

# Patrick John Scally

Westerleigh Crematorium

Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup> December 2020

14:45 Hrs



## Bristol Celebrant Services

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Association of Independent Celebrants

1:

**Music on Eternal father strong to save, Sung by the Military Wives**

Good Afternoon and welcome..... my name is Steve Wood, & when I say it is an honour & privilege be able to take this service, I do not say it lightly.

We are here today to celebrate the life of Patrick John Scally.....his physical presence may not be seen here today, but you can be sure that it will be felt in each and every-one of us here today. Pat is a well-loved, & respected man. A friend to many, an enemy to none.

Patrick John Scally, born at 145 Hotwells Road, Bristol. On the 25<sup>th</sup> June 1933. A Bristol lad through & through. To some he was known as Pat, to others in the family.....John..... This was because his father, also Patrick, as was his grandfather..... Along with which, his Sister Pat, & later-on his Sister-in-Law Pat. I hear even the dog was called Pat, mealtimes must have been a hoot or a stampede, maybe a bit of both. God only knows what happened, when someone shouted “Pat Walkies”

2:

Pat was born to Patrick & Lillian Scally, husband to Margaret, father to Jane & Nicholas, Grandfather to his much-loved & apple of his eye Lucy. Oldest of six children. Pat was a Brother to Patricia, Dennis, Shelia, & the twins Bridget & Vivian.....

Along with which to a number of us here today he was just..... Uncle John, or Uncle Pat, depending on which side of the family you were from.

Having attended local schools, Pat finished his education at Connaught Boys School. On leaving school Pat took up an apprenticeship with a local firm as a Painter & Decorators, a trade he was to remain with until his retirement, at 62 years of age.

Being one of six meant that space at home was somewhat limited. Therefore, siblings had to share a room. The two boys, sharing one of the bedrooms..... For those of us already aware of Pat's sense of humour, the following, will be of no surprise..... We are reminded that during the 1940's & 50's central heating was a thing for the future, winters nights were cold, dark, & long.

3:

The night air would often freeze...., & the windows would ice up.....on the inside..... & On those cold winters' nights..... when the only thing warming you was a coal fire, or another old army great coat on the bed, (for those of us of a certain age can attest to).

Pat would get hold of Dennis's Pyjamas, he would then hang them out of the bedroom window, until they were frozen solid..... Dennis always found his PJ's, albeit solid and ice cold and damp. We can only imagine what the reprisals were..... I am told that the pranks were not always one sided, Dennis would return them in spades..... Dennis was not just a brother..... but his best friend as well.

**I would now like to invite Ray Andrews from the Royal Marines Welfare association to say a few words**

Royal Marines Prayer

To be Read by Ray Andrew

*O Eternal Lord God, who through many generations has united and inspired the members of our Corps, grant Thy blessing, we beseech Thee, on Royal Marines serving all round the Globe. Bestow Thy Crown of Righteousness upon all our efforts and endeavours and may our laurels be those of gallantry and honour, loyalty and courage. We*

4:

*ask these things in the Name of Him, whose courage never fails, our Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Amen.*

It was just after Pat was demobbed, that on an evening out. he visited a Pub called The Star at High Littleton; it was here he saw a young lady playing the piano.

Pat who as we all know was not backwards in coming forward. Struck up a conversation with this young Lady called Margaret. Sweet-talking her as only Pat could, telling her he was also taking music lessons. Margaret already had another suitor, she tells us she was not really interested; However, this did not stop Pat from pursuing the women of his dreams. And we are pleased to say that his charm and persistence paid off, as in September 1957, Pat married Margaret, spending the next 63 years together, even getting the telegram from the Queen.

As we have heard Pat & Margaret would go on to play together at Pubs & Clubs, on evenings and weekends for many years, it is fair to say that Music became a big part of Pat's life, as was Margaret.....she was his life.

5:

After returning to Civvy Street, Pat took up a position with the Sutton Trust, where he stayed until his retirement. If we can say one thing about Pat, he was a constant in many people's lives. Never flitting from thing to thing but being that rock that is Pat Scally.

When the children came onto the scene, Pat would ensure that the family always came first, and as we have heard, they were closely followed by the Royal Marines, if he wasn't talking about his family, it was the Marines..... that was until Lucy came on the scene. Then it became, Family, Lucy & Marines and then back to Lucy.

It is not unfair to say that Pat was not particularly good around the home. A domestic god he was not..... I am told that Margaret would at times come home to find him eating bake beans direct from the can, not because he did not know how to warm them up, it was because he liked them that way. Margaret put this down to his Marines training.

6:

Pat excelled in a number of areas, including his maintenance skills, his love of DIY, his garden & of course his skills running the Marines Association, Pat always had to be busy, he could not just sit and rest, this was not in his nature, Life was for living.

In the early part of the 1960's Pat & Margaret went to the Colston Hall where they were holding a singing competition sponsored at the time by Radio Luxembourg. Margaret convinced Pat to take part in the competition. Not only did Pat take part..... but he won first prize.

The prize consisted of 500 Cigarettes and £10.00 in cash. I am told that the £10.00 was spent on decorating the family living room..... A few weeks later the whole family gathered around the radio at my grand-parents' home to listen to Radio Luxembourg. Where they all sat listening to Pat sing. I would loved to have been a fly on the wall that evening, Knowing the family, I wonder who was the first to take the mick first, was it Dennis, Grandad, or even Pat himself, but I am sure that the family were really proud.

We remember another time that Pat the hero rushed to the aid of a neighbour, Mrs Heath      Mrs Heath's house was on fire, not thinking for his own safety Pat rushed into the property saving Mrs Heath from certain death and the flames of the fire, saving her life, & making headline news in the Bristol Evening Post, again.....

7:

We are also reminded of another time. When Pat & Margaret went to the Menin Gate, Belgium, with the Royal Marine Association. Just before the sun was about to set, & the last post was played, Pat was asked to give the evening prayer, an honour in any one's eyes, but to a Marine, this was a true honour, and one he was honoured to carry out. He was always a proud marine, and they in turn were proud of him.

Pat was also one of the first people to help set up & run the Bristol Harbour Regatta before Bristol Council took over.

It is fair to say, that are so many stories about Pat, his life & his deeds, that it is just not possible to mention all of them here today, we would still be here next week if that were the case, but this was Pat, never resting on his laurels, nothing seemed to faze him, he just got on with things his way, always happy to help & always happy to talk, living life to the max.

**Nick To speak with Lucy**

8:

### MOMENT OF REFLECTION

I would now like to invite you to take a few moments of reflection to remember Pat in your own way, whether you knew him as Pat or John, it matters not, what matters is the man that he is, a husband...., a brother...., a father..... a grandfather....., a friend.... and an uncle.... & whilst the pain of losing Pat will never go away, We must remember the sorrow we feel today, is the price we pay to have had the gift of Pat in our lives.

Roger Whittaker "The Last Farewell" 3:58 sec

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### **LEAVE CURTAINS OPEN**

"Would you please stand for **"The Committal"**.

To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose on earth, a time to be born and a time to die. Here in this last act, in sorrow but without fear, in love and appreciation, of a much-loved, respected, and honourable man, we commit Pat to his natural end in this realm.

Uncle John, may the next part of your next journey be one of peace, may your place in the next world be filled with the same love, laughter & humility you had in life, may those who have gone before us welcome you into that unseen world of love & light, and may you when our time comes, be there to welcome us home.

9:

Standard bearer to start to lower the colours.

(Last Post to be played in the Flower Garden)

### Closing words –

You can shed tears that I have gone  
or you can smile because I have lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that I shall return  
or you can open your eyes and see all that I have left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see me  
or you can be full of **the** love that you shared with me.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live for yesterday  
or you can be happy for tomorrow because of **our** yesterdays.

You can remember me and only that I am gone  
or you can cherish my memory and let it live on  
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,  
or you can do what I want you to do:

Live, Love, Smile, Open your eyes, and Go On.

Be my light, be my Legacy.

**Cannon & Ball Song. Together we will be OK.**