

St. Mary's Church
Bampton



Raymond Borrett

22nd April 1944 – 31st May 2017

Wednesday 21st June 2017

1.30pm

Order of Service

Sentences and Prayer

Hymn

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
he makes me down to lie
in pastures green; He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

Reading

John 14 : 1-6 & 27

Janet Rouse

Eulogy

Hymn

Tune: Blaenwern

Love divine, all loves excelling,
joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
pure unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all thy grace receive;
suddenly return and never,
never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above;
pray and praise thee without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation:
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation
perfectly restored in thee;
changed from glory into glory
till in heav'n we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Music

Melodion Piece - Woodland Flowers

Played by Jamie Wheeler

Reading

Revelation 21 : 1-7

Fred Russell

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

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
lay down, thou weary one, lay down
thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
weary and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
and he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
the living water; thirsty one;
stoop down and drink, and live:"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
of that life-giving stream;
my thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
and now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
and all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
in him my Star, my Sun;
and in that light of life I'll walk
till traveling days are done.

Choir: *The Lord Bless You and Keep You*

Blessing

Donations in memory of Ray are for
Maggies Centre and Médecins Sans Frontières.
These may be left in the donation box or sent c/o
Peter Smith & Son - Funeral Directors Ltd.,
135 Burwell Drive, Witney, Oxfordshire OX28 5LP

(Cheques payable to Maggies Centre or Médecins Sans Frontières)

Everyone is warmly invited to join the family at The Talbot after the service.

Ray Borrett

Today we gather to remember and give thanks for a man who, though relatively short in stature, packed an astonishing range of interests, expertise and character into that one frame, and who, though death came at a relatively early age for these times, filled the one life that God gave him with event and adventure that would have satisfied two or three ordinary mortals.

Morris Dancer, musician, caver, walker, pole lather, hedge-layer, thatcher, gardener and allotment holder par excellence, walking encyclopaedia, connoisseur of real ale, husband, brother, uncle, brother-in-law, son and so much more - those who knew Ray soon recognised that here was an Englishman of rare, indeed, unique qualities.

Ray was born in Felixstowe in February 1944 to David and Clarice Borrett. David was an RAF engineer and, when Ray and his sister Thelma were children, the family spent some time in Malta and Thelma, when the *determined* side of Ray's character became evident on the journey to school. This involved a bus trip across the island and, apparently, having been duly dropped off at school, Ray would immediately walking back home! assume that he did eventually decide that school attendance and education in general did have some merits as, in later life, Ray worked as a medical laboratory officer at the Churchill Hospital.

The Borretts ended up in Bampton and Ray began to imbibe the atmosphere of this special place. In the early 1970s Ray was one of the founder members of The Beaker Folk, a band that supplied the music and the caller for many a barn dance in the area over a 30 year period until, in around 2002, with demand decreasing it 'just fizzled out', to quote one of the members.

Ray started out on guitar but then when one of the original members left,

Ray became the caller, which he continued to do for the rest of the band's history. At some point in the 1980s the all-male ensemble was joined by a certain Lynne Meiklejohn on recorder and clarinet. Lynne and Ray became an item, and in 1987 they were married.

Ray seems to have been very much a driving force behind some of the Beaker Folks' activities. Wanting a bigger sound, he introduced a system which featured massive speakers, a separate bass amplifier and a radio mike for the Ray himself, who could then call and demonstrate from any position on the floor. He was also there when they played a gig at the McAlpine's building works in Didcot. Expecting a Country and Western band, the large gathering of Irish construction workers were not best pleased when the beaker Folk turned up for a barn dance. A diplomatic and hasty retreat ensued before a serious riot broke out.

Playing, calling and dancing formed the musical side of Ray's life. And although that could occasionally prove to be a bit adventurous, Ray looked to his caving exploits for real adventure. His nieces remember many tales, with accompanying slides, of their uncle exploring dangerous cave systems and being involved in heroic rescues. Jane says that they thought of him *as a sort of Crocodile Dundee of caves* - a dangerous and exciting uncle. None of the girls, however, seem to have been tempted to follow him underground. There was clearly excitement enough in being picked up from school by uncle Ray - to quote again: 'When we were kids he would pick us up from school and go on long drives and get lost! Ray thought it was hysterical and fun! We were always nervous. Being good as gold, straight law-abiding girls, this was way out of our comfort zone!'

But as well as over-exciting his nieces -the job, surely, of any decent uncle, Ray also shared with them his encyclopaedic knowledge of many, many things, which might include a 100 recipes based on Marmite, or the

length of time it takes to paint the Sydney harbour Bridge or even, and surely more usefully, the essential advice that if you want a really good hand cream, then there's nothing better than the stuff used by farmers on cows with cracked udders. As a caver, he also tried to instil in the girls the difference between stalactites and stalagmites - but with notable lack of success, it would seem!

During their marriage, Ray and Lynne travelled together a lot and enjoyed many camping holidays, particularly in Yorkshire, where they would embark on long walks, carefully planned, very often, to feature a good pub meal at some point in the expedition.

Ray, as most of you will be well aware, was also a keen and gifted grower of almost everything. He had particularly green fingers and produced abundant supplies of fruit and vegetables from both the garden and his allotment - his asparagus was particularly fine. And he also grew a wide variety of flowering meadow plants in amongst the vegetables, which made the garden a perfect spot for the family afternoon teas that took place over the years. In fact, as his sisters-in-law say, 'the garden at Chandlers Close - along with his recycled treasures, could perhaps be described as a 'Borrett ecosystem!'

Gifted, wide-rangingly curious, dry of wit and humour, rooted in the earth, Ray, to quote from the family again, 'was a one-off chap that won't be forgotten'. And we can certainly be grateful that this 'one off' phenomenon touched our lives in so many different ways. The Band made this farewell: *Ray, wherever you are, may you do-si-do, strip the willow and dip and dive forever.* And his sisters-in-law end their words of tribute with this: *Ray often said recently that he didn't know if he was coming or going. it is good to know that wherever you are now, Ray, you can rest in peace.* And it is to that peace of God which passes all understanding and

to that place which Jesus promised he has prepared for those whom he loves and cherishes that we commend Ray today.