

Lizzie Calder

23 December 1933 – 16 January 2016



Wife, mother, grandmother, daughter, cousin, friend, linguist, teacher, poet,
literary agent, artist, singer, sailor, gardener, party-giver, cook, dressmaker,
peace campaigner, pianist, decorator, repairer of bicycles, knitter of jumpers,
soother of grazed knees and hearts

St Paul's Methodist Church, Northgate, Crawley, West Sussex

29 January 2016

Music

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme
J. S. Bach

Welcome

Reverend Sue Conroy

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.
All things bright and beautiful...

The purple headed mountain
The river running by
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky.
All things bright and beautiful...

The cold wind in the winter
The pleasant summer sun
The ripe fruits in the garden
He made them everyone.
All things bright and beautiful...

He gave us eyes to see them
And lips that we might tell
How great is God almighty
Who has made all things well.
All things bright and beautiful...

Prayers

Remembering Lizzie

Penny and Simon Calder and David McKail



To the Health Visitor

Like summer hail you strike us unexpected,
A guardian angel of the Welfare State;
These four are mine, the others unconnected,
You have the armchair, I the orange crate.

Some coffee? (Quickly, think of a diversion,
Cover that action painting with a screen;
We'll have to stage an expurgated version,
Ad-libbing to conceal what's best unseen...

The big boys floating boats across the lino,
Two aproned midgets fighting in a tree,
The paint, the frog-spawn – if you knew what I know
You'd telephone the NSPCC).

Pronounce this, lady, at the Judgment Day
An awful but quite *happy* disarray.

Lizzie Calder, *Punch*, 1960

Music

May the Lord Bless You and Keep You
John Rutter

Sung by Ann Phillipson

Accompanied by Alex Hiam



Words of Hope and Encouragement

Prayers of Intercession

The Lord's Prayer



Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness
Lord of all joy
whose trust, ever childlike
no cares could destroy:
Be there at our waking
and give us, we pray
your bliss in our hearts, Lord
at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness
Lord of all faith
whose strong hands were skilled
at the plane and the lathe:
Be there at our labours
and give us, we pray
your strength in our hearts, Lord
at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness
Lord of all grace
your hands swift to welcome
your arms to embrace:
Be there at our homing
and give us, we pray
your love in our hearts, Lord
at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness
Lord of all calm
whose voice is contentment
whose presence is balm:
Be there at our sleeping
and give us, we pray
your peace in our hearts, Lord
at the end of the day.



Poem

Little Gidding, V, by T. S. Eliot
Read by Jo Calder

What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from. And every phrase
And sentence that is right (where every word is at home,
Taking its place to support the others,
The word neither diffident nor ostentatious,
An easy commerce of the old and the new,
The common word exact without vulgarity,
The formal word precise but not pedantic,
The complete consort dancing together)
Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning,
Every poem an epitaph. And any action
Is a step to the block, to the fire, down the sea's throat
Or to an illegible stone: and that is where we start.
We die with the dying:
See, they depart, and we go with them.
We are born with the dead:
See, they return, and bring us with them.
The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew-tree
Are of equal duration. A people without history
Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern
Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails
On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel
History is now and England.

With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this Calling

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
Through the unknown, remembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree
Not known, because not looked for
But heard, half-heard, in the stillness
Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, now, always –
A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flames are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

The Commendation

Prayers

The Blessing

Music

Song for Athene
John Tavener

“May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest”



There will be a retiring collection to be shared equally between St Paul's Methodist Church,
Save the Children and the Dystonia Society.



Heartfelt thanks to Reverend Sue Conroy, Ann Phillipson and everyone at St Paul's
and in the local community for all the kindness, love and support they have given
to Lizzie and Nigel and their family over the years.

Arrangements by The Martins Funeral Directors
38-40 Broadfield Barton, Crawley, West Sussex, RH11 9BA
Tel. 01293 552345 / www.themartinsfuneraldirectors.co.uk



Cambridge University, May 1953



Diamond Wedding, May 2014

... And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

From *The Owl and the Pussycat*, by Edward Lear