Newark Abbey
by
Thomas Love Peacock

I gaze, where August's sunbeam falls
Along these grey and lonely walls,
Till in its light absorbed appears
The lapse of five-and-thirty years.

If change there be, I trace it not
In all this consecrated spot:
No new imprint of Ruin's march
On roofless wall and frameless arch:
The hills, the woods, the fields, the stream,
Are basking in the self-same beam:
The fall, that turns the unseen mill
As then it murmured, murmurs still:
It seems, as if in one were cast
The present and the imaged past,
Spanning, as with bridge sublime,
That awful lapse of human time,
That gulph, unfathomably spread
Between the living and the dead.

For all too well my spirit feels
The only change this place reveals:
The sunbeams play, the breezes stir,
Unseen, unfelt, unheard by her,
Who, on that long-past August day,
First saw with me those ruins grey.

Whatever span the fates allow,
Ere I shall be as she is now,
Still in my bosom's inmost cell
Shall that deep-treasured memory dwell:
That, more than language can express,
Pure miracle of loveliness,
Whose voice so sweet, whose eyes so bright,
Were my soul's music, and its light,
In those blest days, when life was new,
And hope was false, but love was true.

In Loving Memory of

Barbara Wilkinson

23rd January 1940 - 23rd July 2016

A celebration of Barbara's life held in the

Dunstall Memorial Chapel
Edwardes Street, Napier
on
Saturday 30th July 2016 at 11.00am

Memorial for Barbara Wilkinson

Celebrant - Jennifer Harris
Funeral Director - Neil Earnshaw

Welcome Music *by Anna Leese and Matthew Leese*

Welcome and Introduction

Hymn : Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now, I see.

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

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

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now, I see

Tribute to Barbara
(Part I)

Reading – *By Colleen McCool*
Newark Abbey by Thomas Love Peacock
(printed on back)

Tribute to Barbara
(Part II)

Reading – *by grandson, Stirling Hall*
Grandparents

Sharing memories, family and open

Memories in photos

Thankfulness for Barbara's Life

Reading – *by niece, Sharalee Clarke*
A Tear and a Smile by Kahlil Gibran

Recessional Music
by Matthew Leese