



EVA PARSONS - DENTON

28/7/1927 - 29/1/2018

Kent and Sussex Crematorium - Tunbridge Wells

Thursday 8th February 2018 - 4:30pm



Order of Service

Conducted by Sue Carswell

Entry Music

"The Last Thing On My Mind" sung by Neil Diamond – Written by Tom Paxton

It's a lesson too late for the learnin'
Made of sand, made of sand
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning
In your hand, in your hand

Are you going away
With no words of farewell
Will there be not a trace left behind
Well I could have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was
The last thing on my mind

You got reasons aplenty for going
This I know, this I know
For the weeds
Have been steadily growin'
Please don't go, please don't go

Are you going away
With no words of farewell
Will there be not a trace left behind
Well I could have loved you better
I didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was
The last thing on my mind.

Introduction and Welcome - Sue Carswell

'Eva' Written by 'Pinky' Eldest Daughter

"It would be unforgiveable if we were only to think of Eva during the last few years of her life when dementia damaged this wonderful amazing, beautiful Viking woman we all knew and loved.

It is with a big debt of gratitude we therefore owe to 'Fifty' who continued to provide her with tender loving care throughout this time.

For the Eva Sofie Bang-Hansen we all knew, she was a smart, attractive fun-loving adventurous woman who took hold of life and lived it to the full.

After a tricky start in Norway, most of which we know little about, and after the shadow of German occupation, she met Geoff in Eidsvoll while he was touring on his ex-army motorbike. A lengthy marriage resulting in seven children was followed by her relocation to Menorca, Spain.

Here began another kind of life with her second husband Dick. Her family all benefitted from her love of Spain and continue to visit some of her favourite haunts.

From there, Eva enjoyed the sunshine, reading, current affairs, science, swimming and windsurfing. She always loved skiing. She also enjoyed cooking sometimes; paella she mastered and was a family favourite. She had great taste in expensive clothes and make-up, home decorating, and of course, men.

Remembered in her prime she was a force to be reckoned with.

She will be greatly missed by her seven children, thirteen grandchildren and twelve great grand-children, having created a small dynasty, not an insignificant achievement for an only child from a small town in Norway.

Skal Eva, see you in Valhalla."*

**Valhalla, Old Norse Valhöll, in Norse mythology, the hall of slain warriors, who live there blissfully under the leadership of the god Odin. Valhalla is depicted as a splendid palace, roofed with shields, where the warriors feast on the flesh of a boar slaughtered daily and made whole again each evening.*



Poem 'Dash' by Linda Ellis

Read by **Poppy** - Granddaughter

"I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend.

He referred to the dates on the tombstone from the beginning...to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke of the following date with tears, but he said what mattered most of all, was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time that they spent alive on earth. And now only those who loved them know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own, the cars...the house...the cash. What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.

So, think about this long and hard. Are there things you'd like to change? For you never know how much time is left that can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real, and always try to understand the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger and show appreciation more, and love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile, remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy is being read, with your life's actions to rehash... would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent YOUR dash?"



Private Reflection

"Into The West"

Annie Lennox

Lay down
Your sweet and weary head
Night is falling
You've come to journey's
end
Sleep now
And dream of the ones who
came before
They are calling
From across the distant
shore

Why do you weep?
What are these tears
upon your face?
Soon you will see
All of your fears will pass away
Safe in my arms
You're only sleeping

What can you see
On the horizon?
Why do the white gulls call?
Across the sea
A pale moon rises
The ships have come to
carry you home

And all will turn
To silver glass
A light on the water
All souls pass



Hope fades
Into the world of night
Through shadows falling
Out of memory and time
Don't say: 'We have come now to the
end'

White shores are calling
You and I will meet again

And you'll be here in my arms
Just sleeping

And all will turn
To silver glass
A light on the water
Grey ships pass
Into the West

Pining for the Fjords

Tribute

By Bella and Becca - Daughter and Granddaughter

Commendation and Committal

Words of Comfort and Farewell



Pining for the Fjords

Leaving Music - 'My Way'

JULIO IGLESIAS 'A MI MANERA'

Vivir, siempre vivir
Y ha sido así, mi vida entera
Jamás, me arrepentí
Y fuí feliz, a mi manera

Yo siempre quise más
Un poco más, como fuera
Y si me equivoqué
Fue a mi manera

Regrets, I've had a few
But then again, too few to mention
I did what I had to do
And I saw it thru without exemption

Yo siempre quise más
Un poco más, como fuera
Y si me equivoqué
Fue a mi manera

Con el amor, cuanto jugué
Sé que perdí, sé que gané
Pero la vida es siempre así

Y si lloré, también reí
Pero vivir, siempre viví
A mi manera

For what is a man, what has he got
If not himself, then he has not

Pero la vida es siempre así
Y si lloré, también reí

The record shows we took the blows
And did it my way

Dejé, sé que dejé
Por donde fuí
El alma entera
Errores cometí, pero al final
Pagué la cuenta

To think we've done all that
And may I say, not in a shy way

Y si me equivoqué
Fue a mi manera

Yes Julio, it was our way

JULIO IGLESIAS Version of 'MY WAY' and its Literal Translation

Live, always live
And it has been like that, my whole life
Never, I regretted
And I was happy, in my way

I always wanted more
A little more, as it was
And if I made a mistake
It went my way

Regrets, I've had a few
But then again, too few to mention
I did what I had to do
And I saw it thru without exemption

I always wanted more
A little more, as it was
And if I made a mistake
It went my way

With love, how much I played
I know I lost, I know I won
But life is always like this

And if I cried, I laughed too
But live, I always lived
My way

For what is a man, what has he got
If not himself, then he has not

But life is always like this
And if I cried, I laughed too

The record shows we took the blows
And did it my way

I left, I know I left
Where I went
The whole soul
I made mistakes, but in the end
Pay the bill

To think we've done all that
And may I say, not in a shy way

And if I made a mistake
It went my way

Yes Julio, it was our way



Donations in memory of Eva may be made to Age UK, and sent: c/o Tester and Jones Funeral Service, London Road, Crowborough, East Sussex TN6 2TT, or via their website www.testerlandjones.co.uk

Following the service, the family would like to invite you to join them at The Mark Cross Inn, Mark Cross, Crowborough, East Sussex TN6 3NP to continue to celebrate Eva's life and share happy memories.