



Pru and Georgina in Filey

Donations may be made in Pru's memory to
Cancer Research UK,
Save the Children
and the
RSPB.



Co-op Funeralcare
89-90 Spring Gardens, Doncaster, South Yorkshire DN1 3DJ
Telephone: 01302 342 801

In Loving Memory of



Prudence Mary Stephanie Winder
'Pru'

28th November 1943 - 27th December 2020

Friday 15th January 2021 at 3.30 pm
Rose Hill Crematorium
Celebrant: Julie Kay, Humanists UK



Opening Music

Octet In F Major, D. 803, First Movement: Adagio-Allegro

Schubert

performed by the Budapest Schubert Ensemble

Welcome and Tribute

Reading

Eden Rock

by Charles Causley

They are waiting for me somewhere beyond Eden Rock:

My father, twenty-five, in the same suit

Of Genuine Irish Tweed, his terrier Jack

Still two years old and trembling at his feet.

My mother, twenty-three, in a sprigged dress

Drawn at the waist, ribbon in her straw hat,

Has spread the stiff white cloth over the grass.

Her hair, the colour of wheat, takes on the light.

She pours tea from a Thermos, the milk straight

From an old H.P. Sauce bottle, a screw

Of paper for a cork; slowly sets out

The same three plates, the tin cups painted blue.

The sky whitens as if lit by three suns.

My mother shades her eyes and looks my way

Over the drifted stream. My father spins

A stone along the water. Leisurely,

They beckon to me from the other bank.

I hear them call, 'See where the stream-path is!

Crossing is not as hard as you might think.'

I had not thought that it would be like this.



Reflective Music

Days

The Kinks

Farewell and Closing Words

Closing Music

Dance Of The Flowers

from *The Nutcracker Suite*

Tchaikovsky

In The Fields

Lord, when I look at lovely things which pass:

Under old trees, the shadow of young leaves

Dancing to please the wind along the grass,

Or the gold stillness of the August sun on the August sheaves,

Can I believe there is a heavenlier world than this?

And if there is,

Will the heart of any everlasting thing

Bring me these dreams that take my breath away?

They come at evening with the home-flying rooks

and the scent of hay,

Over the fields. They come in spring.

Charlotte Mew

