

Have you ever been in the house when the power suddenly fails? For a short while you are left disorientated, until you find a torch, box of matches or whatever and in their light you locate the familiar doors, chairs and whatever.

Monday was a day when the lights went out for the family of Jean Wall. In a few short hours Jean was taken from you. On her instructions David had gone back home to feed her beloved dogs, Chris and Lisa were on their way from England to visit her in hospital.

For David, Chris and Lisa, these past couple of days have been a truly traumatic time and they have very much appreciated the way in which people have offered them sympathy and support.

As they have prepared for today, it has been a time of remembering, remembering all that was good and true in the life of Jean Wall as mother, grandmother, friend..

Jean had grown up in Ealing in London and had spent most of her life in London. Her family remember her as a hard worker, willing to turn her hand to a whole range of jobs as she brought up her children. She is remembered as a very strong person. Only last year, in her 80's, she broke both hips within a space of two months. She retained her determination to maintain her independence. As one who had faced difficulties in life, she had a very down to earth approach to life. She kept the serenity prayer in a frame in her room:

God grant me the serenity  
to accept the things I cannot change;

courage to change the things I can;  
and wisdom to know the difference.

Take each day as it comes.

She had come over to Ireland some 19 years ago with her husband Pete. They had met while they were both working at British Aerospace and they had met through a common interest in dance.

Sadly Pete was to die less than two years after they came to Ireland but she stayed on in the house in Baldoyle and was joined by her son David.

Today, as we gather for Jean's funeral, this is a day for remembering, for giving thanks. Those of us outside the immediate family circle come today to offer our love and sympathy to those who will miss her most; to her children David and Chris and Jeanette, to her grandchildren Lisa who is here today as well as Alex and Ashleigh.

Leaving nothing to chance, Jean had left clear instructions concerning her funeral, right down to the choice of undertaker. So in this simple ceremony we have honoured those wishes. We gather this morning to commend Jean, mother, grandmother, friend, the one to whom we looked for advice and comfort, the one whose friendship and love we valued and enjoyed to her heavenly Father. As we do so we set our own lives in the context of eternity, our hopes and our fears, in the context of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying that he may watch over us and keep until the day of our own

departure from this earth that we may rest in him as our hope is this our sister Jean does.

I now invite Lisa to come and read a poem that Pete had written for Jean many years ago.