therefore feel much more comfortable)... After 2 times missing Josiah and Robin's visits, I know Josiah enjoyed time sitting next to me and speaking with me - It's nice to be a missed and valued Uncle. Looking back at a photo wall of memories I feature in but don't have and marvelling at the array of awful haircuts through the 90's and beyond(!), but marvelling more at the old black-and-whites of Nana that hold features of all three of her children 'writ plain' on her face -

Joyce's face with Carolyn's smile and Dad's eyes... Pretty cool to see all the pieces that over time just became hidden and encapsulated within her as they became prominent as her children became adults...

The food was amazing, but I think that's besides the point of it. However It would be just like Nana to ensure we were well fed and thanking God for delicious and abundant food.... If for just one last time

She took this race before me. She stands at the finish line now. She stands as a beacon calling us onward. She made a huge difference with 'small' acts

She was, and remains, a great blessing to me and many

Proud to be this woman's grandson

**Mark:** Sevgili anannem vefat etti. Onu çok özleyeceğiz ama hamdolsun şimdi Rab'bimizin yanında!

Beden çürümeye mahkûm olarak gömülür, çürümez olarak diriltir. Düşkün olarak gömülür, görkemli olarak diriltir. Zayıf olarak gömülür, güçlü olarak... [See More](#)  
— with [Gül Zealey](#).

Our beloved nana has passed away. We will miss her lots but praise God she's with Him now!

The body that is sown is perishable, it is raised imperishable; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power...

When the perishable has been clothed with the imperishable, and the mortal with immortality, then the saying that is written will come true: “Death has been swallowed up in victory.”

“Where, O death, is your victory?

Where, O death, is your sting?”

The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God! He gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

1 Cor 15:42,54-57



*David and Chris Brown: We have been praying for you that the Lord would give you His grace and help you be conscious that your Mum is rejoicing in the presence of the Lord she loved so much. You will all miss her very much, but what a comfort it is to know that you will meet again. What a glorious day that will be when we are all united together with the Lord who said, "Surely I come quickly." (Rev. 22:20).*

*Your Mum was one of our faithful prayer warriors, and she was always so very interested in our ministry. Whenever we have been on furlough in England your Mum was always so eager to offer us any help we might need. Once she lent me (Chris) a very thick missionary biography - which I loved. I think it had belonged to her aunt. She offered help with curtains when we lived in the manse once and I still have a crocheted doily which she gave me, which I treasure very much. (I have it on my coffee table in our house in Venezuela.) She also loved to tell us about the family whenever we saw her, and we loved to hear of the wonderful work the Lord was doing in the lives of the grandchildren.*

