

A celebration of the life of

Frances Girbow Winch

HASTINGS WEDNESDAY 17 APRIL 2019





Order of Service

Celebrant

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

Welcome

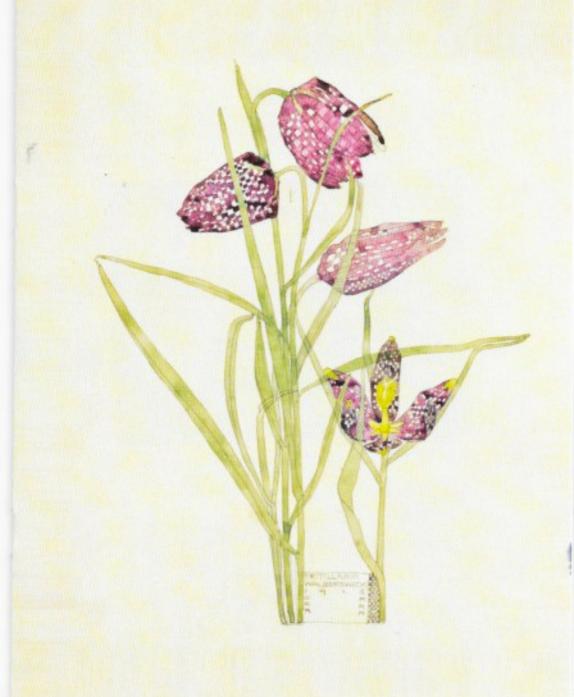
Tribute

Balm in Gilead, traditional spiritual

Reading
When Great Trees Fall by Maya Angelou

Chosen by Frances's Book Group







The Lark Ascending



Burial in the Woodland Burial Ground

A Blackbird Singing



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 L 01424 720002