

Mushroom Sauce

2009

Salt
Pepper
Butter
Cumin
Onion
Sour cream

Olive oil
Chilli flakes
Mushrooms
2 Packets of
mushroom soup

*It's a secret so don't
tell anyone else ok!*

Pour into a large saucepan about 3 tablespoons of olive oil and add about 1 tablespoon of butter sprinkle in some chilli flakes, not too much about ¼ teaspoon. Also, same amount of cumin powder.

Chop up 1 large onion add to pan and cook on low for about 5 to 10 min don't burn, just to make onion soft and translucent.

While they are slowly cooking cut up your mushrooms then add to the pan, and keep cooking and stirring, until it starts bubbling.

Then mix 2 packets of mushroom soup in water then add to the mushrooms and keep stirring. Add a little more water if too thick.

I also add some sour cream last sometimes.

Oh I forgot you need to add about 1 teaspoon of salt while you are cooking the onions.

*So what time is dinner...
Hope I haven't forgotten anything
Good luck, Love Bev xx*

Bev's Lemon Meringue Pie

FROM THE OL' FAITHFUL EDMONDS COOKBOOK

1 tbsp Butter
4 tbsp Castor sugar
½ tsp Vanilla Essence
4 tbsp Edmonds
Cornflower
Juice & rind of two
medium lemons

3 Eggs
1 Cup Water
1 Cup Sugar
170 g (16oz) Sweet
short pastry

Roll Pastry and line a 230mm (9 inch) pie dish and bake at 200°C for 20 minutes – cool.

Filling:

Into the top of a double boiler place yolks of 3 eggs, water, lemon juice and rind, sugar, butter and cornflour. Stir all over boiling water until very thick and cook for 2-3 minutes extra.

When quite cold, turn into cooled baked tart shell and top with meringue.

Meringue:

Beat egg whites until stiff, then add the castor sugar a little at a time, beating well after each addition; finally, beat in the vanilla. Spread the meringue well over to the edges to seal. Cook at 200°C for 10 to 15 minutes or until golden brown.

'A Happy Family Is But An Earlier Heaven'

Beverley Barbara Boyd

27 JANUARY 1952 – 20 SEPTEMBER 2026



**Beverley, Bev, Mum, Nana,
Grandma & GG — Our Sunflower**

If I had to find one thing
to capture who you are,
I think of a lone sunflower
Standing beneath the stars.

Standing tall and strong, Mum,
With your face turned to the sun,
Giving colour, warmth and happiness
To everyone you meet.

You never needed a big garden
To make your presence known.
You could brighten any room
And make a stranger feel at home.

You'd talk to anyone, Mum,
A stranger passing by,
Your strength of character shining through,
And before too long you'd know their story,
With that sparkle in your eye.

You had a gift for people,
For making friendships grow,
For making those around you feel
That you genuinely cared and wanted to know.

And your family was your garden,
Though it didn't grow in quite one way.
A mother and father who shaped your path,
Brothers and sisters in another place,
Nieces and nephews far away,
A husband by your side,
Three children born from you,
Four more you welcomed with open arms along the way.

Seven different paths,
Seven stories intertwined,
Yet somehow, you created a loving big family
Where love was what defined.
No matter who their partners are,
You have always offered open arms,
That has always been your charm.

And then came the grandchildren.
Eighteen little pieces of your heart.
Eighteen lives you've helped to shape,
Eighteen reasons you won't ever truly depart,
You will always be remembered as their Nana and Grandma,
A woman who shone so bright.

And 4 great grandchildren and soon there will be more,
Little lives yet to bloom,
Who will know the love and strength of their GG,
Through the stories told of you and endless photos you so proudly took.

They may never remember or know your voice,
Or hold your hand, or see your smile,
But they'll know that somewhere in their story
You walked this earth for quite a while.

They'll hear about your laughter,
They'll hear about your Snapchats and love of sharing Facebook posts,
They will hear about your English past,
and that badgers were your favourite animal,
Your confidence, your light,
And how you could make a stranger smile
Within a moment of first sight.

Because sunflowers don't only stand
On bright and sunny days.
They stand through rain and bitter winds,
And somehow still they blaze.

And Mum, you've had your storms.
More than your fair share too.
Yet somehow through the darkest days,
You still found joy to give to others too.

For five long years you've battled this tornado,
With courage beyond compare.
And even when your own road darkened,
You still found a way to care.

You never stopped being Beverley.
You've never stopped being Hun.
You never stopped being our Mum.
You never stopped being Nana, Grandma or GG,
You kept giving love to everyone
Until your journey was almost done.

But now the wind is blowing harder,
And your petals are growing tired.
Your body has fought for long enough;
Your spirit needn't be required.

To stand so tall forever.
To keep fighting every day.
You've given us a lifetime, Mum.
You've given more than we could ever repay.

And here's the beauty of a sunflower—
It doesn't truly disappear.
It leaves behind its seeds of love
To bloom again each year.

And that's what you have given us, Mum.
A garden of your own.
Seven children, eighteen grandchildren,
Four great-grandchildren and certainly more to come.

Your love has spread through generations,
Far beyond what you could see.
And every life that carries your love
Carries a little part of thee.

So when the skies are dark for us,
And the cold winds start to blow,
We'll remember our lone sunflower
And the strength that you would show.

We'll turn our faces towards the light,
Just as you always did.
We'll hear your laughter in our memories,
And see you in the lives you've filled.

And when another sunflower blooms,
We'll think of you and smile.
Because your love will keep on growing
Long after you're gone a while.

So rest now, Mum.
You don't have to stand so tall.
You've weathered every storm you've faced.
You've truly given us your all.

Close your petals gently, Mum.
Let the warm wind carry you.
You've brought enough light into this world
For more than one lifetime to do.

And if there is a garden waiting
Somewhere beyond this life,
I hope the very first thing you see
Is sunshine—warm and bright.

And I hope you know, dear Mum,
As you finally take your rest,
That being loved by you
Was one of life's greatest gifts.

For you were a devoted wife, our loving mother and Matriach,
A thoughtful grandmother, a beloved friend.
And though this chapter closes,
Your story does not end.

It lives in your loving husband
It lives in seven strong children.
It lives in eighteen confident grandchildren.
It will live in 4 budding great-grandchildren and others yet to come,
And it lives in every person you've touched.

So, Mum, our beautiful sunflower,
You can finally let the sunlight go.

You've stood tall through every storm.
You've given us your warmth.
You've filled our lives with colour.
And now, Mum, you can rest.

Because even on the darkest and windiest days,
the world was always a little brighter
because you were in it.
Eternal love, your number one son, Seth x.