

A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF



Dorothy Wharfe

30 AUGUST 1926 - 8 SEPTEMBER 2023

Oakley Wood Crematorium
Friday 29 September 2023 at 10.30am

OPENING MUSIC

Ave Verum Corpus by Mozart

WELCOME

DOROTHY IN HER OWN WORDS

READING

St Mark's Gospel, chapter 4 verses 35-41

That day, in the evening, [Jesus] said to [his disciples], "Let us cross over to the other side of the lake." So they left the crowd and took him with them in the boat where he had been sitting; and there were other boats accompanying him. A heavy squall came on and the waves broke over the boat until it was all but swamped. Now he was in the stern asleep on a cushion; they roused him and said, "Master, we are sinking! Do you not care?" He stood up, rebuked the wind, and said to the sea, "Hush! Be still!" The wind dropped and there was a dead calm. He said to them, "Why are you such cowards? Have you no faith even now?" They were awestruck and said to one another, "Who can this be whom even the wind and the sea obey?"

FAMILY TRIBUTES

REFLECTION TO MUSIC

The Lord Bless You and Keep You by John Rutter

POEM

Two Ships Sailed

In a harbour, two ships sailed,
One setting forth on a voyage,
The other coming home to port.

Everyone cheered the ship going out,
But the ship sailing in was scarcely noticed.

To this a wise man said:

“Do not rejoice over a ship setting out to sea,
For you cannot know what terrible storms it may encounter,
Rejoice rather, over the ship that has safely reached port,
And brings its passengers home in peace.

And this is the way of the world.

When a child is born, all rejoice;

When someone dies, all weep.

We should do the opposite.

For no one can tell what trials await a newborn child;
But when a mortal dies in peace, we should rejoice,
For he has completed a long journey,
And there is no greater joy than to leave this world
With the imperishable crown of a good name.”

CLOSING WORDS

CLOSING MUSIC

The Angel's Farewell from *Dream of Gerontius* by Elgar



Dorothy Wharfe

1926 - 2023

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

William Shakespeare, from *Cymbeline*