



*A celebration of the life of*

# Frances Girbow Winch

2 June 1931 - 31 March 2019

**HASTINGS**  
**WEDNESDAY 17 APRIL 2019**





# *Order of Service*

Celebrant

*Felicity Harvest*

Nocturne in B flat minor, Op.9 No.1

*by Frederic Chopin*

Welcome

Tribute

Balm in Gilead, traditional spiritual

*sung by Paul Robeson*

*Reading*

When Great Trees Fall by Maya Angelou

*chosen by Frances's Book Group*







## The Lark Ascending

*by Ralph Vaughan Williams*



## Burial in the Woodland Burial Ground

## A Blackbird Singing

*by R.S. Thomas*



It seems wrong that out of this bird,  
Black, bold, a suggestion of dark  
Places about it, there yet should come  
Such rich music, as though the notes'  
Ore were changed to a rare metal  
At one touch of that bright bill.

You have heard it often, alone at your desk  
In a green April, your mind drawn  
Away from its work by sweet disturbance  
Of the mild evening outside your room.

A slow singer, but loading each phrase  
With history's overtones, love, joy  
And grief learned by its dark tribe  
In other orchards and passed on  
Instinctively as they are now,  
But always fresh with new tears.



# When Great Trees Fall

*by Maya Angelou*

When great trees fall,  
rocks on distant hills shudder,  
lions hunker down  
in tall grasses,  
and even elephants  
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall  
in forests,  
small things recoil into silence,  
their senses eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die,  
the air around us becomes  
light, rare, sterile.  
We breathe, briefly.  
Our eyes, briefly,  
see with  
a hurtful clarity.  
Our memory suddenly sharpened,  
examines,  
gnaws on kind words  
unsaid,  
promised walks never taken.

Great souls die and  
our reality, bound to  
them, takes leave of us.

Our souls,  
dependent upon their  
nurture,  
now shrink, wizened.

Our minds, formed  
and informed by their  
radiance,  
fall away.

We are not so much maddened  
as reduced to unutterable ignorance  
of dark, cold  
caves.

And when great souls die,  
after a period of peace blooms,  
slowly and always  
irregularly. Spaces fill  
with a kind of  
soothing electric vibration.

Our senses, restored, never  
to be the same, whisper to us.

They existed. They existed.

We can be. Be and be  
better. For they existed.



Dinah and Jill would like to  
thank you for joining us today.

Please come along to  
The Two Sawyers, Pett Rd, Pett, Hastings TN35 4HB  
where we had happy times with Mum.



**Donations in memory of  
Frances may be made to;**

The Friends of Rye Harbour Nature Reserve  
c/o Banfield & Pomphrey Funeral Directors  
476 Old London Road, Hastings, East Sussex TN35 5BG  
[www.banfield-pomphrey.co.uk](http://www.banfield-pomphrey.co.uk)  
T. 01424 720002