



Commemorating the life of Carlos Terrones
Ceremony Tuesday 8th August 2017
Eulogies from family & friends

Walk in to 'Leibersleid' by Fritz Kreisler

Felix De Cozar, close friend

Good afternoon Family & Friends.

This is not a religious ceremony, but a ceremony of friendship. Dear Teresa, Maite, Irene, Diana and family. As you all know Carlos was born in Madrid, on the 20th of August so his Birthday would have been in a few days. Our friendship began over fifty years ago, when they lived in Maysoule Road South West 11 and we have been friends ever since.

Carlos was a very proud man, very proud Madrileño and very proud Spaniard. Carlos was a very gifted man, not only with his hands. He could play the violin, he could also sing and his voice was to be envied. Carlos was kind, good natured, a great family man. He loved his family very much and was faithful to his friends. But Carlos' journey has only just begun.

Carlos, your journey has just begun.

*Don't think of him as gone away, because his journey has just begun
Life holds so many facets, this earth is only one
Just think of him as resting, from the sorrow and the tears
In a place of warmth and comfort, where there are no days or years
Think how he must be wishing that we could know today
How nothing but our sadness can really pass away
And think of him of living in the hearts of those he touched
For nothing loved is ever lost and Carlos was loved very much*

Maria Teresa, wife (spoken by Diana)

Carlos, te quiero. Siempre te he querido. Me acuerdo de la vida que compartimos, llena de momentos realmente bonitos. Construyendo casas y creando nuestra familia. Lo pasamos tan bien que me quedo con esos recuerdos que valen para siempre. Te quiero para siempre.

Carlos I love you. I always loved you. I remember the life we shared full of truly wonderful moments. Building houses and creating a family. We had such a good time that those memories will stay alive for ever. I will love you for ever.

Maite, daughter

My father was a quiet, gentle unselfish man and loved by all who knew him well. He gave us everything that I consider to be good in us: Our sense of belonging and being loved. Our love of music and of art. Our sense of humour comes from his, which was wickedly funny and mischievous. He always saw the funny side of human behaviour and was somewhat bemused by it.

He always had time for us and we knew we could always go to him to talk about anything and he would listen and understand. He would have given his shirt off his back for us, which he often did when we would go into his wardrobe and borrow them.

I know we have lost a wonderful father and human being and the void will be immense, but we are very proud to have had him as our father.

Irene, daughter

Our papa was a uniquely free spirit full of love and gentle humour and a rebel at heart. To him rules were; 'What rules?'

I remember when he thought we should all have Monday mornings off school to watch musicals on TV, anything from Gene Kelly to Shirley Temple.....and to him this was a perfectly normal thing to do. This explains where we get our similar disregard for rules. Me and dad also shared a love of watching late night sports together, I would quite often come down and find him watching snooker or golf and we would sit chatting and eating Frosties together and putting the world to right.

He is still the king of our castle and I love you Dad.

Diana, daughter

My Dad leaves me with so many good memories of growing up in a slightly unusual household. Like Irene said, he wasn't exactly a follower of rules.

I came downstairs one morning and said 'Dad, I don't want to go to school today'. He said, 'Don't go...there's no point going to school if you don't want to go'. I was 7. I loved that going to school apparently became a choice for me and because of that and also, I am the Lisa Simpson of the family, I embraced school and attended diligently. Except sometimes, I just chose not to.

I also have a more recent memory that just captures him to a tee. I had been seeing my gorgeous fiancée Nat for about a year in Sydney and my parents hadn't met him yet. In a telephone conversation, my dad asked: 'This Nathaniel person, do you think it is serious?' I said I hoped so, because he was such a lovely person. Then my Dad asked, 'Diana, is he a religious man?'. Now in any other household, this conversation may have played out differently, but when I said 'No Dad, he is an Atheist', my Dad went quiet for a while and then he said somewhat ironically.....'Oh thank God'.

I also remember being lucky enough to have shared a lot of time with him when he was renovating my house. Many of you know that he was our personal building firm and we called on him often to build or fix something and sometimes even to come over late at night to kill a spider. And he did.

Nigel sent me a message a few days ago, saying that one of his most vivid memories of Dad was when he was fixing our house. He was usually up a ladder singing opera and we would stop what we were all doing and just listen quietly from whichever room we were working in. Going to work with him made us all understand what a perfectionist he was and he instilled a bit of that in us too. The thing is, he could be a perfectionist because he was such a talented man. We have selected this next piece of music because Dad used to play it on his violin and sing it, because unlike most people, he could do both.

Please take a moment to remember your favourite memory of Carlos.

Reflection 'Oh Danny Boy' on violin

Diana

Dad loved children. All children...because he loved that they are so honest and say what they feel. He also understood them because he retained an ability to be young at heart all his life. He especially loved his Grandchildren. Here, his first Grandchild Elena will say a few words on behalf of the four of them.

Elena, grandchild

Runner beans, scaffolding castles and wooden swords made in minutes.

The garden was our place to conquer and Abuelito made sure we could roam all parts, even if we had to dig big holes to find new landscapes to explore.

He understood our child sized adventures. My time team companion. Our imagination facilitator.

Our 'Abuelito Pequenito' I think we each remember growing taller than him, especially with our measurements marked on the door frame. Abuelito used a video cassette and a trusty pencil from his shirt pocket.

A stylish role model for us kids to look up to. He was on a spectrum between Frank Sinatra and Clint Eastwood in Angus' world of fictional heroes, but he was the real deal.

He will continue to be Tom's fashion icon and Alex's unearthing of his love for keys.

His eye brows were big, but his heart a million times bigger.

You are the catalyst of creativity in this big family and this generation will try our best to continue that inspiring inventiveness.

Thank you for all the things you have taught us and all the love you have given us.

May you peacefully build impressive things in your dreams.

Irene & Diana

This next song may seem upbeat at this final moment, but Dad was never conventional and it makes us smile with wonderful memories. He used to play this in the mornings when he wanted us to get up and keep him company. That was him....he was always ready to play with us.

Dad died as he lived – counting us in and counting us out. We were lucky to be together with him at the end.

It's time to say goodbye Dad, we love you.

Committal - Toque de Diana Floreada

Javier, nephew

First of all, I would like to thank my cousins and my aunt so much for giving me this opportunity to express how high Carlos' influence was for my life and my thoughts which are this, I hope I can read it.

My father, Carlos' brother used to say when I was a child... When I shall pass, you should not arrange a funeral, but celebrate a party. And everything that Carlos thought, was that way and then is also my way for we are not here to cry for his passing but to celebrate his life. Carlos, like his father Juan and his sister Alicia, was a big lover of poetry. He used to recite by heart so many poems and once, years ago, he copied a beautiful one, one of his favourites by poet Gutierre de Cetina and gave it to me and asked me to keep it somewhere with my parents at home. Last Easter, when I visited him, we were talking about that poem which was one of his favourites and I told him I always got stuck in the middle verses. So he recited it all the way through and it goes this way:

Ojos claros, serenos. si de un dulce mirar sois alabados, ¿por qué, si me miráis, miráis airados?

Si cuanto más piadosos, más bellos parecéis a aquel que os mira, no me miréis con ira,

porque no parezcáis menos hermosos. ¿ Ay, tormentosos rabiosos !

Ojos claros, serenos, ya que así me miráis, miradme a menos.

Diana

Muchas Gracias and thank you to all. I am going to leave you with one last song that we can walk out to, which is Ave Maria. This version of it is very special. My father also used to sing Ave Maria and play it but he never thought he could quite do this version justice. **We love you Dad.**

Walk out to Ave Maria by Schubert, sung by Mario Lanza

