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A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of
Esther Christine Peacock

4th March 1947 - 31st May 2020



Easthampstead Park Crematorium, Wellington Chapel
Wednesday 17th June 2020 at 2.00 pm



Entrance Music
Gold und Silber
Franz Lehár
Berlin Symphony Orchestra

Welcome and Introduction
by Reverend Father Daniel McAvoy,
Parish Priest of St Joseph and St Margaret Clitherow, Bracknell

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.
Amen.

Final Commendation and Farewell

Closing Music
Nunc Dimittis
Geoffrey Burgon
Paul Phoenix and The Boys of St Paul's Cathedral Choir

Bidding Prayers

read by Dee Reid

Dear Lord, we remember Esther's strong faith which was a guiding influence in her life. She showed her unflinching devotion to the Church in her typically quiet and unassuming way.

Lord hear us.

Lord graciously hear us.

Dear Lord, we remember what a wonderful wife and mother Esther was. Her husband and her children were the light of her life and she lovingly devoted herself to them.

Lord hear us.

Lord graciously hear us.

Dear Lord, we remember the countless acts of kindness and thoughtfulness that Esther showed to her friends. She was the first to volunteer to help others and did so without ever looking for thanks or reward.

Lord hear us.

Lord graciously hear us.

Dear Lord, we remember Esther's enquiring mind and her many interests. She was always generous with her time and inspired us to develop our talents.

Lord hear us.

Lord graciously hear us.

Dear Lord, we ask you to bless all of Esther's family and to comfort them in their loss. We remember, in particular, all those family members who are unable to be with us today.

Lord hear us.

Lord graciously hear us.

First Reading

The book of Proverbs 31

A good wife who can find?

She is far more precious than jewels.

The heart of her husband trusts in her,
and he will have no lack of gain.

She does him good, and not harm,
all the days of her life.

She seeks wool and flax,
and works with willing hands.

She rises while it is yet night
and provides food for her household.

She puts her hand to the distaff
and her hands hold the spindle.

She opens her hand to the poor,
and reaches out her hands to the needy.

She makes herself coverings;

Her clothing is fine linen and purple.

Strength and dignity are her clothing,
and she laughs at the time to come.

She opens her mouth with wisdom,
and the teaching of kindness is on her tongue.

She looks well to the ways of her household,
and does not eat the bread of idleness.

Her children rise up and call her blessed;

Her husband also, and he praises her:

"Many women have done excellently,
but you surpass them all."

Charm is deceitful, and beauty is vain,
but a woman who fears the Lord is

to be praised.

Eulogy

given by Terry Platt

All Is Well

read by Faye Khaka

Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped into the next room
I am I and you are you
Whatever we were to each other,
that we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way
which you always used
Put no difference in your tone,
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow
Laugh as we always laughed at the little
jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word
that it always was,
Let it be spoken without effect,
without the trace of shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was, there is
unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near,
Just around the corner.
All is well.

Henry Scott Holland

Prayer of St Francis of Assisi

read by James Peacock

*This prayer was on a bookmark which Esther kept
in her prayer book.*

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love
Where there is injury, pardon,
Where there is doubt, faith,
Where there is despair, hope,
Where there is darkness, light,
and where there is sadness, joy.
O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled, as to console;
To be understood as to understand.
To be loved, as to love;
For it is in giving that we receive -
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.