

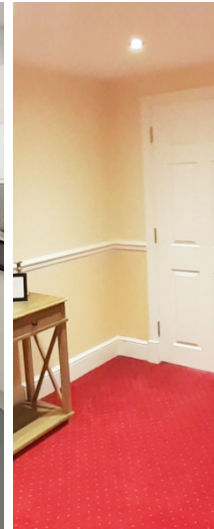
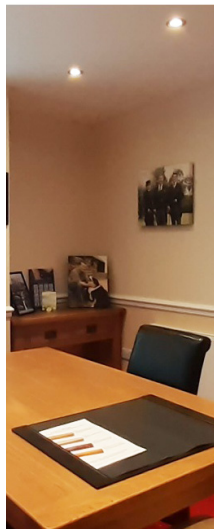


The Family Funeral Service®

Staff Newsletter

July 2024

Bingham Refurbishment



At the end of last year a refurbishment program began at Bingham which included the demolition of the 1960's extension and garage, and the building of a new extension and bringing the existing building and flat up to modern standards.

The refurbishment work took approximately six months, and the layout of the building has been altered to create an inviting and comfortable reception area, a private area for arranging funerals and a new visitation chapel with waiting area for families to allow them more time and privacy when visiting a loved one. The works have also created a state-of-the-art cold-room facility for the care of deceased.



Congratulations to Charis Bull on gaining her Diploma in both the Theoretical and Practical Examinations of the International Examinations Board of Embalmers.

Matthew, in his capacity as European Chairman of Selected Independent Funeral Homes (SIFH) and Alanna attended the SIFH Conference in Copenhagen.



'Our family serving your family since 1907'

BO001 & BO002



Dominic arranged and conducted the first funeral for the Bottesford funeral home.

*Andy has also received a great first review on FuneralGuide for the second funeral:
'Andy at Bottesford was very helpful, nothing was too much trouble. Made the whole process run smoothly.'*

Nottingham Harmonic Choir



Nigel and Penny were delighted to join Nottingham Harmonic Choir at Southwell Minster.

Nigel was pleasantly surprised that we are such a long serving sponsor of the choir, with 25 years of sponsorship.

Young Director of the Year



Having won the Midlands Family Business Award's - Young Director of the Year award in 2019, Matthew was delighted to be asked onto this year's judging panel, which took place in June at BioCity Nottingham.

He is pictured with Lucy Field-Richards of the The Wilson Organisation and Duncan James of category sponsor Shakespeare Martineau.

Good luck to all those who were short listed.

Notts TV



Emma and Jackie were pleased to attend the 10th birthday celebrations for Notts TV.

Big One at Chaddesden



Neil, Kevin and Fiona attended the Chaddesden Big One.

Carlton Wildlife Garden

from Mark Ridout

We have had a little calamity (thanks to our window cleaner) on the wildlife bank but I wanted to show everyone how we are progressing.

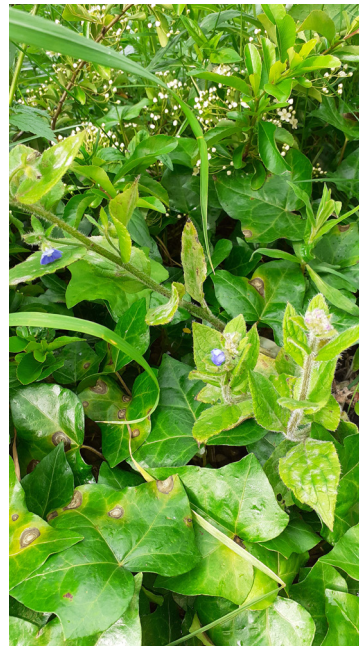
The wildlife bank is flourishing with the comfrey and sweet rocket flowering well which I have planted along with the indigenous buttercups and plantain which are prolific and are giving a luxuriant look to the top of the bank. 'Successes' of my planting programme of last year are the foxgloves

Evening Primroses are beginning to grow well but have yet to flower as well as Sweet Cicely and a couple of teasels.

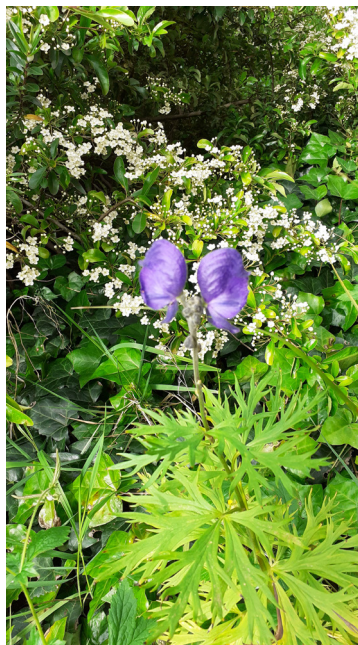
The blackbirds are nesting again in the clematis on Church Street and I have seen great tits pecking under the eaves for material to make their nests. Judging by their noticeable appearance at the dawn chorus, they are certainly around and are hopefully nesting in the trees locally or the nesting boxes which are in the precincts of St Paul's Church across the road.



Top row from left:
Nottingham Catchfly;
Alkanet which is a lovely understated wayside plant with dull blue flowers which I have introduced this year; Ragged Robin.



Bottom row from left:
Last Years Foxglove;
Monkshood; Mulleins; in which we can see a rather attractive beetle!



Memoirs of a Funeral Director - Part 3

With 46 years of funeral experience, Mark is our most experienced non family member of staff. Nigel asked if he would write an article for the Newsletter, however 46 years is a lot to condense and in Mark's words the project 'has legs'. Here is the second instalment.

Frederick W Payne 1978 - 1980

I have to remember that as well as being my first taste of the funeral world, my initiation at Frederick Paynes was my introduction into the working world and was also my first time living away from home (and a long way away too). I didn't drive and the trek there and back was by Green Line bus to Victoria coach station and then one of various National Coaches home to Stroud, Bath or Cheltenham.

It was a strange learning curve and, considering my 'difference' in many ways, I feel that I was accepted well by my colleagues and developed a liking for both the location, workplace and lifestyle.

Kingston at the time was a bit down at heel although it had its 'posh' end where "all the film stars" lived. I only ever saw Francis Matthews once walking down Eden Street! If anyone has been acquainted with the town since the 1980s they would know it as very swish and dripping with money. It was quite workaday when I was there, boasting a quaint old market place, the large department store – Bentalls – and, for me, some interesting specialist shops (classical records, speciality teas and coffees and an abundance of bookshops – including a specialist railway bookshop, jewellers and, further towards Surbiton, a gift shop from where I purchased my first two china cats which I still possess despite my recent downsizing).

Near where I lived was a small garage forecourt where there was a silver convertible Volkswagen Beetle, a car I had always wanted, and this was echoed the other side of the town centre, viewed only on my journey on a Friday afternoon to Victoria Coach Station, where there was an exotically inhabited forecourt of the American Car Centre with which I was also fascinated. It put me in mind of an article I had seen just before starting in Kingston in the local newspaper at home, where a local car dealership was set to import Mercury Monarchs, another car I had set my heart upon.

I was based in the workshop where all the coffins for all the many branches were prepared. I quickly fine-tuned the art of lining a coffin and have to admit that I thoroughly enjoyed it, beginning to find my feet and feel more self-confident, developing a sort of self-preserving humour with another colleague who became a very good friend in our times there. The not so good side was that, considering the vast numbers of funerals which were carried out over such a large area, there was the necessity of having at least three Ford Transit vans (each with two operatives) out on the road all day, delivering coffins to branches and carrying out house removals and those from hospitals as well as any Coroner's removals there may have been. I don't mind admitting that this was a side I did not enjoy so much: one never knew what one was going to walk in to and the state of most of the public mortuaries we attended was awful anyway. I found myself dreading going to those in Fulham, Battersea and the City of Westminster. They all looked horribly neglected, old and unhygienic, often with recently removed cases in various states of uncleanness which I found upsetting. The hospitals, however, were different and I can remember that they were more modern and clean-looking: Kingston District Hospital being a regular venue as was the enormous St Helier Hospital which always reminded me of a huge ship's infrastructure strangely stranded in Rose Hill, Morden. There were also a large group of mental hospitals around Epsom one of which did produce a funny story (even if it was apocryphal – I might tell you later).

It was customary then for removals to be carried out in fibreglass, coffin-shaped shells (not stretchers) which were awkward to handle and inflexible when countering narrow passageways with tight bends and stairways. They could become brittle too and could cause us injury despite the elasticated black material covers we stretched over them. Many of the branches were in parades of shops with no rear access so the same two operatives had to lift the deceased in the shell and do what has later been referred to as the 'London carry:' one shouldering on the left at the front, the other at the right at the head. It sounds very dangerous now and I suppose it was although we did not question it. We just carried it out and, as far as I am aware, there were no incidents or accidents.

Impressionable as I was I can distinctly remember carrying out a house removal which profoundly affected me on many levels. Firstly it was a gentleman called Aubrey, a name for which I had an inordinate passion as it reflected my late teenage fascination with the art of Aubrey Beardsley, the writings of Oscar Wilde and the whole ethos of the Aesthetic



movement of the decadent late Nineteenth Century which was encapsulated in the term 'fin de siècle.' I had never come across a real Aubrey before!

The house was a typically grand looking building in Surbiton but as one progressed through the opulent hallway up three flights of stairs the grandeur wore off and the overall look by the time we arrived at Aubrey's (shared) room was of shabbiness verging on squalor.

On the wall were pictures reflecting Aubrey's school life (a huge photograph of what looked to be a very 'good' learning establishment – one of the top Public Schools perhaps) and also subsequent university and military career. But here he was lying in bed, naked (which also shocked me) with a huge pile of trainers underneath, so many more than I thought it would be normal or necessary. Obviously that was the last I ever saw or knew about him. A sad snapshot on what life can potentially promise us and the realities of what can actually transpire. A sad lesson in mortality and reality.

I can remember an instance when we were well out of our local area, carrying out an interment in Walthamstow, East London, where four of us were shouldering an American casket over the most undulating, tussocky old cemetery with risks of tripping over obscured monumental kerbsets. This was the first occasion when I really felt that I would be unable to carry any further, the weight and discomfort being so great. As many times since, I switched onto 'automatic pilot' and we managed to arrive at the open grave without injury or collapse and I couldn't express my relief or gratitude more to discover that it was an East End custom for the gravediggers to lower the casket which they subsequently did, not with canvas lowering straps but enormous lengths of rope!

Despite my upset over this aspect, my sensitivity did not make me want to leave once. Until having just written that I realise that it was not a notion I entertained at all reflecting, I suppose, a certain stoicism I possess.

The saving grace were the many days when I was out on funerals, riding 'shot gun' as I did not drive then, the Granada-based-hearses being four seaters, and I can remember the sense of euphoria I would feel when I saw that I was with a favourite crew and would be carrying out funerals from favourite branches.

*We had so many branches from Chiswick in the north to Crawley in the south, Woking in the west to Croydon in the east (now verging on Chappell's territory). Branches had what have become evocative (to me) names: Twickenham, Teddington, Isleworth, Hampton Hill, Chessington, Worcester Park, Raynes Park, Esher, Epsom, New Malden, Stonecot Hill, Surbiton and Norbiton (which was used in the opening titles of the television comedy programme *The Fall and Rise of Reginald Perrin* filmed a couple of years before I was there). Not driving myself, I never quite worked out how all the branches fitted in together and never realised until later how 'Crown Lane' branch was in Morden (which I always confused with nearby Mitcham and Merton) and only a relatively short distance from some of the other branches although it gave the impression of being somewhat remote when one was on a set itinerary which meant that the team had to follow the schedule. North East Surrey Crematorium was a stone's throw from several branches but, once again, I could never work out quite how close.*



Ford Cardinal Hearse

Nearly every branch had its own characteristic funeral director, the office usually being manned by their wives. Each had a 'way' about them and I suppose that I watched and mentally made notes about the various styles which I saw, some aspects I liked, others not.

D---- (ex-Guards) was flamboyant with a handle bar moustache, who strutted in front of the hearse, twirling his cane in military style, certainly having the bearing to carry this off with booming voice, oozing self-confidence and swearing like a trooper. F---- was shorter and less smart and it showed me that, without wanting to be 'heightist,' top hats and frock coats can sometimes look a little comical on people of certain statures and builds (me included). T--- was altogether low key, wearing only a short black jacket and striped trousers with no hat and cane.

As bearers, we were always expected to page with the funeral director, one at each hearse wing mirror which certainly made the occasion 'special,' before carrying in, and then hurtling on to our next duty. There always seemed to be a sense of urgency and it could not have been a great advertisement for the bulbous two-tone black and slate grey Ford funeral vehicles to be seen dashing from one venue to another. The main depot (Horace Road) was dubbed 'Race Road' by the crews. There was another standing joke that the boss (when much younger) had been asked by his father what he wanted for Christmas one year and he replied 'a cowboy outfit' to which he was given Freddy Paines!'

It was certainly an emotional extreme, having that small taste of the service itself after carrying the coffin into the chapel

to the frantic race afterwards hearing, momentarily, hymn tunes or funerary music which would become, oh, so familiar with time.

There were crews with whom I was sometimes teamed up on whom I was not so keen but we just 'got on with it.' In a world long before social media we all found our levels: who we positively liked and those we just worked with. There was none of the childish falling in and out that seems to be the bane of the workplace in today's fickle world.

There was a short period of petrol rationing during this time and I can remember our workload was such that we were to spend an hour or so at our Twickenham branch. I spent this period looking around some lovely little shops there were nearby and buying some special teas, finishing off listening to an organist practice in the parish church for a performance of Duruffe's Requiem.

I was recently amazed to see my P60 for the first complete year I worked at Kingston: £3878.83! We were paid every Thursday in cash through a hatch in the wall from the Accounts Office. I had from the start decided to take the £25.00 for my rent (I was staying in a shabby bed and breakfast in Surbiton, just off the Portsmouth Road which ran alongside the Thames with lovely walks which I found consoling), putting the same amount aside for savings and living on the rest.

I had the mistaken allusion that the funeral profession was well paid. I suppose seeing the smart clothes and flashy cars but I was soon to learn this was not the case. The staff car park bore this out with an array of very old and tatty cars and one funeral director living in a nearby rather run-down tower block which, to my naïve self, came as a bit of a shock.

However, I remember on a couple of early occasions, joining some of my colleagues at a couple of local pubs where, not used to drinking, I ended rather the worst for wear, to the extent that, the following day, I was told in no uncertain terms by my embalming tutor to be careful what I did and with whom I did it – wise words of which I took heed from then and have respected ever since: never to bring my own reputation, the company I work for or that of our sensitive profession into disrepute.

The realisation that my 'training course' was nothing formal but only that of osmosis, picking up the funeral profession from working at all aspects of it over time, was a little disappointing at first but slowly I saw how productive this was. Paynes was the venue for various sons of Funeral Directors to come for training in how (as several of them joked) not to carry out funerals. I can remember several whose companies were later to be sold out to the large concern SCI which was the monster into which guise the Great Southern Group morphed.

Others did not. C-- came up from Dorset shortly after I started (and I understand his company is still proudly independent) and, because of our regional similarity and, indeed, staying at first in the same guest house, we became quite close. I can remember the leg pulling he received about his strong local accent. I indeed had also come up to the 'smoke' from the 'sticks,' but my West Country burr was not so noticeable. I think he even put it on for our colleagues at times. It was interesting to note that, unused to such a dialect, many thought his was an American accent and likewise he considered all the south London accents around him to be more like Australian! It was always interesting to note my reaction to the location of Kingston. I considered it to be 'London' even if I did live with a lovely view of Surrey County Hall, a fact that I was chastised upon on many occasions but for me, a country boy, even Reading was London!

We were surrounded by good strong 'Sarf' London accents and the end of the day would be heralded by R--, the yard foreman, who would come up the stairs to the coffin shop shouting "Where's mar bleedin' piper?!"

L--, who did not work with us in the coffin shop but started and ended his days there would come out with some colourful comments upon the contents of the daily red top newspapers, one which was particularly memorable but hardly printable here, and it was through these associations that I picked up many catch phrases and sayings which I find I still use to this present day, probably to everyone's annoyance....

A rather sad reflection on many aspects of working life and personal ethics was something that, at the time, I found amusing. On the statutory fire regulations notice someone had written under ON HEARING THE FIRE BELL "run like hell," acceptable high spirits perhaps but it was frightening to see the contents of the first aid box: one paracetamol and a length of bandage.

The lasting heritage of my time at Kingston was the fact that the company put me through the Diploma in Embalming for which I am eternally grateful.

My tutor at first was A--- who soon became the President of the British Institute of Embalmers so a good deal of the training was carried out by T---, an amazing character for whom I had immense respect and got on well. I had various

isolated weeks in the embalming theatre and studied hard in my own time for the theory. During this time the end of the day was characteristic inasmuch as the smell of Ajax would mean the work was done and we were ready to leave. The upshot was that I passed the examinations with flying colours, achieving the highest marks for that year, 1980. I can remember the day of the theory exam, held in Queen Square, London EC2, catching the train from Surbiton to Waterloo and then finding the only taxi driver in London who didn't know where I wanted to be taken!

The practical exam was held at Lears' premises in Brixton Hill. Two of us were taking the exam that day from Paynes and A---- had asked me (being the most competent of the two students) whether I would mind having the autopsied case leaving the 'straight' one for B----. Of course I didn't mind but providence was at work that day for my case was beautifully posted, all the arteries being very accessible and easy to find with the Common Carotids being intact (I wonder whether the morticians knew this was to be the subject of an examination case) whereas my colleague's case posed many difficulties and entailed a six-point injection and much remedial treatment.

My stint at Kingston also gave me another, not so nice first, inasmuch that I narrowly missed seeing a colleague, B---, collapse with a heart attack in the coffin shop and subsequently die. He had been the old retainer, a traditional carpenter who was kept on to carry out small repair duties. I saw him in the mortuary before and after preparation and found this to be, indeed, a strange sensation, actually knowing someone lying here. He didn't look like him at all.

As a little footnote I want to mention a couple of coincidental meetings in my later life with people who were in Kingston at the same time as I. When I was eking out my income in the late 1990s in the QC department of the large factory which prepared all the floral bouquets for Tesco and many other supermarkets, I worked with E----, from whom I discovered that she lived at the same time in the St Mark's Hill area of Surbiton (where there were some lovely specialist shops which I often frequented) and we could well have met unknowingly as, likewise I could have met with Paul Hunt, who worked as a chauffeur at A W Lymn when I first started in 2005. He and I discovered that he lived on the Fairfield at exactly the time I was working in Kingston so, once again, we could well have met unknowingly.

I have always been very punctual and have never been late in my life, priding myself on this fact. One morning I came close though: I was preparing for work, listening to the radio which was my custom and really enjoying a piece of music which was playing, not knowing what it was. This was in the day where it would have been impossible to trace the piece so I stayed until its very end to discover it was Richard Strauss's Don Juan (which I predictably, subsequently bought the following Saturday), and then ran all the way to work, just getting there in time. My way would have been up Grove Crescent with its beautifully overgrown, pastel-painted stuccoed villas with pink newspapers protruding from each letterbox, a different, calm world from that at either end of my mad rush.

So why did I leave Kingston? I really cannot say I know and would have to confront my twenty year self with all his hang-ups and angst to find that out and then, probably, would be none the wiser. I had completed the Embalming course but had not made any overtures into taking the NAFD diploma (nor was I approached) and I had a vague notion, born of a visit I had made some months before to a funeral directors in Stroud, quite near 'home,' that there was going to be a job for me there in the not so distant future. Whatever the reasoning, the upshot was that I left on July 4th 1980 and began a spell of time out of work which became vastly depressing and self-destructive, which could have been curtailed had I not had a fear of applying for a job I had been told about by a friend advertised in the Funeral Service Journal in, what I considered, 'Big Bad Bristol,' only a stone's throw from home.

It had been advertised at the time of my leaving Kingston but I only chose to apply when it had been re-advertised and I was successful, starting there on April 1st 1981.

Aubrey - Beardsley



Matthew was recently contacted by The Maritime Volunteer Service, and was impressed with what they offer:

Maritime Volunteer Service

Committal & Scattering of Ashes at Sea

The Maritime Volunteer Service is a uniformed national charity that performs dignified committals & scattering of ashes to the sea. The service is provided in a respectful manner for the relatives of former service personnel and enthusiasts of the sea.

Committing ashes to the sea is a fitting tribute to those who enjoyed or were part of 'life on the water' and can provide the comfort of carrying out a deceased person's final wish.

The charity understand that no two committals are the same and have experience of many faiths and beliefs.

For more information please see <https://mvsportsmouth.wordpress.com/>

The Maritime Volunteer Service was formed in 1994 and have over 400 members in more than 30 units around the coasts and estuaries of the United Kingdom.

Each unit meets weekly for training which is put into practice afloat using a range of craft including rib's, launches, dories and purpose made rescue craft.

The primary aims are to provide training in nautical skills and a support the emergency services at maritime events.



Hanging Baskets at Robin Hood House



Off the back of how lovely the hanging baskets look 'next door' at the Bath Inn, we have installed a row at the front of Robin Hood House. Pete and Artur have installed a watering system to make sure they stay looking amazing.

Attenborough Bowls Club

If anybody is interested in taking part in a sponsor's bowls match at Attenborough Bowls Club, then please get in touch with Ben Percival.



Yorkshire Three Peaks

Jess and Giulia from Gedling Crematorium are trying to get a team together to walk the Yorkshire Three Peaks for charity on 29th September 2024 .

Please register your interest with Jess. You will need to commit to some training and also be prepared for a challenging hike.

Scout Funerals



Greg was pleased to arrange a funeral of a gentleman who was a scouter. Greg suggested that minister, Rev. Stella Greenwood who is the District Commissioner for South Derbyshire Scouts was instructed to lead the ceremony.

Both wore their neckers (Commissioner Necker and Greg wore uniform and the South Derbyshire District Necker in recognition of the deceased).



Scouts, Pete C. and Charis attended the funeral of the City of Nottingham Scout District Commissioner.

Pete drove the hearse whilst Charis ushered. Both wore their work uniform but substituted their cravat/tie for neckers. Charis wore her scouts name badge alongside her work one.

Above is the Guard of Honour which was formed at Gedling Crematorium.

National Funeral Exhibition



Anyone who attended the National Association of Funeral Directors National Funeral Exhibition would not have been able to get away from the feeling that they were being watched by 'the boss'!

As always there was plenty of free merchandise on offer, Oliver (pictured under the graphic of his uncle) collected 64 pens.

Emma P. was delighted that a photograph she took of Giulia from Gedling Crematorium next to a Westerleigh cup won £500 for charity (Alex TLC).

It was great to see 1 EFV (and Matthew) on the Coleman Milne stand.



The
A.W. LYMN
Centenary Foundation

The A.W. Lymn Centenary Foundation was formed and is continually financed by the Company to mark its first 100 years of service. Its aim is to help those in the communities the Company serves.

Applications for funding can be made by any local person, group, committee or organisation to Ben Percival at centenaryfoundation@lymn.co.uk for consideration by the trustees; Jonathan Baker, Joanna Bossart, Mark Chapman, Chloe Lymn Rose and Ian Moorman.



Emmanuel House Support Centre
53-61 Goose Gate, Nottingham, NG1 1FE
donations@emmanuelhouse.org.uk
www.emmanuelhouse.org.uk
0115 950 7140

Ben Percival
The A W Lymn Centenary Foundation
Robin Hood House
Robin Hood Street
Nottingham
NG3 1GF

Dear Ben,

I am writing to thank the trustees of The A W Lymn Centenary Foundation for their generous donation of £ 452.27 to Emmanuel House's breakfast provision.

It is the support of the wider community that enables us to succeed in helping people out of homelessness and we are deeply grateful for your donation.

Emmanuel House continues to welcome people without judgement and aid recovery from the trauma of rough sleeping and homelessness. Your donation will contribute to this work.

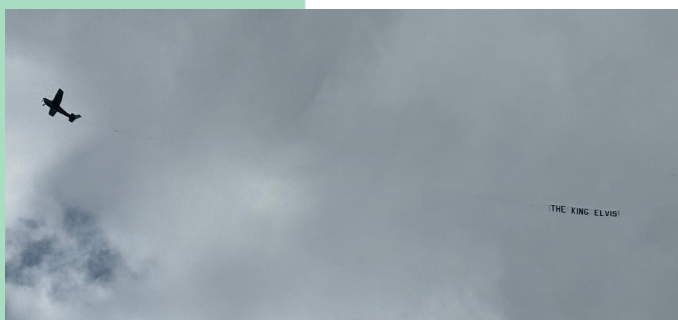
Our new short film features four people who have received support from Emmanuel House. Please head to the homepage of our website to watch the 5-minute film and listen to their stories. Please also follow us on social media or sign up to our newsletter to keep up to date with our news.

Thank you once again for your dedication to Emmanuel House. Our staff and volunteers are invaluable but we could achieve nothing without the financial support of our donors. Your support inspires us to continue striving towards our mission of ending homelessness in Nottingham.

Yours sincerely,

Irish Traveller Funeral

Rosary balloons,
an aeroplane
message,
21 doves,
pyrotechnics and
11 limousines.



Out and About



Philip paging out of Robin Hood House in front of 'Only Fools 'n Hearses'.



Nev ran into friend of the company, Tony Woodcock on the Isle of Wight.

Eastwood born Tony was part of Nottingham Forest's European Cup winning team.



A team of four greys leave Carlton.



Mike at a cadet recruitment event.

Questionnaire Data

After each funeral we send a questionnaire out with our invoice. Every questionnaire asks the client to mark the service they received out of 10. Below are the average scores by funeral home for December.

Arnold	9.78	Hucknall	10.00	Radcliffe-on-Trent	11.00
Aspley	10.00	Ilkeston	10.00	Rainworth	9.25
Beeston	9.67	Littleover	n/a	Ruddington	10.00
Bingham	n/a	Long Eaton	n/a	Shirebrook	10.00
Bulwell	10.00	Mansfield	9.00	Spondon	10.00
Carlton	10.00	Mansfield W.house	9.86	Stapleford	9.67
Clifton	n/a	Nottingham	10.00	Sutton-in-Ashfield	9.50
Cotmanhay	10.00	Ollerton	10.00	West Bridgford	9.00
Derby	10.00	Osmaston	n/a	Wollaton	10.00

COMPANY AVERAGE 9.78

Clients are also asked to mark the Drivers and City Flowers as Excellent, Good or Satisfactory. The tally from the questionnaires is:

Drivers
 Excellent – 43
 Good – 3
 Satisfactory – 0

City Flowers
 Excellent – 22
 Good – 5
 Satisfactory - 0

The 'Best Practice of the Month Award' nominations are:

Samantha Alla-Mensah has nominated **Lucinda Pallett**

'I would like to nominate Lucinda Pallett in NO .. I was so very stressed out at work on Tuesday and got myself in a right mess that out of her own free will and time she offered to come and help me at WB after work, thinking it wouldn't take long we sat here until 7.15pm and she really helped me not just with the stress but the support and showing me tips on how to make the work life and load easier. I am so grateful. But also, to the team as a whole it just really shows me that even when you're struggling all people want to do is help. I feel after my little meltdown and struggle so much more a part of the family here. Special thanks to Jess, Russ, Beryl, and Jodie in AR for helping over the phone too sending me notes of advice and moral support, and to Kevin Browne in Nottingham for his words of wisdom and support and lastly but not least massive thank you to Julia for her words of encouragement, hugs, and a cuppa. I feel so truly supported now and honoured to have such amazing staff and peers around. So once again thank you to ALL of you.'

Matt Winman has nominated **Isabel Walton and Charis Bull**

'Could I volunteer Izzy and Charis for such a great job of preparing their mortuary for the Health and Safety inspection.'

Emma Percival has nominated **Neil Reeves**

'Please can I nominate Neil for best practice? He runs all over the place doing events, attending military ceremonies, etc even if they are not his area. He always says YES and is a great brand ambassador.'

Jess Raynor has nominated **Fiona Hallam**

'I'd like to nominate Fiona Hallam, I rung her in a panic the day before a funeral over some floral tributes which I hadn't ordered!

She told me not to worry and she'll sort it, Fiona came into work on Saturday morning at 7am after going to the flower market to get what she needed. I couldn't appreciate more of what she did and her response to this was: 'Do not worry, never a problem always a solution so as long as we can sort it for the family, I am more than happy'. Fiona forever goes above and beyond to support us and more importantly the families we serve!'

The winner is
****Fiona****



Jackie was pleased to attend The King's Birthday Celebration Service at Southwell Minster, on Saturday 16th June.



Colum was pleased to lead the Father's Day service at Mansfield



Neil and Jane (pictured) along with Jackie and Rex were pleased to attend the Bramcote Crematorium D-Day Memorial Service and lay a wreath.

Neil also attended the National Memorial Arboritum at Alrewas and laid a wreath on behalf of the company and at Derby Cathedral.

