CARMEN



DAME CARMEN THÉRÈSE CALLIL

15 July 1938 – 17 October 2022

ST MARTIN IN THE FIELDS

16 November 2022

Please stand as the coffin enters the church, thank you.

Pallbearers
Daisy Leitch
Georgia Neve
Daisy Garnett
Georgia Gould
Khatiche Larcombe
Rebekah Larcombe
Rachel Calder

Choir
Lacrymosa from Mozart's *Requiem*

Welcome
The Reverend Canon Sam Wells
Vicar of St Martin in the Fields

Reading
And Nothing Remains by Fadwa Tuqan

Translated by Charles Huntington
Read by Hanan al-Shaykh

We are together tonight,
But you'll be hidden from me tomorrow
By the cruelty of life.
The seas will separate you from me
And oh! If only I could see you;

I'll never know where
Your path led you, which course
You took, and what unknown destination
Your steps pushed you to reach.
You will depart, and the thief of all beauty,
And all that is dear to us,
Will steal this happiness from us,
Emptying our hands of it.

Tomorrow at sunrise you'll leave, like a ghost,
Turning into a delicate cloud, passing
Quickly in the summer noon.
Your scent, your scent has the essence of life
In my heart,
As the earth gulps up the gift of rain
And the fragrance of trees
I will miss it when you leave tomorrow,
And nothing remains,
Just as everything beautiful, all that's dear to us,
Is lost, lost, and nothing remains.

Address
Reverend Marie-Elsa Roche Bragg

Reading
from John 1:1–5

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Her; and without Her was not anything made that was made. In Her was life; and the life was the light of all. And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

Choir
I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire
by The Ink Spots

Address
Julian Barnes

Address
Liz Calder

Reading
Extract from *Lebanese Washing Stories*
by Carmen Callil

Read by Polly Devlin

My grandmother Anna had nine children. She was a stern Mountain matriarch, and her children knew it, and as my mother and father lived across the road from this large family, I saw them constantly throughout my childhood.

They furnished my theatre of life with generosity, eccentricity and vigour and I hated, feared and loved them in equal measure. This overabundant parade of Callils provided me with the standards by which I would lead my life for good or ill.

They were tremendously argumentative and even those words don't seem sufficiently strong for the decibel level of their narrative and conversation. They truly liked a nice row.

They were prodigiously loyal and generous to each other and anyone with the family blood was included in this exhausting attention. "Do you need anything?" – each conversation would end with this question.

The ritual reply was: "No thank you, uncles." "Are you sure you don't need anything? Alright then."

…

My last Uncle Alex, the baby of the family, was a man of enormous grit and self-confidence. He knew exactly what he thought about everything, and he knew he was right. I can't think of one opinion he and I shared but there's no question that he's the one I loved best of all. He was utterly black and white, and grey was a colour he couldn't even spell.

Typical of his life were the two-week flights he took to London in the 1920s on grand seaplanes built like the Savoy Hotel which had to stop every day for petrol. No matter how bizarre the staging post, each night they would dine magnificently in the jungles of Borneo or the deserts of the Gulf in white tie and tails.

He thought being alive was the best thing.

In 1993 I flew to Australia for his funeral. He died at the age of 91 and almost everyone with a drop of clan blood was there.

What struck me looking around the church was that everything my grandfather and grandmother had set out to do had been achieved. All the great grandchildren and cousins, by this time two or three times removed, had bits and pieces of them and their uncles bestowed about their persons. There was the curly hair again, there the familiar balding spot, the regulation Callil noses, the wheezy chests and always for the women those thunder-thigh Mount Lebanon legs. But it was all mixed up with injections from Australians of Irish, Scottish, English, Italian, and more various stock. For those who left the Mountain a hundred years before, everything was just as it should be.

But I miss waking up to find a pig's head on a case of cauliflowers outside my front door. I miss hearing the bellicose opinions and the feeling that life is about caring and making things happen and about insisting on putting up with as little as possible under all circumstances.

And I truly miss the calls. "Do you need anything? Are you absolutely sure you're alright?"

Choir
Fernando
by Abba

Reading
Matthew 5:1–11
Read by Baroness Rosie Boycott

Now when Jesus saw the crowds, he went up on a mountainside and sat down. His disciples came to him, and he began to teach them. He said:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are those who mourn,
for they will be comforted.
Blessed are the meek,
for they will inherit the earth.
Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness,
for they will be filled.
Blessed are the merciful,
for they will be shown mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they will see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers,
for they will be called children of God.
Blessed are those who are persecuted because of righteousness,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Prayers
Baroness Gail Rebuck
Mark Harvey
Rev Marie-Elsa Roche Bragg

All are welcome to join this inclusive version of the Lord's Prayer:

Mother and Father of us all
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

FLOWER CEREMONY

You are invited to place a flower on, or pay your respects to the coffin.
Some flowers may fall to the ground and we ask that these are left as a part of the spontaneity of the ceremony.

People will be invited into the central aisle beginning from the front row and return to their seat from the side aisle.

Flower bearers: Jane Hamlyn, Jessica Pulay, Polly Devlin, Kate Griffin.

Choir
Cantique de Jean Racine
Gabriel Fauré

Bella Ciao
An Italian Protest song from late C19th that Carmen often sang

Una mattina mi son svegliato
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao,
una mattina mi son svegliato
e ho trovato l'invasor.

O partigiano, portami via,
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao,
o partigiano, portami via
che mi sento di morir.

E se io muoio da partigiano
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao,
e se io muoio da partigiano
tu mi devi seppellir.

E seppellire lassù in montagna,
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao,
e seppellire lassù in montagna
sotto l'ombra di un bel fior.

Tutte le genti che passeranno,
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao,
tutte le genti che passeranno
mi diranno: «Che bel fior!»

E questo è il fiore del partigiano
o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao,
e questo è il fiore del partigiano
morto per la libertà.
E questo è il fiore del partigiano
morto per la libertà.

Please stand for the Commendation and Committal

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening into the house and gate of heaven, to enter into that gate and dwell in that house, where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light; no noise nor silence, but one equal music; no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession; no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity: in the habitations of thy majesty and glory, world without end. Amen

John Donne (1572–1631)

Choir
I've got rings on my fingers and bells on my toes
words by Weston and Barnes, music by Maurice Scott

With thanks to St Martin in the Fields and the Groucho Club as well as all who helped organise this occasion including: Liz Calder, Kate Griffin, Jane Hamlyn, Frances Stonor Saunders, Mark Harvey, Julia Hobsbawm, Polly Devlin, Peter Strauss, Jessica Pulay, Edward Hewens, the pallbearers, speakers and flower bearers.

A memorial will be held next year.

Thanks also to Highgate Flowers, Rob Hadrill at Book Works and Mark Diaper.



