

*To Celebrate the Life
of*



Professor Joy Wingfield

23rd November 1947 - 15th February 2021

Wilford Hill Crematorium, Main Chapel

Tuesday 16th March 2021
at 10.00 am



Order of Service

by Celebrant, Paul Wells

Entry Music

Fingal's Cave
by Mendelssohn

Welcome and Opening Words

Ruth's Tribute



Poem

To His Coy Mistress
Andrew Marvell

Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie

Continued...



Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust;
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.



Frank's Tribute

Maggie's Tribute

read by Ruth

Quiet Reflection



Reflection Music

Dvořák's Symphony No. 9,
'From The New World',
Fourth Movement

Farewell and Committal

Closing Words

Exit Music

Tubular Bells
by Mike Oldfield







Nothing is past; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

from the poem Death Is Nothing At All by Henry Scott Holland



Frank, Ruth, Maggie and the rest of the family would like to thank you all for your kind words and support during this difficult time.

Donations in memory of Joy are for
Crisis UK
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
or left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

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