

In Loving Memory
of

Caraline Wilfrida (Freda) Haughton Bingley
(née Waddell)

15th September 1928 – 10th November 2021



South Oxfordshire Crematorium
Garford

Friday 17th December 2021
2.00 p.m.

Entrance: Nimrod from Enigma Variations by Elgar

Welcome

Eulogy

Poem: Dark Rosaleen
written by Freda 1971 (pre-recorded)

*So often I have looked but turned away
From silver strands and warm beguiling smile,
For if I stay too long, then must I stay
And share your ancient agony awhile.*

*A limitless ocean pounds upon your coast
Whilst turf and green hills frolic to the plain
Here, say your children, breathes the Holy Ghost,
Alas poor Irish soul of holiness and pain.*

*Whence came the colours that illumine the Book of Kells?
Whence came the lilting song your people sing?
What learning, inner light and gentle bells
Set upon your only conquering?*

*But now, what inner pathways of the soul
Could so unleash such frenzied fratricide?
Where is your Holy Ghost that makes men whole,
And brings to Heaven's plot a blessed Eastertide?*

*Dark Rosaleen, pour once again your tears,
Your heart must mourn for this most piteous land
Oh lovely Isle, your heritage of fears
Are more than you, or I, or God can understand.*

Poem: A Birthday poem to Étain
written by Freda June 1990 (pre-recorded)

*Is love for all, and each of us is but a note
In that great choral song
So, above the vale of Banbury's Cross
Through pastures green, where lambs do play,
One comes to Warkworth Church,
Wherein our lady lies neath crimson wool
Of brass engraved, in centuries past
Our name she once did proudly bear
Until a Chedwoode she did wed.
He also lies in separate aisle
Sword clasped in mailed hand
With each there lies a favourite hound,
Fidelity to display.
Long may this note of love
Resound in centuries still to come
As we now try to emulate the past
And wish you joy on your day of birth.*

Poem: Clumber Park Caravan Park, Worksop
written by Freda Sept 1990 (pre-recorded)

*A garden of Eden
Where tranquillity reigns
Men help with the chores
Hobbies are tried
Everyone smiles
Each helps each other
Until the time comes
To close up pitch
To wave Good-bye
And return to the world.*

Visual Tribute
accompanied by My Lagan Love

Eulogy

Final Farewell

Celtic Blessing

May the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind always be at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
and rains fall soft upon your fields.
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand."

Closing Words

Exit Music: In The Gloaming Oh My Darling

"For me, happiness is to halt on top of a hill, the wind in my face and the world before me. One such place lies close to my heart – it is an old, old road from the days before coaches. It stretches along the ridges of the hills across the middle of South Down in Ireland. The road rises from practically sea level at the head of Newry Lough, and twists and turns past tiny fields until one reaches the ridge – a ridge that lets you look across empty green fields bordered by a hedge of golden whin or gorse. It makes one blink as though you were in the Jewel House of the Tower of London, the gold is so intense. From the valley with its old, white-washed cottages, I smell the reek of turf and I hear the sounds so dear to me: bleating sheep, an occasional dog giving voice, a tractor engine and an occasional cow. High above, I can hear a curlew, while chattering finches & sparrows shelter in the thorn hedge which borders the road. The world and I are at peace with each other, and that is my day of happiness."



Donations in memory of Caraline will be given to
Royal National Institute of Blind People.

Donations can be made online where you can gift aid, all cheques
should be made payable to the charity chosen & sent to
Howard Chadwick Funeral Service.

www.chadwicksfuneralservice.com



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