

A celebration of the life of



Christine Patricia Vincent

15th February 1957 - 28th April 2019

Wednesday 15th May 2019 at 2.30pm

Mendip Crematorium

Order of Ceremony

Led by Julie Wright of Humanists UK

Introductory Music

'Way Over Yonder' by Carole King

Words of Welcome

Thoughts on Life and Death

Reading

'I have lived in this great world and known its many joys'

by Leslie Scrase

Eulogy

Reflection Music

'Breathe' by Midge Ure

Christine's Poem

Closing Words

Committal

Exit Music

'Jai Ho' from Slumdog Millionaire

“ I always loved the words, and the sentiment of

*'The sun shining golden,
shining right down on me'*

I always did love the sun.”

Christine



'Way Over Yonder'

Way over yonder
Is a place that I know
Where I can find shelter
From a hunger and cold
And the sweet tastin' good life
Is so easily found
A way over yonder,
that's where I'm bound
I know when I get there
The first thing I'll see
Is the sun shining golden
Shining right down on me
Then trouble's gonna lose me
Worry leave me behind
And I'll stand up proudly
In true peace of mind
Talkin' about, Talkin' about

A way over yonder
Is a place I have seen
In a garden of wisdom
From some long ago dream
Oh yeah
Ooh maybe tomorrow
I'll find my way
To the land where the honey runs
In rivers each day
And the sweet tastin' good life
Is so easily found
A way over yonder
That's where I'm bound
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
A way over yonder
That's where I'm bound

Carole King

Reading

I have lived in this great world and known its many joys:
the thrill of mountains and the morning air,
hills and the lonely heather-covered moors,
harvest and the strong sweet scent of hay;

A rock-strewn river overhung with trees,
shafts of sunlight in a valley leading to the sea,
the beat of waves on rough and rocky shores
and wild, white spray flung high in ecstasy;

The song of birds awakening at dawn
and flaming sunsets at the close of day
with cooling breezes in the secret night,
music and the moonlight sea;

The comfort of my home and treasured things,
the love of kin and fellowship of friends,
firelight and laughter and children at their play
with all their hopes and dreams, their
freshness as the future beckons them;

The tapestry of life, both joy and pain
is ours to live but once and not again.
When I look back upon my richly varied years,
I crave no more, so shed no tears.

Leslie Scrase



*"If there is a pause for people to remember me,
I would like the song 'Breathe' by Midge Ure."*

TIME TO REFLECT

Christine chose all the music for this celebration herself.
The lyrics to this song are particularly poignant.

With every waking breath I breathe
I see what life has dealt to me
With every sadness I deny
I feel a chance inside me die
Give me a taste of something new
To touch to hold to pull me through
Send me a guiding light that shines
Across this darkened life of mine
Breathe some soul in me
Breathe your gift of love to me
Breathe life to lay 'fore me
Breathe to make me breathe
For every man who built a home
A paper promise for his own
He fights against an open flow
Of lies and failures, we all know
To those who have and who have not
How can you live with what you've got?
Give me a touch of something sure
I could be happy evermore
Breathe some soul in me

Breathe your gift of love to me
Breathe life to lay 'fore me
To see to make me breathe
Breathe your honesty
Breathe your innocence to me
Breathe your word and set me free
Breathe to make me breathe
This life prepares the strangest things
The dreams we dream of what life brings
The highest highs can turn around
To sow love's seeds on stony ground
Breathe
Breathe
Breathe some soul in me
Breathe your gift of love to me
Breathe life to lay 'fore me
To see to make me breathe
Breathe your honesty
Breathe your innocence to me
Breathe your word and set me free
Breathe to make me breathe

MY BIG SISTER



When I was only eleven years old, Christine, was MY BIG SISTER, my role model. For me, this was the beginning of my life, discovering what I wanted to be.

I would look up to the tall, beautiful, aloof, bohemian, music loving young woman that was my big sister.

I remember her long flowing skirts covered in sunflowers. The smell of Josticks wafting from her bedroom. I remember guitar twanging boyfriends with long flowing hair that matched only her own.

Our Step dad would yell up the stairs with that old gem, "Turn that racket down you'll go deaf" and Mum delivering her words of wisdom. "Did you know Josticks are poisonous".

Being 4 years younger than Christine. I followed her into senior school. Christine's boots were big ones to fill. Christine was popular, creative, intelligent and very mischievous. I was welcomed by my new teachers with, "So your Christine's younger sister"? There was always a quivering smile on their faces that I never quite understood until during my first summer at St Bede's school. Christine had rigged the speakers in the 6th form room, she opened all the windows and blasted out on full volume 'Schools Out' by Alice Cooper across the playground. When I looked up to see my sisters grinning face at that second floor window. I knew for certain I wanted to be just like my big sister and was very proud to tell my teacher it was my sister that did it. Christine was not too pleased about my disclosure.

Life took us off in different directions to pursue our own careers, home building, bringing up children and adventures. We didn't see much of each other and it never seemed important. After all, we had plenty of time didn't we?

Just 47 years later I have been humbled and privileged to be able to be reunited with Christine and so lucky to have spent quiet, contemplative times with her, while she fought her illness.

We shared memories, swapped gifts, ate chocolates, shed tears, ate more chocolates, giggled and held hands.

Our times together were spent being busy living whilst the knowledge of dying sat silently with us. I would imagine death sulking in the corner of her room during my visits knowing he didn't get a look in when she was surrounded by a tidal wave of unconditional love from her family and friends.

Christine's told me many times how proud she was of Paul, Sam and George. Her love, pride and concern for her family remained the focus of her world. Even on her last day she was scolding George for not getting enough rest after work and telling Sam off for cutting short his trip away, to be by her side.

Christine had no intention of letting go without a fight. We explored and shared our thoughts and experiences about an afterlife and came to the same conclusion which was the world was better off with her in it. I was so proud to witness her strength and dignity but she was tired, so very tired and she, I know, reluctantly left us to the devastation and void we call grief.

My promise to you Christine today is to continue to try and live the unique and free spirited life you my beautiful and clever sister introduced me to all those years ago. And I will try my very best to accept the challenges both good and bad that life hands me with the strength and dignity I have learned from your amazing example so that I can continue to be just like -

MY BIG SISTER



Mum

Mum always told us life was about quality not quantity. I desperately wish we had had more time with her, but I know she loved us completely and utterly without bounds, as we did her.

A mum should be caring, nurturing, wise and loving. We certainly couldn't have asked any more from ours. I consider myself and George truly blessed to have had such a beautiful and wonderful mother raise us and help guide us for as long as she did.

Mum leaves behind an impossibly large hole in our family... but she also leaves behind the most magical memories of adventure, laughter, compassion and fun.

I'm so proud to call you my mum.



Mum

Mum you've given us so much and there really are no words worthy enough to describe you. There is no one like you and I'm so proud to be able to call you my Mum.

You taught me to be thankful, to be honest, to love and to work hard. But most importantly you taught me to live life, enjoy every moment and that anything can be achieved if you put your mind to it.

Thank you Mum, thank you for everything you taught us, for being the best Mum anyone could ask for. You've left us too soon, but you'll be with me forever.

Love you always

xxx



Christine - the love of my life

There are no words than can adequately describe the loss of the love of your life. I'm sorry, but I am not going to be able to stand up in front of you now and tell you what a wonderful wife, mother and soul mate Christine was to me - I'm going to have to let you read my thoughts here.

Christine was the sensible one, the one who saw all the little things, the finishing touches, the right thing to do. Chris would choose the best we could afford (and more often than not - not afford!), buy presents, not because it was Christmas or a birthday, but *'just because'* it was perfect for someone. Why can't we all just give things just because it is so pleasurable to so. Christine said *"Everyone should have a Friday Night Club"*, everyone should also give things *'just because'*. Giving is so much more fulfilling than receiving and Christine loved to give. Given was the perfect name for her business.

Life dealt Christine some pretty shitty cards in the last few months, but it also found a way prior to that for us to fulfil most of her dreams and although her life has been cut tragically short, she said in her last week, it's the *"Quality of life - not the quantity"*. Christine gave me an unmeasurable quality of life and quantity of love and I will be forever grateful to have shared my life and love with her. I will love you always. Paul

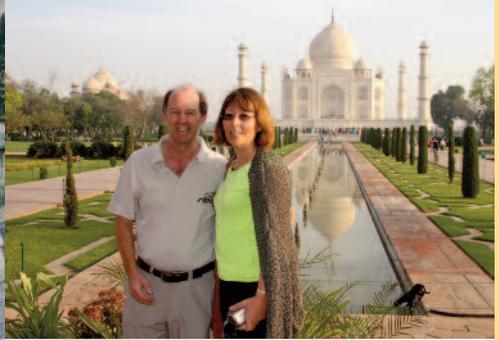


Christine's courage in meeting her illness's head on - has amazed us
Her strength of will not to show any weakness - has humbled us
Her generosity with her spirit and love - has encouraged us
Her determination to carry on and embrace life to the full - has inspired us
Her ability to lead us in the right direction - has completed us

Paul, Sam and George



*Peace and love -
not a bad mantra
to live by*



Christine's Last Message (written 31st December 2018)

I don't think I'll ever have the right words to express the way I feel about Paul and my beautiful boys. They are far more than I could ever have dreamt of having in my life. They are everything that is good about this world. I love them dearly, and always will. I know you will all go on to live long, happy, healthy and fulfilling lives, and I know that you still have many exciting adventures ahead of you. I'm also extremely grateful to have met their life partners, Nicky and Mark. I know they are both kind and caring people and it's wonderful for me to know that my two boys have found that same bond of unconditional love and support that I was lucky enough to share with Paul.

Please do not cry for me, because I have had an amazing life, full of love and understanding, full of pleasure, excitement, rebellious curiosity and adventure. But all this did not come about by luck. It was shown and taught to by my amazing husband Paul, my two perfect boys, and all the people (and animals) that have ever crossed my path.

I remember a few of those now:

Toby the Tortoise: My first ever pet

Socks, The most loving dog in the world

Carol, my best friend from school:

Our train trip around Europe... being thrown off the train in Yugoslavia at gun point. Seemed funny at the time... but the world was a different place then, and we thought guns were just playing cowboys and Indians, nobody would actually use them to hurt anyone.

All the Friday Night Club: Not as exciting as it seems, ha ha. A group of friends that meet up occasionally on a Friday night, have a drink, talk about what was going on in our lives, listen, laugh, cry and support each other.

Cheers to you all! You were all very special to me.
Everyone should have a Friday Night Club.

**“Everyone should have a
Friday Night Club”**



My sisters: Rhiannon and Sue

Rolling skating down Parr Avenue in Gillingham, Kent, we must have hit 40mph. One roller skate each as we had to share a pair.

All my work colleagues and friends

All the chat, smiles and support from my customers/friends who came to my Beauty Salon: Thank you, I loved every second, and felt honoured and privileged that you allowed me to be a small part of your lives.

Our Bristol friends: Thank you for the parties: I remember the Karaoke, and lots, and lots of Bombay Sapphire gin.

My sister-in-law Hilary: Love you Hil. Thank you for all your support over the years. It's to you I say, "Please look after Paul and the boys for me." It would be doing me a great honour if you could stand in for me as Mother of the Groom at Sam and Nicky's wedding.

Last but not least, my friends Angie and Trev: We've been through a lot together, lots of it shitty bad health stuff but, isn't that what true friends are for. Angie, my hugely talented, arty, little party animal, I love you very much and I thank you for being in my life. And Trevor, the most laid back and relaxed person god every put on this earth. A joy to be around.

I have no regrets and if I every get the chance to do it again, I wouldn't change a thing.

I'm so sorry that I had to leave you all so early, but I promise you, Paul, Sam, Nicky, George and Mark, that I will always be with you. During the happy times I will be looking down and smiling with pride, and in times of sorrow, I will have my arms around you and I'll be holding your hands.

In the words of Paolo Nutini:

*It was in love I was created...
and in love is how I hope I die..*

**“Socks, the most
loving dog in the world”**



Christine wrote this poem when her mother passed away.
It's very special to the family and now very relevant to Sam & George.



Mum

We know how much you loved us, because you fought for many years.
Even though your pain was great, you tried to hide your tears.

You tried to teach us all you knew, of love and life and faith.
Of courage, strength, humility, of gentleness and grace.

We wouldn't always listen, and would go our own sweet way.
Yet another lesson learnt; sometimes the hard way.

You'd be there to greet us, No judgements ever made.
Just a look, a smile, a cup of tea and a love you could not faze.

We little knew that morning, God was going to call your name.
In life we loved you dearly, In death we do the same.

It broke our hearts to lose you, you did not go alone,
For part of us went with you, the day God called you home.

You left us beautiful memories, your love is still our guide.
And though we cannot see you, you are always by our side.

Our family chain is broken, and nothing seems the same.
But as God calls us one by one, the chain will link again.

Christine Vincent

RIP

A few of my favourite things

Elephants

Stork-billed Kingfishers

Dolphins and Whales

The Great Wall of China

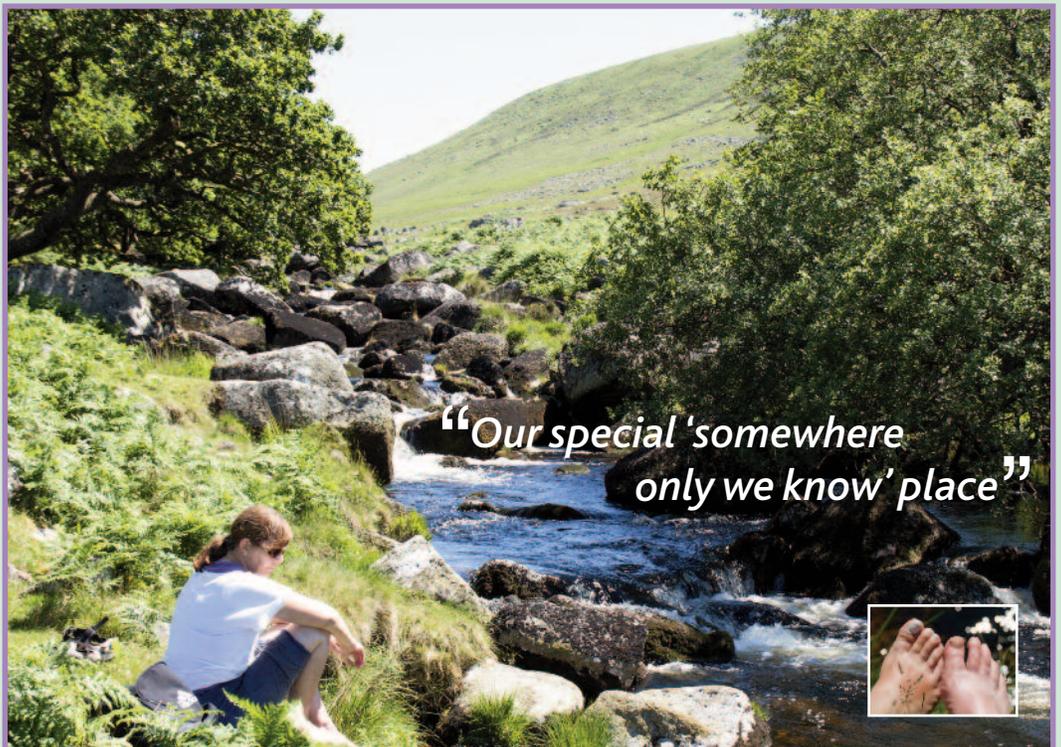
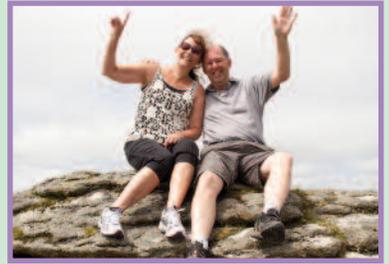
Swayambhunath Stupa (Monkey Temple) in Kathmandu

The Snowy White Mountains of the Annapurna Range in Nepal

That stunning view coming into Wells from the Bristol Road or Shepton Mallet, looking over Glastonbury and the levels

Most of India, especially the backwaters in Kerala (front cover pix)

Black-a-Tor, our special 'somewhere only we know' place (below)





Following the service, the family would like to invite everyone to join them to continue the celebration's of Christine's life at The Swan Hotel, Wells.

Donations in memory of Christine in aid of Penny Brohn UK and St Margaret's Hospice may be left in the plate on exit, or forwarded to:
Unwins Independent Funeral Directors, The Firs,
Underwood, Wookey Hole Road, Wells BA5 1AF.

Heartfelt Thanks

To all the staff at St Margaret's Hospice who cared for Christine so thoughtfully in her last few weeks. Angie, Christine's 'arty' friend for the fabulous hand-made silk flowers, Christine would have loved them.



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