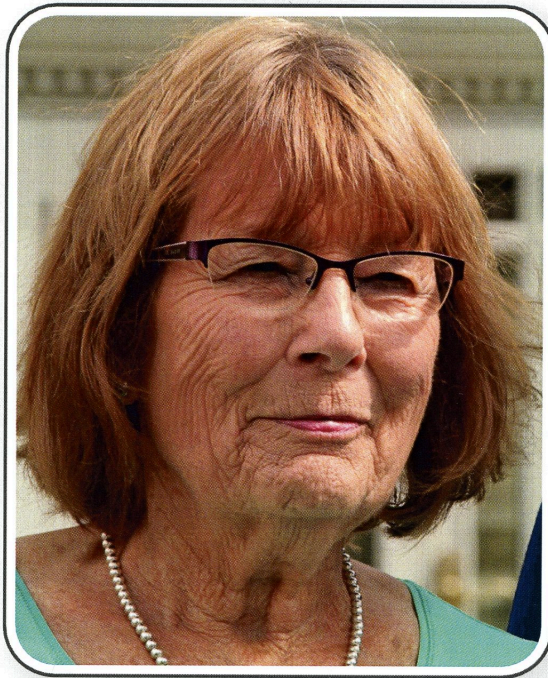


A Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of

Lesley Williams

9th May 1935 ~ 2nd December 2019



St Mary's Church, Bampton

Friday 31st January 2020
12:00 noon

ORDER OF SERVICE

MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

Agnus Dei *from* Requiem, Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
Aria, Simon Williams

HYMN

Please stand to sing

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)

Music: John Goss (1800–1880)



READING

Rite of Passage, Jenny Dixon
For Lesley, who was there too
Read by Simon Williams

Our childhood world was hedged
by railway tracks: four fields,
two streams, a tiny wood,
bounded by branch lines.

Four fields – daisies and mushrooms – once
a slow worm, dead and silver in the grass;
two streams – brown trout, minnows and sticklebacks;
a wood with trees to climb, bushes for dens.

The railway banks were steep,
tangled and wild, their fences easy.
We gathered brambles and sparse raspberries
and tiny strawberries, blood-red
and faintly smoked.

The notices with hard official words –
“trespass” and “prosecute” and “penalty five pounds”,
an added thrill to spice our foraging.

Where field and banking meet –
a tunnel, lichen-lipped and dark,
its clearance just about a stooping child.
Our friendly beck plunged in
and so did we.

The weight of LMS over our heads,
we navigate by finger-tips on slime.
Eyes wadded tight with dark, bare toes
flinching from sharp or worse
from soft and living.

The culvert curved, a glimmer – then the light
and private paddock, hedged and pony-grazed.
No exit here.

Return seemed shorter though our feet were numb
and fingers slick with fingering wet stone.
The sun still beamed, the amber water gleamed,
yet once familiar fields
looked different now.

LAUDATE DOMINUM

from Vesperae solennes de confessore, W A Mozart (1756–1791)

*O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.
For his merciful kindness is great toward us:
and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.*

Sung by Angela Henckel, with Trevor Eliot Bowes

READING

St Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, chapter 13
Sydonie Williams

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and surrender my body to the flames, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when perfection comes, the imperfect disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put childish ways behind me. Now we see but a poor reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love.
But the greatest of these is love.

SERMON

The Rev'd Dr Tess Kuin Lawton

HYMN

Please stand to sing

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!

Words: John Whittier (1807–1892)
Music: C. Hubert H. Parry (1848–1918)

TRIBUTES

Nicholas and Rachel Williams

PIE JESU

from Requiem, Gabriel Fauré
Sweet Lord Jesus, grant them everlasting rest.

Sung by Angela Henckel

TRIBUTES AND READING

Judith Ball and Mike Wareham
Love and go on, Anonymous

You can shed tears that she is gone,
Or you can smile because she has lived.
You can close your eyes and pretend that she'll come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all she has left.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her,
Or you can be full of the love you shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and life yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.
You can remember her and only that she has gone,
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.
You can cry and close your mind,
Be empty and turn your back.
Or you can do what she'd want:
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

FLOWERS FOR LESLEY

Dominic Ames
Simon Williams, organ

PRAYERS

The Rev'd Canon Roger Humphreys

THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND

from Messiah, G F Handel (1685–1759)
Sung by Trevor Eliot Bowes, with Mathew Hampton, trumpet

COMMENDATION AND DISMISSAL

HYMN

Please stand to sing

Guide me, O thou great redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer;
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

Words: William Williams (1717–1791)
translated from the Welsh by Peter Williams and others
Music: John Hughes (1873–1932)

BLESSING

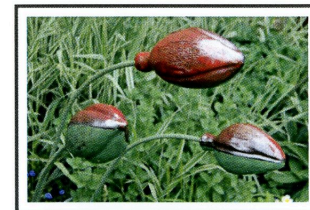
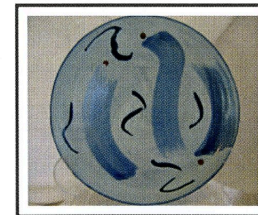
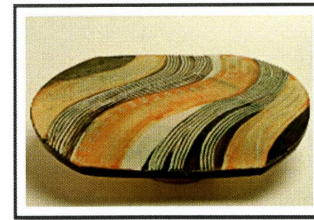
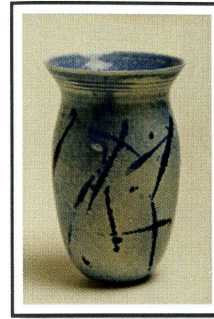
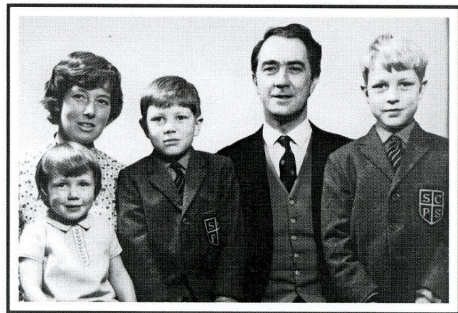
ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Fugue in E flat ("the St Anne") BWV 552ii
J S Bach (1685–1750)

There will be a retiring collection to be divided
between Sunningwell School of Art, Bampton Church
Organ Fund, and the British Heart Foundation.

Service conducted by The Rev'd Dr Tess Kuin Lawton
Simon Williams, organ
Angela Henckel, soprano
Trevor Eliot Bowes, bass
Mathew Hampton, trumpet

The Williams and Wareham families warmly invite
everyone to a reception at the Recreation Ground,
Buckland Road, Bampton, OX18 2AA



Peppered Moth, Treecreeper and Lesley
from *Waymarks* by Jenny Dixon

I cannot see you
though I know you are there.
Streaked wings
that flatten on the gritstone wall,
their light or dark answering
the ebb and flow of history's
sweat and soot, have now achieved
invisibility.

The trick is - to blend in.

You think I cannot see you
but I can:
tail feathers braced against the knotted bark,
your body arching outward,
beak held high,
you mimic a dead twig.
Only your gleaming eye
betrays you living. This was not learnt.
Each cell of your frail form
knows how to hide.

The trick is - to keep still.

I couldn't spot you
in the restaurant,
hurried right past
your "pleased to see you" smile.
And then you spoke:
I turned and saw
you, grinning at me from your mother's face.

No trick - just sixty years.



This picture was taken at Lesley and Mike's twentieth-anniversary celebrations on 1st August 2009.

During the ten years that have followed, there have been two marriages, two engagements and the births of six great-grandchildren, the most recent being Lowenna and Eliza pictured below.

