

## Mavis

I first knew of Mavis at a fund raiser for the play group – she was well known as Auntie Clayton who ran the play group in Morteheo and was a great support to Mothers as well as the children. She was devastated when through ill health she had to give it up.

Amongst my early memories was Mavis and her Morris Minor 1000 – how she loved that car – she would be driving so intently she would drive past and not see you!

Our shared journeys as Franciscans:

Trelowarren – our rooms up in the attics feeling we were in the right place for humility – like Downton, the staff in the attic. We wanted to put on a good show so we would be accepted but there was a loose creaking floor board and as any one walked on it, it moved my bed and Mavis and I had to stifle our giggles. Our way around a silent retreat was to write each other notes.

When we drove to places Mavis was my own board computer only she didn't correct my driving – she told the drivers around us off!! I jumped the first time she did it – this couldn't be Mavis!?

We had so many laughs together – the day we were on the wrong platform waiting for our train home, the race down one platform across the lines and up the other one with the guard standing holding a door for us – with a wry smile saying - 'on the wrong platform then' !

We thought we would never be accepted as Franciscans – we weren't serious enough. But we were, we discovered they could be as light hearted as we were.

I remember walking in the woods at Trelowarren, they were carpets of bluebells and wild garlic, Mavis loved that. How we covered nearly every inch exploring Holy Island and its beauty and peace, talking to a young French student who worked in a café there, he was very handsome – was this why we went in every day? We

discovered he would be a soldier at the end of the summer. Staying at the friary in Alnmouth the fabulous views.

Mavis was a wonderful artist and poet – somewhere in all her papers you should find some of her poetry including one called sisters, that was moving and beautiful but she didn't want her beloved sisters to read it while she was still alive. I hope you can find this and her other poems when things are sorted out.

I'm sure many would remember the annual carols at Mavis's, how she loved those times.

I remember a fund raising 'garage sale' she organized to be held in Cowlers garage, I wondered how she would fill the stalls but she was so loved she was supported by many people and needed a garage to put the stuff in.

I remember standing with her on Exeter Central station watching the young women shouting up to their men at the prison windows across the road. It was Romeo and Juliet in reverse. We listened and then on the train heard their plans for Saturday nights - !

Mavis loved all people especially children, she was heartbroken when she had to give up the play group, she loved the children and the mothers' she then went up the school to read the smaller children stories and they loved her – she worked at White Rose as activities organiser and she loved them just as much and then she became a nanny and it rounded off her working days wonderfully. How she loved that family and watching all the youngsters grow into such wonderful adults. Who wouldn't want Mavis as a Nanny?

She was very much involved in her church, gave us such a shock one week telling us all off from the front of the church for not giving enough commitment to a church we were linked with!

I remember how she had us all laughing at a character she played in a show in church – a (failed) keep fit fanatic with an amazing accent! She amazed us and she calmed us

with such wonderful prayers, very short and simple and ones that touched our hearts.

She cared for so many and in these later years others cared for her.

She amazed me in her selflessness, one day saying she thought that her sons visited her too much, Sundays should be family days, and they ought to cut back on evenings, after a long hard day at work they needed some rest. BUT you couldn't keep them away. That is real love for them.

If you wanted a wonderful mother, a great friend, Mavis was the gift you got, how blessed we all were.

At Christmas this year she felt she shouldn't go to her family as those in the Home who couldn't go out might feel lonely.

She was a wonderful friend to visit – I always felt so much better after a chat with Mavis – it isn't meant to be that way but it was – and it was great.

Mavis was our angel on this earth, she glowed with love and caring for so many, she never asked for anything off us, she just quietly loved and gave.

My friends in America prayed for Mavis and I got a message from one that said I wasn't to feel too sad, when Mavis died she had felt an angel passing by her on her way to heaven. I think Mavis would want us all to feel like that.

It was good to see that Mavis was so settled in at Park View, so at peace and she was so loved there so well taken care of. She had some good friends there in no time.

I will remember our sitting out in the shade on a beautiful sunny day, or on cooler days sitting in the conservatory chatting together with a resident she had already taken under her wing.

Mavis had tough times and this past year wasn't easy but she got through it seeing good in so much. How I'd love to be more like her.

You lovely boys perhaps haven't seen your Mum as we were blessed to, but angels are like this – I know she will

be with you in the warmth of your hearts helping you through this sad time. We haven't lost her – God gave her to us and now she has gone home to be with Him and with her beloved Reg, and Joyce and many others who she loved.

Over these last days we were reading Bob the street cat and she loved it, we'd read the first few chapters – I hope she can finish it off up there in heaven but please if you are reading it for her, read it slowly, she loves to comment on it not just listen and it makes it special.

I hope this doesn't seem too flat, it's near impossible to get the spirit in them or the feeling of love.

Her last week was a real and wonderful gift. Two of her granddaughters were with her for Communion and shared it with her, that meant so much and it seemed that she had visits from so many people, a continued stream on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day of people who loved her. How special that was to her. We will miss her so much.

*A tribute from Sheila Moston TSSF*