



To Celebrate the Life of
Mavis Elizabeth
Mountain

12th October 1938 - 26th May 2019

The family would like to express their heartfelt thanks to all relatives, friends and neighbours for the cards of condolence, words of comfort, kind support and sympathy shown to them during their recent sad time.

Please join the family at The Philanthropic, Pontywaun for light refreshments, following the funeral.

Online messages of condolence may be left at www.ptsfunerals.co.uk



PHILLIP TOM & SONS
...a family business that cares.

Beaconsfield House, 155a Commercial Street,
Newport Road, Pontymister Risca, Gwent NP11 6EY
Tel: 01633 615005

Phillip Tom and Sons Private Chapel
Monday 17th June 2019
at 2.15 pm

Poem - Memories

Over the last few months or so, I've had this sudden thirst, to put my thoughts in writing,
To write them all down in verse.

I could write about so many things, My life,
has not been dull. I have travelled quite extensively,
There are stories I could tell.

But my mind is just bursting, not with thoughts
I want to hide, but with memories of recent years
Memories, that just will not subside.

So, I wrote about one summer
And the days I so happily spent,
In the grounds of Blenheim Palace
Which the Duke of Marlborough so proudly lent.
He lent them to our Barry And some of his many friends,
So that they could entertain us.
With a show that was pure joy, right to the end.
The reason for the Duke's generosity
I know, was for more than just one aid.
The Palace needed money, so that it could be saved.
But pleasure's, such as these, We need to keep preserved,
So that the Palace, like Barry's music
Can always be seen and heard.
And so my thoughts continue,
In the same pattern as before.
Barry's Concert, at the Festival Hall,
Was next in line to store.
So, I wrote, and told all my friends
Just how wonderful he was.
I tried so hard to put into words
The love, that came across.

I told them how he gave his all, In every song he sang.
How he filled the Hall with magic, As only Barry can.

I have written about so many things
And laid them all down in verse.
I've tried to keep my memories alive,
Afraid that they will all disperse.

Afraid that they will just fade away,
Like so many memories do.
So, I hope this awful thirst of mine
Will keep them, fresh and new.

Elizabeth Mountain Feb 84

Words of Welcome

Hymn

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken,
Like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird;
Praise for the singing,
Praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing
Fresh from the word.

Sweet the rain's new fall,
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall
On the first grass;
Praise for the sweetness,
Of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness
Where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight,
Mine is the morning,
Born of the one light
Eden saw play;
Praise with elation,
Praise every morning,
God's re-creation
Of the new day.

*A short service of committal will now take place at
Danygraig Cemetery, Risca.*

Poem- My Thoughts About Barry Manilow

I have followed Barry's career
Quite closely from the start.
I've watched him grow in status,
His records, scale the charts.

I've read about his background,
His family, and his friends.
How music filled his young life,
His marriage, that had to end.

I've taped all his interviews
And listened patiently.
I've tried so hard to analyse
This man, who's destiny
Seems to touch the hearts of everyone.
Young and old alike.
He seems to give the will to those,
Whose lost the will to fight.

The message Barry carries,
Is true enough I think.
Friendships made throughout the world,
Are strong and firmly linked.

Music might just fill his life,
for many years to come,
But when God gave him his talent,
He didn't take away the man.

So, I wonder what he believes in
And how he really feels.
If ever he is lonely
When his doors at night are sealed.

I wonder, if he tells the truth,
Upon the stage at night.
Or if it's not just make-believe,
A fantasy in sight.

There will come a time in his life,
Of that, I am quite sure,
when the love of a family,
Would have made him more secure.

But life is never the way we plan it
And at the moment, his music is all he needs.
And the love of a wife and children,
Are all just planted seeds.

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