

# A celebration of life Barry Stuart Carter

12<sup>th</sup> May 1942 – 28<sup>th</sup> September 2020

12.45pm 15<sup>th</sup> October, Surrey and Sussex Crematorium

*a personal goodbye*

Humanist  
*Ceremonies*

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## The Tribute

Barry, the eldest child of Leonard and Barbara Carter, was born in Harrow on May 12<sup>th</sup> 1942. The family moved to the South Coast when he was a baby, and his twin sisters Christine and Lynette were born in Worthing. The family moved around quite a lot, including Barbara and the children spending a year in South Africa after the war. We'll now hear two accounts of Barry's early life, the first from David Andrew.

***When I think of my life-long friend Barry..... I think of a quiet man with a strong mathematical brain who was especially knowledgeable about the scientific universe in which we live. We were always happy to meet up and renew the bond that was established in our very early years and it is that which I will mention briefly...***

*Our lives came together because our mothers, Barbara and Gwen, who were very close school friends, found themselves as single mums bringing up their young children after the war. Barbara and her children came to live with us in Welwyn Garden City for a year while they found their footing again back in the UK ... there are photos from this time .... which show us playing together in the garden of my mother's small house; train-sets and sleeping in tents in the garden come to mind. Happy times. My mother was a keen Girl Guide leader, and strangely, Barry and I participated in the annual GG camps, parked in our own tent and made a fuss of by the senior Guides as sort of mascots. It was fun!*

*Then Barry and his family moved to Hove with their Nan. This provided the opportunity for us to get together for our holidays down there. The visits were documented by the regular photo shoots of Chris, Lin, my sister Pat, Barry and I lined up to show how we were all growing in stature. These were very happy times, our mothers so loved being together and us children had fun in those innocent days of childhood. My sister and I remember so well how stony the beach was in Hove, I still feel I know every pebble on the beach! The ice cream parlour is still there..... and we had buckets and spades of course.*

*From Hove, Barbara, Nan, Barry, Chris and Lyn moved to Rustington to their house in a quiet road close to the beach and our regular holiday visits continued through our early teenage years. Barry's mother worked*

*hard to make ends meet .... I well remember the zapping knitting machine which she bought and used to knit sweaters to sell ... and Barry had a splendid Hornby Duplo electric train set which was exciting for me.*

*Then as we grew up we did not see so much of each other, but we did keep in contact with the occasional meetups. It was only in our sixties when I came to live in Sussex that I had the opportunity to renew that bond that our mothers had first established and we had pleasant times reminiscing over pub lunches about those happy times in our childhood.*

*I am so sad that I have lost my life-long friend who put up with his illness so courageously in these last few years with the loving care and support of Helena.*

Thank you, David.

And now we'll hear from Barry's cousin, Angela Browse, who will also read a poem:

*Barry's mother Barbara and my mother were first cousins. Barbara was my Godmother, and throughout her life always remembered me at Christmas and for my birthday. She was a lovely person and I'm sure that Barry took after her.*

*My first memories of Barry were when he was about three and I was eight. We were both living in Lancing, across the road from each other, a short way from the sea. We would go to the beach together to play in the water and, as my Grandfather had a large shrimping net, we would join him with our little nets and catch shrimps. When we got them home then Grandmas cooked them for our tea, such a lovely treat as they were so fresh.*

*When the move to Hove came we were living next door and we, and Christine and Lynette shared many happy hours together.*

*Growing up and work did part us for a few years, but we always kept in touch. Since moving to Steyning and with Barry in Cuckfield only a few miles away, it was easy for us to meet again. However, it has been hard to see Barry's health deteriorating and to know that he was suffering.*

*Now that he is at peace, together with his family and friends, we will miss him.*

*We will have photographs and most of all our memories of a man who, to me, was like the brother I never had.*

*I remember Barry with love and say God bless you, and thank you.*

*When I am dead, my dearest, **Christina Rosetti***

*When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me; Plant  
thou no roses at my head, Nor  
shady cypress tree:  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet;  
And if thou wilt, remember, And  
if thou wilt, forget.*

*I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain; I shall  
not hear the nightingale Sing  
on, as if in pain:  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember, And  
haply may forget.*

Thank you, Angela.

Barry was a very bright boy. He went to Worthing Grammar School where he excelled, particularly in Maths and Science, and he gained a place at Queen Mary College.

His higher education was interrupted when he was 20 by a serious accident in Switzerland, when he was on the back of a scooter driven by a friend, also called Barry, who I believe is here today. His recovery took months, but as soon as he was well enough, he returned to studying for his degree.

After his first degree, he did a Masters, and then a Doctorate in Astro Physics. However, by the time he'd finished his Doctorate, he'd fallen in love... with computers! These big beasts, as they were then, fired his imagination and it was in computers that he forged his career. He worked for many years for the Institute for Child Health, until the 1980s when he was made redundant – something that happened to him several times in that difficult decade, but he was very persistent, and always found a new job.

Barry met Helena in the late 70's. She had gone with a friend to pick up her exam results from College. That friend's husband worked nearby, so they went to the pub to celebrate with him – and he brought along his colleague Barry. She was immediately charmed by his smile, his modesty and his intelligence, and they married in 1979.

In memory of her gentle husband, with his brain as big as a planet, Helena has asked me to read the poem by WB Yeats, *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*.

*I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.*

*And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket  
sings; There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.*

*I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.*

Barry and Helena bought a house in Southgate, where they stayed until he was offered a job in Uckfield, in the tricky 80s. So they moved down to Sussex – but he was made redundant again, and ended up having to commute back up to London. He had assumed this was the way he would have to work until he retired at 65, but one joyous day when he was 63, he was contacted by the pensions people from the Institute, telling him that they should have been paying him his pension since he turned 60. He went into work, handed in his notice immediately, and started to enjoy his retirement.

So then he could find time for other things – the garden and the allotment, keeping up with science through his magazines, listening to early music, and watching the news and documentaries. The fact that he understood how the world works meant he cared deeply about the environment, and he always used to take the bus rather than the car into Haywards Heath. On the bus he developed what Helena calls a secret life, much admired by his fellow passengers, mainly older women, who appreciated that dazzling smile.

Sadly, as you've heard from Angela, Barry was in poor health for most of the last decade. Helena supported him throughout that time, but 20 months ago she had a fall, and they made the decision that he should move into Oakwood Court, which turned out to be a good choice and he charmed all the carers there too. Helena visited him all the time, until, of course, this March, when things became even more difficult, and they were unable to see each other for months, only being reunited in his last few days.

We often think of death as a cruel enemy, taking away those we love, but for those who are suffering, or have reached the end of their endurance, it can come as a good friend, drawing the curtains, blowing out the light, and settling us into a last sleep, free from pain and weariness. I hope it was so for Barry.

And to round off, Barry's sister Christine will now read us Stages, by Herman Hesse:

*As every flower fades and as all youth  
Departs, so life at every stage,  
So every virtue, so our grasp of truth,  
Blooms in its day and may not last forever.  
Since life may summon us at every age  
Be ready, heart, for parting, new endeavour,  
Be ready bravely and without remorse  
To find new light that old ties cannot give.  
In all beginnings dwells a magic force  
For guarding us and helping us to live.  
Serenely let us move to distant places  
And let no sentiments of home detain us.  
The Cosmic Spirit seeks not to restrain us  
But lifts us stage by stage to wider spaces.  
If we accept a home of our own making,*

*Familiar habit makes for indolence.  
We must prepare for parting and leave-taking  
Or else remain the slaves of permanence.  
Even the hour of our death may send  
Us speeding on to fresh and newer spaces,  
And life may summon us to newer races.  
So be it, heart: bid farewell without end.*