



A Celebration of the life of
HELEN ROSTRON WILDE

30th April 1931 – 23rd June 2020

Service at Taunton Deane Crematorium
on Thursday 9th July 2020 at 2.00pm

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Pavane

by Gabriel Foure

WELCOME & OPENING WORDS

We've gathered today to honour the life and memory of
Helen Rostron Wilde

Deeply loving mother to Hilary and Chris
And mother-in-law to
Kevin and Peter

And an adored and adoring and very proud grandmother to
Michael Rob Hannah and Sam

Helen was a well-respected and very dear friend to many
An inspiration and a true example of quiet love and care
Skilled and competent
Loving and loved

It's Helens death that's brought us together;
But it's her life that we wish to remember.

We're drawn here by our common love, our common respect and our
common grief.

It is worth remembering that every single person here today represents
all of the people Helen has known and cared for throughout her life who
are unable to be here due to the current restrictions

or who have passed before her

nothing now can detract from all you shared with Helen

Nothing can possibly affect the happiness and depth of experience that
she herself knew.

Your love for her, and her love for you, cannot be altered by time or
circumstance.

You rightfully rejoice that she is forever a part of your life.

She will always be found in the love you carry for her in your hearts.

We start today's service with the poem *Death is nothing at all* read by
Helen's grandson Michael

POEM

'Death is nothing at all.'

By Henry Scott Holland

Read by Michael Gormley

Death is nothing at all.

I have only slipped away to the next room.

I am I and you are you.

Whatever we were to each other,

That, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.

Speak to me in the easy way

which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word
that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect.
Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same that it ever was.
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you.
For an interval.
Somewhere. Very near.
Just around the corner.

All is well.
Hilary has written the eulogy for her mum and will read it for us
I invite her to the lectern now

EULOGY

Mum, Granny, Helen.

How lucky we were to have her in our lives. How sad we all are now she is no longer with us.

A long and full life.

I have such a short time and few words to try and do justice to her life.

Inevitably we remember the most recent years the clearest initially. But that was just one part of a long life, when her mind was strong but her body was weak.

Mum grew up during the Second World War, in Lancashire, a bit of a Tom Boy, spending time with our great-great Aunts Sarah and Annie, playing, learning, having a classical education.

She chose Orthopaedic nursing then Physiotherapy at Oswestry as her career, where she met Lyndsay, her life long friend.

They had many adventures together, hitch hiking to the Lake District visiting Devon and Somerset.

Which in part was responsible for Mum and Dads move from Denshaw to Wootton Courtenay in 1967, where they spent 40 happy years together.

Mum was an enthusiastic and competitive sports woman, Fencing, Tennis, Swimming, Sharing a horse Titan with Chris.

Followed in later years with Scottish dancing, Line dancing and Croquet.

Not forgetting Bell ringing.

But walking the village surrounds with Wuppett then Barley was a constant thread, weaving nature and the natural world through her life.

She was the youngest of 3 sisters, they all married and had families in the 1950s.

We all had great get togethers in those earlier years.

Mums great friendship continued with her dear sister Mary to whom she remained very close.

But unfortunately, dear Sybil died much too early in their lives.

Mum managed to combine a professional working life with a home - making life beautifully.

Her cake making "Chocolate" was a favourite of her children, their friends and grand children.

But all her cooking on that old, welcoming, warm Aga at the heart of Fern Lea was always eaten with relish.

Her patients were unfailingly grateful of her treatments to them, which often combined Physio with social and mental wellbeing, she was always generous with her time and often friendships with them would blossom.

Although she loved Wootton Courtenay and Somerset she loved to travel and visit new places and countries and was always delighted to hear and sometimes be part of Chris and my travels.

Mums friendship with Bev was special and combined their Line Dancing and in more recent times lunch and garden visits.

Mum loved her garden and was always out there pruning, planting, sitting, enjoying.

The Abbeyfield gardens have also given her great joy, with their lovely flowers and numerous visiting birds.

Mum was such a bright, intelligent, clever, kind, supportive, loving person.

She always gave good thoughtful positive advice.

And was non-judgemental in her view of others always seeing the good in people.

Her last 4 years at Abbeyfield although not where she would have envisioned being, allowed her to retain some independence in a safe, kind and supportive environment.

Mum always talked of the staff as being caring and friendly, she was most appreciative for all their help and friendship, enjoying the Scrabble and outings.

Mum was most proud and grateful of her family and loved us all dearly, we are so thankful that those last few years allowed her to more time with her Grand Children to share in their adventures and successes.

I have a lasting memory of seeing her at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee and The Telegraph cryptic crossword in front of her, the sun shining in from the window.

That thoughtful face unravelling the clues.

Mum loved music, classical music and some modern songs.

Classic FM was a constant companion in recent years.

The pieces played today were chosen by her several years ago.

We are going to miss her very much, but we know that her essence will remain in our hearts and memories and be a comfort and refuge to us all.

Chris will read for us the beautiful poem.....

POEM

‘Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep’

by Mary Elizabeth Frye

read by Christine Sharpe

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep,

I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.

I am the diamond glint on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you wake in the morning hush,

I am the swift, uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circling flight.

I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.

I am not there; I do not sleep.

Do not think of me as gone

I am with you in each new dawn

I know you all have cherished memories of Helen, so as we sit listening to 'Benedictus for the armed man', another favourite chosen by Helen

I invite you to hold her tightly in your hearts and remember.....

MUSIC FOR QUIET REFLECTION

Benedictus for The Armed Man

by Karl Jenkins

please stand as we say together The Lord's Prayer..

and remain standing for the committal

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy Name.

Thy Kingdom come.

Thy will be done in earth,

As it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,

As we forgive them that 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.

FAREWELL

Helen
In grief at your death but with gratitude for your life and for the privilege
of sharing it with you
We honour and cherish your memory
As we commit Helen's memory to our hearts
In this last duty of love
we tenderly reverently and respectfully commit her body to be cremated.

Voile Curtains

Into the freedom of wind and sunshine
Into the dance of the stars and the planets
Into the wind's breath and the hands of the universe
From the darkness into the light
In thanks for the love, laughter and joy you brought us
With love we let you go

CLOSING WORDS

We now leave Helen in peace.

With our respect and everlasting love,
we bid her farewell.,
loving her always

let us leave this place in quietness of spirit
knowing we have had the great privilege
of sharing our lives with a truly
memorable and lovely woman

CLOSING MUSIC

Morning

by Kenny G

