

Jean Hardy

25.10.1935 - 20.12.2017



Funeral Ceremony and
Celebration of Jean's Life
Riverstone Hall and Bidwell Woodland Burial
Saturday 6th January 2018 at 1.15pm

There Is Another World But It Is This One

From Quaker Universalist Group Pamphlet 12 by Jean Hardy 1988

Matthew Fox in his book, *Original Blessing*, quotes at the beginning of his first chapter, Meister Eckhart: 'Every creature is a word of God and is a book about God.' His whole book is about reconnecting to a sense of the world being a place in which we as humans can live creative and meaningful lives... We cannot connect to a sense of blessing and meaning by more and more technical knowledge. Instead we need to remember what we knew, as children, in past societies, before we became so split from our centred selves and lost the sense of balance. Again Fox quotes Eckhart: 'God is not found in the soul by adding anything but by a process of subtraction.' In order to reconnect to a sense of wholeness we may have to unlearn much of what this limited society has taught us. Jung wrote: 'This art of letting things happen, action through non-action, letting go of oneself, as taught by Meister Eckhart, became for me the key opening the door to the way. We must be able to let things happen in the psyche. For us this is an art of which very few people know anything. Consciousness is forever interfering, helping, correcting, and negating, and never leaving the simple growth of the psychic processes in peace.'

This statement perhaps sums up our three hundred year old problem. By concentrating on conscious action and control, we find it almost impossible as a society to connect to any real experience of harmony, of rest, of letting go. But without reconnecting to the 'Spirit of the Valley' which never runs dry, we are isolated and impoverished, in a world technologically sophisticated but basically and fundamentally split, within each individual, between sections of people – nations, races, sexes – and between the human race and the rest of creation. Hildegard of Bingen put forward the idea in the twelfth century that 'sin' is 'drying up' and that true living is 'greening'. Sometimes it seems that western society actively wants to commit suicide, taking this beautiful planet with us. Why else should we act as we do, searching for our individual self interest and teaching our children to have little sense of the whole; making arms and destroying species; torturing people in prisons and animals in laboratories; searching for cures for disease and giving little thought to the true basis of health and harmony.

The fundamental ideas behind universalist religion are of the ultimate wholeness of the human race – which is only conceivable if it has spiritual roots; of the spiritual sense that is available to all people of whatever religion or none; and of reverence for life. Everything that lives is holy.

Order of service

Music to begin: 'The Lark Ascending' by Vaughan Williams

Poem: 'As Kingfishers Catch Fire' by Gerard Manley Hopkins

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's
Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name;
Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves — goes itself; *myself* it speaks and spells,
Crying *Whát I dó is me: for that I came.*

I say móre: the just man justices;
Keeps grace: *thát* keeps all his goings graces;
Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is —
Christ — for Christ plays in ten thousand places,
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
To the Father through the features of men's faces.

Welcome and Introduction by Jane Morrell

Prayer and quiet moment introduced by Sam

Song for all to sing: 'Morning Has Broken' by Eleanor Farjeon

1881-1965

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 dewfall 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!

Memories of Jean by her cousin Alan Gibson

Memories of Jean by Stella Rimington

Reading: from 'Intimations of Immortality' by William Wordsworth
remembered by Stella and Jean

Poem: 'Temporary Arrangement Of Atoms' written and read
by Grace Blindell

I kneel and plant the fallen conker,
Still as death it lies
A stillness of unbeing
In the coagulated winter soil.

Yet within that blackened shell,
That dense and hardened flesh
Flickers an unease -
A whisper of memory stirs within its clenched and clodded self.

It is the dance, it is the rhythm,
It is the magic alchemy
Which stirs and calls forth struggle.
The conker obeying its habitual path,
Down and up, root and shoot,
A chestnut tree is born.

And yet.
The chestnut tree and I are both
Temporary arrangements.

Morphic resonance whispers memory of being,
Whispers pattern but never permanence.
Patterns arise, blend and fade,
The dance shifts and changes,
Intention co-exists with impermanence.

The chestnut tree and I
Are both temporary arrangements.

Yet every seven years or so
I am remade with different stuff,
And what was me.
becomes (perhaps) the chestnut tree,
Temporarily.

Music: 'On Hearing The First Cuckoo In Spring' by Delius

Sam introduces a quiet space for people to speak about Jean

We will now share some silent time in the spirit of a Quaker Meeting, which will last for about fifteen minutes and finish with a poem. The silence may be broken by anyone who feels moved to briefly speak. Perhaps you have a prayer to offer or a memory of Jean to share. Please feel free to do so, allowing a few moments pause for reflection between contributions.

So let us settle prayerfully. As we are told in the Quaker booklet of 'Advices and Queries', 'Accepting the fact of death, we are freed to live more fully. In bereavement give yourself time to grieve. When others mourn, let your love embrace them.'

Poem: 'God's Grandeur' by Gerard Manley Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.

It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;

It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil

Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;

And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;

And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;

There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;

And though the last lights off the black West went

Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent

World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

Gaelic Blessing

Deep peace of the running wave to you

Deep peace of the flowing air to you

Deep peace of the quiet earth to you

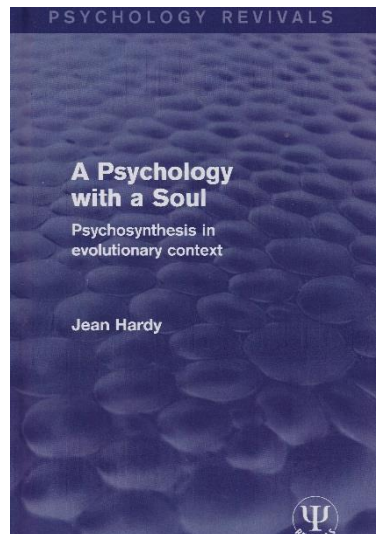
Deep peace of the shining stars to you

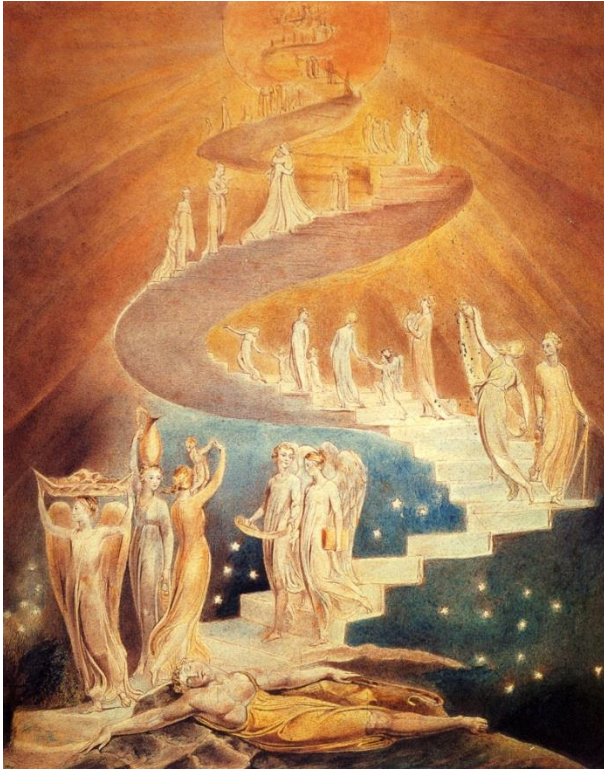
Deep peace of the gentle night to you

Deep peace of the heart of peace to you

Closing music: Introduction And Allegro For Strings by Elgar

Jean's coffin leaves the Hall and we go to Bidwell Woodland Burial





Donations in memory of Jean to Animal Free Research (formerly Dr Hadwen Trust) <https://www.animalfreeresearchuk.org/>. Please leave donations in the box by the door, or donate direct at the website stating in memory of Jean Hardy or send a cheque made out to Animal Free Research to:

Heart & Soul Funerals
Riverstone, 18 Dart Mills,
Buckfastleigh TQ11 0NF
01803 840779

Heart & Soul
Funerals 
Green Fuse Bereavement Care