

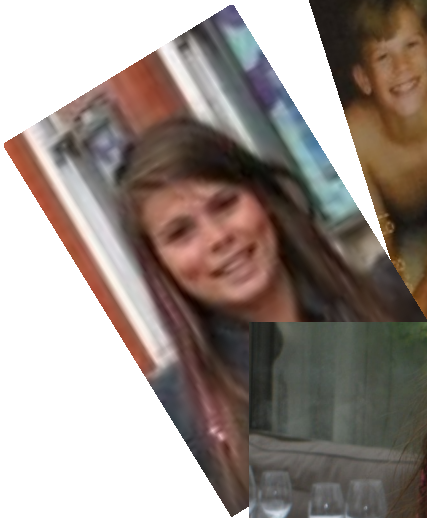


# *Remembering Grace*

A celebration

12th April 2014





**Jane Gardner**

**Welcome**

**Prayers**

**Bill**

*Grace and I had a scheme whereby she'd learn poems by heart for cash.  
I'd choose the poem and we'd negotiate the amount. This is an early one*

### **HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD**

*Robert Browning (1812 - 1889)*

Oh to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England - now!

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!  
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops - at the bent spray's edge -  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower

**Cicely**

**Grace**

*Carol Ann Duffy*

Then, like a sudden, easy birth, grace -  
rendered as light to the softening earth,  
The moon stepping slowly backwards  
out of the morning sky, reward  
for the dark hours we took to arrive and kneel  
at the silver river's edge near the heron priest,  
anointed, given - what we would wish ourselves

**Elly** *When Elly and Grace were 12, (their birthdays are one day apart) Elly's family invited Grace to spend a holiday with them in Scotland. Grace adored her time here; she always said that Scotland was her most favourite place in the world. Elly wrote this lovely poem five years ago*

**Grace**

*Eleanor Hall*

I'll think of you  
When the sun sets the contrails on fire  
and the day makes its exit with your great gold ribbons in the sky  
The silence and the noise  
Heaped bowls leaking milk and fruit foaming from the rim  
The smile that melted wax – the dimples that we kissed  
The sun that held you

June the second - sleepover  
June the third - Racing punts  
The wrapping paper that danced on the river  
Scones and jam  
Halloween with cobwebs between your fingers  
Lying in the grass  
English class  
Pulling faces at the mirror  
Spying on the neighbours  
  
People come back as butterflies – you told me that  
I will look for you  
Grace of all graces

**William** *A poem written by **Harry Lloyd** for Grace which he is transcribing to a song. Harry wanted to be here but is abroad working in France*

## **A Poem for Grace**

*Harry Lloyd*

O Grace, One day we'll wake up  
and it'll all be a dream.

Grace you were so graceful, kind  
and funny, and beautiful.

I long to see your dimple smile again  
I long for another laugh  
I wish I could feel your warmth again  
But I know I can't.

It just seems so unfair to take someone  
Who was so cared for  
but they always are.  
I don't know why this has happened  
It doesn't make any sense.  
I'm numb with disbelief I can't sleep,  
I feel hollow.

I can't imagine the grief within your family,  
I can only see it,  
Your poppa picking flowers by the churchyard for you  
your brothers preparing speeches,  
your mama speaking to everyone you knew  
close relatives cry as they can't believe this.

I don't know where to turn this time,  
There are no words of mine,  
to describe the pain.  
I wish i could turn back the hands of time  
or wake up and it would all be fine.

You left a small hole in all of us,  
a missing part, so please return Grace  
to fill us up again.

I wrote this poem in memory of you.  
So people can think of you.  
We miss you Grace.

Ely

## A Child Loaned

*Edgar A Guest*

"I'll lend you for a little time  
A child of Mine," He said,  
"For you to love the while she lives,  
And mourn for when she's dead.  
It may be six or seven years  
Or twenty-two or three,  
But will you, till I call her back,  
Take care of her for Me?  
She'll bring her charms to gladden you,  
And should her stay be brief,  
You'll have her lovely memories  
As solace for your grief.

I cannot promise she will stay,  
Since all from earth return,  
But there are lessons taught down there  
I want this child to learn.  
I've looked this wide world over  
In My search for teachers true,  
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes,  
I have selected you;  
Now will you give her all your love,  
Not think the labor vain,  
Nor hate Me when I come to call  
And take her back again?"

I fancied that I heard them say,  
"Dear Lord, Thy will be done,  
For all the joy Thy child shall bring,  
The risk of grief we'll run.  
We'll shelter her with tenderness,  
We'll love her while we may,  
And for the happiness we've known,  
Forever grateful stay.  
But should the angels call for her  
Much sooner than we planned,  
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes  
And try to understand"

**Janie**

## **The Charismatic Child**

*Janie Hextall*

A friend of mine offered to have the overflow Dragon leavers to stay in her house in Devon during the A Block trip, so was an 'onlooker' while all those Dragons got on with their activities. She noticed quite soon that there was one rather special girl, easily distinguished by a pair of the most gorgeous dimples, who was always laughing, equally friends with the boys and the girls, making sure everyone was included, and just had a special air about her. She became known in their family as the 'charismatic child'.

Several years later there was a dreadful tragedy one night just outside Oxford. My friend's twin sons called her to tell her the news - when she asked who it was, Patrick and William said, Mum, it was the 'charismatic child'. She immediately understood the unfathomable depth of the loss.

**Alice**     *This poem reminds me very much of Grace and her total willingness to help those around her.*

### **If I Could Catch a Rainbow**

*Unknown*

If I could catch a rainbow, I would do it, just for you,  
And, share with you, its beauty, on the days you're feeling blue.

If I could, I would build a mountain, you could call your very own.  
A place to find serenity, a place just to be alone.

If I could, I would take your troubles, and toss them into the sea.  
But, all these things, I'm finding, are impossible for me.

I cannot build a mountain, or catch a rainbow fair;  
but, let me be, what I know best,

A Friend, who's always there.

I promise to defend you, should the occasion ever rise,  
And, I promise to wipe away the tears,  
which might stream from your weeping eyes.

Let me be the trusted Friend, the one that you know best.  
I will never leave you, on that, you can surely rest.

To my dearest Grace,

Life has changed a lot since we last saw each other. I have travelled, been to university, made new friends, lost some others, made mistakes, learnt more, got a degree, travelled more, read some great books, read some not so great books and made some more mistakes.

What hasn't changed is how much I miss you. In the days after we lost you someone told me you can never really get over the death of a loved one, but that you learn to carry it with you as gracefully as you can. At the time I saw this as impossible. My heart ached; I no longer wanted to feel this way, so laden with grief. It seemed impossible to comprehend that I would never quite accept or understand why you were taken. One tends to battle through the grief in the first couple of years, shying away from things that remind you too much of the gaping absence left behind.

But now, well now, things are different. I see you in the flowers of spring, I hear your laugh when in a group of friends. I am comforted by the fact that when I say something silly you are laughing with me. And although you have not been here in body, you've been here spirit. I wanted to take this time to say thanks. It has guided me, pushed me, questioned me to be the best version of myself. It's a pretty cool gift to have from a friend. For you make me see when I am blinded, you make me feel when I am numb and I just know you are with me every step of the way.

Thanks for rooting for me Grace, I'll try to do my best in this life and don't worry I will tell you all about it when I see you in the next.

I'll be seeing you,

With all my love,

Lil



**Robert** *One of Grace's passions was swimming. She was proud of her achievements (listed on her website) but, most of all, she loved having fun and being with Lydia at swimming practice.*

***Lydia** has written a few words about some of their swimming times together:*

One swimming memory that stands out is when we went to Kelly College Swim School in Devon. We had the best time. Grace and I were devastated that we were put in separate teams for the big competition at the end! It was hard work but we made some really great friends. Grace was always amazing at making friends with anyone. To her, a stranger was just a friend she hadn't met yet.

I remember one day we had to do yoga. Grace and I hated it as we were so inflexible! It was hilarious. I also remember the last swimming training we had before the competition at the end of the week. The coach asked us to swim 15 lengths of butterfly! You can just imagine my horror but I looked over at Grace and she had a massive grin on her face. She helped me laugh through the pain :-)

I always struggled with confidence at that age and I always looked forward to seeing Grace. If she wasn't going swimming I wouldn't want to go. She calmed my nerves and was always the one to start up conversations with other teams at Galas. She was such a peacemaker. We'd always sing in the shower and sing the adverts from Fox FM that we'd heard on the journey to the pool.

I have so many more happy memories.

Grace was the kind of person any girl would strive to be. Generous, kind, funny, beautiful, confident, talented, motivated, bubbly, empathetic and just generally the most amazing person I knew. She had such a zest for life which I always admired. I miss our comforting chats and I always believe that she's looking down on me and helping me make the right decisions at tricky times. I still have her infectious laugh in my head. She'll always be an Important influence in my life.

## LEAN ON ME

Sometimes in our lives  
We all have pain  
We all have sorrow  
But if we are wise  
We know that there's  
Always tomorrow

*Lean on me, when you're not strong  
And I'll be your friend  
I'll help you carry on  
For it won't be long  
Till I'm gonna need  
Somebody to lean on*

Please swallow your pride  
If I have things  
You need to borrow  
For no one can fill  
Those of your needs  
That you won't let show

You just call on me brother  
When you need a hand  
We all need somebody to lean on  
I just might have a problem  
That you'll understand  
We all need somebody to lean on

### *Chorus*

You just call on me brother  
When you need a hand  
We all need somebody to lean on  
I just might have a problem  
That you'll understand  
We all need somebody to lean on

If there is a load  
You have to bear  
That you can't carry  
I'm right up the road  
I'll share your load  
If you just call me

I don't know how many of you knew this, but Grace was a girl of exceptional physical strength. Up to the age of about five, she had the physique of a rosy-cheeked bowling ball, with short powerful limbs and chubby, dimpled hands that could grip hair and ears with agonizing tenacity. When riled, she was ferocious. A mere fart in her face would spark an outraged scream and a chase around the house, up and down stairs until finally, with a jaw-jutting snarl, she would embed her fingernails deep into arms and legs while saying through clenched teeth, 'I...am...going...to...kill...yooooou!'

This all might sound a little violent, but Grace was schooled in violence – at least in a sporting sense – from a very early age. Before she could even crawl, we brothers discovered to our delight that her shape and size constituted an excellent substitute for a rugby ball – especially convenient, as in Saudi Arabia it was hard to find the real thing. As she got bigger and gained the ability to move independently, Grace graduated from ball to player. We used to spend hours on our knees spread in a line across the living room carpet, daring Grace to see if she could smash her way through us. Her unwavering attempts to turn herself into a human battering ram made us extremely proud.

So rugby was one of Grace's early passions, but her true talent, the sport she was born to excel in, was wrestling. Forget netball, hockey, even swimming – all these came later. Grace had the physique, the aggression, and, most importantly, the dedicated training courtesy of three older brothers, to make her a wrestling champion in the Hadman household. A favourite exercise for us all was wazjabouba, played on a springy double bed to imitate the canvas floor of a wrestling ring. I have no idea where the name came from, but the aim was simple: to push your opponents off the bed by rolling like a worm with legs together and arms held tight to your sides, while continually saying 'wazjabouba' as rapidly as possible. Grace was often reckless in observing the strict no pinching, no biting, no scratching and no hair-pulling regulations, and her worm form was erratic at best, but her competitiveness and power-to-weight ratio were exemplary.

As Grace got older and bigger and stronger, it became harder for her trainers to control her, so it was necessary to change the character of her training. We followed a simple formula: the act of provocation – a fart in the face, scaring her by jumping out of a cupboard, stealing one of her teddies and pretending to flush it down the loo, that kind of thing – followed by the chase: tearing round the house and, if we could make it, seeking refuge behind our mother, whose sharp telling off was a far better option than Grace's iron pinch-grip and bevelled edge finger nails.

But our games weren't always violent. For years, Grace and I faced one another in the world championship handball arena – our own unique version of the game, played with a haki-sac on the patch of carpet between the stairs and the front door. Of course, the game couldn't go on forever – when I told her that she had grown too big for me to win anymore, and therefore we both had to retire

permanently, her disappointment was desperate. She even offered to let me win at least half the time, on which basis I conceded to playing the odd exhibition match.

But the truth was, whether she liked to admit it to us or not, Grace was changing. To our immense shock and surprise, she was becoming ever so slightly elegant. She no longer resembled a bowling ball. She began to take an interest in sports other than wrestling, although we were all very happy to learn that shot-putting came naturally to her. And she was becoming more mature, with interests in clothes and boys and other equally peculiar stuff. But the closeness and love between her and her brothers never faded in the slightest, even after she had overtaken us in maturity. It only grew and grew as her character developed and she changed from scruffy tomboy to beautiful 17 year old. And she never lost the courage or ability to defend herself. Even at those moments when she triumphantly held up a tuft of hair wrenched from one of our scalps, or proudly revealed the skin collected under her fingernails from gouging one of our arms, we loved her for everything she was. She grew up knowing how to handle herself with three older brothers and, of course, we more than deserved any treatment we got from her.

So we miss her terribly, but that can't be helped. We treasure our memories of her – her toughness and her spirit, as well as her gentle, loving side that many people knew so well. But whenever I'm feeling particularly gloomy, that's not what I like to think about. I think of Grace red-faced, mid-fury, with her fingers clenched into my arm and her nails deeply embedded, saying through gritted teeth, 'I...am...going...to...kill...you!' That cheers me up a lot.

**Vicky**     *A poem chosen by Immy*

### **Love and Go On**

*David Harkins*

You can shed tears that she is gone  
Or you can smile because she has lived.  
You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all she has left  
Your heart can be empty because you can't see her  
Or you can be full of the love you shared.  
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday  
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.  
You can remember her and only that she's gone  
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.  
You can cry and close your mind,  
Be empty and turn your back  
Or you can do what she would want:  
Smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

**Vicky and Chloe** *will talk about Grace's Netball Court, Malawi, joined by Tom Bowden*

**Chloe**

### **Something Beautiful Remains**

*Unknown*

The tide recedes but leaves behind bright seashells on the sand.  
The sun goes down, but gentle warmth still lingers in the land,  
The music stops, and yet it echoes on in sweet, refrains . . .  
For every joy that passes, **something beautiful remains.**

**Carol**     *As Elly said in her poem, Grace told her that people come back as butterflies;  
I would like to read a small poem sent to me by my friend **Julia** who lost her daughter  
Charlotte a year after we lost Grace.*

Butterflies live only short lives.  
They flower and flutter for only a few glorious short weeks,  
To see them you have to be in just the right place at just the right time.  
How lucky we were.

*and the perfect poem for Grace, sent by my sister **Zigi**, who would love to be here*

### **Grace and Beauty**

*Unknown*

Her beauty walks before her  
Night and day blend together  
In cloudless skies and starry nights  
Her eyes warm the earth and  
Mellow human hearts

### **Fran                      With Love from Grace's Friends**

*'Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take,  
but by the moments that take our breath away'*

You would take our breath away with your beautiful face,  
You would take our breath away with your dimples and your  
smile,  
You would take our breath away with your  
passion for life and want of no regret,  
You would take our breath away with your unwavering loyalty,  
You would take our breath away with your eternal faith.

**It was you that took our breath away Grace**



**Francis**

## **They that love beyond the world**

*William Penn, Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania (1644 - 1718 )*

They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it,  
death cannot kill what never dies.  
Nor can spirits ever be divided that love  
and live in the same divine principle,  
the root and record of their friendship.  
If absence be not death, neither is theirs.  
Death is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas;  
they live in one another still.  
For they must needs be present,  
that love and live in that which is omnipresent.  
In this divine glass, they see face to face;  
and their converse is free as well as pure.  
This is the comfort of friends,  
that though they may be said to die,  
yet their friendship and society are,  
in the best sense, ever present, because immortal.

**Jane Gardner**

## **Prayers Beatitudes**

**All**

## **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.

'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 hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His Word my hope secures;  
He will my Shield and Portion be,  
As long as life endures.

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

*Please sign the book before you leave the church. If you wish to leave a message, the book will be at the Golden Ball where all are welcome for drinks and baguettes after the service*

*If you have time, after the pub, you may like to see Grace's garden at 4 Rectory Close.*

a song

### **Halo by Beyonce**

Remember those walls I built  
Well, baby they're tumbling down  
They didn't even put up a fight  
They didn't even make a sound

I found a way to let you in  
But I never really had a doubt  
Standing in the light of your halo  
I've got my angel now

It's like I've been awakened  
Every rule I had you breakin'  
It's the risk that I'm takin'  
I ain't never gonna shut you out

Everywhere I'm looking now  
I'm surrounded by your embrace  
Baby I can see your halo  
You know you're my saving grace

You're everything I need and more  
It's written all over your face  
Baby I can feel your halo  
Pray it won't fade away

I can feel your halo halo halo  
I can see your halo halo halo  
I can feel your halo halo halo  
I can see your halo halo halo

Hit me like a ray of sun  
Burning through my darkest night  
You're the only one that I want  
Think I'm addicted to your light

# Butterfly

T C Ring

As you danced in the light with joy,  
love lifted you. As you brushed against  
this world so gently, you lifted us

*Thank you to all those who have written beautiful, comforting and funny words about Grace but are not able to be at our service*

**Henry Chitsinge ....** *'I really bless this service'*

**Ruth Bushyager: ....** *"we are often back in Oxford and in Abingdon, and those visits always make me think of Grace – she is one of those people who shone with such beauty, that her memory does not seem to fade away as time marches on*

**Stephen Davidson: ...** *"White lilies, smiling eyes, Amazing Grace, the Cape Grace, butterflies, your two minute sketch which will always be on our fridge door, kindness and love to those held dearest, laughter in the kitchen, hugs in the quad.....Grace, forever in our hearts and always on our minds. "*

**Caroline Chartres.....** *"You were especially on my heart the other day, and then I went to church and we sang Amazing Grace..."*

**Trisha Strachan: .....** *"We never forget Grace and your family. You are all forever in our hearts."*

**Elly Hall .....** *"I remember mama telling grace how the water was so clean and so I drank from it to show her and grace loved that so much so she hopped over on the stepping stones and tried it herself"*

**Tulsi Menon (Bangalore)...** *"I just wanted to tell you that Kim and I started a fb email chain with all us at Aditi who were with Grace at that time and although it was a very long time ago that everyone had contact with her, all the responses have been pouring in- everyone's looking for pictures and even adding small tidbits of what they remember. Kim will tell you more when she sees you. But it truly is wonderful and really touched me that everyone still remembers her and has memories no matter how small they are.*

*One of my memories is when Grace, Kim and I would always have sleepovers at Kim's old house. On the weekend, Kim's dad's band would always practice or perform. During their breaks (or more often, when we forced them to take a break), we would take over the mikes and lip-sync songs in the most diva-ish ways possible! We would always prepare in Kim's bedroom for hours before our 'performance'; trying on every outfit, putting on make-up and of course thousands of poses in front of the mirror. We definitely thought we were the most fabulous stories. When Kim and I were talking about this, she also reminded me that we would make Danny, her brother be the 'light guy'-putting spot-lights on us and making sure we look our very best. If only we knew what all the adults had to endure every weekend (because of course, we insisted that everyone stay and watch us perform!)"*

**Susa and Richard Ellis .....** *"will be thinking of lovely Grace who is still so missed by so many"*

**Christine Garvey.....** *"Grace was so well named. She was a lovely and beautiful girl, and I'm sure that the pain will never leave you...I always think of her with that lovely smile..."*

**Susan Holborow.....** *"I am always thinking of you all and am sorry to be unable to be with you when I know you will be celebrating the life of Grace with loved ones"*

**Linda Rogers....** *"Remembering Grace always.."*

**Alexander.....** *"I will be thinking of Grace"*

**Charlotte Forde....** *"always and forever on my mind, all my love..."*

**Emma Rogers .....** *"I wish so much that I could be there. Grace is part of so many happy memories that I will never forget and will always make me smile"*

**Zigi Houston .....** *"one time when I came to stay at Uppingham, Carol was super tired, and Grace wanted to go and get into bed with her, and I said no she was super tired and it was not fair to wake her up, and her reply was 'I know, but she wont mind when she see's me'!! I thought pretty astute for a small child - 3 years maybe?? And of course she marched off and woke her up!! ""*

**Liz and Ian Dutch ....** *"sending you our fondest love and thinking of beautiful Grace as always."*

*Carol.....Over the last five years most of us will have thought of Grace often. I have thought of her constantly and, even to this day, I still get a sudden shock when I realise that she really isn't coming back. For a while, I hoped it was a terrible dream. I think we may have all hoped that. But, over the years, I have come to know how much richer my life has been for Grace; I have learnt so much from her and deep memories pop up anew every day.*

*It's impossible for me to write in an eloquent way about all she has taught me or those memories...I fear it will all come out as a rather random list but I want to share some of them.*

*Grace was wise. Once, when she was a tiny baby, I went to see someone who looked over at Grace and said 'This baby is very knowing....she has been here before'. That is something I never forgot and was reminded so many times when I would see that Grace had no trouble with decisions, knew her own mind, and was at peace with herself.*

*Grace, with her wisdom, has taught me a huge variety of things.....never to keep your best clothes for best, to be true to your promise to give up something for Lent (and that smelling chocolate is almost as good as eating it....I always remember her taking a long deep breath in while sniffing some chocolate (exclaiming 'Momma, it's almost as good as the real thing - try it') in the kitchen just before Easter when she knew, at last, she would allow herself to indulge again); to love Nina Simone; not to judge and try to help - Grace had a gift for befriending and accepting people as they are; for her it was simple.*

*As for memories, they are endless....how she would drag her duvet in to sleep on the carpet beside my bed, saying the floor was her favourite place to sleep; the way she took all the blame for some group naughtiness at the Dragon rationalising that it was pointless everyone being punished when she might as well be the only one; loving to have tiny parcels inside small parcels inside a big parcel; how, every Christmas, she would write to Father Christmas, leaving the letter in her room with two tiny stockings, explaining to him that her Momma and Poppa had been wonderful all year and please would he leave them a small present each in the stockings.*

*She's our very special and everlastingly beloved Grace*











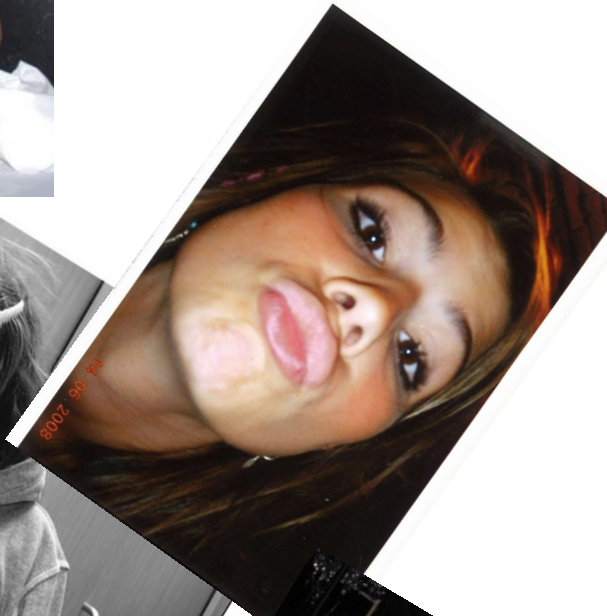




















*3rd June 1991 - 7th April 2009*