

St Mary's Church
Bampton



Sheila Kathleen Daniels

9th August 1933 – 21st February 2022

Saturday 2nd April 2022

12.30 p.m.

Order of Service

Entrance Music

Fiddle Music played by Devon (*Sheila's great-grandson*) and Felicity

Welcome and Opening 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.

Remembering Sheila...

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 in 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.

Bible Reading

Ecclesiastes chapter 3 verses 1-8

Poems

'Recipe for Sheila' and 'When I'm Gone'

Address

Prayers including 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

Morning has broken
Like the first morning;
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them springing
Fresh from the word.

Sweet the rain's new fall,
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dew fall
On the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
Of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness
Where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning;
Born of the one light
Eden saw play
Praise with elation!
Praise every morning
God's re-creation
Of the new day.

Commendation and Farewell

Exit Music

Fiddle Music played by Devon (*Sheila's great-grandson*) and Felicity

Proceed to Bampton Cemetery for the Committal and Blessing.



Donations in memory of Sheila are for Vascular Dementia.
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
(Please make cheques payable to Vascular Dementia)

Everyone is warmly invited to join the family at
The Horseshoe, Bridge Street, Bampton after the service.

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Sheila Kathleen Daniels

Our Mum was born in the East End of London on the 9th of August 1933.
The fourth child of eleven surviving children.

She spent her first three years at Green Leaf Road, East Ham in a large house with wider family. Then she got ill and was admitted to hospital after which she had to convalesce for a long period of time and only returned home in time to be evacuated at the age of six.

6 of the children were evacuated to this area leaving 2 who were too young with their mum who took them to the outskirts of London and relative safety, the last 3 being born later.

Mum and her sisters were billeted in Buckland and their brothers at a farm down the road.

While away the family home in London was completely destroyed by a huge bomb during the blitz so gran decided to bring the little ones down here to try to rebuild a life from the ground up as they were left with nothing... Life was hard for them all but they scraped by, having a very courageous mum who was determined to keep them together, first in Great Coxwell, then Faringdon.

Mum met Dad (Bill Daniels) at about 16 years old and spent time with him when she could between working and helping her mum with looking after her younger siblings and chores at home.

They stayed together more or less until they got married even though Dad went off to do his national service for two years.

After their marriage they went to live near Peterborough as Dad couldn't find work here and his big sister Edie said there was plenty there.

So there they lived in a caravan in a place called Eye, during which time Elaine was born. Sheila was quite ill at the birth needing a blood transfusion but "on the upside" as she said she was prescribed a pint of Guinness a day while in hospital and being a caring person, as well as feeding Elaine she also fed twins who's mum was more ill than she was.

After a while they returned to Bampton staying with Dad's mum Amy, who was poorly and as all of his siblings were in full time work mum took on the task of caring for her because she was at home with Elaine under 3 and pregnant. During this time they were granted their own house in Fox Close

and Tony was born.

Nanny Amy sadly died but mum stepped up once more as the twins nan left behind were still children and not coping without their mum, Dennis was struggling and David a little later was injured at work.

Life became a little easier as the years rolled by meaning that mum and dad could be more immersed in life in the town, mum supported dad as he rejoined the mummings, started morris dancing with his brother Frank encouraging first Tony, then Paul and David and finally Tom and Devon to follow suit.

A particularly East End thing that happened at home was if visitors turned up (this was encouraged vociferously) the T.V. went off and in the evening we all took turns at entertaining each other in some form. Our parents were always open to having people stay whether over night or longer term if they needed to.

We all went country dancing once a week (great fun), mum helped us to join any clubs or organisations we showed an interest in and saved hard all year to enable us all to start having an annual holiday, usually on the Gower in South Wales with wider family members.

As we grew mum and dad decided we needed more space so we moved to Chandler Close.

We never had a lot of money and mum did a variety of jobs including cleaning and cooking for private homes, caring for the elderly, making sausages at Bowyers, shop assistant and sewing at a Jeans factory to name a few so her talents were many and she would turn her hand to anything to make life a little easier for us all.

As we grew up mum had more of a social life going out a little more often to the local pub with Dad and joining the ladies darts team. There was always a lot of love and laughter and a sense of fun at home with practical jokes as well as running themes, one such was dad and Tony tipping mum's armchair backwards and propping it against the wall then threatening to go out for the evening leaving mum stuck! Another time they pulled on the toes of her tights until the feet ripped clean off!

When Billy Main first came to Bampton (before his accent became local) mum complained that she couldn't understand half of what he said so we decided one evening that when she got old we would take her to Glasgow and run away.. our reasoning was that she wouldn't be able to come back if

she couldn't understand anyone's directions this “threat” was ongoing for years if mum said anything dodgy “we'll send you to Scotland” was the cry that went up.

After we left home and were settled near enough not to need to come back mum got poorly with Auto Immune Hepatitis resulting in her becoming agoraphobic. This she battled with for the rest of her life. Not that it stopped her from making the people she cherished about feel cared for as she would invite us for special meals, look after our various offspring and listen to our troubles always ending the conversation with “never mind everything will be alright in the end.”

Mum and dad downsized, being social minded enough to realise that their three bedroomed home would be of more benefit to a younger family so moved up the road to Bushy Row.

They were very proud to live in a house occupied by one Morris dancer after another from when it was built pre-war and lived there for many happy years together continuing to receive guests, going out for drives in the countryside and having wonderful family get togethers with fantastic food, our mum was a good cook.

During her lifetime many good friends were made, none of which she ever took for granted and all were greatly appreciated and she would be proud to see so many of them here today.

Recipe For Sheila's Life.

Take a heart full of love, a cup of kindness too.
add a lot of tolerance and laughter shared with you,
mix all this together with a big pinch of nonsense,
put into a baking tin with a modicum of sense,
bake this over years with all the loving care,
and hope to fill your heart with this so as Sheila's memory is there.

When I'm Gone.

When I come to the end of my journey,
and travel my last weary mile,
just forget if you can, that I ever frowned,
and remember only my smile.

Forget unkind words I have spoken,
remember some good I have done,
forget that I ever had heartache,
remember I had lots of fun.

Forget I've stumbled and blundered,
and sometimes fell by the way,
remember I've fought some hard battles and won,
ere the end of the day.

Then forget to grieve at my passing,
I would not have you sad for a day,
but in summer just gather some flowers,
and remember the place where I lay.

And as draws in the evening,
when the sun paints the sky in the west,
then stand a while beside me,
and think of me at my best.