

# Meg Rugg-Easey

31<sup>st</sup> August 1914 – 8<sup>th</sup> July 2013



Emstry Crematorium  
Shrewsbury

24<sup>th</sup> July 2013

**Entry Music:** *Meg Rugg-Easey playing the clarinet.*

## **Introduction and Welcome**

### **Meg's Life by Simon Nightingale**

**Reading** from "Island" by Aldous Huxley

Lightly child, lightly. Learn to do everything lightly.  
Yes, feel lightly even though you're feeling deeply.  
Just lightly let things happen and lightly cope with them.

Lightly, lightly – it's the best advice ever given me.  
When it comes to dying even. Nothing ponderous, or  
portentous, or emphatic.  
No rhetoric, no tremolos,  
And of course, no theology, no metaphysics.  
Just the fact of dying and the fact of the clear light.

So throw away your baggage and go forward.  
There are quick sands all about you, sucking at your feet,  
trying to suck you down into fear and self-pity and despair.  
That's why you must walk so lightly.  
Lightly my darling,  
on tiptoes and no luggage,  
not even a sponge bag,  
completely unencumbered.

**Memories of Meg by Paul Rugg-Easey and Dave Cunningham**

**Music for quiet reflection:** *Chopin Nocturnes, Op. 9:No. 1 in B-Flat  
Minor*

## Committal

When I lie where shades of darkness  
Shall no more assail mine eyes,  
Nor the rain make lamentation  
    When the wind sighs;  
How will fare the world whose wonder  
Was the very proof of me?  
Memory fades, must the remembered  
    Perishing be?

Oh, when this my dust surrenders  
Hand, foot, lip, to dust again,  
May these loved and loving faces  
    Please other men!  
May the rusting harvest hedgerow  
Still the Traveller's Joy entwine,  
And as happy children gather  
    Posies once mine.

Look thy last on all things lovely,  
Every hour. Let no night  
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber  
    Till to delight  
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;  
Since that all things thou wouldst praise  
Beauty took from those who loved them  
    In other days.

*"Fare Well" by Walter de la Mare*

## Closing words

It really is a blessing -  
Though of course it is a sin -  
To be able to say one thing  
But to think a different thing.

To say "I'm pleased to meet you"  
(I dislike you all the same.)  
Or "Must you really leave so soon?"  
(And please don't come again.)

When bored at social functions  
It's most comforting I find  
Whilst being outwardly polite  
To be rude in my mind.

So everyone, thank goodness, can  
If they don't let it show -  
Think all the horrid thoughts they want  
And no one else will know.

*"A Secret" by Meg Rugg-Easey.*

**Music for leaving:** *Chopin Nocturnes, Op. 9:No. 2 in E-Flat*

Meg's family would like you to join them at the Lord Hill after the service.

Donations to the Alzheimer's Society.  
Devon House  
58 St Katherine's Way  
London E1W 1LB  
<http://www.alzheimers.org.uk/>

**Funeral Celebrant**

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