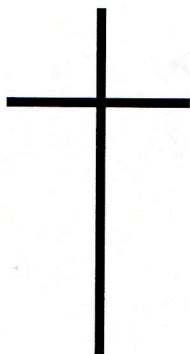






St. Mary's Church
Bampton



Rose Gerring
12th December 1923 – 16th July 2013

Thursday 1st August 2013
11.00 a.m.

Order of Service

Sentences and Prayer

Hymn

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Reading

John 14 : 1-6 and 27

Memories

Paul McDougall

Hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Address

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done; on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Hymn

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

Commendation and Blessing

~ ~ ~

*Donations in memory of Rose are for Cancer Research UK or British Heart Foundation,
these may be left in the collection plate or sent c/o E. Taylor & Son, Funeral Directors,
21 Corbett Road, Carterton, Oxfordshire OX18 3LG*

(Cheques payable to either Cancer Research UK or The British Heart Foundation)

All are welcome for refreshments at Bampton Village Hall after the service.

Rose Gerring

Today, as we gather in the sunshine to celebrate the life of a unique lady who, in her own quiet way, brought a great deal of sunshine to Bampton throughout her life, the old Church calendar tells us that it is **Lammas Day**.

Lammas comes from the Old English *Loaf-Mass*, and it was the day on which a loaf baked with the first wheat of the new harvest was blessed and used for Holy Communion. It's a Harvest Festival day, then, and what more appropriate day could there be to give thanks for the harvest fruit of a life lived lovingly and well, a life so steeped in the land, in birds and animals and the goodness of country life.

Rose Gerring was born in Curbridge on 12th December 1923 to Emily and Harry, and the family moved to Bampton when Rose was a little girl to take on running the Swan Inn in Buckland Road. As she grew up, Rose had an ambition to be a nurse - and I think she would have made a pretty formidable ward sister with her love of neatness and order and routine. But the war came along and her life moved in a different direction. Like many girls of her age at the time, Rose went to work in the Integral factory in Witney where she did her bit for the war effort.

In the evenings she also had the opportunity to meet a wide variety of people in the pub, both locals and service personnel from far and wide. But it was a local, Arthur Gerring, who caught her eye, and they were married on 21st July 1948. They moved in to Sandfords House where Rose was to spend the next 65 years, contentedly hard-working, a mother, a grandmother, and a farmer's wife.

Paul has given us a flavour of domestic life under his gran's benign care, and his warm tribute certainly echoes my own memories of Rose. She was a stalwart member of the Mothers' Union when I arrived in Bampton 17 years ago, and had been a member of the WI here since 1955, serving for a time as its President.

As Paul says, she was always immaculately turned out, whether she was off to a meeting or a Mothers' Union service in church, or just off to the shops. She was also always cheerful and positive in her approach to life. If it was raining - well, we can always do with a good spot of rain, can't we?

If the sun was shining - well, that makes everyone smile, doesn't it?

She knew everyone, and everything that was going on, but was certainly no gossip and took everyone as she found them. Interested in life, with all its strangeness and humour, as Paul has said, she was a great supporter of local

charities and causes, and was always to be seen at coffee mornings and other occasions of that kind.

Her great work, of course, was supporting Arthur and her family as they grew up and became independent people, running the home, tending the chickens and just carrying on being there - a stable feature in a changing world.

It's hard to imagine Bampton without her, and it's hard for you, her family, I'm sure, to imagine your lives without her, too.

But, to come back to Lammas Day, throughout her 89 years, Rose, through her quiet service of others, through all the little acts of kindness she did for others, through her unselfish love for family, friends and neighbours, through her dependability and faithfulness - through all these things, she has grown and matured as a person, and as a child of God. And when fruit ripens it is harvested and goes on being of use and blessing to others.

As Jesus promised his disciples in the reading from John's Gospel, he has a place prepared in God's house for those whom he loves, a place where the harvest fruit of their lives is safely gathered in and they can enjoy new life and new wonders in his presence throughout eternity.

Today, as we thank God for the fruitful life of Rose Gerring, we commend her to her place in our Father's house of many rooms, and we pray that, reunited with Arthur and with other loved ones who have gone before her, she will continue to enjoy all that life there has to offer her, as she continues to offer all that she is to the One who created her with such love and care.

Rest eternal grant to her, O Lord, and light perpetual shine upon her. May she rest in peace and rise in glory. Amen.