

*Silvija Helena Maie Fry*

2nd August 1949 - 11th February 2024

*Fox Slivo*



*Music*  
“Spiegl Im Spiegl” Arvo Pärt

*Introduction and Opening Prayer*  
Father Chris Brading, Priest in Charge

*Poem - “Leisure”*  
WH DAVIES  
Read by Jackie Holder

What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs  
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty’s glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this is if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

*Lifelong memories of Steve*  
Jonathan Causer, Jackie Hodges, Carole Peters

*Hymn - The Lord's my Shepherd*

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk thro' death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house forevermore  
My dwelling-place shall be

*Afterword*  
Dom Timothy Bavin OSB

*Hymn - Amazing Grace*

Amazing grace, How sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now I am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we've first begun.

*Reading - Revelation 21, 1-4*  
Read by Alison Lory

*Homily*  
Father Chris Brading, Priest in Charge

*Music - Pie Jesu*  
Sung by Sasha Joyce

*Prayers*  
including 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 - Dear Lord and Father of Mankind*

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
    Forgive our foolish ways!  
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
    In purer lives Thy service find,  
    In deeper reverence, praise.  
    In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
    Beside the Syrian sea,  
    The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
    Rise up and follow Thee.  
    Rise up and follow Thee.

    O Sabbath rest by Galilee,  
    O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee  
    The silence of eternity,  
    Interpreted by love!  
    Interpreted by love!

    Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
    Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
    And let our ordered lives confess  
    The beauty of Thy peace.  
    The beauty of Thy peace.

    Breathe through the heats of our desire  
    Thy coolness and Thy balm;  
    Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
    O still, small voice of calm.  
    O still, small voice of calm.

*Poem - "Lake Isle of Innisfree"*

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Read by Orla Murphy

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

*Prayer of Commendation*

*Blessing*

*Music - The Fairy Ring*

Mike Rowland

*Committal*

Will take place at the graveside in the churchyard



*Afterwards*  
Purchases, 31 North Street, Chichester



# *A Tribute to Mama*

LUCY COOTE

RAAAAAAWHH!!!!

With her ash-blonde head thrown back, mouth open in sheer delight, inevitable glass of some-kind-of-plonk in hand and possibly a fag-end dangling from the other, Ma would let out her trademark, raucous laugh.

And quite frankly it was impossible not to raaaawhh right along with her, for that was a huge part of her allure, making everyone around her laugh, whilst that hint of devilish delight sparkled through her beautiful eyes.

Has there ever been another character like Mama? I rather think not.

She'd love that, of course. Unique, eccentric, colourful and mischievous she played the roles so well; beaming when required, refined when needed, Lady Fry when she so fancied - whatever the occasion she was always kind and ready to listen, always ready to help (and never more so than when it happened to have four legs and a tail!). She was first and foremost wife to Papa and mother to our darling Jess, followed by agony aunt and amma to us girls, adopted Grandma, lover of all things pretty, the perfect stylist, homemaker, seamstress, artist, chef - WHAT a kedgeriee - gardener and hostess with the absolute most-est.

Which leads me to St Mary's. Home of homes, with its occasional resident rodents.

Stuffed with antiques collected from all corners of the globe, cupboards filled to the brim with myriad colorful scarves and pashminas, enough table cloths to open a shop and a fridge constantly fighting for food space amongst the array of bottles. We loved our St Mary's visits. It was a place to trip over dogs, chat with the chickens, collect warm eggs, admire the carefully tendered blooms of flowers and plants, try not to scald yourself with the old hot water taps and stifle the giggles when Ma's old car wouldn't start, yet again.

St Mary's was simply an extension of Ma's personality (and we're absolutely not going to mention the gaping hole in the thatched roof!).

But it wouldn't be a complete description of life at St Mary's if we didn't just mention the outside, ahem, "Smoke House". Ohhhh if silk cushions could talk, by God the stories they could tell! There's a Fry book, right there.

So I say, cheers. Cheers to Mrs Silvija Helena Maie Fry (that name alone is worth a pretty decent-sized "RAAAAAAWHH!") because you, you fabulous woman, have been one helluva phenomenon and left one helluva legacy for Jess, for us all. Thank you for everything you did for us girls; all the craziness, the laughs, the tears, the complete and utter Fry-style bonkersness. Thank you for just being you.

Mama, it's been an honour.

You will always be remembered for your unstoppable light, your infectious love of life and for your huge, huge heart.

We will take that with us, knowing that you and Pa are together again, kindred spirits, no doubt having an absolute flippin' hoot wherever you both are.

And you will both live on through your wonderful daughter, our dear, dear friend, Jess. We've got her.