

THE COMMITTAL OF  
**HUBERT PRESTON BEAUMONT**

11<sup>th</sup> June 1935 - 12<sup>th</sup> May 2018

held at  
Fairspear Natural Burial Ground  
on 25<sup>th</sup> May 2018



**Humanist Celebrant**

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Over Norton



## **OPENING WORDS**

Good afternoon everyone. We're here to remember the life of Hubert Preston Beaumont who died on 12<sup>th</sup> May aged 82.

## **INTRODUCTION**

My name is Ian Willox. I'm a celebrant for Humanists UK. Yvonne has asked for a Humanist funeral - a non-religious funeral. That doesn't mean anti-religious. This is a ceremony for everyone – including those with a religious faith.

## **THOUGHTS ON LIFE AND DEATH**

I said we were here to remember Hubert's life.

One of the important things a funeral does is to remember – so that Hubert lives on in our memories at least.

Most of that remembrance will take place at Hubert's Memorial. Today is just for you few. A private time. An intimate time.....

## **TRIBUTE**

This is the way Yvonne would like to do things. You each have a posy. Each of you in turn will be able to place your posy on Hubert's coffin. A good time to say a few words. Or to keep your thoughts in your heart.

We're going to start with Harriet:

**Harriet:**

*places posy on coffin*

Thank you Harriet. Now Oli...

**Oli:**

You want a physicist to speak at your funeral. You want the physicist to talk to your grieving family and friends about the conservation of energy, so they will understand that your energy has not died. You want the physicist to remind your children and step-children about the first law of thermodynamics; that no energy gets created in the universe, and none is destroyed. You want them to know that all your energy, every vibration, every bit of heat, every wave of every particle that was their beloved father remains with them in this world. You want the physicist to tell your weeping family and friends that amid the energies of the cosmos, you gave as good as you got.

And at one point you'd hope that the physicist would turn to your broken hearted spouse and tell her that all the photons that ever bounced off your face, all the particles whose paths were interrupted by your smile, by the touch of your hair, hundreds of trillions of particles, have raced off like children, their ways forever changed by you. And as your widow rocks in the arms of a loving family, may the physicist let her know that all the photons that bounced from you were gathered in

the particle detectors that are her eyes, that those photons created within her constellations of electromagnetically charged neurons whose energy will go on forever.

And the physicist will remind those gathered of how much of all our energy is given off as heat. And he will tell them that the warmth that flowed through you in life is still here, still part of all that we are, even as we who mourn continue the heat of our own lives.

And you'll want the physicist to explain to those who loved you that they need not have faith; indeed, they should not have faith. Let them know that they can measure, that scientists have measured precisely the conservation of energy and found it accurate, verifiable and consistent across space and time. You can hope your family and friends will examine the evidence and satisfy themselves that the science is sound and that they'll be comforted to know your energy's still around. According to the law of the conservation of energy, not a bit of you is gone; you're just less orderly.

***places posy on coffin***

Thank you Oli. Margaret...

**Margaret**

***places posy on coffin***

Thank you Margaret. Anna...

**Anna:**

Hubert deeply loved Proust's 'In Search of Lost Time' so I have chosen a quote from it:

It is often said that something may survive of a person after his death, if that person was an artist and put a little of himself into his work. It is perhaps in the same way that a sort of cutting taken from one person and grafted onto the heart of another continues to carry on its existence even when the person from whom it had been detached had perished.

*Proust*

***places posy on coffin***

Thank you Anna. Tassy...

**Tassy:**

I have chosen a poem by Rabindranath Tagore:

Peace my heart...

Peace, my heart, let the time for the parting be sweet.

Let it not be a death but completeness.

Let love melt into memory and pain into songs.

Let the flight through the sky end in the folding of the wings over the nest.

Let the last touch of your hands be gentle like the flower of the night.



Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a moment, and say your last words in silence.  
I bow to you and hold up my lamp to light you on your way.

*Rabindranath Tagore*

***places posy on coffin***

Thank you Tassy. John...

**John:**

Hubert, we had many good times and much laughter in the nearly 70 years we knew each other, and I shall remember you as one of the most generous, most tolerant and patient of men, and above all as wonderfully kind.

I have been so fortunate to be able to call you my best friend.

***places posy on coffin***

Thank you John.

Yvonne has asked me to read this poem for her. It's based on ancient Jewish ritual:

When we are weary and in need of strength,  
When we are lost and sick at heart,  
We remember him.

When we have a joy we crave to share  
When we have decisions that are difficult to make  
When we have achievements that are based on his  
We remember him.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter  
At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring,  
We remember him.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer  
At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn,  
We remember him.

At the rising of the sun and at its setting,  
We remember him.

As long as we live, he too will live  
For he is now a part of us,  
As we remember him.

*Adapted from the Yizkor Service*



To which Yvonne would like to add:

**Yvonne:**

My darling boy, it was an honour to share your life and I shall love you forever.

*places posy on coffin*

Thank you Yvonne.

**QUIET REFLECTION**

We're coming to the end of this family celebration of Hubert's life. But before we do we're going to pause for a moment of reflection. A chance for you to digest all you've heard. A chance for you to recall your own memories of him. A chance, if you wish, to pray silently.

**SILENCE**

**COMMITTAL**

Just as we welcome a child into our lives we must say goodbye to those who leave us. This remembrance of Hubert's life is complete. It's time to say farewell to him. This may be difficult but it is important. I hope the memories we've talked about here may give you some comfort.

**FINAL FAREWELL**

Our atoms and molecules come from the earth;  
Are ordered by ancestry;  
Are fired into life by union;  
Are sustained by the earth and powered by the sun;  
And return to the earth when life ends.

*John Stuffin*

Hubert Preston Beaumont. Son of Cyril and Hilda. Brother to Margaret. Husband to Yvonne. Father of Harriet and Oliver. Step Father to Anna and Tassy. Step Grandfather to Iris, Fraser and Willa. Dear friend to John.

We commit your body to the earth. Rest in the hearts and minds of all you love and all who love you.

**CLOSING WORDS**

The Bearers and I are going to step back now and leave you alone with Hubert. There is no rush. Join me when you are ready.

Please take good care of yourselves and each other.

Thank you for coming.