



*Upton Hall School, FCJ*

***Remembering the life of  
Elizabeth Doran (née Hughes)  
1966 - 2009***



***Past Pupil from  
1977 - 1984***

*'I tell you for certain that a grain of wheat that falls on the ground will never be more than one grain unless it dies. But if it dies, it will produce lots of wheat. If you love your life, you will lose it. If you give it up in this world, you will be given eternal life.'*

## **KATIE**

*We would like to welcome all of you today as you remember Elizabeth. The reflections are read by members of the School Council from each year group. Our service begins with a Cello recital by Elizabeth Elliott in Year 9. The piece is by Saint Saens and is called 'Le Cygne' or 'The Swan'*

**INTRODUCTION** - Cello solo by Elizabeth Elliott (Year 9) - 'Le Cygne'

## **MADDY**

*We are gathered today to give thanks for the life of Elizabeth - mother, daughter, wife, friend and past pupil of Upton Hall School. It is fitting that she is remembered through the planting of a tree in the place that shaped so much of her formative years. The planting of a tree is an act of faith - we may not get to see it in all its fullness, but it will stand as a symbol of this day for generations to come.*

## **YASMIN**

*Dear Lord - We pray for all those who have loved Elizabeth and have come to honour her memory. Her husband Peter, her children Ellis and Annabel, her parents, Bill and Sheila and her friends gathered here today - Clare, Mandy, Jane, Laura and Catherine. Help them to draw comfort from their shared memories on this special day.*

## **JENNY**

*This poem by Joyce Grenfell reminds us that the best tribute we can pay to those we have lost is to seize life and live it to the full.*

*If I should go before the rest of you  
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone  
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice  
But be the usual selves that I have known.  
Weep if you must,  
Parting is hell, but life goes on,  
So sing as well.*

## **HOPE**

*When someone dies prematurely, it is natural to feel cheated on their behalf; for all that they will not have the opportunity to achieve.*

*Victor Frankl, a Holocaust survivor, challenges us to see things differently -*

*“We cannot judge a biography by its length, by the number of pages in it; we must judge it by the richness of its contents. Sometimes the ‘unfinished’ are among the most beautiful symphonies. ”*

*We give thanks today for the unfinished symphony that was Elizabeth.*

## **NIAMH**

*As we plant this tree, we see it as a symbol of hope and regeneration. It will stand as an enduring testimony to the memory of Elizabeth, who was greatly loved. We pray that all those who mourn her loss will be comforted by this gathering today, knowing that something of her essence remains in the beautiful grounds where she spent her school days in the company of her friends gathered here. As there is a symbolic planting, we will listen to a short but very powerful extract from the gospel of St John.*

[SYMBOLIC PLANTING TAKES PLACE]

## **CLAIRE**

*I tell you for certain that a grain of wheat that falls on the ground will never be more than one grain unless it dies. But if it dies, it will produce lots of wheat. If you love your life, you will lose it. If you give it up in this world, you will be given eternal life.*

## **KATIE**

*In a moment, we will conclude this service with a poem called ‘On Loss’ written especially for this service by Holly Green, Sixth Form Student and Wirral’s Poet Laureate.*

*Before that, we will join together in saying our school prayer:*

***May the Lord bless us and keep us from all evil and bring us to everlasting life.  
Amen***

## **HOLLY**

### **'ON LOSS'**

*The things we learned at school,  
in faded classrooms dimmed by time  
that settles on our days  
like so much dust –*

*so often, these are what we call to mind  
when Change yanks up the fabric of our lives  
and shakes out all good sense  
and leaves us dazed:*

*so, when his child is sick,  
a pacing man may lift his voice  
and chant the nine-times table  
like a prayer;*

*or, when her heartbeat,  
for a second, drops its tune,  
an anxious woman's tongue is loosed  
in spelling out the names of Spanish towns.*

*Then, dear one, let me soothe your heart with this:  
energy, they say, is never lost,  
but only trades its form for something new:*

*so may my sleeping breath,  
when I am gone, be brought back  
as a blazing tiger's roar;  
so, likewise, may my voice  
become the song  
that brims from every morning blackbird's throat;*

*and so, love,  
may my heart become a seed –*

*life's tiny, stubborn core,  
that holds within its slender self  
the promise of a tree*

*For, though they didn't teach us this at school,  
these truths are what we've sifted for ourselves:  
that this is how the world rewrites itself;  
that loss is only energy that's changed.*