



Celebrating the Life of
ANNE MARGARET FERRY



December 18, 1937 - May 7, 2026

FRIDAY JULY 10, 2026

**Our Lady Queen of Peace Church
1603 Marne Hwy
Hainesport NJ 08036**



WISDOM 3: 1–6, 9

The souls of the just are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them. They seemed, in the view of the foolish, to be dead; and their passing away was thought an affliction and their going forth from us, utter destruction. But they are in peace.

For if before men indeed, they be punished, yet is their hope full of immortality; Chastised a little, they shall be greatly blessed, because God tried them and found them worthy of himself. As gold in the furnace, he proved them, and as sacrificial offerings he took them to himself.

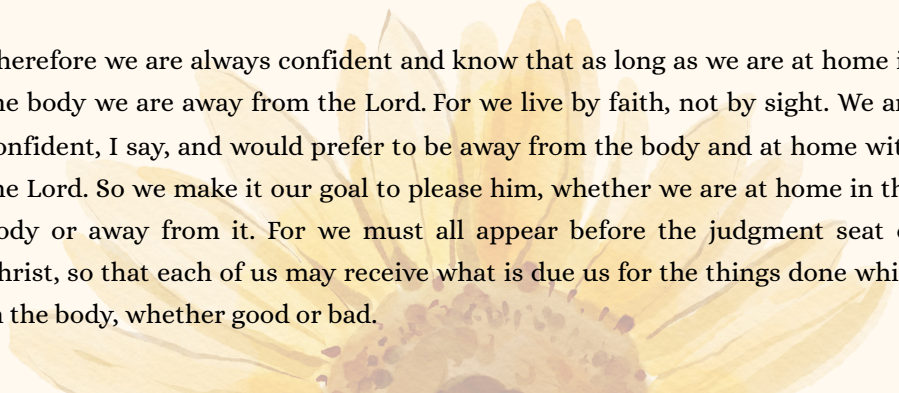
Those who trust in him shall understand truth, and the faithful shall abide with him in love: Because grace and mercy are with his holy ones, and his care is with the elect.

The Word of the Lord.

NEW CORINTHIANS 5: 1, 6–10

For we know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, an eternal house in heaven, not built by human hands. Meanwhile we groan, longing to be clothed instead with our heavenly dwelling, because when we are clothed, we will not be found naked. For while we are in this tent, we groan and are burdened, because we do not wish to be unclothed but to be clothed instead with our heavenly dwelling, so that what is mortal may be swallowed up by life. Now the one who has fashioned us for this very purpose is God, who has given us the Spirit as a deposit, guaranteeing what is to come.

Therefore we are always confident and know that as long as we are at home in the body we are away from the Lord. For we live by faith, not by sight. We are confident, I say, and would prefer to be away from the body and at home with the Lord. So we make it our goal to please him, whether we are at home in the body or away from it. For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, so that each of us may receive what is due us for the things done while in the body, whether good or bad.





Eulogy for Anne Margaret Ferry

We gather today to celebrate the life of Anne Margaret Ferry, a woman known by many names. Her parents called her Margaret, her brothers called her Maggie Anne, to her friends and co-workers she was known as Margot. Her husband, Jay, calls her Annie, and later in life, most everyone called her Anne, Mom, or Mom-mom. Whatever you called her, she was one whose love for her family was boundless.



Anne Margaret Ferry was born December 18th, 1937 in Bangalore, India to Albert & Nora Ainscow. She grew up surrounded by her many siblings—eight brothers and one sister. (And later in life, she connected with three half-brothers, who she came to adore.) Much of her vibrancy and toughness was due to her and her siblings' adventures on the Indian landscape. It was a place she loved.

Anne left Bangalore in 1956 to meet her elder sister, Joan, in France. As the story goes, she had soldiers lining up at her sister's door, but paid them little mind. She continued her trip to the United States with Joan and soon after, met her first husband and father of her five children, Wayne Bancroft of Haddonfield, New Jersey.



Annie was, in the truest sense of the word, kind. It showed in the way she made everyone who entered her home feel welcomed and seen. It was in the way she listened attentively, especially if you had something heavy on your heart.

She had a unique way of making each of us feel special and loved. Whether through her warm hugs, gentle advice, delicious meals, or simply her confident presence, she created a sense of belonging for each of us that will stay with us forever.



While she was warm, she held us to a high standard and never hesitated to let us know if we weren't meeting it. She expected the best of us because she wanted the best for us. She was known to playfully warn the "littles" that she was getting the "spanking machine" ready if they didn't straighten up. Her lovely English accent, which never faded despite all her years here in America, added a special music to her words.



Anne was good at reading people. She could sense vibes and detect authenticity. Once you were trusted, you had her love and all that came with it: her wit, her charm, and her compassion.

Some of our most treasured memories are of deep conversations with Anne. She had a gift of being fully present with you, like time was standing still.



Even though Anne was deeply pensive and observant, she was just as often, playful and keenly focused on the joke of it all. She was British and there was a clear allusion to that stereotypical stuffiness, but that could not be further from her truth. She was willing, eager even, to be a little inappropriate, crack a joke, or just give a look that said “live a little!”

Her children shared memories of riding rollercoasters at Clementine Lake Park, indulging in a sweet treat at Carvel’s on hot summer nights, and breaking out in laughing fits at the dinner table. She liked to have a good time.



If you knew Anne, you knew her cooking. That old pot of hers was never empty, never cold. She was always looking forward to the next opportunity to bring people together and her food did just that. It was an expression of love. Many of her family’s favorite memories were spent in her company—sharing chicken curry, a bottle of wine, or a Jameson’s. We will always treasure the moments eating her meatballs out of what she called the “Herdpot.”





In her solitude, Anne found happiness in the beautiful, simple parts of life. Her garden was her sanctuary. She loved digging her hands into the earth and watching things grow. She loved sunflowers and turtles, red hibiscus and butterflies. She even worked at a florist shop for a period of time and spoke fondly of that experience. She appreciated the beauty of this remarkable world.

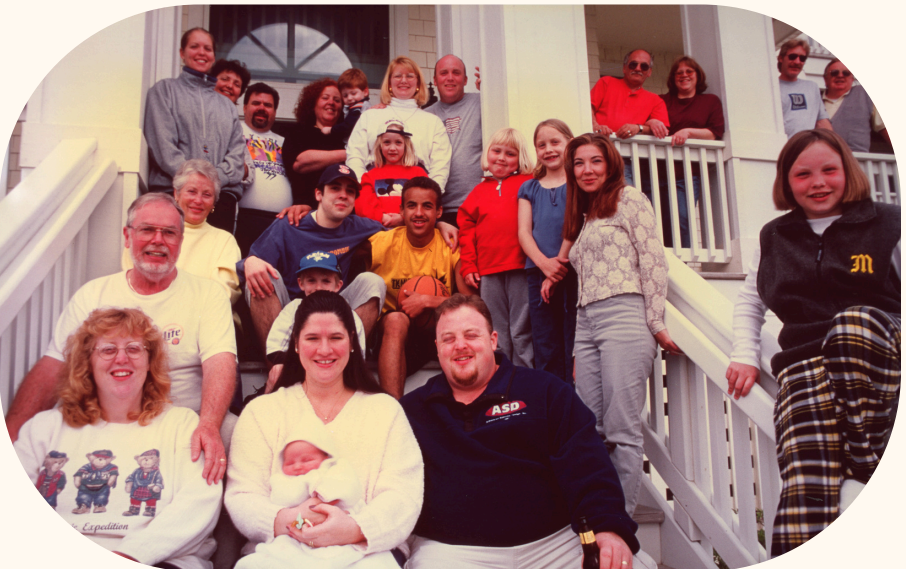


Anne was a beautiful person, not just in appearance, though she certainly was that. Her beauty radiated from within. It was in her smile, in her eyes when she looked at her children and grandchildren and great grandchildren. It was in the grace with which she moved through life, in the dignity with which she faced both joy and hardship. In her musical laugh that fluttered around the room and made others want to laugh too.





She often said, "Your family is all you have" and she lived those words until the day she left us. She celebrated her loved ones' victories and comforted them in their struggles. She never forgot a birthday or an anniversary. She remembered details about your life. Family wasn't just important to her; it was everything. It was her purpose, her joy, her greatest accomplishment.



As we say goodbye to Anne today, we do so knowing that her legacy lives on in each of us. It lives in the recipes we'll continue to make, in the gardens we'll tend, in the way we gather around tables and share meals and conversation. It lives in how we treat others with kindness and respect, in how we prioritize family, in how we give generously of ourselves.




Anne, we thank you for the thoughtful conversations, the delicious meals, the hysterical laughs, and the example you set as a strong woman. Thank you for your love and your deep care for us all. We will miss you more than words can say, but we will carry you with us always, in our hearts, in our memories, and in the love we share with one another.



"THERE ARE NO GOODBYES FOR US.
WHEREVER YOU ARE, YOU WILL
ALWAYS BE IN MY HEART."

MAHATMA GANDHI





SO ALSO YOU HAVE SORROW
NOW, BUT I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN,
AND YOUR HEARTS WILL REJOICE,
AND NO ONE WILL TAKE YOUR
JOY FROM YOU.

JOHN 16:22