



CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

Ursula Maynard

9th May 1931 – 7th September 2024

The Church of St John The Baptist – Spetisbury

Monday 30th September 2024

At 2:00pm

Service Led By Reverend Carolyn Couzins

Welcome

Opening Prayer

Choir

Es Ist ein' Ros' entsprungen
Michael Praetorius

Eulogy

By Pastor Kai Thierbach

Poem

The Last Day by Julia Maynard

"Look who's here to see you, Ursula!"

"Hello Omi! Hello! Hello!" as we bundle in.

Hugs and kisses at the chair.

Omi has her yellow dress on and a blanket on her knees.

"How are you? How are you?" we ask.

"Lovely" she replies.

Omi looks out of her window and tells us that it hasn't been a nice day.

We describe the thunderstorm and the torrential rain on the drive down.

"The clouds came over, the sky went dark, and we were all a bit scared!",

says Edward.

We all laugh, remembering.

"We brought you some chocolates, look", say the boys.

"Do you want one?" I ask.

"Oh yes!"

Omi holds one end of the wrapper between her thumb and finger, and I

pull the other end.

The red paper crinkles as it untwists.

"Lovely", she says.

"There were no butterflies this year", Omi announces gravely.

"Yes there were! We've seen them!", we exclaim.

"Do you remember the butterflies when we sat out in the garden, Ursula?",

Rylee asks.

The boys munch seriously on the cookies Omi helped bake a few days earlier.

Watching her with wide eyes.

Omi doesn't want a cookie.

"Would you like a chocolate?"

"Oh yes...lovely", she says.

"I painted that", Omi points to the kingfisher on the wall.

We admire the red crayon bird from a few days before.

"Shall we do some more of your scarf?"

I put my arms around her, a knitting needle on each side.

Omi holds the ball of wool and I start a new row.

"Here you go" as Omi wraps the blue wool around her fingers.

She stitches carefully. Slowly. Concentrating.

The needle slips and stitches fall off onto her lap.

"Mecki", she says, looking up at the cupboard.

We take Mecki down for Omi to hold.

"Do you remember the Mecki the stories?" I ask.

"The pink mouse, and the blue mouse, and the yellow mouse?"

And Mecki collecting apples in his prickles?"

"Oh yes", she replies.

The boys return from the garden, a basket overflowing with apples.

"Do you feel okay?" I ask, touching her chest.

"You have cold hands", Omi tells me.

Edward cuddles in.

"You have cold hands!" she tells him.

"I love you so much", Edward replies.

Ben reaches for Omi's hand and she jumps.

"You have REALLY cold hands!"

We all laugh.

Hymn

All things Bright and Beautiful

Refrain:

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. **[Refrain]**

The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden:
He made them every one. **[Refrain]**

He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty,
who has made all things well. **[Refrain]**



Bible Reading

Psalm 23

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who 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.

Choir

Thou knowest Lord the secrets of our hearts
Henry Purcell

Commendation

Committal

Blessing

by Pastor Kai Thierbach

Choir

Wiegenlied Guten Abend, Gut' Nacht, mit Rosen
bedacht

Johannes Brahms



Thank you for attending Ursula's Service.
You are all warmly invited to The Crown Hotel,
West Street, Blandford Forum,
DT11 7AJ for refreshments.

