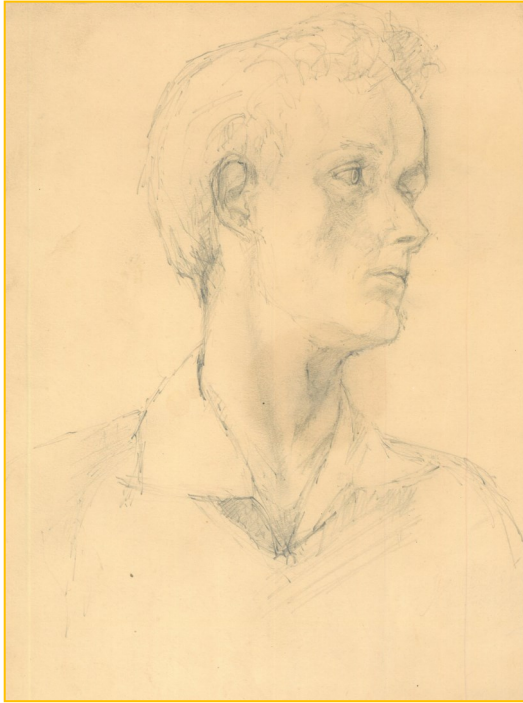


A Service to Celebrate  
the Life of



# CHARLES FOSTER BARHAM

28th December 1936 ~ 30th June 2021

The Chapel  
Poole Crematorium

Monday 26th July 2021  
2 pm

*Independent Celebrant ~ Rob Hazell*

## **Opening Music**

*Mahler's 5th Symphony in C-Sharp Minor, Part III: IV.  
Adagietto - sehr langsam  
performed by New York Philharmonic with Leonard Bernstein*

## **Welcome**

*Rob Hazell ~ Independent Celebrant*

To surrender one's life to God, the source of the manifested world, means one acts in the consciousness that God is the doer, God is the thinker and God is the feeler. When one ceases to be possessive of body and ideas, one realises that everything, even one's most intimate self, is only 'on loan'. The life that lives me is vastly greater than my small organism, and the breath that breathes me is never for one moment my own.

*Anne Bancroft*

I am not I,  
I am this one  
Walking beside me whom I do not see,  
Whom at times I manage to visit,  
And at other times I forget.  
The one who remains silent when I talk,  
The one who forgives, sweet, when I hate,  
The one who takes a walk when I am indoors,  
The one who will remain standing when I die.

*By the Spanish poet Juan Ramón Jiménez,  
translated by Robert Bly*

## **Reflection**

*Bach's 'Double' Concerto for Two Violins, I. Vivace,  
by New York Philharmonic with Zubin Mehta,  
Isaac Stern and Itzhak Perlman*

Thirty spokes are made one by holes in a hub  
By vacancies joining them for a wheel's use;  
The use of clay in molding pitchers  
Comes from the hollow of its absence;  
Doors, windows, in a house,  
Are used for their emptiness:  
Thus we are helped by what is not  
To use what is.

*From The Way Of Life according to Lao Tzu,  
translated by Witter Bynner*

## **A Tribute by Tony Hillier and a look back at Charles' life**

### **Reflection**

*Schubert's Piano Quintet in A, 'The Trout', 2. Andante  
performed by Emil Gilels and Amadeus Quartet*

### **Memories of Charles**

*by Mark Hillier, Charles' godson*

### **Hymn**

He who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster,  
Let him in constancy follow the Master.  
There's no discouragement shall make him once relent  
His first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round with dismal stories  
Do but themselves confound - his strength the more is.  
No foes shall stay his might; though he with giants fight,  
He will make good his right to be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend us with Thy Spirit,  
We know we at the end, shall life inherit.  
Then fancies flee away! I'll fear not what men say,  
I'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

*W.B. Yeats*

An aged man is but a paltry thing,  
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless  
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing  
For every tatter in its mortal dress.

### **The Prayer of St Francis of Assisi**

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy Peace.  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;  
where there is injury, pardon;  
where there is doubt, faith;  
where there is despair, hope;  
where there is darkness, light;  
where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek  
to be consoled, as to console;  
to be understood, as to understand;  
to be loved, as to love.  
For it is in giving that we receive,  
it is in forgiving that we are forgiven;  
it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.



At the centre of every vessel thrown on the wheel is a point of stillness, which remains still whatever forms the clay assumes. The variety of possible forms is endless, so is the possible variety of decoration which gives additional life to the forms. The still point is the beginning of both. Without it there is no form, no diversity of pattern, no possibility of any image.

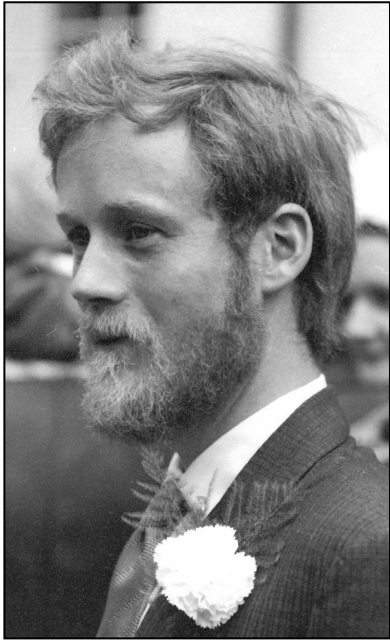
*Alan Caiger-Smith, the artist potter*

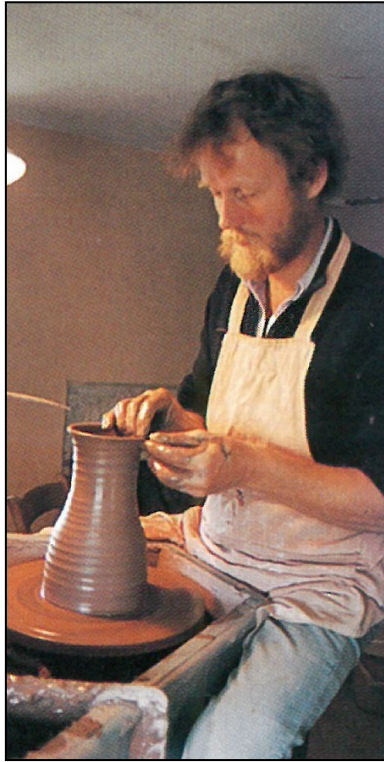
At the still point of the turning world.  
Neither flesh nor fleshless;  
Neither from nor towards;  
at the still point, there the dance is,  
But neither arrest nor movement.  
And do not call it fixity,  
Where past and future are gathered.  
Neither movement from nor towards,  
Neither ascent nor decline.  
Except for the point, the still point,  
There would be no dance....

*From 'Burnt Norton' by T.S.Eliot*

### **Closing Music**

*Beethoven's Piano Sonata No. 8 in C Minor*  
*'Pathétique', II. Adagio cantabile*  
*played by Emil Gilels*





If you would like to make a donation  
in memory of Charles, in aid of  
Alzheimer's Society,  
please send your donation  
c/o James Smith Funeral Directors Ltd,  
60a Kings Road, Swanage, Dorset BH19 1HR  
*Personal messages, memories and donations  
may be made online at*  
[www.funeraldirector.co.uk/charles-barham](http://www.funeraldirector.co.uk/charles-barham)

