

The words (in English) from Paola's Funeral 12/2/21

In the blue painted with blue
(Volare)

I think that a dream like that
Will never return
Both my my hands
And face were painted blu
Then all of sudden I was
Carried away by the wind
And I started to fly
In the infinite sky

To fly ho ho
To sing ho ho ho ho
In the blue painted with blue
I was happy to stay up there,
And I flew and flew
Happy, higher than the sun
And yet further up,
While the world slowly slowly
disappeared far below,
Sweet music was playing
Just for me

To fly ho ho
To sing ho ho hoho
In the blue painted with blue
I was happy to stay up there

But all dreams
Vanish at dawn because
When the moon sets,
It takes the dreams with It
But I keep dreaming
In your beautiful eyes,
That are as blue as the sky
Spangled with stars

To fly, ho ho
To sing ho ho hoho,
In the blue of your blue eyes
Happy to be down here
And I continue to fly happy
Happy, higher than the sun
And higher still,
While the world
Slowly slowly vanishes
In your blue eyes
Your voice is soft music
That is playing for me

To fly ho ho
To sing ho ho hoho
In the blue of your blue eyes
Happy to be down here
In the blue of your blue eyes
Happy to be down here
With you...

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The Lord is My Shepherd (23rd Psalm)

Music by Howard Goodall

The Lord is my Shepherd
I shall not want
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures
He leadeth me besides the still waters

The Lord is my Shepherd
I shall not want
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures
He leadeth me besides the still waters
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death
I will fear no evil

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death
I will fear no evil

For you are with me
You will comfort me

You are with me
You will comfort me

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life
And I will dwell in the House of the Lord
forever
Forever
Forever

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Robins speech:

Paula

When I first met Paula 51 years ago she she seemed like no-one I had met before. She spoke grammatically correct English, surprising when I later learned she had had no English lessons, and learnt to start with from children's comics. She had a delightful Italian accent which I found very attractive and slightly exotic. She looked much younger than her age, which I did not realise at the time. I understood later she was upset with Sandy's fiancé Graham who had arranged the blind date with me, because he hadn't said I was five years younger than she was. In fact she never did look her age, and was always concerned people would find out what it really was. Out of consideration for her feelings, I kept a record of her Birthday and age in my diary, but subtracted 10 years from the age figure in case she or anyone else saw it.

Anyway it wasn't long before we were regular companions, and now I don't understand why it took us almost five years before we decided to get married. I suppose as we had both had problems before we met, we were reluctant to try again in case of failure. We should not have worried.

So a new era in my life had begun, and turned into the happiest years. Paula was a brilliant cook and hostess and we had a number of friends at the time all ten years or more younger than us, and maybe this kept us both young at heart. She loved travelling and although I am less enthusiastic we did get to a lot of places I would never have considered. We walked on the great wall of China, sailed up the Yangtze and saw the terracotta warriors. We walked by the pyramids and visited Abu Simbel. We went to Hungary and Czechoslovakia, with my choir, stayed in castles in Spain, travelled in France, Portugal and of course many times to Italy, where I was warmly welcomed into the Italian family. Paula even went to India and Nepal with Sandy and met Luke who was on a gap year there, teaching English.

There were many parties during our early life on Hayling, and I discovered Paula was an indefatigable dancer - she could dance the socks off anyone I knew, and was still going while I was slumped in exhaustion on the sidelines. Also I recall at one of these parties she met another Italian. I then observed her seemingly become even more vivacious when speaking her native language of which at that stage I knew little. It seemed to me she was probably funnier and wittier in her native tongue, and resolved then to learn the language to try to eventually get to know this other Paula - unfortunately, although I did acquire some Italian, I don't think I ever quite managed it.

At home Paula showed an instinctive ability as a gardener - We lived in a bungalow on Hayling for a few years and the front garden became a mass of red white and blue for the queen's jubilee. When we moved to Havant, after a couple of years our garden was the envy of our friends and it was Paula who imagined and planted everything. We even got a "Very Highly Recommended" from a "Langstone in Bloom" competition in 2002! I used to say that I just did the killing and the cutting. It was common to find Paula in the garden on a fine spring evening rushing in to tell me she had not noticed the time, and even then she would still cook some delicious meal. I frequently told her that I believed the queen ate no better than we did.

Paula loved music. At one stage we got involved with a lady called Joy Spargo. a music teacher on Hayling, who had her pupils organised into a little concert party. Her husband Ben worked in the same office as I did, and somehow through him Paula and I got involved although we were not her pupils. Over the next 8 or 9 years we gave a concert at Hayling activities centre once a year, and several small concerts in care homes - Joy played the piano

and sang and made costumes. Ben did the stage management and sound and we all provided the chorus, and cast of sketches. Paula loved it, and she was still singing the opening song only a few weeks ago.

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We both joined a choir called Havant Motet which performed renaissance style music, I think just for the pleasure of the singers - I don't remember ever giving a concert with them. When it folded we both got accepted into another choir called Cantemus. Paula had a sweet soprano voice and although not able to read music seemed to be able to keep up somehow. I think she was a fast listener. I developed practice methods to help us both learn the music properly and we performed in many concerts around the area.

Paula used to work as an inspector of printed circuit boards at a firm called Harwins. She was proud of the fact that she had been trained as a first-aider and was responsible for a little first aid room in the factory where she would treat small injuries. I was a little suspicious of this when I heard that on Monday mornings my attractive wife was expected to rub liniment into the sore muscles of male employees of the firm who had been playing football at the weekend.

When she retired from Harwins she wanted something else to do, and so was interviewed for a job at Fairfield junior school looking after the children at break time. I think one of the reasons she got the job was that she went to the interview with her four year old grandson Luke, who she was looking after that day. I think she worked there for 8 or 9 years and was universally loved by all the children she cared for. Sometimes a child would ask her "where do you come from Mrs. McInnes" and Paula would say "Scotland". There is probably a generation of children in Havant who grew up thinking that Scottish people speak with an Italian accent.

Although born in Trieste, Italy and very Italian in some ways - for example her style of dress was always immaculate, and she was passionate about her country of birth, she became very English in some ways. On one occasion on a trip to Italy she admitted finding Italians a bit loud! As if! When visiting the Italian family we sometimes stayed with Paula's cousin Fulvia. People who come from Trieste have a dialect which is almost a second language, and seems to fuel their unique sense of humour, frequently baffling to me as an outsider. Fulvia and Paula would sometimes go into hysterics at a single dialect expression - mystifying!

All through our life together I was lucky enough to be blessed with another family on Paula's side, growing up near by, and I became involved in the lives of her children and grandchildren, in fact much more so than with those from my first wife who lived in another part of the country. Paula and I both loved to have the grandchildren to stay with us, sometimes for sleepovers, She adored them all unconditionally, and they spent many happy hours in our company. She also came to spread her love on my children too when she got to know them.

Unfortunately my idyll came to a halt in 2019 when she had a stroke. Already smitten by dementia diagnosed in 2018, this worsened, so I became a 24/7 carer, a task fortunately made easier by much help from family and friends. Even from this time I have some lovely memories - she frequently told me she loved me more than life, and I have happy recollections of sitting and listening to Pavarotti and Andrea Bocelli and seeing her enthusiastic pleasure in the music. I won't dwell more on this period, suffice to say that I am grateful for the last 2 years, in that I was able to return the love and care she had always given me until that was no longer possible.

So if you are listening Paola,

I love you for ever,

and thank you for the life you gave me.

the best years of my life.

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Annas speech:

Some words for my Grandma

What can I say about my much-loved Grandma Paola? Grandma was our little Italian high heel wearing Nonna. I have so many wonderful memories of Grandma it is hard to know where to start. Grandma has been there always she has been an important part of my life and I have been very lucky to have had her for 38 years.

When I think about my Grandma I think about a lady who had a strong sense of fun, knew how to have a good laugh, she loved all things Italian, she had a good sense of style, was a great cook and a talented gardener. Grandma also loved her family and my experience of Grandma was that she was very affectionate and loving.

Grandma enjoyed times when the family were together, I have lots of memories of family Christmas's with Grandma, she was very sociable and enjoyed being around people. Grandma was great fun and she would often get bouts of hysterical laughing, which were highly infectious when we were all together.

Grandma always looked good, she followed fashion and was always beautifully presented and looked great. We often joked about Grandma and her high heel wearing. I remember this especially when we went to Courcheval as a family for Christmas, Grandma still wanted to wear her heels in the snow! This was a very special holiday and I have many precious memories with both Grandma and Grandad of our week in the snow.

'Tiramisu' is another word synonymous with Grandma Paola, Grandma had her own special boozy recipe for this wonderful Italian pudding. No good family gathering was complete without 'Grandma's Tiramisu'.

Grandma was always very fond of my hair, I have lots of memories of Grandma brushing or stroking my hair, every time I saw her she would tell me not to get my hair cut. Grandma was extremely affectionate and made sure that I knew that she loved me, Grandma was very good at make me feel loved by her.

Grandma also become a wonderful Great-Grandma to Reuben, she came to see me in hospital with Mum and Luke the day after Reuben was born. Grandma extended her love to her Grand-children and often brought them beautiful outfits and was always happy to see them. Grandma was great at engaging the children because of her huge sense of fun. It fills my heart that Reuben will grow up with a memory of his Great - Grandma Paola.

I have been lucky enough to share many holidays over the years with Grandma and Grandad, including trips to Italy as we were growing up, a family holiday to Wales, more recently a trip to Italy with the great grandchildren, a memorable holiday to St Ives, and of course the wonderful Christmas trip to France.

Grandma has left a huge hole in the family, but she holds a huge part of my heart. Grandma was very loved by us all and I miss her incredibly. I feel very bless to have been given her as my special Grandma and I will cherish all of my memories of her.

Grandma I know you are with the angels now but you will also always be here with me.
I love you very much.

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Luke;s speech

Grandma Paola:

My relationship with my Grandma Paola was not a complicated one. She was loving and warm, made me feel safe and was usually trying to feed me. She was truly unconditionally loving towards me. When times were unstable and unhappy when I was very young, she was a sanctuary of warmth, love and acceptance.

I have precious memories of being picked up from school and brought into her warm home, of being cooked tasty dinners, of playing fun games, of laughter, of silliness and joy. I was aware I was lucky to have her by how other children responded to her. When I was young, she worked as a dinner lady at Fairfield primary school. She was so loved by all the children there that I have memories of walking through Havant with her and local children running up to her shouting "Mrs McInnes, Mrs McInnes" they would hug her and she would fuss them. I could see she made other children feel safe and cared for too.

She was also an adventurous person. She came with Mum to visit me when I was staying in rural Nepal. We went on a safari to a local nature reserve and were brought to meet some of the elephants. I suspect the handler expected we would just admire them from a short distance. I went to fetch my camera and turned around to see my little grandmother cuddling the trunk of one of these enormous elephants. The elephant remained completely calm, seeming to just quietly soak in the love it was being given. I watched quite amazed as my tiny grandmother seemed to have an instant bond with this enormous creature.

Another vivid memory I have of her was while we were having lunch at the ship pub in Havant. A man was sitting with an enormous rottweiler dog which had been barking and pacing on its lead. It was quite intimidating to everyone else there, who was giving them both a respectfully wide berth, but grandma, without hesitation, bent down and stroked the dog rubbing it behind the ears, the dog responded to her, settled down and nuzzled into her hand.

Grandma viewed all animals, regardless of their size or appearance, as "Povorino" who just needed to be loved, cuddled and fed. Animals and small children were all "Che Coccalo" to Grandma and they all just seemed to know that she was on their side.

I will always remember my grandmother's warmth and kindness. I feel very grateful and privileged to have had my grandma, my lovely Nonna, in my life.

She was a special woman, who was deeply loved, and will be missed very much.

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Wendy's reading:

Grief

My grief will grow -
Not into more grief
Perhaps one day my grief will grow
Into hope:
Hope that I can use
All I have learnt
To make a difference to someone else.
I hope that I will no longer
Wear my pain
Like a badge on my sleeve,
Or let it consume me so totally
That it becomes the sum of who I am.
I hope that whether or not
I believe we will meet again
Still I can behave as though we will,
So that you can be proud of me.
Hope that in our time
I will travel far enough
To be worthy to have known you.
I hope that I will know in my heart
That to let go the pain
Is to let in the love,
And give it room to grow.
Hope that one day my soul
will be so full of love
That there will not be room for anything else.
That joy, and not grief only,
Will be mine.

Kay Allen

The words (in English) from Paola's Funeral 12/2/21

The more I think of you (E più ti penso)

The more I think of you
the more I miss you;
I see you with my tired eyes...

I'd like to be
there with you too;
I hold the pillow,
you're here near me...

It's the middle of the night
And you're far away...
The emptiness surrounds me,
there's not a sun anymore...

I'm sad and hopeless
as I've never been
without you, without you...

And if, by chance,
I never saw you again,
I already know what I'd do –
I wouldn't live...

And the more I think of you
the more I miss you...

I'm nothing much without you,
I feel like a fish deprived
of water to swim in,
breathing without you,
without you, without you...

And if, by chance,
I never saw you again,
I already know what I'd do –
I would die..

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Now You Belong to Heaven

Mari Olsen

Miss your voice, miss your smile
Everything about you, worth a while
Always wondering where you are
I hope you're with us, near or far
Many questions unanswered
I guess we'll never know

But now you belong to heaven
It's empty without your smile
The truth brings us to tears
All the love you gave us all these years
Always seeing you at night
When I turn off the light
And the world's asleep
In my heart you'll always stay
We'll never forget you
You'll never fade away

I'll always remember
All the times we shared together
Remember your laughter
Forever and ever

But now you belong to heaven
It's empty without your smile
The truth brings us to tears
All the love you gave us all these years
And I wonder what would be the first I'd
say
If I meet you again one day
And I'm hoping you'll remember my
name
If I see you again

But now you belong to heaven
It's empty without your smile
The truth brings us to tears
All the love you gave us all these years
But now you belong to heaven
It's empty without your smile
The truth brings us to tears
All the love you gave us all these years
All the love you gave us all these years

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Obituary in Portsmouth News

MCINNES
Paola
Passed away
\without pain
On 26th January
2021 aged 92.



Adored wife of Robin, beloved mother to Alessandra and William, dearest Grandmother of Anna and Luke, she will be sorely missed by family and friends.

Private funeral at St Mary's church Hayling Island at 11:00 Friday 12th February, interment at 12:15 Warblington cemetery.

No flowers please, but tribute donations for Alzheimers Society. may be sent to Grady's, 23 Mengham Road, Hayling Island PO11 9BG

Obituary in Hayling Herald

Note: This was my preferred picture, but the paper could not accept it! Eventually they used the one alongside instead,

Paola McInnes

Passed away peacefully on 26th January 2021 aged 92.

Paola was born in Trieste Italy. After living through the war in Italy, getting married young, and having two children, her British army husband was posted elsewhere. and the family spent the next 17 years in various places: Malta, Singapore, Northern Ireland, Wales, Blackpool and finally Portsmouth. When this marriage dissolved

Paola was free to marry again, and she chose her present husband Robin, then working for IBM. This was probably the luckiest event in both their lives, and they spent 50 years happily living first on Hayling and later in Langstone till her death in January 2021.

Paola showed an instinctive talent for gardening. She was a legendary cook and hostess to her family and friends. She loved music, had a nice soprano voice, and for a while she and Robin performed with Joy Spargo's concert party "Cameo" for charity, often at Hayling Island Activities Centre. She loved travel, and apart from many trips to her beloved Italy, went to China, India and Nepal, as well as several countries in Europe. She loved children and spent nine years supervising lunch-break at Fairfield primary school in Havant, and the children loved her back,

She suffered a stroke followed by dementia for the last 2 years, but throughout thankfully never forgot her family or stopped loving them. A tribute to her life was held at 11:00 on Friday 12th February at St Mary's church on Hayling Island led by Rev Deborah Curram.

Paola leaves husband Robin, daughters Sandy and Wendy, sons William and Jay, four grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. She has left a wound in their hearts which seems may never heal.

A sweet, caring and much loved lady - may she rest in peace.

