eulogyai.nz

Tēnā koutou, dear family and friends,

Thank you for being here to honour and remember our beloved Margaret Joan Wilson — our Nana Marg.

I speak today as her granddaughter,
one of the lucky ones she helped raise,
the one who rang her every week for a chat that always began with, “Right, what’s on the go then?” and somehow ended with me feeling steadier than when I called.

Nana was born on 14 March 1939, in Christchurch.
She trained as a nurse, because looking after people was never a question for her — it was simply what you do.
In the late 1960s she moved to Wellington, put down roots, and spent the next decades looking outward:
district nurse, community health advocate, hospice volunteer,
and the quiet organiser behind neighbourhood meal rosters that seemed to appear exactly when families needed them.

She married Peter, our Grandad, and for 60 years they were a team —
the practical list-maker and the calm improviser,
raising Susan and David with a mixture of warmth and commonsense that became the family weather we all grew up in.
Five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren later,
she was still the steady heart of us.

If I had to tell you what set Nana apart, I’d start with her calm.
As a district nurse she had a particular gift for reassurance:
a hand folded over yours at the exact right moment,

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.nz

a sentence trimmed of drama, anchored by facts,
and then, “Let’s get this sorted.”
In a crisis she was unflappable —
not because she didn’t feel things,
but because feeling never stopped her from helping.

She was practical, warm, and quietly witty.
Her generosity was measured in time,
in showing up,
in staying until the job was done.
No speeches about kindness, just the daily practice of it.
“Kindness first,” she’d say, “and no fuss about it.”

Some of my favourite memories with her are in the half-light.
Before dawn on ANZAC Day,
she and I would bake ANZAC biscuits, the golden syrup scent filling the kitchen while the radio carried the service from the cenotaph.
She’d tell stories — not grand ones —
of nurses who found a way,
of neighbours who shared what little they had,
of how resilience and kindness aren’t big words, they’re small choices made again and again.
We’d stand at the bench, waiting for the trays to cool,
and it felt like learning how to be a person.

At home, there were roses in careful rows,
knitting needles clicking out baby cardigans for the ward,
a half-finished cryptic crossword on the table — clues neatly ringed, muttered at, and eventually tamed —
and Sunday walks along the Wellington waterfront, where she somehow remembered the names of half the people we passed.
She never tried to make life fancy.
She made it good.
A cuppa at her table could fix most things.

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.nz

Not because tea is magic,
but because next to her, the knots in your thinking loosened.
And if you needed courage for a decision, she had a way of lending you some without making a fuss.

We'll miss those cuppas.
We'll miss the handwritten notes she slipped into lunchboxes — folded twice, "Proud of you" written in her tidy script, and a joke gentle enough to carry in your pocket.
We'll miss the advice that made hard choices feel lighter:
not telling you what to do,
but asking the question that helped you find your own answer.

Nana's life was full, not because it was loud,
but because it was faithful — faithful to people, to fairness, to service.
She believed that community doesn't happen by accident.
It's baked, rostered, watered, and walked with — biscuit by biscuit, visit by visit, rose by rose.
She didn't chase recognition.
If someone tried to make a fuss she'd swat it away with a smile and a "Don't be daft."

To Grandad Peter —
thank you for your 60-year partnership with her.
We all learned from the way you two took care of each other.
To Mum, Susan, and to David —
she was proud of you in that particular Nana way:
bragging only in private, listening in public.
To all of us grandchildren and the great-grandkids —
we carry her forward every time we check in on a neighbour,
make an extra plate for someone,
or choose to be steady when it would be easier to panic.

There are so many small pictures I hope we keep:

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.nz

her pegging washing with the southerly nipping her heels, unfazed;
her apron dusted with flour and that exact pinch of salt she insisted the biscuits needed;
her laugh, quiet, surprised, and then gone again;
her hand on your arm, the world briefly in order.

As we say goodbye, I want to offer thanks on behalf of the family to the staff at Wellington Hospital.
Your care was professional, gentle, and deeply appreciated.
If you are sending flowers, know they will be welcomed —
and if you're thinking of a tribute, a donation to the hospice she supported would have made perfect sense to her.
Practical help for the next person in line.

Nana taught me that grief and gratitude can hold hands.
Today we feel both.
We mourn the gap at the table,
and we give thanks for all the mornings and cups of tea and notes and walks that filled a lifetime.

If you're looking for a way to honour her, try this:
put the kettle on for someone who needs it,
ask the second question and really listen to the answer,
choose fairness even when no one is watching,
and keep the fuss to a minimum.

That's how she lived.
That's what lasts.

Thank you, Nana Marg, for the steadiness,
for the stories before dawn,
for the kindness that never needed a spotlight.
We'll take it from here —
staying practical,

staying kind,

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.nz

and making sure the biscuits don’t burn.

This speech was created with eulogyai.nz.Answer a few questions and generate your own personalised speech now ateulogyai.nz

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.nz