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Friends, family, teachers and former pupils,
thank you for gathering to remember and celebrate the life of my mum,
Patricia Anne Davies — Trish to almost everyone who knew and loved her.

Mum was born in Cardiff on 22 November 1962,
and she left us peacefully at 61.
Between those dates is a life lived with purpose and grace:
a bright girl who excelled at school,
a student of English Literature who fell in love with words,
and a teacher who spent her career helping others fall in love with them too.

As a mother to Oliver and me, and as a widow of our dad, Gareth,
she held our little world together with humour, gentle guidance and a strong
sense of right and wrong.

As a grandmother to Isla, she discovered a new register of joy —
softer perhaps, but no less fierce in its loyalty.
And to her nieces and nephews, she was the beloved aunt who listened,
remembered the details, and turned small moments into traditions.

In school corridors and classrooms,
Trish was the English teacher who made Shakespeare feel like a living
conversation.
Her debating club was a refuge for the underdog,
a place where ideas were tested but people always felt safe.
In theatre rehearsals after hours, she coaxed courage from quiet voices,
and as Head of English she shaped a culture where curiosity led the way.
There are countless students who found their confidence because she first lent
them hers.

What defined her?

Articulate, principled, witty — yes.

Fiercely loyal and quietly generous — absolutely.

Mum believed that integrity matters when no one's watching,

that education is a force for good,

and that you stand up for the person who hasn't yet found the words.

She collected vintage postcards the way she collected stories —

each one a small window into someone else's world.

She loved book clubs that dissolved into laughter,

choral singing that filled her lungs and calmed her mind,

and coastal walks in Gower where the sea did its steady work of restoring perspective.

My favourite memory lives in the late-night revision sessions we shared.

She would turn exam prep into theatre rehearsals,

assigning parts, directing scenes, and insisting on applause at the end.

It wasn't just that she made learning fun;

she made it feel like home.

That's what we'll miss most:

her sharp mind,

her calming presence,

and the way she made words feel like home.

She was principled but never unkind,

witty but never cruel,

and generous in ways many only discovered when they needed help and it quietly arrived.

Her loyalty was a shield we all learned to stand beneath.

To her friends and colleagues here today,

thank you for the companionship that sustained her work.

To our family — to Isla, to our aunts, uncles, and cousins —

may we keep telling her stories until the edges soften and the warmth remains.

And to her students, past and present:

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carry forward the spark she lit,
ask the extra question,
defend the quieter voice,
and remember that literature — like life — is richer when everyone is heard.

Oliver and I are particularly grateful to her for something simple and profound:
she gave us confidence,
and with it a love of learning that shaped our lives.
That gift is now ours to pass on.

Today is a memorial, but it is also a celebration.
We honour a woman who chose curiosity over cynicism,
service over comfort,
and laughter over gloom.
If you want to do something in her memory, try this:
read a poem out loud,
walk the cliff path and let the wind make you honest,
write a postcard to someone who needs encouragement,
and when you find yourself in a debate, keep your ground — and your kindness.

Mum, Trish, thank you for the years, the lessons, the jokes quietly delivered at exactly the right moment.
Thank you for showing us that education isn't just a profession, it's an act of care.
We will miss you beyond measure,
but we will measure our days by the values you taught us:
integrity, curiosity, courage, and heart.

Rest easy, Mum.
We'll take it from here — with love, with laughter, and with words that still feel like home.

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