

Xanthe Elizabeth Foreman Barton

29 May 2007 – 12 November 2025



Tuesday 13 January 2026

St Luke's Church, Chelsea

Curate

THE REVEREND BAXTER McROLSTON

Organist

RUPERT JEFFCOAT

Choirmaster

JEREMY SUMMERLY

Choir

CHOIR OF ST LUKE'S

Ushers

JULIAN COPEMAN | ROBBIE FEATHER
SIMONE FINN | RACHEL GRIGG
ROBERT HARDMAN | CRESSIDA LEGGE
CHARLIE LYTLE | FRANCES OSBORNE
CATHERINE OSTLER | RUPERT REECE
ANDREW ROBERTS | GAWN ROWAN-HAMILTON
SIMON SEBAG-MONTEFIORE | JUSTIN SHAW
HARRY STEVENS | ALICE THOMSON

Xanthe

for Xanthe Elizabeth Foreman Barton

29 May 2007 – 12 November 2025

Nothing can be undone by a rhyme,
Not birth, not too-soon dying, gold or myrrh,

How yesteryears unravel like the snow,
And how snow palindromes from now to once.

Xanthe: Greek for “golden-haired,” your tresses,
Braided like music out of breath and rests,

Named for an Amazon, or blue-blood daughter
Of Ocean—warrior, waterfall? Redraft:

One story says, Asclepius’s bride,
Health’s helpmate. No irony—un-ribbed,

Your heart gives its strong iamb to another,
Passing life’s torch—the true twin of a Hero.

Untangling your mane, your name, Xanthe,
Reflects Love’s backward glance: unending Thanks.

A.E. Stallings (b. 1968)

OPENING MUSIC

Seated

Barbie in the 12 Dancing Princesses

A. Roth (b. 1953)
From *Barbie in the 12 Dancing Princesses*

When I Grow Up

T. Minchin (b. 1975)
From *Matilda*

Joseph and His Technicolor Dreamcoat (Medley)

A. Lloyd-Webber (b. 1948)
From *Joseph and His Technicolor Dreamcoat*

Feed the Birds

R Sherman (1925-2012)
R Sherman (1928-2024)
From *Mary Poppins*

Dear Theodosia

L-M. Miranda (b. 1980)
From *Hamilton*

Prince of Egypt (When you believe)

S. Schwartz (b. 1948)
From *Prince of Egypt*

Stoick's Ship

J. Powell (b. 1963)
From *How to Train Your Dragon*

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

Please stand

**Guide me, O my great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.**

**Open now the crystal fountain,
where the healing waters flow.
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
ever be my strength and shield,
ever be my strength and shield.**

**When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside.
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever sing to you,
I will ever sing to you.**

Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch W. Williams (1717-1791)
translated P. Williams (1723-1796)

OPENING PRAYER

Remain standing

Minister:

We meet in the name of Jesus Christ, who died and was raised to the glory of God the Father. Grace and mercy be with you.

All: **And also with you.**

Minister:

We look not to the things that are seen but to the things that are unseen; for the things that are seen are transient, but the things that are unseen are eternal. Today we come together to remember before God our sister Xanthe, to give thanks for her life and to comfort one another in our grief.

Father in heaven, we thank you because you made us in your own image and gave us gifts in body, mind and spirit. We thank you now for Xanthe and what she meant to each of us. As we honour her memory, make us more aware that you are the one from whom comes every perfect gift, including the gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ.

All: **Amen.**

READING

Please be seated

Lamentations 3:22-26, 31-33

Michael Williams-Jones

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases,
his mercies never come to an end;
they are new every morning;
great is your faithfulness.
‘The Lord is my portion,’ says my soul,
‘therefore I will hope in him.’
The Lord is good to those who wait for him,
to the soul that seeks him.
It is good that one should wait quietly
for the salvation of the Lord.
For the Lord will not reject for ever.
Although he causes grief, he will have compassion
according to the abundance of his steadfast love;
for he does not willingly afflict or grieve anyone.

LIGHTING OF 18 CANDLES

Please remain seated

Choir

O Nata Lux

M. Lauridsen (b. 1943)

PRAYER – MOURNER’S KADDISH

Please kneel or remain seated

Rabbi Guy Hall

May the great Name of Adonai be exulted and hallowed throughout the world created by the will of the One. May Your sovereignty be accepted soon, in our days and in the days of the family of Israel.

Let us all respond: **Amen.**

May the great Name of Adonai be praised forever and ever.

Praised and celebrated, lauded and worshipped, acclaimed and honoured, exalted and extolled be the Name of the Holy One, praised be the One! Whose praiseworthiness is beyond any or song, any honour or consolation that may be uttered in this world.

Let us all respond: **Amen.**

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

Let us all respond: **Amen.**

May God who makes peace in the highest realms, bring peace upon us and upon all Israel.

Let us all respond: **Amen.**

From Mishkan HaNefesh for Youth,

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DEVOTIONAL HYMN

Choir

Remain kneeling or seated

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin,
My hand will save.
I, who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will send the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them.
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide,
'Til their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them.
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.*

D. Schutte (b. 1947) © 1981

POEM

Cressida Cowell

From How to Fight A Dragon's Fury

Please be seated

I have never cared for Castles
or a Crown that grips too tight,
Let the night sky be my starry roof
and the moon my only light,
My Heart was born a Hero,
my storm-bound sword won't rest,
I left the Harbour long ago
on a Never-ending Quest,
I am off to the horizon,
where the wild wind blows the foam,
Come get lost with me, love,
and the sea shall be our home!

C. Cowell (b. 1966) ©2015

ANTHEM

Hanford School Choir

Please remain seated

*She Touched Our Hearts
(In Memory of Xanthe Barton)*

L. Wall (b. 1961)
Former Director of Music at Hanford School

HYMN

Please remain seated

Hanford School Choir (First Verse)

When a knight won his spurs, in the stories of old,
He was gentle and brave, he was gallant and bold;
With a shield on his arm and a lance in his hand,
For God and for valour he rode through the land.

All

**No charger have I, and no sword by my side,
Yet still to adventure and battle I ride,
Though back into storyland giants have fled,
And the knights are no more and the dragons are dead.**

**Let faith be my shield and let joy be my steed
'gainst the dragons of anger, the ogres of greed;
And let me set free with the sword of my youth,
From the castle of darkness, the power of the truth.**

Jan Struther (1901-1953)

R Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

EULOGY

Helena, Theo, Hally and Hero Barton

ANTHEM

Sing Joyfully Unto God

W. Byrd (1540-1623)

A LETTER TO MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE

Please be seated

Louise Moelwyn-Hughes

HYMN

Please stand

**Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of his word;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.**

**Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!
Powers and dominions lay their glory by.
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.**

**Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore!**

Words: T. Dudley-Smith (1926-2024)

Music: W. Greatorex (1877-1949)

PRAYERS

Please kneel or remain seated

*Jeremy Barton, Jonathan Foreman, Kay Kiggell, Rory Johnston, William
Phelps, Heather Nedwell, Sophie Pullan, Caroline Clarke*

Father in heaven, we give you thanks for your servant Xanthe. We praise you as we look back on her life and cherish her memory. We bless you that in bearing your image she has brought light to our lives; for we have seen in her friendship, reflections of your compassion, in her integrity, demonstrations of your goodness, in her faithfulness, glimpses of your eternal love. Grant to each of us, the grace to follow her good example so that we with her may come to your everlasting kingdom.

Amen.

Loving God, we pray for Xanthe's godparents, and for the godparents of her siblings, Helena, Theo, Hally and Hero. In their grief, grant them your tenderness; in their questioning, grant them your wisdom; and in their sorrow, grant them the shelter of your everlasting arms. May they know that the child for whom they prayed, and whom they promised to guide in your love, is now held in the brightness of your peace. Comfort them, uphold them, and restore their hope. In your holy name, Lord.

Amen

Let us pray to God, who has now called our beloved Xanthe from this life on earth into his heavenly kingdom.

For Xanthe, that she may rest in peace, and rise in glory in all the company of heaven, held in the eternal love of God. May she know the fulfilment of all that was promised to her, and the joy of life everlasting.

Lord, hear our prayer

For her parents, Amanda and Jonathan, their family, her Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles and Cousins and all who loved her, that they may be comforted in their grief and upheld by your unfailing love. Grant them strength for the days ahead, and the assurance that nothing can separate them from your mercy or from her love.

Lord, hear our prayer

For those who mourn with us today, especially her friends, her teachers, and all whose lives were touched by her kindness and joy. May they find courage to carry her memory forward, and hope in the promise that love is stronger than death.

Lord, hear our prayer

For those who delighted in the joy of her curious mind, her creative soul and her love of poetry and music. May they continue to feel her in the world around them, and be inspired to live with the same openness, generosity and wonder.

Lord, hear our prayer

For all who treated and cared for Xanthe and supported her family in their vigil of love, especially those whose compassion sustained them in moments of fear and hope. May their work be honoured, and may they be renewed in their vocation, and may they be given strength, wisdom, and peace in their calling.

Lord, hear our prayer

For those who received her ultimate gift, the gift of life, through the donation of her organs. May their lives be filled with purpose and gratitude, and may the life she gave continue to bear fruit in the lives of others.

Lord, hear our prayer

Lord of all, we thank you for bringing Xanthe into our lives, for all that she was to those who loved her, and for the grace we received through her being. Help us to trust in your goodness, to walk in hope, and to commend her into your eternal care, and grant us grace to live in the light of your promises.

Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

All: **Our Father, who art in heaven,
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,
and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever.**

Amen.

ANTHEM

O Taste and See How Gracious

Please be seated

R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

APPRECIATION

Jonathan Barton

PLUTARCH'S LETTER OF CONSOLATION TO HIS WIFE

Amanda Foreman

My dearest wife,

You are my greatest comfort in this tragedy, if only because you allow yourself to be consoled by me. I know how deep a wound the loss of a child is for any mother - and for you, dear Timoxena, the grief is compounded by the years you spent longing for a daughter.

She fulfilled both our dreams. I named her after you because it was apparent from the very beginning that she had inherited her mother's wonderful qualities. People naturally warmed to her; it is hardly surprising that our house has been inundated with mourners. But with such a constant outpouring of emotion around us, it is an easy thing to become a prisoner of grief. It is true that I cannot write to you without tears. However, it would be wrong for us to banish laughter from the house. Or, like some people, forbid any mention of our daughter's name lest it dredge up painful memories.

You are the most rational and clear-headed woman I know. You don't need me to remind you that when we welcomed her into the world, we did so with the knowledge that she was mortal. Her life no more belonged to us than ours to her. She has gone before us; she has not been lost.

Therefore, my dearest wife, do not torture yourself with guilt or regret. Our child lived long enough to be loved dearly. For her sake, we must preserve our harmony of life. Let us give thanks for the child we had and let us live so that if we meet her again, she will find us worthy. We have other children, and they need a mother who is steadfast and unbreakable.

The living demand our care more than the dead demand our attention. Farewell for now; may the memory of our daughter bring not tears alone, but also serenity. The bond of our love, which gave her life, will outlast even this grief.

Plutarch (c. AD 46–120)
Adapted from Ἠθικά: Ethika

ANTHEM

Hail, Gladdening Light (Sung in Old Church Slavonic)

*O Joyful Light, light and holy glory of the Father Immortal,
the heavenly, holy, blessed One, O Jesus Christ,
now that we have reached the setting of the sun,
and see the evening light,*

we sing to God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

It is fitting at all times to raise a song of praise in measured melody to you,

O Son of God, the Giver of Life.

Behold, the universe sings your glory.

P.I. Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)
All-night Vigil for Choir, Op. 52
Words: Ukrainian Church

COMMENDATION

Please kneel or be seated

Minister:

I commend Xanthe to almighty God, who created her with love. May she return to Him who formed her from the dust of the earth. May Christ, who was crucified for her, bring her into freedom and peace. May Christ, who died for her, lead her into his garden of paradise. May Christ, who is the Good Shepherd, acknowledge her as one of his flock. May he forgive all her sins, and set her amongst those he has chosen. May she see her Redeemer face to face, and enjoy the vision of God forever.

Amen.

Rabbi Hall:

God, full of mercy, Who dwells above, give rest on the wings of the Divine Presence, amongst the holy, pure and glorious who shine like the sky, to the soul of Xanthe daughter of Jonathan and Amanda, for whom prayer was offered in the memory of her soul. Therefore, the Merciful One will protect her soul forever, and will merge her soul with eternal life. The everlasting is her heritage, and she shall rest peacefully at her lying place, and let us say:

Amen

BLESSING

Rabbi Hall:

May the Lord bless you and keep you; may the Lord cause His face to shine upon you and be gracious to you; may the Lord lift up His countenance toward you and give you peace.

Minister:

The God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the eternal covenant: Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight; through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. ***Amen.***

HYMN

Please stand

**And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon England's mountains green:
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen!
And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among these dark Satanic Mills?**

**Bring me my Bow of burning gold:
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold:
Bring me my Chariot of fire!
I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green & pleasant Land.**

Words: W. Blake (1757–1827)

Music: H. Parry (1848 -1918)

PEACE

Minister: Go in peace to love and serve the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God.

RECESSIONAL MUSIC

Test Drive & Romantic Flight

Remain standing

J. Powell (b. 1963)
From *How to Train Your Dragon*

Who is She?

P. Doyle (b. 1953)
From *Cinderella*

Once Upon a December

S. Flaherty (b. 1960)
From *Anastasia*

Think of Me

A. Lloyd-Webber (b. 1948)
From *The Phantom of the Opera*

I Could Have Danced All Night

Words: A.Lerner (1918-1986)
Music: F. Loewe(1901-1988)
From *My Fair Lady*

REFRESHMENTS

Please join us after the service for tea and refreshments at Chelsea
Old Town Hall, King's Road.

WITH THANKS

In addition to thanking our family and friends for their unfailing love and support, we would also like to express our gratitude to the following people, almost all of them strangers before October 24th.

The Cabin Crew of United Airlines Flight 15, LHR–EWR, Captains Mark Dedrick, Susan Foy and “Mac” MacMaster, and crew members Joel and Gregory for their quick response when Xanthe fainted.

The Newark International Airport US Customs EMS and University Hospital Newark MIC5 Ambulance team for fighting so hard to keep Xanthe alive until they reached Newark Beth Israel Medical Center.

The doctors, nurses, and staff at Newark Beth Israel for their dedication and compassion while Xanthe was in their care, among them the ICU nurses: Abi, Carolinne, Cedric, Christine, Danielle, Divine, Joseph, Laureen, Lillith, Marie-Cecile, Marlon, Olivia, Teresa, Tracey, and Victoria. The doctors: Dr Anandarangam, Dr Chen, Dr Dowe, Dr George, Dr Gosev, Dr Guo, Dr Kolli, Dr Nabavi, Dr Patel, Dr Sahu, Dr Shah, Dr Stein, Dr Tabbarah, Dr Taher, Dr Thomas; and finally, thank you to Junior, who found Uncle Johnny’s glasses case and returned it to him.

The doctors, nurses and staff at Hassenfeld Children’s Hospital at NYU Langone for their devotion and kindness not only to Xanthe but the entire family. The ICU nurses: Kelly, Kim and Molly for staying with us to the end, and Jessica, Jessie, Johanna, Ekaterina, Alexis, Gabriella, Shanique, Victoria, the doctors: Dr Ariel, Dr Brush, Dr Eidman, Dr Eison, Dr Latimer, Dr Michael, Dr Rajagopalan, Dr Ru, Dr Santos, Dr Sommer, and Dr Van Helmond; Child Life care: Joe and Karissa and Melanie. We are also grateful to all those who helped to facilitate Xanthe’s transfer to Hassenfeld, including Susie Casdin, Catie Marron, Tiffany Moller, Alice Tisch, and Ryan Calhoun, VP of HCH; and finally, to Rev Kaytlin Butler for her spiritual comfort and prayers.

And for their support, advice, and comfort throughout: Dr Brown, Dr Butterfield, Dr Copen, Dr Devi, Dr Ganju, Dr Kruger, Dr Rosewater, Dr Steig, and especially, Dr Teo Dagi.

IN LOVING KINDNESS

Should you wish to make a donation in Xanthe’s memory, we ask that you kindly consider the following charities:

HOUSE OF SPEAKEASY

The New York-based educational and literary non-profit, is establishing the Xanthe Barton Poetry Program in her honor.

*Contributions can be made at www.xanthebarton.org.**



THE LONDON AIR AMBULANCE CHARITY

Raising money for additional ECMO machines. This heart-lung bypass machine saved Xanthe’s life initially, and enabled her damaged heart to recover sufficiently for us to honor her wish to donate her organs after her death.

*Contributions can be made at www.xanthe-barton.muchloved.com***



** House of SpeakEasy Foundation is 501(c)(3) non-profit in the US. All contributions are tax-deductible to the fullest extent allowed by law.*

*** Donations to London Air Ambulance are Gift Aid eligible.*

25TH WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

London, 4 July 2025



Helena, Theo, Reg, Bill, Hally, Hero and Xanthe

