

**Fred- 25<sup>th</sup> may 1925 -13<sup>th</sup> march 2008**

**I look around at all of you who have come to both mourn Fred and to celebrate his life, and I would like to tell you a little of Fred and what he meant to our family.**

**My brothers and sisters and cousins and I have been lucky in our lives for we were brought up in a very large close family of mums and dads, aunts and uncles, brothers, sisters and cousins and anything that we have achieved and can be proud of is due to them.**

**Fred was the brother of Christopher, Ben, George, Tommy, Lena and Rosie, he was born on the 25<sup>th</sup> May 1925, they weren't a rich family in material terms but a very close family, and over the years they have remained that way. They inherited all the best traits in their mother Rose who was the loveliest lady you could meet, a kind and loving mother and grandmother whose family meant the whole world to her and those attributes she passed on to all of her children.**

**When they were growing up they lived in Frensham Street off Peckham park road, next door to their uncle Fred whom our Fred is named after.**

**When I used to take Fred Chris and Marji over to see their aunt Fran ,Fred was always winding her up about when they were young and Fran who was only a few years older used to have to baby-sit them when granddad and his brother Fred were out playing cards or socializing with their friends.**

**Fred would say that when they played up Fran would clip them round the ear and threaten them with dire consequences.**

**Fran with mock indignation would say 'I did not but I will in a minute'**

**At the beginning of the war my dad went to work on a farm in Derbyshire , he wrote home saying how much he was enjoying it, and it was not long before Fred followed him up there where they worked on adjoining farms.**

**It's not surprising really that they both took to the work so well, their father had worked on a farm before the first world war and their ancestors had been farmers for centuries not so many miles away in Misterton Nottinghamshire.**

**Eventually Fred came back and worked on a farm in Nunhead, and my dad went to a farm in Reading before they were called up for war service.**

**When my dad was telling me about the farm in Nunhead I couldn't believe that a farm had been there as recently as the 1940s.**

**I was talking to Fred about it a few days later and he said , ‘don’t you remember the dairy round the back of Lugard road when we lived there’.**

**I said ‘yes’, and he said ‘well that was the remnants of the farm which went over to Brayards road’.**

**When you look around the area all built up with flats and houses now it seems strange to think he worked on a farm there as a young man.**

**But like my dad he always preferred to be out doors and he worked in the building trade with dad for a while and also worked for many years in the parks department, where he always had a brew and a chat ready for anyone who came to visit him.**

**In fact Linda and Paul were telling me just the other day that he had recently been talking to them about phoning the parks dept and asking for his old job back. He said he did not want paying for it just to get out and do what he loved again.**

**Fred had suffered with heart problems and Liver cancer over recent years but had always pulled through, just before Christmas he had another major operation on the cancer and although at first it looked like he might not survive he pulled through and despite some initial setbacks he gradually recovered.**

**So much so that in recent weeks he had put weight back on and looked and felt much better than he had over the last couple of years.**

**He was an uncomplicated man his family always the most important thing in life for him, his love of Ivy never diminished and he missed and thought of her every day.**

**He met Ivy when he came back from France, she and my mum Flo were sisters and friends of Fred’s sister Lena and soon after meeting they married.**

**The following year Paul was born and a couple of years later my mum and dad were also together.**

**So my cousins and my brothers and sisters and I have a lot to thank Lena for otherwise we would not be.**

**Fred worried over his children no matter how old they got, hoping that they would always be ok, and never really thinking of himself.**

**But above all he was proud of them all, his children, grandchildren and gt grandchildren, of the kind of people they had become.**

**This of course although he would not have thought it, was because of the love and influence and values that Ivy and he had given them.**

**For me and my brothers and sisters Ivy and Fred were more than just our aunt and uncle, as I have said before Fred and my dad were brothers and Ivy and my mum sisters.**

**This made us especially close to our cousins and growing up we went to the same schools together, on holiday together were best mates together and went out with the same group of girlfriends and boyfriends together.**

**We stayed in each others houses all the time our mum's and dad's were always around together, in a way it was like having two mum's and dad's.**

**In fact my brother Bob and Sister Jenny at different times lived at Ivy and Fred's for a while.**

**Fred enjoyed life and loved being around people, and at family parties started off the conga's and gave rousing performances of the Beatles yellow submarine, Sinatra's 'My way, 'Danny Boy' and many more.**

**I remember a couple of years ago when bringing Fred and his aunt Fran back from visiting my dad, we had some tapes playing in the car one was Fran's Chas and Dave tape with Danny boy, my old Dutch and lots of the old tunes. Fred and Fran were belting them out at the top of their voices having a grand old time.**

**So much so that when we were stuck in traffic, Chris phoned me to see where we were and thought we had stopped off in a pub somewhere because she could hear the music and Fred and Fran singing at the top of their voices.**

**As kid's in the 1950's Fred and my dad would walk us down to east lane and stop at the hot Sarsaparilla stall, where we would share a few glasses amongst us, then on to the broken biscuit stall where we would get a bag of biscuits and a large block of very hard chocolate to share between us all.**

**The chocolate was sometimes so hard that Fred reminded me a few weeks ago that David would throw it on the ground to break it up so that we could share it.**

**A bit of a dust off and strong teeth soon saw the chocolate gone**



**Fred also used to take us to the pictures in the school holidays, there was not always enough money to get us all in and in those days children below a certain age got in free.**

So Fred would tell the younger ones to make themselves look smaller and he would put one of us on his shoulders and tell the cashier that he wanted one adult and a couple of children's tickets, the others were below the free ticket age.

They all knew him at the Astoria in Old Kent road and we always got in.

Mind you when we were coming up to 12 or so and he wanted to put one of us on his

shoulders we all tried to push one of the others forward. 

He walked everywhere and with those long legs of his we used to have to run to keep up and when one of the younger one's legs were starting to go he would hoist them up on his shoulders and carry them along.

Then of course we all wanted a carry.

Of course Fred is only half of the story, the other half which made him whole was Ivy, she too came from a large close family, with my mum, her sister Joan, Dennis and Anne always around we children were doubly blessed.

Ivy was a larger than life person full of love which she gave to everyone, she too suffered with ill health towards the end of her life, but whenever she saw you her smile lit up the room and when she died it was like the light going out in the world.

Fred and Ivy are together again now, we would prefer that they were here bodily with us, but they will always be with us in our hearts, in our thoughts and in our stories of them.

They will also be with us in the faces of Paul, David, Steve, Linda and Kim.

Alan.

*I would like to read just a few of the many tributes that have come for Fred and indeed for Ivy*

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I can't believe Freddie has gone, he was as near as anyone could get to a second dad to me, when I went and stayed with them for a time when I was 14 Fred and Ivy treated me as one of their own and Linda, Kim, Paul, David and Steve treated me like a brother.

I remember when I got a job as a window cleaner I only lasted one day

(I don't like heights). I told Fred I was too scared to ask for my days wages and he went down and got them for me. I think it was about £1.50 in today's money.

Fred will be a great loss to many people and I hope he is back with his beloved Ivy and my mum, what I do know is that he will always be looking down and checking that everyone is okay.

GOD BLESS YOU FRED WE ALL MISS YOU  
Bob

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I was so sad to hear of the death of Uncle Fred yesterday. My heart goes out to all my cousins in their loss.

I spent a lot of time growing up in one big extended family where Kim and I would take it in turns to stay at each others houses and were more like sisters than cousins.

I really enjoyed the holidays we all spent together at Leysdown and my uncle Fred was always talking about the good times we had there.

He was a kind gentle man; hat worried endlessly when Kim and I went out as teenagers, often following us down the road at a distance when we went out at night.

We always knew he was not far behind us, but he thought we didn't know.

He spoilt us rotten with chocolate, and I was always jealous that when he took Kim to the dentist, he always treated her to a bar of chocolate afterwards, when I wasn't allowed sweets.

I know better now!

I know that Kim and I used to drive him mad, playing music so loud, he would come and pull the plug out mid record and we used to moan at him for spoiling our records.

I loved my auntie Ivy and Uncle Fred very much and they were both there for me during good and difficult times in my life.

Kim and I share many happy memories, with Linda and Steve, David, Paul, and Debbie when she was small.

And I know that my brothers and sister have there own  
special memories too.

My love, heart and thoughts go out to my cousins at this  
very sad time

I know your Dad will rest in peace now that he is with your  
mum.

Love Jenny

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14<sup>th</sup> march

I had been thinking about my mum today and remembering  
her... it seemed so uncanny that Fred left in the same way  
she did (in her sleep) and that he left the day before her  
birthday...

I can't help thinking that they needed Fred for Marji's  
birthday party... perhaps they are doing the conga and  
singing yellow submarine.... I'm sure all of them are  
together again as they were in  
life....

Pat, Roy and family in Canada

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*We lost touch for many years with my uncle Tommy's family  
after he died in 1997, a few months ago I managed to get in  
touch with April, Tommy's daughter and she and her family  
had been looking forward to meeting the family again in the  
coming months.*

April sent this

I'm so sorry to hear about your sad loss. I know how it  
feels; there are no words to describe it

My whole family sends their love and sympathy.

Please tell Fred's children we are all thinking of them at  
this very sad time.

I am sad I never got to say hello to Uncle Fred on dad's  
behalf before he passed away,

I so wanted to meet him as dad talked about Fred a lot.

Please give your family and our cousins our love.

My mum has just rung me and said this,

'Fred was a lovely gentle man' and she sends her love and deepest sympathy, her thoughts are with you all.

Sylvia Gagg

My sister Lesley said that dad often spoke of Fred and spoke of him with loving memories and she said, 'please tell the family I am thinking of them all'.

April Rose

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Fred did not have a lot in material terms, but what he had he would give you in an instant if you needed it.

He will be sorely missed by all that knew him, but he will always be in our hearts and in our thoughts and in our stories of him

*Introduce -Fred's 'poem'*

As babies I held you in my arms, so beautiful, small and frail and I knew then that I would protect you with my life if ever a need there be.

I picked you up when you fell over and kissed the hurt away.

I saw you off on your first day at school, satchel over your shoulder, your small hand in mums, And I wanted to be with you to make sure that you were ok.

I laughed with you and cried with you at first loves highs and lows.

I watched and worried as you grew up with your own lives and loves, And when the grandchildren and great grandchildren came along I held them in my arms and felt the same love I have always had for you.

Money I may not have had much of but for the love of your mother and of you all a rich man I was indeed.

I lived my life for nearly 83 years and now that it is done, I know that you will grieve for me, for all that now has gone.

But know this all of you my love will always be.  
For when you see each other you will be seeing me.

Fred 25<sup>th</sup> May 1925 - 13<sup>th</sup> March 2008

