

*In celebration of*

# **ANN STOLLERY**

*6<sup>th</sup> May 1948 – 15<sup>th</sup> June 2025*



*Huddersfield Crematorium  
Thursday, July 17<sup>th</sup> 2025 at 3:15pm*

# ORDER OF SERVICE



**Entry Music:** OUTLANDER THEME *by Bear McCreary & Raya Yarbrough*

**Words of Welcome:** *Phillip Stollery*

**Reading:** DESIDERATA *read by Jenny Ehrhardt*

**Contemplation:** SUPERMARKET FLOWERS *by Ed Sheeran*

**Eulogy:** *Andrew Stollery*

## Comittal

**Retiring Music:** I'M GONNA BE STRONG *by Gene Pitney*

You are welcome to join us for refreshments and to share your memories of Ann at the **Roundhill Inn, 75 Clough Lane, HD6 3QL.**

Donations in memory of Ann are welcomed, please make them to the Overgate Hospice:

<https://www.overgatehospice.org.uk/get-involved/donate>.



## **The Story of the Red Robin**

*poem by Francesca Stollery*

Once there was a red robin,  
Who flew through skies so wide,  
She travelled over many lands,  
With kindness as her guide.

She made friends fast in every place,  
From near and far she'd roam,  
But in each place she visited,  
Every time she made a home.

This red robin never wore a mask,  
She always spoke her truth,  
With cheeky charm and eyes of blue,  
Dazzling all with her youth.

She wasn't one for playing safe,  
She'd swoop and dive with flair,  
A dash of red, a streak of joy,  
She danced upon the air.

Her courage left some speechless,  
She flew where few would dare,  
A spark of sass, a smile so bright,  
So generous and so rare.

She lives in stories that we tell,  
In chuckles, we recall,  
In every breeze that lifts the leaves,  
She's part of us all.

Now, whenever we see a red robin,  
Perched on a branch or sill,  
We smile and know she visits us,  
Always watching still.

So when you spy that red breast glow,  
Do not let your heart feel sad,  
It's just our Grannie Ann, flying by,  
To make our spirits glad.



## **My Grandma**

*poem by Emily Stollery*

My Grandma always smiles  
And she made us all smile too  
Always making new friends  
Whilst never seeming blue

My Grandma is my therapist  
I could talk to her all day long  
About boys who made me cry and thought they were so strong  
She'd always tell me 'Ignore them, because they never will belong'

My grandma was an angel  
My grandma was a diva  
She'd always look her very best  
Whenever we were with her

My Grandma is gone now  
But she lives inside of us  
And if she was here right now  
She'd tell us 'don't make such a fuss'

My Grandma was my best friend  
And I hope she was yours too  
And even though she isn't here right now  
Her memory is always there inside you and you and you



## **Granny Ann**

*poem by Alice Stollery*

So lovely, so sweet,  
Almost always singing a beat.

Great at hugs,  
She hits bugs.

She has silky grey hair,  
And is braver than a bear.

She takes us on days out,  
And we go round on roundabouts.

We go on pirate ships  
And up and down in lifts.

Who are we talking about?  
Our Granny Ann.











*Apart for a short time, now together again,*

*David & Ann*

