

West Berkshire Crematorium

*A Celebration
of the life of*



ROSEMARY VICTORIA BOWER

26th February 1943 – 6th November 2020

“I won’t always be here but I will always have been here”

(John Muir)

Friday 20th November 2020

at 3.00 pm

Service conducted by Louise Jopling

Order of Service

Entrance Music

'Rose Of My Heart' by Johnny Cash

Introduction

from Louise Jopling, Humanist Celebrant

Tributes to Rosie including:

Reading – 'The Beginning'

taken from 'And Rosie Too!' read by Simon Bower

Poem 'On Children'

written by Kahlil Gibran read by Tom Bower

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and the daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but they are not from you,
And though they are with you they belong not to you.

You can give them your love but not your thoughts,
They have their own thoughts.
You can house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in a place of tomorrow,
which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.
You can strive to be like them, but cannot make just them like you.

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and the daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but they are not from you,
And though they are with you they belong not to you.

Personal Tribute

from Irene Cape

Poem – ‘Sad But Celebrating’

written and read by Emma Bower

Celebrating a life of travels and trails and endless tales
Of countries far and wide, with Adrian by your side
Albania, Japan, Galapagos, to name but a few
Iceland and Tobago all gave joy to you
Many happy months you spent, meeting local people as you went
Like a gypsy you travelled through highs and lows
Not a hippy gypsy, but a gypsy Rose
You sowed the seed for a love of travel and sunshine
These things which both became loves of mine
Six of us in a Renault 20 we went, holidays in Europe in a tent
Through towns and villages of France and Spain
Dad at the wheel, you with a map, kids being a pain!
To beaches of sand and a warmer sea
You loved all this and the feeling of being free
In a lake or sea you often took a swim
wherever, whenever, just on a whim
You loved the innocence of a child at play
To see them grow and thrive in a special way
You loved a new baby in you arms to hold
And to see their lives develop and unfold
You loved a garden full of plants and flowers
How appropriate that you were called 'Rose Bower'
'Make the most of now' was a favourite phrase
You certainly did that in so many ways
Your life was a journey every day
Making the most of it in every way
You were free as a feather, now you're lost forever
But always in our hearts.

Music

'On The Road Again' by Willie Nelson

Poem – 'Rosemary For Remembrance'

written by Ted Cape 1982 read by Paul Bower

Rosemary for remembrance,
With your family of four,
And Adrian, your husband,
Whom, we're sure you adore.

'Tis from such family life,
With seeds of love well sown,
The Tree of Life, with branches strong,
Has in the Garden grown.

The product of such a garden,
Much benefit will give,
To all those who around you,
Their varied lives they live.

And may the flowers of fortune,
Beautify your day,
And leave a fragrant memory,
That will forever stay.

Video Tribute

from the Grandchildren

Music

'I Have A Dream' by Abba

Time to Reflect

Music: 'Rhymes & Reasons' by John Denver

So you speak to me of sadness
And the coming of the winter
Fear that is within you now
It seems to never end
And the dreams that have escaped you
And the hope that you've forgotten
You tell me that you need me now
You want to be my friend
And you wonder where we're going
Where's the rhyme and where's the reason
And it's you cannot accept
It is here we must begin
To seek the wisdom of the children
And the graceful way of flowers in the wind
For the children and the flowers
Are my sisters and my brothers
Their laughter and their loveliness
Could clear a cloudy day
Like the music of the mountains
And the colours of the rainbow
They're a promise of the future
And a blessing for today
Though the cities start to crumble
And the towers fall around us
The sun is slowly fading
And it's colder than the sea
It is written from the desert
To the mountains they shall lead us
By the hand and by the heart
They will comfort you and me
In their innocence and trusting
They will teach us to be free
For the children and the flowers
Are my sisters and my brothers
Their laughter and their loveliness
Could clear a cloudy day
And the song that I am singing
Is a prayer to non believers
Come and stand beside us
We can find a better way.

Our Farewell

Closing Words

Exit Music

'I'm Not Like Everybody Else' by The Kinks

'Here Comes The Sun' by the Beatles



In lieu of flowers, if desired, Rosie wished to support either:
Sightsavers – www.justgiving.com/fundraising/rosiebower
Maggies – <https://rosieb.muchloved.com/>

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