

Diana Baring

1st May 1938 – 20th February 2024



St Michael & All Angels' Church, Shalbourne

Saturday 23rd March 2024

12 noon

The service is conducted by Rev'd Dr Colin Heber-Percy

Organist: Hugh Cobbe

The flowers in the church are from Diana's garden at Ham.
With thanks to Graham Carr and Caroline Davenport

From "East Coker"

Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment
And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.
There is a time for the evening under starlight,
A time for the evening under lamplight
(The evening with the photograph album).
Love is most nearly itself
When here and now cease to matter.
Old men ought to be explorers
Here or there does not matter
We must be still and still moving
Into another intensity
For a further union, a deeper communion
Through the dark cold and the empty desolation,
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters
Of the petrel and the porpoise. In my end is my beginning.

T.S. Eliot

ORDER OF SERVICE

SENTENCES

BIDDING PRAYER

We meet in the name of Jesus Christ, who died and was raised to the glory of God, the Father. Grace and mercy be with you.

All And also with you.

We look not to the things that are seen but to the things that are unseen; for the things that are seen are transient but the things that are unseen are eternal. Today we gather to remember before God our sister Diana, to give thanks for her life and to comfort one another in our grief.

Father in heaven, we praise thy name for all who have finished this life loving and trusting thee, for the example of their lives, the life and grace which thou didst give unto them and the peace in which they rest. We praise thee today for thy servant Diana and for all that thou didst through her. Meet us in our sadness and fill our hearts with praise and thanksgiving for the sake of thy Son our Lord, Jesus Christ.

All Amen.

HYMN

Who would true valour see,
let him come hither;
one here will constant be,
come wind, come weather;
there's no discouragement
shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent
to be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound,
his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright:
he'll with a giant fight,
but he will have the right
to be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
can daunt his spirit;
he knows he at the end
shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, fly away;
he'll not fear what men say;
he'll labour night and day
to be a pilgrim.

PRAYERS OF PENITENCE

TRIBUTES TO DIANA

by Francis, Toby, and Ned

HYMN

My soul, there is a country
far beyond the stars,
where stands a wingèd sentry
all skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
and One born in a manger
commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,
and — O my soul, awake! —
did in pure love descend,
to die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
there grows the flower of peace,
the rose that cannot wither,
thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,
for none can thee secure
but one who never changes,
thy God, thy life, thy cure.

BIBLE READING

from Proverbs, Chapter Thirty-One

read by Caroline Anderson

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

POEM FOR DIANA

by Gwen

ADDRESS

Rev'd Dr Colin Heber-Percy

ANTHEM

Lascia ch'lo pianga from *Rinaldo* by G.F. Handel

sung by Amabel

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.

HYMN

The God of love my shepherd is,
and he that doth me feed;
while he is mine and I am his,
what can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
where I both feed and rest;
then to the streams that gently pass:
in both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
and bring my mind in frame,
and all this not for my desert,
but for his holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
well may I walk, not fear;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
to guide, thy staff to bear.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
shall measure all my days;
and, as it never shall remove,
so neither shall my praise.

THE COMMENDATION

THE BLESSING

Incidental Music from *Rosamunde*
by *Franz Schubert*

A private Committal will take place on Monday.

Donations in Diana's memory will go to 3Pillars Project,
a mentoring charity for, among others, young offenders at Feltham.
Donations may also be sent to c/o Dianne Mackinder Funeral Service
Wagon Yard, London Road, Marlborough, Wilts, SN8 1LH
Tel: 01672 512444

Nicholas and the family invite you to join them
after the service at the Old Rectory, Ham.

A SELECTION OF PASSAGES FOR DIANA

INTRODUCTION

When we came to think about readings for the Order of Service, we quickly realised that time would restrict our choice. We have therefore put into an appendix a number of passages in prose and verse which had a particular appeal to Diana or which bring her to mind.

They range from a highly-coloured description of an autumn dawn on Exmoor, where she spent many happy days to witty short pieces by James Michie and Paddy Leigh-Fermor. We hope that you will enjoy reading them before the Service or later on at leisure.

The illustrations are by two of Diana's grand-daughters, Clara and Daisy.

SONNET

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare

LORNA DOONE - DESCRIPTION OF DAWN ON EXMOOR
CHAPTER XXX111 – An Early Morning Call

Of course I was up the very next morning before the October sunrise, and away through the wild and the woodland towards the Bagworth water, at the foot of the long cascade. The rising of the sun was noble in the cold and warmth of it; peeping down the spread of light, he raised his shoulder heavily over the edge of gray mountain, and wavering length of upland. Beneath his gaze the dew-fogs dipped, and crept to the hollow places; then stole away in line and column, holding skirts, and clinging subtly at the sheltering corners, where rock hung over grass-land; while the brace lines of the hills came forth, one beyond other gliding.

Then the woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened mountains, stately with a depth of awe, and memory of the tempests. Autumn's mellow hand was on them, as they owned already, touched with gold, and red, and olive; and their joy towards the sun was less to a bridegroom than a father.

Yet before the floating impress of the woods could clear itself, suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, casting amber, blue, and purple, and tint of rich red rose; according to the scene they lit on, and the curtain flung around; yet all alike dispelling fear and the cloven hoof of darkness, all on the wings of hope advancing, and proclaiming, 'God is here'. Then life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow; every flower, and bud, and bird, had a fluttering sense of them; and all the flashing of God's gaze merged into soft beneficence.

So perhaps shall break upon us that eternal morning, when crag and chasm shall be no more, neither hill and valley, nor great unvintaged ocean; When glory shall not scare happiness, neither happiness envy glory; but all things shall arise and shine in the light of the Father's countenance, because itself is risen.

R.D. Blackmore

FOX FROM FALLING AWAKE

I heard a cough
as if a thief was there
outside my sleep
a sharp intake of air

a fox in her fox-fur
stepping across
the grass in her black gloves
barked at my house

just so abrupt and odd
the way she went
hungrily asking
in the heart's thick accent

in such serious sleepless
trespass she came
a woman with a man's voice
but no name

as if to say: it's midnight
and my life
is laid beneath my children
like gold leaf

Alice Oswald



THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN - VERSES 5-8

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing:- “Oh, how beautiful!” and sitting in the shade,
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner-knives.

There’s not a pair of legs so thin, there’s not a head so thick,
there’s not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick,
But it can find some needful job that’s crying to be done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,
If it’s only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener’s work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away!

Rudyard Kipling

ANCIENT YOOF FROM LAST POEMS

On my desk gathering dust
Is an alabaster bust
Bought at a country fair
And marked Horace – a beardless Roman youth
Of about seventeen
With a supercilious air
Quite unlike the imagined man I once translated.
Last night in the firelight he seemed to wink
And I thought I heard him say, ‘So you think
I’m the poet? Well I’m not. I’m his son
(I bet you never knew he’d fathered one),
And if you want the truth,
I loathed his crappy odes. The Golden Mean?
O never mess with Mister In-Between.
“It’s great to die for your country”? Hopelessly dated.
“Keep your balance when the going gets tough”?
That sort of stuff
Went out with Cato. But one thing he wrote was okay:
Carpe diem. Have a nice day!

James Michie

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION: AFTER THE SIESTA

'Did anybody call?'

'No, sir. Oh yes! That nice Dr Oblivion looked in! But she didn't want to disturb you, so she went off with her Gladstone bag full of names and dates – she said you wouldn't be needing them. She left those flowers.'

'Oh? What are they?'

'Forget-me-nots, sir'

'They look pretty well finished to me'

'Yes, sir. And those others.'

'What are *they*?'

'Rosemary, sir.'

'They seem to have had it, too.'

'Yes, sir. Rosemary for remembrance. And those poppies have got rather scattered.'

'Who left *them*?'

'Why, Dr Oblivion, sir! She said you could get hold of her at any time.'

'Where does she hang out?'

'Well, it used to be Memory Lane, but they've changed the name.'

'What's the address now, then?'

'Lotus Lodge. Number thirteen, Amnesia Grove, sir. You can't miss it.'

Patrick Leigh Fermor



HE WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams

W B Yeats

