

RAY WINDSOR: 1907-2000



A CELEBRATION OF HER LIFE
UPTON CHURCH: 4.00 PM 29/6/00
BURIAL AT DIDCOT: 3.00 PM

TEA AFTERWARDS AT 21 BLACKWATER WAY,
DIDCOT OX11 7RL 01235 51 20 36

Where streams of living water
flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures
grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
H W BAKER 1821

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction, grace bestoweth:
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of
days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy
praise
Within thy house for ever.

The king of love my Shepherd is,
His goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

Opening words: The Rev. Edwin Clements

How Ray wanted us to behave at her passing: (Colin W)

Words by Joyce Grenfell. -

"If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower, nor inscribe a stone,
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known.

Ray's 92nd Birthday: May 18th 2000 (Mo)

For her last birthday in the hospital, all her fellow patients along with the nurses, helpers and tea-ladies all gathered in the lounge for cakes and candles and Happy Birthday song. Ray made her last public speech!

Wednesday June 21st 2000 (Margaret)

The Chaplain was visiting the hospital that afternoon and when he saw how very poorly Granny was, he assured her of God's love and the love of her family. He anointed her head with oil and she opened her eyes.

Sine Nomine Choir: "Lay a Garland" by Robert Pearsall

Prayers: Colin Tindal

Sark: (Delia)

Ray went with Delia to "Le Petit Champ" in Sark in 1959.

After that she went many times with different members of the family.

Ray was so pleased to be able to return there in 1999.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. THOMAS KEN 1637

Ray's poetry:

(Jane)

Ray wrote lots of poems, which Delia transcribed and Colin made into a little printed book.

"RESOLUTIONS" Written by Ray for a WI competition 1969

I'll try not to mind if the skies are grey –
The sun will shine another day!

I'll try to be brave when there's cause for sorrow –
There'll be laughter and smiles again tomorrow!

I'll try not to grieve at the passing of years –
They brought great joys amid the tears.

I'll try not to dwell on things that go wrong –
But drive them away with sweet music and song.

I will count all my blessings, be of good cheer
To make this a really happy New Year.

"TO GRANNY" by Jane Windsor 22/6/00

I do not fear the darkness, for your smile awaits me there
You never will be far from me: I know how much you care.
I rest assured we'll always have your warm and loving touch,
I know you won't have left us though we'll miss you oh so much.
I feel you're smiling down on us, you know its no goodbye
I'll see you when the flowers bloom and clouds move through the
sky
Dark times may well await me and who knows what grief we bear
But I do not fear the darkness for your smile awaits me there.

Ray's music:

(Liz)

Ray and George met while they were both singing at the Royal Choral Society under Malcolm Sargent. She played the piano till she was ninety. She sang beautifully till the end of her days.

Carl Bohm: "Still wie die Nacht" on the flute

Gerald Finzi: "Carol" from "Five Bagatelles for Clarinet"

Lady John Scott: "Think on me" Ray's favourite

Ray's painting:

(David)

Many of us have houses graced with Ray's paintings. She was able to paint and draw right up to her accident.

Ray's passion for tennis and TT:

(Jo)

Table Tennis was a daily event for her for many years. Her tennis reached to the height of a Wimbledon cup with the WVS.

Sine Nomine: "Clear and Gentle Stream" by Finzi

Psalm 121

(Peter)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber,
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smight thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;
He shall keep thy soul,
The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth and for evermore.

All for Jesus all for Jesus!
This our song shall ever be;
For we have no hope nor Saviour
If we have nor hope in thee.

All for Jesus! thou wilt give us
Strength to serve thee hour by hour:
None can move us from thy presence
While we trust thy love and power.

All for Jesus! thou hast loved us,
All for Jesus! thou hast died,
All for Jesus! thou art with us,
All for Jesus, glorified!

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
This the Church's song shall be,
Till at last the flock is gathered
One in love, and one in thee.

W. J. SPARROW-SIMPSON

And an old priest said, Speak to us of Religion. And he said:
Have I spoken this day of aught else?
Is not religion all deeds and all reflection, ...
Who can separate his faith from his actions, or his belief from
his occupations?
Who can spread his hours before him, saying, "This is for God
and this for myself; this for my soul and this other for my
body"?
He who wears his morality but as his best garment were better
naked...
Your daily life is your temple and your religion.
Whenever you enter into it take with you your all.
Take the plough and the forge and the mallet and the lute,
The things you have fashioned in necessity or for delight ...
And if you would know God, be not therefore a solver of
riddles,
Rather look about you and you shall see Him playing with your
children.

From The Prophet by Kahlil Gibran

Colin's appreciation

Ray loved books! One of my earliest memories is catching the bus to Bromley High Street, and going into Boots Book-lover's library, where Ray always changed her library book each week. She loved reading, and nobody more than Joyce Grenfell. The words on your sheet she wrote in the back of her lovely book "An invisible friendship". Let me read them:

"If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower, nor inscribe a stone,
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice,
But be the usual selves that I have known."

I find it very difficult to respect that request. Just now, all we want to do is grieve for a good lady that we loved. She will be watching us now, so pleased to see all her family and friends together. So I shall try to follow her advice, and remember with you one of her last jokes. It did not take much to tickle here sense of humour. When she was really poorly and we were trying to get her to take here medicine, she said to Mo 'What I need is a good laugh!'

I was cycling up to the hospital one evening after work. I went along that yellow brick path to the Ladygrove lakes along which Ray used to walk and where she had her fateful encounter with the over-friendly dog. But on that dark April evening the path was scattered with tiny frogs come out that night from the pond. There were hundreds of them, and quite difficult to avoid. I went to the hospital where Ray was in the lounge sitting with her special friend Noreen. Ray loved her singing to the very end and most evenings we would sit together there and get out her favourite songs that we kept in a cupboard by the piano. But first I told her about the frogs and offered to show her one. If you bring one of those things in here. I will say: 'Hop it' Didcot hospital was wonderful and did really well to get Ray back on her feet again. It was a happy day when she came home after Easter.

Mo's appreciation

Ray herself said that we've given her the time of her life during the last 2 ½ years and she'd done so many things she had thought were impossible. In fact she had a great appetite for car rides and action in general and coped admirably with land and sea journeys.

Here 90th birthday was a lovely success but the 92nd was in hospital, but Ray was dressed up prettily and sitting in the lounge surrounded by a good few hospital friends a, nurses and staff and doctors. Colin had baked a cake and we had big candles. After singing Happy Birthday I jokingly said 'How about a speech? Ray elegantly rose to the occasion with 'If anyone wants to know of a good place to stay for a good meal I can recommend this establishment'. And it's true much as she wanted to be elsewhere, the hospital staff and carers have done a magnificent job.

Margaret's appreciation

I visited Granny in hospital on the Tuesday with Elizabeth, and on the Wednesday with Jane before she died on Thursday morning. She had been able to speak to Jonathan and Paula the previous Sunday, although very weak. Elizabeth got quite definite responses, although only with grunts and slight hand pressures, but here responses the next day were far weaker when Colin, Mo and Delia visited. Although here hand pressure was too weak to be felt, she mouthed a faint "hello" to Delia before she left to catch the train back to Cornwall.

The Chaplain was visiting the hospital that afternoon, and when he saw how very poorly Granny was he offered to have a little private blessing, which Jane and I found most moving and comforting. He drew the curtains around the bed, stroked here head, and held here hand, so she knew her was there. We said the Lord's Prayer together, and then said prayers, assuring here of God's love and the love of her family. I asked if I could say the names of all the family, and did so slowly by her ear. The Chaplain put a small cross in here hand and annointed here head and wrist with oil. He assured here of God's love and stroked her head ad she opened her eyes. It was most moving to see there was a definite response, so I hope this is a comfort to you all that she had God's blessing so near to the end.