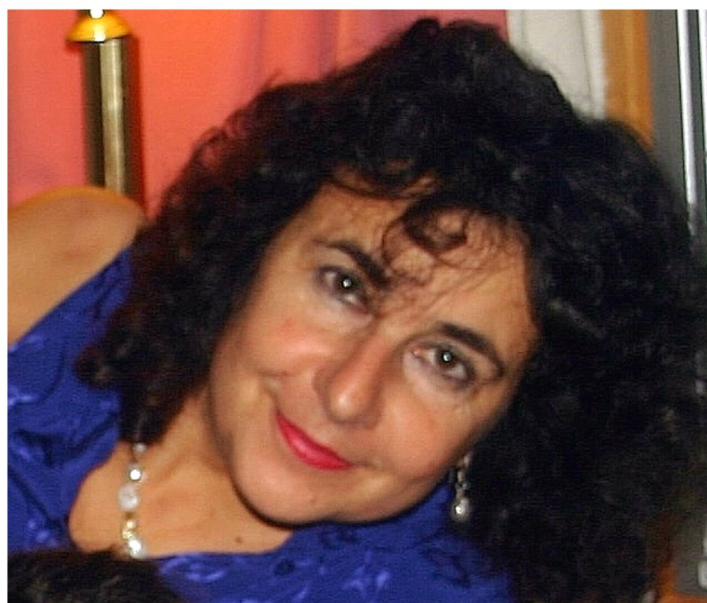


**In Memory of Dr Joanna Seldon  
1954-2016**



***‘A last lesson plan...’***

WEST LONDON SYNAGOGUE  
TUESDAY 7 FEBRUARY 2017, 5PM



*Joanna in Brighton in July 2016*

## WELCOME

Rabbi Baroness Julia Neuberger

## INTRODUCTION & PRAYERS

Rabbi Elizabeth Tikvah Sarah

### ***Eternal One, what are we?***

Eternal God, what are we, that you take notice of us? What are we, that you consider us? We are like a breath; our days are as a passing shadow.

We are strangers before you, sojourners as all our ancestors were; our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is no abiding.

### ***Only the unloved and unloving escape grief***

Only the unloved and unloving escape grief. It is the price we all have to pay, eventually, for the love that makes our lives worth living. Whether it be the loss of parent, of spouse, of child, or of brother or sister or friend, the pain lies in wait for us. And when it comes it has to be experienced before it can be eased.

*Claire Rayner - From the Introductory prayers of the Funeral Service of Reform Judaism*

### ***Sh'ma***

Hear O Israel, the Eternal is our God,  
the Eternal is One.

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה | אֶחָד:

*Sh'ma Yisra'el, Adonai eloheinu, Adonai echad.*

Blessed is the knowledge of God's  
glorious rule forever and ever.

בָּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

*Baruch sheim k'vod malchuto l'olam va'ed.*

Love the Eternal your God with all your heart, and all your soul, and all your might. These words that I command you today shall be upon your heart. Repeat them to your children, and talk about them when you sit in your home, and when you walk in the street; when you lie down, and when you rise up. Secure them as a sign upon your hand, and let them be as reminders before your eyes. Write them on the doorposts of your home and at your gates.

וְאָהַבְתָּ אֶת יְהוָה אֱלֹהֶיךָ בְּכָל-לִבְבְּךָ  
וּבְכָל-נַפְשְׁךָ וּבְכָל-מְאֹדְךָ: וְהָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים  
הָאֵלֶּה אֲשֶׁר אֶנְכִּי מְצַוְּךָ הַיּוֹם עַל-לִבְבְּךָ:  
וְשָׁנַנְתָּם לְבָנֶיךָ וְדִבַּרְתָּ בָּם בְּשַׁבְתְּךָ  
בְּבֵיתְךָ וּבְלִכְתְּךָ בְּדֶרֶךְ וּבְשֹׁכְבְּךָ וּבְקוּמְךָ:  
וְקָשַׁרְתָּם לְאוֹת עַל-יָדְךָ וְהָיוּ לְטָטְפֹת בֵּין  
עֵינֶיךָ: וְכָתַבְתָּם עַל-מְזוֹזוֹת בֵּיתְךָ וּבְשַׁעְרֶיךָ:

*V'ahavta eit Adonai elohecha,  
b'chol l'vav'cha, uv'chol nafsh'cha uv'chol m'odecha.  
V'hayu ha-d'varim ha-eilleh  
asher anochi m'tsav'cha ha-yom al l'vavecha.  
V'shinnantam l'vanecha v'dibbarta bam,  
b'shivt'cha b'veitecha, uv'lecht'cha vaderech  
uv'shochb'cha uv'kumecha.  
Uk'shartam l'ot al yadecha,  
v'hayu l'totafot bein einecha.  
Uch'tavtam al m'zuzot beitecha uvisharecha.*

## MUSIC

West London Synagogue Choir, led by  
Music Director, Chris Bowers-Broadbent

### ***Psalm 121 – I will lift up my eyes to hills***

<sup>1</sup>A Pilgrim Song

I lift up my eyes to the hills;

where shall I find my help?

<sup>2</sup>My help is from God alone,

Maker of heaven and earth.

<sup>3</sup>God will not allow your foot to slip,

for your Guardian does not slumber.

<sup>4</sup>Know that the Guardian of Israel

never slumbers and never sleeps.

<sup>5</sup>God is your Guardian,

God is your shade at your right hand.

<sup>6</sup>The sun will not strike you by day

nor the moon by night.

<sup>7</sup>God will guard you from all evil,

guarding your soul.

<sup>8</sup>God will guard your going out and your

coming in now and for evermore.

שִׁיר לַמַּעֲלוֹת

אֶשָּׂא עֵינַי אֶל־הָהָרִים

מֵאַיִן יָבֹא עֲזָרִי:

בְּעֲזָרִי מִעַם יְהוָה

עֲשֵׂה שָׁמַיִם וָאָרֶץ:

אֵל־יִתֵּן לְמוֹט רַגְלִיךָ

אֶל־יָנוּם שְׁמֹרֶךָ:

הִנֵּה לֹא־יָנוּם וְלֹא יִישָׁן

שׁוֹמֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל:

יְהוָה שְׁמֹרֶךָ

יְהוָה צִלְּךָ עַל־יַד יְמִינֶךָ:

יוֹמָם הַשֶּׁמֶשׁ לֹא־יִכָּכֶה

וְלַיְלָה בְּלִילָה:

יְהוָה יִשְׁמְרֶךָ מִכָּל־רָע

יִשְׁמֹר אֶת־נַפְשְׁךָ:

יְהוָה יִשְׁמְרֶצְאֶתְךָ וּבֹאֶךָ

מֵעַתָּה וְעַד־עוֹלָם:

<sup>1</sup>*Essa einai el he-harim, mei'ayin yavo ezri.*

<sup>2</sup>*Ezri mei'im Adonai, oseih shamayim va'arets.*

<sup>3</sup>*Al yittein lammot raglecha, al yanum shom'recha.*

<sup>4</sup>*Hineih lo yanum v'lo yishan shomeir Yisra'el.*

<sup>5</sup>*Adonai shom'recha, Adonai tsill'cha al yad y'minecha.*

<sup>6</sup>*Yomam ha-shemesh lo yakkekkah, v'yarei'ach ba-lailah.*

<sup>7</sup>*Adonai yishmorcha mikkol ra, yishmor et nafshecha.*

<sup>8</sup>*Adonai yishmor tseit'cha uvo'echa, mei'attah v'ad olam.*

## EULOGY

Sir Anthony Seldon

## READING

Julian Perrott -  
Joanna's eldest nephew

### ***Late Fragment By Raymond Carver***

And did you get what  
you wanted from this life, even so?  
I did.  
And what did you want?  
To call myself beloved, to feel myself  
beloved on the earth.



## MUSIC

### ***Lady in Red by Chris de Burgh***

*Joanna wrote: I find both music and lyrics in this song extremely moving. And I've chosen it partly because you may have noticed I like wearing bright colours...*



*Joanna in Cyrano  
directed by Anthony in 1980 in Cornwall*

## READING

Dinah Waranch & Sara Dibb

### ***Dirge from Shakespeare's 'Cymbeline' – 'Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun'***

*Joanna wrote: This dirge is a very uplifting meditation on death – perhaps because Imogen isn't actually dead. It is spoken as a duet by her two brothers – so who better to read it now than my beloved sisters Dinah and Sara.*

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The scepter, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renownèd be thy grave!



*Joanna (centre) with sisters Sara and Dinah in 1997*

## EULOGY

Adam Seldon

## MUSIC

Wellington College

### ***Pachelbel - Canon in D***

*Joanna wrote: When I was a teenager, a grateful patient gave my father a rather splendid-looking Deutsche Grammophon record of this. It lay in the sitting room, ignored. One day, I was in the house on my own, and I thought I'd listen to it. It was a glorious sunny day, I remember, and light streamed into the room as I heard for the very first time this heavenly music. Of course the piece has subsequently become very well known, but what that experience showed me – and I've learned this again many times since – is that it's the music, the literature, the art, the special places that we discover for ourselves which always have a special place in our hearts.*

## READING

Suzi Turton

### ***Hurrahing in Harvest – Gerald Manley Hopkins***

*Joanna wrote: Hopkins has been a favourite poet of mine ever since I studied him for A level. In this poem, I particularly love the idea that the beauty of nature requires 'the beholder' in order for full transcendence to occur. Suzi and I first met when she babysat the children in Tonbridge.*

SUMMER ends now; now, barbarous in beauty, the stooks arise  
Around; up above, what wind-walks! what lovely behaviour  
Of silk-sack clouds! has wilder, wilful-wavier  
Meal-drift moulded ever and melted across skies?

I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,  
Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour;  
And, éyes, héart, what looks, what lips yet gave you a  
Rapturous love's greeting of realer, of rounder replies?

And the azurous hung hills are his world-wielding shoulder  
Majestic—as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-sweet!—  
These things, these things were here and but the beholder  
Wanting; which two when they once meet,  
The heart rears wings bold and bolder  
And hurls for him, O half hurls earth for him off under his feet.

## MUSIC

West London Synagogue Choir, led by  
Music Director, Chris Bowers-Broadbent

### ***Psalm 84 - Mah Y'didot, 'How Lovely are Your dwelling places'***

<sup>1</sup>For the Choirmaster. Upon the Gittit.  
For the Sons of Korach. A Psalm

<sup>2</sup>How lovely where  
Your presence dwells  
Creator of all.

<sup>3</sup>My soul is longing, pining  
for the courts of the Eternal.  
My heart and my flesh sing out  
to the Living God.

לְמַנְצֵחַ עַל־הַגִּטִּית  
לְבָנֵי־קֶרַח מִזְמוֹר:  
מַה־יְדִידוֹת מְשֻׁכָּנוֹתֶיךָ  
יְהוָה צְבָאוֹת:  
גִּבְסָפָה וְגַם־פֶּלֶתָה  
נַפְשִׁי לְחִצְרוֹת יְהוָה  
לְבִי וּבִשְׂרִי יִרְנְנוּ אֶל־אֱלֹהֵי:

<sup>4</sup>Even a sparrow finds a home  
and a swallow her own nest  
in which to lay her young -  
such are Your altars,  
Creator of all,  
my Ruler and my God.

<sup>5</sup>Happy are those who live in Your house  
and can always praise You (selah).

<sup>6</sup>Happy the pilgrim inspired by You,  
they journey to You  
in their heart.

<sup>7</sup>They pass through the dry sad valley  
and make it seem a place of springs,  
as if the early rain  
covered it with blessings.

<sup>8</sup>They go from strength to strength  
to appear before God in Zion.

<sup>9</sup>Eternal God of creation,  
hear my prayer,  
listen,  
God of Jacob (selah).

<sup>10</sup>God, our shield, look  
and watch over Your anointed.

<sup>11</sup>For one day in Your courts  
is better than a thousand elsewhere.  
I would rather stand at the doorway  
of the house of my God  
than live at ease  
in the tents of the wicked.

<sup>12</sup>For the Living God  
is a sun and a shield,  
the Eternal gives favour and glory,  
never withholding goodness  
from those who walk in integrity

<sup>13</sup>Creator of all,  
happy are they  
who trust in You.

גַּם־צָפֹר מְצָאָה בֵּית  
וְדָרוֹר קֶן לָהּ  
אֲשֶׁר־שָׁתָה אֶפְרָחֶיהָ  
אֶת־מִזְבְּחוֹתֶיךָ יְהוָה צִבְאוֹת  
מִלְכִּי וְאֱלֹהֵי:  
הָאֲשֵׁרִי יוֹשְׁבֵי בֵיתְךָ  
עוֹד יִהְיוּ לֹדֶד סֵלָה:  
אֲשֶׁרִי אָדָם עוֹז לוֹ־בֶךָ  
מִסְּלוֹת בְּלִבָּבָם:  
אֲעֲבִיר בְּעֵמֶק הַבִּקְאָה מֵעֵין  
יִשְׁתוּהוּ גַם־בְּרִכּוֹת  
יַעֲטָה מוֹרָה:  
יֵלְכוּ מִחֵיל אֶל־חֵיל  
יִרְאֶה אֶל־אֱלֹהִים בְּצִיּוֹן:  
יְהוָה אֱלֹהִים צִבְאוֹת  
שֹׁמֵעָה תַּפִּלָּתִי  
הָאֲזִינָה אֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב סֵלָה:  
מִגִּנְנוּ רָאָה אֱלֹהִים  
וְהִבֵּט פָּנָיו מִשִּׁיחָךָ:  
כִּי טוֹב־יּוֹם בְּחֻצְרֶיךָ  
מֵאֶלֶף  
בְּחֻרְתִּי הִסְתוֹפֶף בְּבֵית אֱלֹהֵי  
מִדּוֹר בְּאֶהָל־רִשְׁעִי:  
כִּי שָׁמַשׁ וּמָגֵן יְהוָה אֱלֹהִים  
חֵן וְכְבוֹד יִתֵּן יְהוָה  
לֹא־יִמְנַע טוֹב  
לְהִלָּכִים בְּתַמִּים:  
יְהוָה צִבְאוֹת  
אֲשֶׁרִי אָדָם בֵּטַח בָּךְ:

## READING

Sue Morris

### ***Middlemarch – George Eliot***

*Joanna wrote: This extract comes just before the end of the greatest novel in the English language, and looks at the idea of the life well lived. It's being read by my old school-friend Sue Morris (we've known each other since we were seven). We shared our love of George Eliot – though I seem to remember her favourite is 'Adam Bede.'*

*Jonathan Smith, author and friend, writes: Joanna was, as you know, a scholar of English Literature. She read widely and with profound attention; and she carried this formidable learning with her natural grace and lightness of touch. Middlemarch is considered by many, of whom Joanna was one, to be the finest novel in the English language. Many, of whom Joanna was one, also consider George Eliot to be the greatest mind in English fiction, with the widest reach and the deepest insights. As I read these words about Dorothea Brooke, the heroine of the story, I cannot help thinking of Joanna.*



Certainly those determining acts of her life were not ideally beautiful. They were the mixed result of young and noble impulse struggling amidst the conditions of an imperfect social state, in which great feelings will often take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion. For there is no creature whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it.

But we insignificant people with our daily words and acts are preparing the lives of many Dorotheas, some of which may present a far sadder sacrifice than that of the Dorothea whose story we know.

Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

## MUSIC

Brighton College

### **Mozart's Clarinet Concerto – Adagio**

*Joanna wrote: Playing the clarinet introduced me to some wonderful music when I was young, and this slow movement from Mozart's greatest clarinet piece was one I used to enjoy playing.*

## READING

Rabbi Elizabeth Tikvah Sarah, recited by All

### **Psalms 23**

<sup>1</sup>A psalm of David  
God is my shepherd,  
I shall not want.

אֶמְזַמֵּר לַדָּוִד  
יְהוָה רֹעִי לֹא אֶחָסֵר:

<sup>2</sup>In green fields God lets me lie,  
leading me by quiet streams,  
<sup>3</sup>restoring my soul.  
guiding me  
in paths of truth  
for such is God's name.

בְּנֵאֲוֹת דִּשָּׂא יִרְבִּיצֵנִי  
עַל־מֵי מְנוּחֹת יְנַהֲלֵנִי:  
יִפְשֵׁי יְשׁוּבָב  
יְנַחֲנִי בְּמַעְגְלֵי־צֶדֶק לְמַעַן שְׁמוֹ:

<sup>4</sup>Though I walk through  
the valley of the shadow of death  
I fear no harm  
for You are beside me;  
Your rod and staff  
they comfort me.

גַּם כִּי־אֵלֶּף בְּגִיא צִלְמוֹת  
לֹא־אִירָא רָע  
כִּי־אַתָּה עִמָּדִי  
שִׁבְטְךָ וּמִשְׁעֶנְתְּךָ הֵמָּה יְנַחֲמֵנִי:

<sup>5</sup>You spread a table before me  
in front of my enemies.  
You soothe my head with oil;  
my cup runs over.

הִתְעַרְף לִפְנֵי שִׁלְחַן גִּגְד צָרָרִי  
דִּשְׁנָתְךָ בַּשֶּׁמֶן רִאשִׁי כּוֹסִי רוֹנֶה:

<sup>6</sup>Surely goodness and mercy seek me  
all the days of my life  
and I shall dwell  
in the house of God forever.

אֵף טוֹב וְחַסֵּד יִרְדְּפוּנִי  
כָּל־יְמֵי חַיִּי  
וְשִׁבְתִּי בְּבֵית־יְהוָה לְאָרְךָ יָמִים:

## EULOGY

Susie Seldon

### *Prayer by Joanna Seldon*

My father  
Who healed the sick,  
Now too far away  
To heal me,  
Stir your spirit  
To remind me  
What it is to live  
The best that can be  
Lived  
So long as I am  
Here.

## READING

Loren O'Dair -  
Joanna's student at Brighton College

### *A Cancer Patient Visits Auschwitz by Joanna Seldon*

So many ways of setting specific sorrow  
Against some monstrous tragedy.  
Look on this map of Europe, where a stain's spreading  
Over its once safe towns and fields.  
Over the white seeps grey, and where plague is most foul  
Blackest lesions have inked the land:  
Dark blots of death.

My body is a map when, on the screen, I see  
The grey and black seep steadily,  
Relentlessly, into the white regions, once safe  
And strong and healthy. Long ago  
I watched my baby grow on such a screen. I know  
We're all formed both of good and bad  
Mashed, botched and ditched.

Let us not be dazzled by the bright white acres;  
Let us not be blind to evil.  
It metastasised from Oslo to Salonika,  
Its black cells rotting Poland's flesh.  
My little grief is tiny in comparison. Just think:  
For each of us a railway line  
Stretches ahead

And we must walk along it. In the far distance  
Who knows what beast hunches, waiting.  
But my view of that ending point,  
Though growing darker,  
Is clearer  
Than some.

## Reading

Anna Wheatley -  
a friend of Jessica and the family

### ***Renewal by Joanna Seldon***

*Joanna wrote: I wrote this short poem during a stay in hospital. I woke up one morning to find that the scaffolding blocking out the window had been removed. Time in hospital can have its good moments.*

Early morning – and I heard  
The men shout, and the clanging  
Crash of lopped  
Scaffolding.

Now, as I open  
Curtains and blinds, I see  
Light before it is mine,  
And the day comes

Bursting in  
With a view.  
A view!

Redbrick buildings  
Trimmed with white,  
Church spire a rocket  
To heaven, trees awaiting  
Spring splatter of leaves,  
The tops of Fulham Road buses  
And the first sky  
For five days

The world is still there.

I switch on my iPod to find  
This day starting  
With my song.  
So I partner my drip machine  
And dance  
To  
The Flying Pickets.

Day

## MUSIC

Wellington College A Cappella Group

### ***Only You - Flying Pickets***

*Joanna wrote: In 2002 we went on a holiday with our dear friends John and Lou James in Cadaquès, northern Spain. On our first evening there, as we were wandering along the steep narrow cobbled streets of the town, we came upon a group of buskers singing this song. It was a moment of pure bliss – the start of the holidays, the warm air of the Spanish night, and this sublime music. I've loved it ever since.*

## READING

Louise Hayman -  
our friend from Brighton

### ***Miracle of Death by Rabbi Kenneth L. Cohen***

If death is the other side of the coin we call life, then grief is the other side of love. Bereavement is love not wanting to let go. Each tear we shed is a midwife which helps bring us into a new world. Then we face a new day. We turn a new page. We start a new chapter. We begin our own new life.

We are all terminal. From the moment we are born we are destined to die. Our happiness is bound up in our ability to accept death as a fact of life. Acceptance of our mortal end is not something which comes easily. Such growth takes work. None of us has time to lose in accepting this reality.

How do we die? Each death, like each life, is unique. Some deaths are noble. Some are petty. Some are loving. Some are angry. Most are a combination of these things. But just as our lives are, to a great extent, at our command, so too are our deaths. Although we cannot determine precisely the day and hour of our passing or its ultimate cause, we can often orchestrate how we want our last days to be. We can live until we die.

## EULOGY

Jessica Seldon

## READING

Jion Shebani -  
Joanna's student at Brighton College

### ***Life is a Narrow Bridge by Rabbi Nachman***

The whole world is a narrow bridge, and the essential thing is not to fear at all.

### ***The Trees by Philip Larkin***

The trees are coming into leaf  
Like something almost being said;  
The recent buds relax and spread,  
Their greenness is a kind of grief.

Is it that they are born again  
And we grow old? No, they die too,  
Their yearly trick of looking new  
Is written down in rings of grain.

Yet still the unresting castles thresh  
In fullgrown thickness every May.  
Last year is dead, they seem to say,  
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh.

## READING

Louise James

### ***Afterwards by Thomas Hardy***

*Joanna wrote: One of the great poems about how we wish to be remembered. I hope people will think of me as someone who 'used to notice such things.' Read by Lou – my dear Dorset friend.*

When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,  
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves  
like wings,  
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the  
neighbours say,  
"He was a man who used to notice such things"?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's  
soundless blink,  
The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades  
to alight  
Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer  
may think,  
"To him this must have been a familiar sight."

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,  
When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,  
One may say, "He strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm,  
But he could do little for them; and now he is gone."

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the door,  
Watching the full-starred heavens that  
winter sees,  
Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more,  
"He was one who had an eye for such mysteries"?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,  
And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,  
Till they rise again, as they were a new  
bell's boom,  
"He hears it not now, but used to notice  
such things"?

## MUSIC

### ***Spiegel im Spiegel by Arvo Pärt***

*Joanna wrote: The violin is my favourite instrument, coming closest to the human voice. I first heard this piece in about 2000 when I was driving to Tesco in Lewes. I simply had to park the car and sit listening until it finished. Frustratingly, the title of the piece wasn't announced at the end of the performance. But shortly afterwards, at a creative arts performance evening I used to organise each year at Brighton College, one of my pupils, Jion, played a recording of it. That's when I learned the name of the music and its composer. Jion subsequently gave me the CD.*



**Adon Olam****READING**

Sir Anthony Seldon

Eternal God who ruled alone  
before creation of all forms,  
at whose desire all began  
and as the Sovereign was proclaimed.  
Who, after everything shall end  
alone, in awe, will ever reign,  
who was and is for evermore,  
the glory that will never change.  
Unique and One, no other is  
to be compared, to stand beside,  
neither before, nor following,  
alone the source  
of power and might.  
This is my God, who saves my life,  
the rock I grasp in deep despair,  
the flag I wave, the place I hide,  
who shares my cup the day I call.  
In my Maker's hand I lay my soul  
both when I sleep and when I wake,  
and with my soul my body too,  
my God is close, I shall not fear.

אֲדוֹן עוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר מָלַךְ  
לֵעֵת נִעְשָׂה כְּחֶפְצוֹ כָּל.  
וְאַחֲרֵי כָּלֹת הַכֹּל.  
וְהוּא הָיָה. וְהוּא הָיָה.  
וְהוּא אֶחָד וְאֵין שֵׁנִי  
בְּלִי רֵאשִׁית בְּלִי תַכְלִית.  
וְהוּא אֵלִי וְחִי גִאֲלִי.  
וְהוּא נָסִי וּמְנוּסִי.  
בְּיָדוֹ אֶפְקִיד רוּחִי.  
וְעַם רוּחִי גְּוִיָּתִי.

*Adon olam asher malach, b'terem kol y'tsir nivra.  
L'eit na'asah k'cheftso kol, azai melech sh'mo nikra.  
V'acharei kichlot ha-kol, l'vaddo yimloch nora.  
V'hu hayah v'hu hoveh, v'hu yihyeh b'tif'arah.  
V'hu echad v'ein sheini, l'hamshil lo l'hachbirah.  
B'li reishit b'li tachlit, v'lo ha-oz v'ha-misrah.  
V'hu eili v'chai go'ali, v'tsur chevli b'yom tsarah.  
V'hu nissi umanusi, m'nat kosi b'yom ekra.  
B'yado afkid ruchy, b'eit ishan v'a'irah.  
V'im ruchy g'vi'ati, Adonai li v'lo ira.*

**READING**Rabbi Julia Neuberger &  
Rabbi Elizabeth Tikvah Sarah**Memorial Prayer - El Malei Rachamin, God Full of Compassion**

God full of compassion whose presence  
is over us, grant perfect rest beneath the  
shelter of Your presence with the holy  
and pure on high who shine as the lights  
of heaven, to Joanna who has gone to  
her everlasting home. Source of mercy,  
cover her in the shelter of Your wings  
forever, and bind her soul into the  
gathering of life. It is God who is her  
heritage. May she be at peace in her  
place of rest.  
Amen.

אֵל מָלֵא רַחֲמִים שׁוֹכֵן בְּמִרוֹמִים. הַמָּצֵא  
מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה תַּחַת פְּנֵי הַשְּׁכִינָה. בְּמַעְלוֹת  
קְדוֹשִׁים וְטְהוֹרִים. כְּזֹהֶר הַרְקִיעַ מְזִהֲרִים  
אֶת־נִשְׁמַת חַנָּה בַּת שְׁפָרָה וּמֹשֶׁה שֶׁהִלְכָה  
לְעוֹלָמָהּ. אֲנֵא בַּעַל הַרְחָמִים הַסְתִּירָהּ בְּסִתָּר  
כְּנֻפִּיהָ לְעוֹלָמִים. וְצָרוֹר בְּצָרוֹר הַחַיִּים  
אֶת־נִשְׁמָתָהּ. יְהוֹה הוּא נִחְלָתָהּ וְתַנּוּחַ בְּשָׁלוֹם  
עַל מִשְׁכָּבָהּ. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן:

**Kaddish, Sanctification**

Let us magnify and let us sanctify in this  
world the great name of God  
whose will created it.  
May God's reign come in your lifetime,  
and in your days,  
and in the lifetime of the family of Israel -  
quickly and speedily  
may it come.

**Amen.**

**May the greatness of God's being  
be blessed from eternity to eternity.**

Let us bless and let us extol,  
let us tell aloud and let us raise aloft,  
let us set on high and let us honour,  
let us exalt and  
let us praise the Holy One,  
**whose name is blessed,**  
who is far beyond any blessing or song  
any honour  
or any consolation  
that can be spoken of in this world.

**Amen.**

May great peace from heaven and the gift  
of life be granted to us  
and to all the family of Israel.

**Amen.**

May the Maker of peace  
in the highest bring this peace  
upon us and upon all Israel  
and upon all the world.

**Amen.**

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא  
בְּעָלְמָא דִּי-בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ:  
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ  
בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ  
וּבְחַיֵּי דִּי-כָל-בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל  
בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזֶמַּן קָרִיב.  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ  
לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא:

יְתַבְרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא  
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל  
שְׁמֵהּ דִּי-קֳדְשָׁא.

בְּרִיךְ הוּא.

לְעָלָא מִן-כָּל-בְּרַכְתָּא  
וְשִׁירָתָא תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא  
דִּי-אָמְרוּ בְּעָלְמָא.

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא  
וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל.  
וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵנוּ

הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם

עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל

וְעַל-כָּל-הָעוֹלָם.

וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

*Yitgaddal v'yitkaddash sh'meih rabba, b'alma di v'ra chiruteih,  
v'yamlich malchuteih, b'chayyeichon uv'yomeichon uv'chayyei di chol beit yisra'el,  
ba'agala u'vizman kariv, v'imru **amen. Y'hei sh'meih rabba m'varach, l'alam ul'almei almay.**  
Yitbarach v'yishtabbach v'yitpa'ar v'yitromam v'yitnassei v'yit-haddar v'yit'alleh v'yit-hallal,  
sh'meih di kudsha, **b'rich hu**, l'eilla min kol birchata v'shirata tushb'chata v'nechemata,  
di amiran b'alma, v'imru **amen. Y'hei sh'lama rabba min sh'maya,**  
v'chayyim aleinu v'al kol yisra'el, v'imru **amen. Oseh shalom bimromav,**  
hu ya'aseh shalom aleinu v'al kol yisra'el, v'al kol ha-olam, v'imru **amen.***

## FINAL BLESSINGS

Rabbi Julia Neuberger &  
Rabbi Elizabeth Tikvah Sarah

Blessed shall you be when you come in,  
and blessed shall you be when you go out.

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה בְּבֹאֶךָ.  
וּבְרוּךְ אַתָּה בְּצֵאתְךָ:

*Baruch attah b'vo'echa, uvaruch attah b'tseitecha.*

May the Eternal God  
guard your going out  
and your coming in, now and forever.

יְהוָה יִשְׁמֹר-צֵאתְךָ וּבֹאֶךָ  
מִעַתָּה וְעַד-עוֹלָם:

*Adonai yishmor tseit'cha uvo'echa, mei'atta v'ad olam.*

May God bless you and keep you.  
May God's face shine upon you  
and be gracious to you.  
May God's face turn towards you  
and give you peace.

יְבָרֶכְךָ יְהוָה וְיִשְׁמְרֶךָ.  
יֵאָר יְהוָה פָּנָיו אֵלֶיךָ וִיחַנּוּךָ.  
יִשָּׂא יְהוָה פָּנָיו אֵלֶיךָ  
וְיָשֵׁם לְךָ שְׁלוֹם:

*Y'varech'cha Adonai v'yishm'recha.  
Ya'eir Adonai panav eilecha vichunnekka.  
Yissa Adonai panav eilecha, v'yaseim l'cha shalom.*

## EXIT MUSIC

***Stand by Me by Ben E King***



*Anthony and Joanna on holiday in Ibiza in 2011*

## **MUSICIANS**

### *Wellington College:*

#### A Cappella:

Josie Lunn

Grace Newey (OW)

Kelsey Johnson

Zoe Hind

Luca Lupino-Franglen

Chris Davies (OW)

Tom Gray

Todd Harris (OW).

#### Strings for Pachelbel:

Mira Steenbrugge

Carys Barnes

William Campbell

Alice Hilder Jarvis

### *Brighton College:*

Giles Winterbourne (Upper Fifth, Abraham House), Clarinet

Dr Ryan Hepburn, piano

**JOANNA'S ADDRESS IN WELLINGTON CHAPEL:**  
**22 SEPTEMBER 2014**  
*(you can listen to her delivering it on Joanna's website)*

Good Morning

Yes, indeed, as the other Dr Seldon just said, life is a gift. I have been asked to speak today to talk about the illness which you know I am suffering from, and the outcomes from it. I wanted to tie it into something that is at the heart of Wellington College. The idea of resilience.

This is certainly something that has the need for resilience. There are so many here today that have been directly or indirectly affected by a serious illness, such as cancer. It touches so many families, so I hope that what I have to say might help.

I was diagnosed in June 2011 with a rather unusual cancer called neuroendocrine tumour - also known as carcinoid syndrome. I was assured when I was diagnosed that it was a non-aggressive cancer, as it grows very slowly. My consultant called it 'indolent' and it can be managed and controlled. But there is no cure so you have always got it with you. It was described to me that it was like having a chronic illness, which sounded just about okay, but I have discovered, as has my family and my long suffering colleagues in the English department, that chronic illness means you spend a lot of time in hospital and often unexpectedly.

But what I wanted to talk today about is why this experience, which terrifies so many of us, even just the thought of it, hasn't been a wholly negative experience. I have found amazing strength in myself, which I didn't know was there. Especially during the horror of the diagnosis and following the diagnosis. I had no inkling I had cancer. I have always led a very healthy lifestyle and come from a long living family. But there we are.

I remember vividly the moment of diagnosis. Apparently this happens to lots of people: suddenly the colours were brighter, it was a June day, flowers were brighter and I was in a training session for 'theory of knowledge' and suddenly the stripes on my colleague's shirt sitting opposite me were brighter - it was wonderful, it was the most beautiful shirt I have ever seen in my life! But the complications and the sheer inconveniences of my illness is something that I have surprised myself with how I have managed to cope

If someone had said to me I would have to inject myself with needles, give myself injections - I would have said "No I can't do that that, I hate needles" - but when you have to do something, you have to do something.

I have also found the most amazing strength in others, for example my 91-year-old mother. I mean that must be the worst thing that can happen to a parent, to learn that your child is seriously ill, indeed that you might outlive your child. She has shown such courage. It has also brought me closer to my family, my husband, my three children, and my two sisters - the experience I have had has been intensified and infused with love and I have realised how blessed I am with my friends, and here at Wellington in this wonderful supportive community. For instance, when I came out of hospital, colleagues and partners' colleagues went shopping for me, brought food around for me to eat, drove me to my hospital appointments - I hope you realise, and I'm sure you do, that this is a very special community - certainly one aspect of Wellington that I am going to miss.

There are people who don't know how to cope. They are frightened of the illness and embarrassed, they shy away. It certainly comes to mind at times like these when we are drawing up our guest list for our daughter's wedding next year. So it really is an experience which teaches you a lot about others around you.

It also teaches you a lot about yourself, about other people. You learn what you want to do with the rest of your life. After all we make assumptions about how we want our lives to pan out - then everything is suddenly different, we have to work out what really matters - how we are going to spend the time we have left

You also learn a lot about illness, I haven't studied science since O level - but since, I have learned a lot about the human body and how the human body works.

I have also learned a great deal about the effect of drugs on the body. I am on a lot of medication and it is really quite frightening, and actually following on from what Dr Seldon mentioned earlier, the less of these you put into your body, the better. Anyone who is taking drugs who hasn't got an illness is completely crazy.

You also need to prepare for the end and this is something that a diagnosis like cancer helps you to do as it brings you face to face with mortality. I don't want to leave untidiness behind me, so I have written an 'ethical will' to my children, a handwritten will with advice on what I feel I have learnt in my life and how I can best suggest they enjoy the rest of theirs.



I enjoy writing so I have created a website, so that I can write books and children's books for the grandchildren I might never see. They have been illustrated by a student of mine at Brighton College and I have had them bound, because after all you want to leave something other than money – something of myself, even if I never meet them.

I have even planned my memorial service. It was like planning my final lesson plan, not just the music and the readings, but why I have chosen them and who is reading them. It helps those who are left behind as they know it's the kind of send-off I had wanted.

I have also learned a lot about the work that doctors and nurses do. I have met so many interesting people who work in the industry. I am at the Royal Marsden, and have particularly met a lot of nurses who are extremely well educated and chose not to go into the profession as a doctor as they would not have the same kind of human interaction and contact with the patients. And I feel how fortunate we are to have so many treatments available. Every time I go into the Royal Marsden, and I've been there so many times, we all know each other! We greet each other by name. It's another aspect of the experience that is remarkably positive.

Something else it has brought me is an appreciation of my religion. As some of you will know I am Jewish and in Judaism there is a great emphasis on the here and now, this life we have on earth, and it's all about being in the present. In Judaism, we have so many blessings in our prayer book, for any number of different occasions, that actually tie in with Wellington philosophy – the idea of gratitude – if we are grateful we are happy. So I start every day, as I get out of bed, and I say "Ani mada" which in Hebrew means "I am grateful" just starting the day in a positive frame of mind.

And just still tying in with Wellington Ideas – people talk about us teaching happiness and people sort of think, oh well, I can't be happy now you've got cancer. Well actually, there are many moments when I realise I am happy, I am very happy, there are many remarkable moments, that have come out of a lot of what I was talking about earlier, many blessings I have and the love and friendships I share.

My final message I leave with you is, yes make the most of every minute, realise your blessings all the time, when bad things do happen, try to count your blessings, look for that strength, that strength, support and love of those around you, which I can assure you are always there, for all of you.

## Lady Joanna Seldon

Author, poet and teacher, who was the forbearing wife of the public school headmaster and writer Sir Anthony Seldon

Much like Kitty Pakenham, the wife of the Duke of Wellington, Lady Joanna Seldon was cognisant of the great duty attached to the role of master's wife. In her case she entered into a marriage with someone who was a workaholic, one who combined the demanding role of being the headmaster of a leading public school with being a prolific author and journalist.

She was not lacking in fortitude, however. Her book *Waterloo to Wellington: From Iron Duke to Enlightened College* was published last year. It explored the founding of one of Britain's grandest public schools and the duke in whose name it was founded. It was also the last school she uprooted her life for, as she had done every few years to support Sir Anthony Seldon, who took the role of master of Wellington College in 2006. She would find the positive in each move, taking pleasure in what the unknown would bring. She was completely devoted to him and him to her, and her illness was a key role in his resignation from the position, stating that he had done all for Wellington, but not for Joanna.

The two met at the University of Oxford in the Seventies. Anthony said he had been drawn to a vulnerability and sensitivity about her. Although, directing her in the play *The Seven Sins*

**She adored Brighton and would go swimming in the sea in winter**

ters, he would have to bide his time. As an English undergraduate she was dating Alex Cox, who went on to become something of an enfant terrible of British film, directing *Sid & Nancy* and *Repo Man*, and Seldon was in a relationship with her best friend. It was not until they went on a group holiday to Florence in 1978 that the pair struck up a partnership that lent itself to each other's strengths. Joanna was the practical one who kept things ticking over at home so that Anthony could get on with his work.

They grew together, with her quietly balancing his ideas and visions with an understanding of what was



Joanna with her husband, Anthony Seldon, the former master of Wellington College, where she taught creative writing

achievable. "She read, edited and proofed every book and every article I ever wrote," Anthony said. This level of dedication began when Anthony, now vice-chancellor at the University of Buckingham, and Joanna moved to London where she helped him with his doctorate on the 1951-55 Churchill government at the London School of Economics. It was published as *Churchill's Indian Summer* in 1981 and, after Anthony converted to Judaism, they married the following year.

Joanna Pappworth was born in London in 1954 to Maurice and Jean. She was described as quirky and never bothered with what was mainstream.

She graduated from Oxford in 1976 with the top first for her subject in her year. Professor Marilyn Butler, her PhD supervisor, said that she was the finest research student she had known. After finishing her doctorate she took her first job as a teacher of English at the Aylesbury Grammar School. In 1983, when Anthony was made head of politics at Whitgift School in Croydon, she followed. In the same year they published their co-authored book, *By Word of Mouth: Elite Oral History*.

After a number of years teaching at different schools, Joanna took time out of her career to have their three children, Jessica and Susannah, who both

work in the civil service, and Adam, now a teacher. When Anthony became headmaster of Brighton College she returned to work. She adored the coastal town and would go swimming in the sea in winter.

Ever selfless, when the opportunity arose for Anthony to become master of Wellington in Crowthorne, Berkshire, she supported his decision to move. A parent at the school observed: "It was clear and evident to us all at Wellington that given Anthony's legendary work rate and manic enthusiasm for all aspects of college life, he could only have sustained his extraordinary efforts over ten years with the support

and counsel of an extraordinary partner."

She was often spotted around the grounds walking her beloved golden retriever, Toby. Although shy and reserved in many ways, she stood out with her dark hair, love of colourful clothing and bright lipstick. She believed in making education enjoyable. One warm summer's day she decided to teach outside and gave her students Kit Kats and lemonade as they sat on the grass. She led the school's creative writing course and founded its Jewish society.

In the summer of 2011, she was diagnosed with a neuroendocrine tumour. Anthony was working on a book about Gordon Brown's tenure at 10 Downing Street at the time. After publication he promised that he would not write about another prime minister. However, unable to resist, he found himself writing about David Cameron, with his "ever forgiving" wife poised to read the proofs. She also began to write more and self-published a series of poems. In one, *Prayer*, she writes to her late father, the doctor and medical ethicist who investigated and exposed experimentation on humans in medicine, describing him as "now too far away to heal me". She asks him: "Stir your spirit to remind me what it is to live." Anthony told BBC Radio 4's *Desert Island Discs* that if he could take one luxury item if he were stranded, it would be his wife's poetry. She also worked on one last book, *The Whistle-blower*, a biography of her father that will be published next year.

Seldon never expressed pity when she fell ill. Speaking about her cancer she said the experience had not been "wholly negative". "I found amazing strength in myself, which I just didn't know was there," she said. "It's brought me closer to my family, to my husband, to our three children, my sisters."

Despite the chronic pain, Seldon retained her positive mindset. "I start each morning when I get out of bed with the words 'I am grateful' in Hebrew," she said.

Joanna Seldon, teacher and writer, was born on August 4, 1954. She died of cancer on December 6, 2016, aged 62



*The family on the balcony at 24 Marine Sq Brighton, 2013*