

FEAR *or* FAITH

You can choose



FEAR *or* FAITH

You can choose

Compiled by

JOHN & JEANNE FABER

CAUX BOOKS



*First published 2008 by Caux Books
Rue de Panorama, 1824, Caux, Switzerland
www.caux.ch*

Reprinted 2008, 2009

*Also available from
John Faber, 2 Batworth Park House, Arundel BN18 9PG
e: jfaber@uwclub.net
and
Initiatives of Change, 24 Greencoat Place, London SW1P 1RD
www.iofc.org*

*Cover painting 'Healing at the Holy Well'
© Juliet Boobbyer*

*Back cover watercolour 'Burpham Church from the Arun'
© Neil Holland*

Cartoons: Einar Engebretsen

Design & setting: John Munro

ISBN 978-1-85239-041-9

Printed in Great Britain by the MPG Books Group, Bodmin & King's Lynn

CONTENTS

Introduction		7
A Sandpiper to bring you Joy	<i>Mary Sherman Hilbert</i>	9
The Delights of Old Age	<i>Jack Winslow</i>	13
Make me a Channel of your Peace	<i>Sebastian Temple</i>	16
Cancer at the White House	<i>Tony Snow</i>	17
The Gates of Heaven	<i>Hugh Nowell</i>	20
Footprints in the Sand	<i>Mary Stevenson</i>	22
Fear in Iraq	<i>Stephen Combe</i>	23
In Sickness and in Health	<i>Jeanne Faber</i>	24
Burpham on the Downs	<i>Anthony Hyett</i>	28
Three Precious Things	<i>Alan Channer</i>	30
Judge Not	<i>Alexis Affonso</i>	31
Taking the 'if' out of 'Life'	<i>Stephen Foot</i>	32
Fear is a Liar	<i>Garth Lean</i>	33
What lies on the Other Side?	<i>Barbara Sue</i>	34
How I explain God	<i>Danny Dutton</i>	35
The World Walked Into My Heart	<i>Peter Howard</i>	37
When Heaven's Morning Breaks	<i>Russi Lala</i>	38
Toad of Toad Hall	<i>Hugh Nowell</i>	39
The Departure Lounge	<i>Jeanne Faber</i>	40
"I Want you to Live"	<i>Gordon Wise</i>	41
There's a Wideness in God's Mercy	<i>F W Faber</i>	42
You Are Not Old	<i>Edward Tuck</i>	43

<i>Quotations</i>		44
The Padre insists	<i>Geoffrey Pugh</i>	46
God's Measurements	<i>Edith Gibson</i>	48
Only One YOU		49
A Great Spirit	<i>Patrick Turner</i>	50
Thy Way, not Mine, O Lord	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	54
The Answer to Fear	<i>A Harley Street Surgeon</i>	55
How I Cheated the Fat Lady	<i>Geoffrey Lean</i>	59
An Assurance	<i>Sally Baynard-Smith</i>	61
Stark Tragedy or Adventure?	<i>Elsie Knebel</i>	62
Be Happy for Tomorrow	<i>David Harkins</i>	64
The Friendly Finger	<i>Garth Lean</i>	65
Barber's Shop	<i>Anon</i>	66
Dell's Story	<i>Hugh Williams</i>	68
I'm Free	<i>Shannon Moseley</i>	72
I took the High Road	<i>E.B.U.P</i>	73
Near Death	<i>Suzanne Howell</i>	74
What God Looks Like	<i>From a parish magazine</i>	76
The Road	<i>Rabindranath Tagore</i>	77
Dear Lord and Father of Mankind	<i>J G Whittier</i>	78
The world we inhabit... <i>photo</i>	<i>Vojtech Cerny</i>	79
<i>For further reading</i>		80

INTRODUCTION

A FEW years ago I began collecting stories with a book in mind that might encourage people in their later years. Suddenly, in this last month, a flood of material has come to light, or been sent to me, so Jeanne and I began to put it into shape and this book has emerged.

When visiting friends on the Welsh border I saw a painting by Juliet Boobyer entitled "Healing at the Holy Well". It summed up in a remarkable and moving way what I wanted to express in the book. Juliet very generously lent me the picture to use as our front cover. Then at a picture exhibition here in Arundel we saw Neil Holland's lovely watercolour of our local church at Burpham. Thank you very much, Neil, for allowing us to use it on our back cover, and on p.28.

I am often beset by fears. They affect us all from time to time. I hope this book will help all who read it realise that fear can be overcome by faith "in one who knows and loves best".

I would like to acknowledge with gratitude people's permission to reproduce their articles, poems and illustrations. I owe heartfelt thanks to so many people: to my great neice Karen Kocumova for sending me several items and for the photograph on p.79 by her friend Vojtech Cerny, to Einar Engebretsen for his cartoons to enhance some of the more humorous items, and especially to John Munro for his book designing skills, and Vijay Seth and Amit Sen for their patience and care in seeing the first edition of the book through the press in Mumbai, India.

John Faber

A Sandpiper to bring you Joy

MARY SHERMAN HILBERT

SHE was six years old when I first met her on the beach near where I live. I drive to this beach, a distance of three or four miles, whenever the world begins to close in on me.

She was building a sandcastle or something and looked up, her eyes blue as the sea. "Hello," she said. I answered with a nod, not really in the mood to bother with a small child. "I'm building," she said.

"I see that. What is it?" I asked, not caring.

"Oh I don't know - I just like the feel of the sand."

That sounds good, I thought, and slipped off my shoes. A sandpiper glided by. "That's a joy," the child said.

"It's what?"

"It's a joy. My mama says sandpipers come to bring us joy."

The bird went glissading down the beach. "Good-bye joy," I muttered to myself, "Hello pain," and turned to walk on. I was depressed; my life seemed completely out of balance. "What's your name?" She wouldn't give up. "Ruth," I answered, "I'm Ruth Peterson."

"Mine's Wendy...and I'm six."

"Hi, Wendy."

She giggled. "You're funny," she said. In spite of my gloom I laughed too and walked on. Her musical giggle followed me. "Come again, Mrs P," she called. "We'll have another happy day."

The days and weeks that followed belonged to others: a group of unruly Boy Scouts, PTA meetings, an ailing mother. The sun was

shining one morning as I took my hands out of the dishwater. "I need a sandpiper," I said to myself, gathering up my coat.

The never-changing balm of the seashore awaited me. The breeze was chilly, but I strode along, trying to recapture the serenity I needed. I had forgotten the child and was startled when she appeared. "Hello, Mrs P," she said. "Do you want to play?" "What did you have in mind?" I asked, with a twinge of annoyance. "I don't know, you say."

"How about charades?" I asked sarcastically. The tinkling laughter burst forth again. "I don't know what that is."

"Then let's just walk." Looking at her, I noticed the delicate fairness of her face. "Where do you live?" I asked. "Over there." She pointed toward a row of summer cottages. Strange, I thought, in winter.

"Where do you go to school?"

"I don't go to school. Mummy says we're on vacation." She chattered little girl talk as we strolled up the beach, but my mind was on other things. When I left for home, Wendy said it had been a happy day. Feeling surprisingly better, I smiled at her and agreed.

Three weeks later, I rushed to my beach in a state of near panic. I was in no mood even to greet Wendy. I thought I saw her mother on the porch and felt like demanding she keep her child at home. "Look, if you don't mind," I said crossly when Wendy caught up with me, "I'd rather be alone today." She seemed unusually pale and out of breath. "Why?" she asked.

I turned on her and shouted, "Because my mother died!" - and thought, my God, why was I saying this to a little child? "Oh," she said quietly, "then this is a bad day."

"Yes, and yesterday and the day before that and - oh, go away!"



"Did it hurt?"

"Did what hurt?" I was exasperated with her, with myself. "When she died?"

"Of course it hurt!" I snapped, misunderstanding, wrapped up in myself. I strode off.

A month or so after that, when I next went to the beach, she wasn't there. Feeling guilty, a s h a m e d a n d

admitting to myself I missed her, I went up to the cottage after my walk and knocked at the door. A drawn-looking young woman with honey-coloured hair opened the door.

"Hello," I said. "I'm Ruth Peterson. I missed your little girl today and wondered where she was."

"Oh yes, Mrs Peterson, please come in. Wendy talked of you so much. I'm afraid I allowed her to bother you. If she was a nuisance, please accept my apologies."

"Not at all - she's a delightful child," I said, suddenly realising that I meant it. "Where is she?"

"Wendy died last week, Mrs Peterson. She had leukaemia. Maybe she didn't tell you."

Struck dumb, I groped for a chair. My breath caught.

"She loved this beach; so when she asked to come, we couldn't say no. She seemed so much better here and had a lot of what she called happy days. But the last few weeks, she declined rapidly..."

Her voice faltered. "She left something for you...if only I can find it. Could you wait a moment while I look?"

I nodded stupidly, my mind racing for something, anything, to say to this lovely young woman.

She handed me a smeared envelope, with MRS. P printed in bold, childish letters. Inside was a drawing in bright crayon hues - a yellow beach, a blue sea, a brown bird. Underneath was carefully printed: A SANDPIPER TO BRING YOU JOY.

Tears welled up in my eyes, and a heart that had almost forgotten how to love opened wide. I took Wendy's mother in my arms. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," I muttered over and over, and we wept together. The precious little picture is framed now and hangs in my study. Six words - one for each year of her life - that speak to me of inner harmony, courage, undemanding love. A gift from a child with sea-blue eyes and hair the colour of sand - who taught me the gift of love.

*First published in Reader's Digest in 1980.
Mary Sherman Hibert was a neighbour of Ruth Peterson.*

The Delights of Old Age

JACK WINSLOW

How fond and craven are our human fears,
Which tremble at the swiftly-fleeting hours,
And deem all joys must fade with waning powers
And sorrows deepen with increasing years.

Rather I hold, with him who bade "grow old
Along with me; the best is yet to be",
That age can know life's crowning harmony,
Till dawns the day of deathless bliss untold.

IN writing the above I had no desire to ignore or under-rate the troubles and drawbacks of old age. These are real enough. For most of us it is a time of failing health and strength. It is no longer possible to play the games we used to play or go on those long walks across the hills or indulge in some of the pastimes that we used to enjoy. Some of us may have months or years of serious illness, perhaps accompanied by much pain.

For many old people there is the sorrow of bereavement. This inevitably produces, from time to time, a deep sense of loss and loneliness.

Then again, many old people who have had to give up their regular work and business and now have no definite occupation to employ them find time hanging heavily on their hands. They have little perhaps to interest them and can only turn back to old memories in a rather plaintive nostalgia. This is the kind of mood which often leads to an early breakdown.

But there is so much on the bright and positive side for most of us which age can bring with it, if we are alive to it. For I profoundly believe that human life is not meant by the Giver to be a story of gradually declining towards a sad and depressing close, but rather one which goes from good to better and from better to best, with "the choicest wine at the feast's end".

In old age, for example, we may have leisure to enjoy hobbies and interests for which there has been only scant time during full employment. It can be a great delight in retirement to have full time for more music or handicraft or cultivation of the garden.

Others are able to spend more time in quiet enjoyment of the country or the seaside than was possible before their retirement.

I am sure the happiness or unhappiness of old age depends far more upon the spirit and expectation which we bring to it than on the circumstances which befall us. Old age, like the rest of life, is largely what we make it. My father used to say, "There are far better days for us in the future than we have ever enjoyed in the past."

One other quality which we have opportunity to indulge in old age, if we will, is a certain freedom of adventure, a kind of recklessness, now that we have little to lose and perhaps few if any for whom we are responsible.

In a delightful anthology for the elderly compiled by Violent Bremner, called *I Tune the Instrument*, there is one section headed "The older the bolder":

There is a quality available to human beings, if they care to make it their own, which gives to life a continual freshness. It is a suppleness, a readiness to move forward, which is commonly supposed to belong to those beginning life. But if we live the years fearlessly, we can keep this ability to advance with courage and expectation into new experience.

Whether we will or no, the thought of approaching death can hardly fail to intrude itself upon our minds from time to time, and a good deal of our happiness or unhappiness in old age will depend on the way we think about it. If we think of it chiefly in terms of finality, of ending, it will tend to cast a gloom over us. If, on the other hand, we think of death from the Christian angle as a beginning, an entry upon a new and far more wonderful life in a realm far lovelier than anything we have known here, we shall find that the recurring thought of it is framed in light rather than gloom, and we shall even regard it with happy anticipation.

Thus, as I approach the end of my long pilgrimage, it is with the eager expectation and wonder of a traveller nearing at last the goal of his hopes and toils, where many whom he has known and loved are waiting to welcome him. Should I through the mercy of God reach that goal in safety and even be permitted to see the King in his beauty - that would be the crowning blessing.

From A Testament of Thanksgiving, Hodder & Stoughton 1973

Make me a Channel of your Peace

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred,
Let me bring your love.
Where there is injury,
Your pardon, Lord,
And where there's doubt,
True faith in you.

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life,
Let me bring hope.
Where there is darkness,
Only light,
And where there's sadness
Ever joy.

Make me a channel of your peace;
It is pardoning
That we are pardoned,
In giving of ourselves
That we receive,
And in dying
That we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple, based on the Prayer of St Francis

Cancer in the White House

TONY SNOW, *former Press Secretary to President Bush*

BLESSINGS arrive in unexpected packages - in my case, cancer. Those of us with potentially fatal diseases - and there are millions in America today - find ourselves in the odd position of coping with our mortality while trying to fathom God's will.

We shouldn't spend too much time trying to answer the "why" questions: Why me? Why must people suffer? Why can't someone else get sick? We can't answer such things, and the questions themselves often are designed more to express our anguish than to solicit an answer.

I don't know why I have cancer, and I don't much care. It is what it is, a plain and indisputable fact. Yet even while staring into a mirror darkly, great and stunning truths begin to take shape. Our maladies define a central feature of our existence: we are fallen. We are imperfect. Our bodies give out.

But despite this - or because of it - God offers the possibility of salvation and grace. We don't know how the narrative of our lives will end, but we get to choose how to use the interval between now and the moment we meet our Creator face-to-face.

We need to get past the anxiety. The mere thought of dying can send adrenaline flooding through your system. A dizzy, unfocused panic seizes you. Your heart thumps; your head swims. You think of nothingness and swoon. You fear partings; you worry about the impact on family and friends. You fidget and get nowhere.

To regain footing, remember that we were born not into death,

but into life - and that the journey continues after we have finished our days on this earth. We accept this on faith, but that faith is nourished by a conviction that stirs even within many non-believing hearts - an intuition that the gift of life, once given, cannot be taken away. Those who have been stricken enjoy the special privilege of being able to fight with their might, main, and faith to live fully, richly, exuberantly - no matter how their days may be numbered.

We can open our eyes and hearts. God relishes surprise. We want lives of simple, predictable ease - smooth, even trails as far as the eye can see - but God likes to go off-road. He provokes us with twists and turns. He places us in predicaments that seem to defy our endurance, and comprehension - and yet don't. By his love and grace, we persevere. The challenges that make our hearts leap and stomachs churn invariably strengthen our faith and grant measures of wisdom and joy we would not experience otherwise.

There's another kind of response, although usually short-lived, an inexplicable shudder of excitement, as if a clarifying moment of calamity has swept away everything trivial and tiny, and placed before us the challenge of important questions.

The moment you enter the Valley of the Shadow of Death, things change. You discover that Christianity is not something doughy, passive, pious, and soft. Faith may be the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. But it also draws you into a world shorn of fearful caution. The life of belief teems with thrills, boldness, danger, shocks, reversals, triumphs, and epiphanies. Think of Paul, traipsing through the known world and contemplating trips to what must have seemed the antipodes (Spain), shaking the dust from his sandals, worrying not about the morrow, but only about the moment.

Finally, we can let love change everything. When Jesus was

faced with the prospect of crucifixion, he grieved not for himself, but for us. He cried for Jerusalem before entering the holy city. From the Cross, he took on the cumulative burden of human sin and weakness, and begged for forgiveness on our behalf.

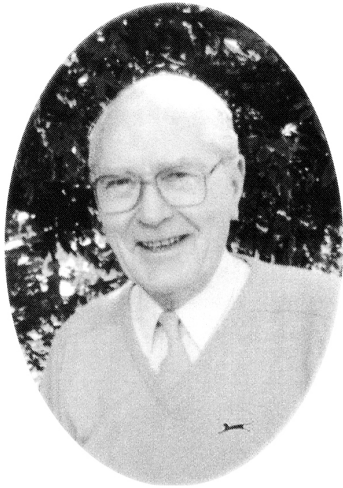
Sickness reminds us of our limitations and dependence. But it also gives us a chance to serve the healthy. Most of us have watched friends as they drifted toward God's arms, not with resignation, but with peace and hope. In so doing, they have taught us not how to die, but how to live.

God doesn't promise us tomorrow, he does promise us eternity - filled with life and love we cannot comprehend - and that one can in the throes of sickness point the rest of us toward timeless truths that will help us weather future storms.

Can we surrender our concern in things that don't matter so that we might devote our remaining days to things that do? The mere thought of death somehow makes every blessing vivid, every happiness more luminous and intense.

What is man that thou art mindful of him? We don't know much, but we know this: no matter where we are, no matter what we do, no matter how bleak or frightening our prospects, each and every one of us who believe, each and every day, lies in the same safe and impregnable place, in the hollow of God's hand.

Tony Snow died in July 2008



At the Gates of Heaven

HUGH NOWELL

*Two of my friends of long standing
and of comparable age, 87 and 88,
recently expressed something of their
understanding of the next life.*

DAVID HIND worked in the post-war years in France challenging the Communist-led unions of France to a bigger vision. He subsequently worked in South Asia, Pakistan, and the Horn of Africa. He also brought his business skills to bear in promoting Rajmohan Gandhi's journal *Himmat* in India, in the printing company of Hawthorne's in Nottingham as well as the publishing work of Initiatives of Change. His final years were given to engaging with post-graduate students at Birmingham University and making visits to China with Gail his wife.

Their home and garden in Redditch has been beautifully created by them. It is bordered with a bank of profusely flowering Himalayan musk roses. David's heart was failing. In his final week, after a time of quiet in the early morning, he said to Gail, "I could walk out of here into heaven."

She later spoke of that wonderful week which they had been given and which was crowned by his peaceful passing. "Suddenly all was quiet and I realised he had slipped away. I could not feel anything but a deep gratitude to God for that week. It was a gift from heaven for both of us.

"I realised death is not the end – but simply a continuation."



BILL PORTER has been the UK chief executive of an international publishing group and is the charismatic founder of the International Communications Forum. In a period, coinciding with his friend David Hind's serious heart condition, Porter fell foul of a terminally dangerous illness himself — an aneurism of the aorta.

He was in his home in Le Touquet, France. Within hours of being admitted into the neighbouring hospital in Boulogne, miraculously enough at 1.30am in the morning it happened that a foremost surgeon of France in dealing with such conditions was visiting that hospital and was able to diagnose the problem. He instantly phoned for a helicopter and flew Bill to Lille where he instructed the staff to prepare the theatre for immediate use at 6am in the morning. Against all the odds - the success rate for this operation is 1 in 10 - the operation was successful and Bill is well on his way to full health.

In the anxious moments after surgery, and while he was recovering, Bill had this insistent vision of arriving at the Gates of Heaven and after requesting admission, received the message back: "Rejected. Task uncompleted. Return home."

As Bill has expressed to his friends, his concern now is to discover in what way he is meant to fulfil that commission!

Footprints in the Sand

MARY STEVENSON

One night I had a dream.
I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord,
And across the sky flashed scenes from my life.
For each scene I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand;
One belonged to me, the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of my life flashed before me,
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.
I noticed that many times along the path of life
There was only one set of footprints.
I noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times
in my life.

This really bothered me and I questioned the Lord about it:
“Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you,
You would walk with me all the way.
But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life
There is only one set of footprints.

“I don’t understand why in times when I needed you most,
You would leave me?”

The Lord replied, “My precious child, I love you
And would never leave you during your times of trial and suffering.
When you see only one set of footprints –
It was then that I carried you.”

Fear in Iraq

*From an Address given by
Capt. STEPHEN COMBE, RM (retd)
at an ANZAC Day Parade, 25 April 2007 in
New Zealand*



I ONLY went to Iraq for the initial phase of the war, for about four months. But many friends are still there, dutifully returning a fourth or fifth time from the peace at home to the hostile Iraqi war zone.

I can remember as we set sail to the Gulf becoming extremely concerned. My conscience was plagued with worries about the justification of our nation's involvement in invading this country. In February 2003 the decision was made to invade a country in the name of freedom. It didn't make sense. I wondered when it came down to it, what would God's judgement be on those taking part?

Many who have gone before us will have faced fear in wartime. The sad truth is that peace seems as far away as ever.

What exactly was I scared of? My fear in Iraq was of an untimely death, but it also felt so wasteful in a war that I did not believe was morally justified. I did not know what to do, so for the first time since my schooldays I had to say my prayers.

This could have been embarrassing in the helicopter, but fortunately there was a ten minute pause between missions, so I got out of the boiling hot cockpit, walked away from my co-pilot and got down on my knees in the desert.

I cannot say that God sanctioned my involvement in the Iraq conflict all of a sudden, but my prayer was answered in a way that I couldn't have imagined. A deep peace suddenly and totally descended upon me. God took away my fear and gave me peace.

In Sickness and in Health

JEANNE FABER

MY life has been fulfilling, rewarding and happy. I assumed this was normal and would always be the case. Then nearly five years ago my husband was suddenly struck by a strange virus that affected his mind and ability to concentrate. Some years later we discovered that our daughter was suffering from severe depression. My world was shattered.

My husband had to drop the activities he had so much enjoyed. He could no longer visit friends, entertain, attend or arrange conferences or meetings, or carry out his normal professional work. He began to wonder what point there was in going on living. One weekend we went away to the country. As we sat on the beach, he said, "I would like to swim out to sea and never come back." It was then I realised how serious his illness was.

Health had been something we had taken for granted. Now we had to learn to live with limitations, as many people do – rejoicing in what we could do and not regretting what we could not; holding on to the belief that he would get better, even when no medical advice seemed to help. I greatly admire the way he coped.

I have had to learn how and when to keep silent, rather than spilling out everything that I am thinking and feeling – and that has not been easy. I needed to be supportive, but not demanding or dominating.

One friend who had faced a similar illness wrote to my husband: "My only advice to you is patience, patience, patience." This proved valid; it took four years for my husband to begin to feel well and enjoy life again, in spite of continuing limitations.

Two years after my husband became ill, we heard that our

daughter had tried to take her own life while on holiday abroad. We only discovered later that she had been suffering from depression, and had hidden it from us because of her father's illness.

My husband drove me through the night to Birmingham to catch the first possible plane. It had proved difficult to communicate with the hospital, because of the language, and they refused to put us through to our daughter on the telephone. I will never forget that flight, not knowing whether she was going to be alive when I arrived, and in turmoil as to why she wanted to end a life which was filled with so much promise – a young woman who was tall, slim, good-looking and extremely capable, with a wonderful gift of care for others.

When I arrived she greeted me with, "I didn't succeed, Mummy." I could only say, "Thank God you didn't."

We set off for London, to be met by a group of her friends who gave her a wonderful welcome and drove her straight to a hospital for tests. Within a few hours we received a confident phone call saying, "I must be as strong as a horse. I have had every test in the book and they can find nothing wrong with me."

* * *

Now began the long haul to recovery, which took immense courage on our daughter's part. My mother, in her nineties, needed looking after – and our daughter, who is a nurse, offered to take care of her. She felt she needed a reason to get up in the morning and some purpose for her life. At one point she had to spend the nights in hospital under medical supervision, while continuing to look after her grandmother during the day. Recently she thanked her grandmother for helping her to get over her depression. The reply was, "What depression, darling?"

Life was a struggle, and it took two and a half years before she

won through. Then, at the point when she was beginning to feel well enough to consider taking up her career again, an amazing thing happened. My sister, who had lived in the States for 35 years, announced that she was getting married for the first time – and that she and her husband had decided that they would make their home in Britain and look after our mother.

So our daughter was free to start work with a nursing agency. She was encouraged by the ward sister to apply for a permanent job, but was turned down on the basis of her medical record. This was a terrible blow, but she had the courage to apply to another hospital, although she was afraid the same thing would happen. She was interviewed by a sympathetic doctor who said, “Of course we will give you a job here,” and congratulated her on how well she had handled her illness.

This was a turning point. Now she had a flat of her own near the hospital and her life was opening up again. She often has to nurse people who have tried to take their lives or are suffering from psychiatric illness and she feels her own illness has given her greater understanding of them. “We are fully trained to look after the medical side,” she says, “but people need help to believe in themselves again and find a purpose for living.”

* * *

Throughout our daughter’s illness I was haunted by deep fears. I also had a sense of guilt, that somewhere along the line we must have failed her and could and should have been able to prevent such a tragedy from occurring. On rare occasions we have been able to talk together about these things. I am sure we made many mistakes, but our daughter has made it plain to us that depression is an illness and we need to accept it as such.

The whole experience of the last years has been one of learning

to trust God. Things certainly did not always happen in the way we hoped for or expected. It is one thing to have faith in general. It is another to trust God in particulars, as a practical daily decision.

There have been so many nights when I have cried myself to sleep, or lain awake in dark despair. I came to dread what the next phone call would reveal. I clamoured at the gates of heaven, but did not always find an answer. God does not seem to wave a magic wand so that all our problems go away when we pray in desperation. But he does give the strength to face the problems.

I learnt I could find peace of heart, whatever the circumstances. A friend said to me once, "It is natural to fear – but you can always choose between fear and faith. They cannot live together in the same heart." Gradually faith did take over from fear – and that is an experience I rediscover time and time again.

There have been so many miracles during these years. Our daughter's decision to look after her grandmother freed us to move to a beautiful, peaceful place in the country. This in itself has brought healing. We have been surrounded by friends. And now we have the joy of seeing our daughter's growing recovery. We believe God saved her life, when logically she should have died. Step by step we have felt God's loving and supporting hand.

And perhaps, at the age of 70, we were meant to find a new pattern for our lives and not go on doing what we had always done. This is a fresh phase – a slowing down, but not a giving up. We have found that God does not only want the work of our hands and our activity, but wants our hearts, our love and obedience, in sickness and in health.

It seems that some of us have to learn the hard way.

*Published in For A Change, 1999
Susan is now a Sister at University College Hospital, London.*



WHAT, man-made, can match the beauty of a Sussex valley turning gold,
With here the gentle yellow, there the flaming red?
An ancient farmhouse shelters in the distant leaside slope, while, far beyond,
On blueing feathery ridge, stand some wind-trained trees.
Is that a slender slither of a sunlit sea that shines?
Such calm, such peace, such food, such nurture for the tensioned soul,
The brain so sorely tried by weekday strife.

This gentle vale, this valley given by a loving God, these crispen, autumn
leaves
That offer up such music to the wandering, shuffling foot;
This little heaven here on earth, this Sussex wood,
Once guarded by the mighty fort that tops the hill,
Relic of some foregone, warring years,
Holding this land against the envy and greed of foreign kings.



Burpham, near Arundel
from a watercolour by Neil Holland

Once armoured knights so proudly rode these lanes,
While yokels bowed and touched their forelocks to carriaged gentry
 passing by,
Horses straining, harness creaking.
Yet still the gentle church gives out its loving peace,
Nestling quietly 'neath the trees and midst the tombs
Of all the generations of those folk long gone.

Dear Lord, when all my striving days are past,
And I may lay my weary body finally to rest,
Please let my fading flesh its final rest obtain
In this rich English soil and in some peaceful slope,
That e'en my aged bones shall there forever lie
And be as one with such rich autumn leaves as these
That year on year will come and come again.

Three Precious Things

*Alan Channer writes of the scattering of his father's ashes
in Hammer Wood, England, on 4 November 2007*

FOUR candles nestled in the leaves. Each flame held brightly in the still morning. A swirl of incense gathered itself into our circle.

Then the priest spoke:

David loved the teachings of Christ. These lines from the Gospels are particularly appropriate at this time:

And as they went in the way a certain man said unto him, "I will follow you whithersoever thou goest." And he said unto him, "Foxes have holes and the birds of the heavens have nests; but the Son of man hath nowhere to lay his head." Christ has nowhere because he has everywhere.

Remembering David, I would like to quote from Lao Tze –
The Three Precious Things:

I hold fast to three precious things, which I also cherish:

The first is gentleness.

The second is economy.

The third is humility.

With such gentleness I can be daring.

With such economy I can be generous.

With such humility I can be great in service,

As a vessel of honour.

The Sangha started to chant and as the voices rose, a heron landed on the far shore of the lake. The scattering of the ashes began: in the air, over the lake, onto the leaf-covered earth and into the waterfall.

Chanting, scattering, water falling, a bird calling and a thought:
"Your refuge is in the truth of the way things are."

Leaves spun out over the lake. When it was over, Sister mentioned quietly: "He is gone into the ocean."

Judge Not!

ALEXIS AFFONSO

I WAS shocked, confused,
bewildered,
As I entered heaven's door,
Not by the beauty of it all,
Nor the lights, or its décor.

But it was the folks in heaven
Who made me splutter and gasp –
The thieves, the liars, the sinners,
The alcoholics and the trash.

There stood the boy from year seven,
Who stole my lunch money twice.
Next to him was my old neighbour
Who never said anything nice.

Judas, who I always thought
Was rotting away in hell,
Was sitting pretty on cloud nine,
Looking incredibly well.

I nudged St Peter,
"What's the deal?
I would love to hear your take,
How'd all these sinners get up here?
God must have made a mistake."

"And why's everyone so quiet,
So sombre, give me a clue."
"Hush child," he said, "they're all in shock.
No one thought they'd be seeing you."



Taking the 'if' out of 'Life'

STEPHEN FOOT

MANY people spend a great part of their conscious life anticipating trouble, worrying over trifles which may or may not happen in the weeks and months, or even years, that lie ahead. What will happen if we miss the train, if I lose my job, if the rates go up, if the children get ill, and all the rest of it?

I well remember that as a young man, still at university, I was deeply worried by the thought that some day I might be unemployed. I pictured myself going from office to office looking for a job, with my clothes and boots getting more and more worn, till finally I ended up on the Embankment!

So real was this foreboding that I made up my mind that with the first money I earned I would buy a Gladstone bag and a new suit of clothes. I would then pack the suit with a five pound note in a pocket, and place the bag in the National Safe Deposit vaults.

Fear of the past, fear in the present, fear of the future. How are they to be overcome? It is possible to cast out fear, to take the anxious 'if' out of life. After more than seventeen years' experience I am completely convinced that God has a plan for my life. I am also convinced that God has a plan for your life, whoever you are, and that he can show you practically and in detail what that plan is.

If you are prepared to follow that plan he will not only give you a peace of mind that passes understanding and a freedom from fear that is beyond description, but he will show you how that plan works in your business or profession, whether you are a miner or a manager, a cobbler or a cabinet minister.

From Life Begins Today, reprinted in Living at Peace, 1953

Fear is a Liar

GARTH LEAN

FEAR is a liar, poisoning today
With fantasies of what may come tomorrow
Until each joy is shadowed by a sorrow
And, dreading it, we leak our lives away.

If we have wife and child, we fear to part;
And if we long, we fear we won't attain
And, snatching at it, even as we gain,
Forfeit the heaven, the harmony, the heart.

Fear is a liar. Truth is that God moulds
Our days in love and with the same precision
As he makes wing for flight, or petal folds
Within a sheath, or shapes an eye for vision.

He hands us strength to welcome what is right –
Then, swift and sudden, hurls us our delight.



What Lies on the Other Side?

BARBARA SUE

A SICK man turned to his doctor as he was preparing to leave the examination room and said, "Doctor, I am afraid to die. Tell me what lies on the other side."

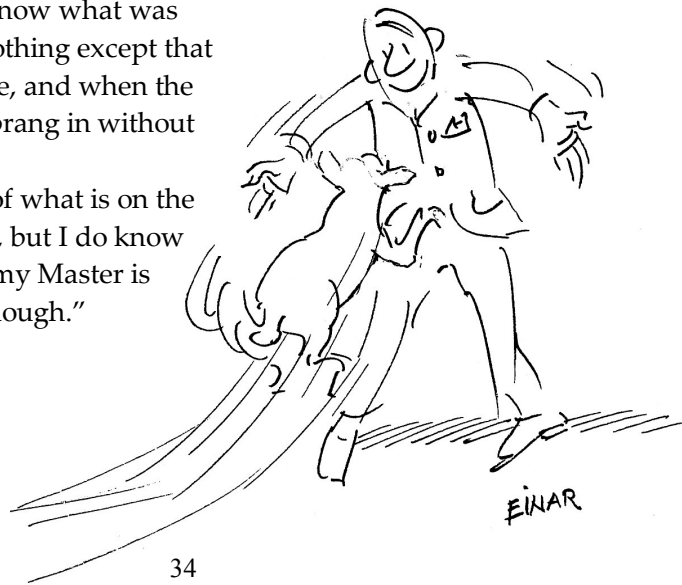
Very quietly, the doctor replied, "I don't know."

"You don't know? You, a Christian man, do not know what is on the other side?"

The doctor was holding the handle of the door; on the other side came a sound of scratching and whining, and as he opened the door, a dog sprang into the room and leapt on the doctor with an eager show of gladness.

Turning to the patient, the doctor said, "Did you notice my dog? He's never been in this room before. He didn't know what was inside. He knew nothing except that his master was here, and when the door opened, he sprang in without fear.

"I know little of what is on the other side of death, but I do know one thing. I know my Master is there and that is enough."



How I Explain God

DANNY DUTTON, aged 8

ONE of God's main jobs is making people. He makes them to replace the ones that die, so there will be enough people to take care of things on earth. He doesn't make grown-ups, just babies. I think because they are smaller and easier to make. That way he doesn't have to take up his valuable time teaching them to talk and walk. He can just leave that to mothers and fathers.

God's second most important job is listening to prayers. An awful lot of this goes on, since some people, like preachers and things, pray at times beside bedtime. God doesn't have time to listen to the radio or TV because of this. Because he hears everything, there must be a terrible lot of noise in his ears, unless he has thought of a way to turn it off.

God sees everything and hears everything and is everywhere which keeps him pretty busy. So you shouldn't go wasting his time by going over your Mum and Dad's head asking for something they said you couldn't have.

Atheists are people who don't believe in God. I don't think there are any in Chula Vista. At least there aren't any who come to our church. Jesus is God's Son. He used to do all the hard work like walking on water and performing miracles and trying to teach the people who didn't want to learn about God. They finally got tired of him preaching to them and they crucified him. But he was good and kind, like his Father and he told his Father that they didn't know what they were doing and to forgive them and God said "O.K."

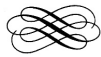
His Dad (God) appreciated everything that he had done and all

his hard work on earth so he told him he didn't have to go out on the road anymore. He could stay in heaven. So he did. And now he helps his Dad out by listening to prayers and seeing things which are important for God to take care of and which ones he can take care of himself without having to bother God. Like a secretary, only more important. You can pray anytime you want and they are sure to help you because they got it worked out so one of them is on duty all the time.

You should always go to church on Sunday because it makes God happy, and if there's anybody you want to make happy, it's God. Don't skip church to do something you think will be more fun like going to the beach. This is wrong. And besides, the sun doesn't come out at the beach until noon anyway.

If you don't believe in God, besides being an atheist, you will be very lonely, because your parents can't go everywhere with you, like to camp, but God can. It is good to know he's around.

Written for his Third Grade homework in California



*You don't stop doing things because you grow old:
you grow old because you stop doing things.*

Thora Hird

The World walked into my Heart

PETER HOWARD

The world walked into my heart today.

My heart is a home with room inside it,
For me myself or for God to guide it,
The world needs the love that I denied it,
The world walked into my heart.

The world walked into my heart forever,
The door is wide and I'll close it never.
I needn't be rich or strong or clever
For the world to walk into my heart.

Black and white and brown and yellow,
The bitter man and the man who's mellow,
The statesman, yes, and the ordinary fellow
They all walked into my heart.

Young folks, old folks, good and rotten,
Famous folks and folks forgotten,
The Cadillac man and the man who picks the cotton
All walked into my heart.

The world walked into my heart.

Sung by Muriel Smith in the American musical The Crowning Experience

When Heaven's morning breaks RUSSI LALA

ENTERING my eighties it is idle to pretend that the idea of death does not cross my mind – the death of someone we love dearly, and of our own. We are on loan to our dear ones and they to us, and “death is only a horizon, and a horizon is nothing but the limit to our sight”.

One’s approach to death is important. A friend had lost her husband a few days earlier. I said “I am sorry” in sympathy. She replied, “It happens.” She taught me in two words what acceptance was. A British friend lost his wife and when I went to England I phoned him to talk about Mary. He replied, “God has taken her and I can trust him and am at peace.”

A priest I know went to see a mother whose son of 18 was killed in a motorbike accident. He was lost for words. She said, “I thank God for the bonus of having such a son for 18 years.”

A trained psychiatrist, who founded the Samaritans in Mumbai wrote to me: “We are praying and thinking of beloved Zia as though she is still in New Mexico, or in Colorado College – even laughing at some jokes we shared together. God graced her with so many gifts, of which we were the recipients for twenty-four long years. Savouring her excellence in all that she did, we bow to the Almighty and thank him for the precious time he gave us with her.” For myself, I can only pray that when:

*Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.*

And as I live

*O guide me, call me, draw me, uphold me to the end,
And then in heaven receive me, my Master and my friend.*

From God's Thread in my Life, Penguin, India 2008

Toad of Toad Hall HUGH NOWELL

IN recent weeks I have felt very akin to Toad of Toad Hall. When I feel fine, nothing seems impossible. When I am feeling unfit, dark thoughts invade my mind and the worst seems likely.

In September I was found to have a lymphoma which required chemotherapy. It is a treatable condition. On asking the consultant if at 77 it was necessary to take the course, he replied with a sympathetic smile that if I didn't, I was likely to be in Heaven in a few months.

Such a revelation has a shaking effect on one's mentality. From enjoying the assumption of a reasonably straightforward passage into one's eighties with wife, family and friends, one is confronted with a very uncertain future.

Basil Hume writes in his most wonderful book *Searching for God* that in his view prayer is a Christian's most important spiritual exercise. With the knowledge of so many devoted friends and family all praying for me, I have come to see this better and have reached the following conclusions, so far.

The outcome of my condition is in the hands of the Almighty and the medics. But the effect on my state of mind is noticeable. I am amazed at the buoyancy I feel - able to face fear and anxiety. I have decided that it is idle to try and picture how I will cope with all the possible dire effects that can afflict me, but must simply take a day at a time doing my best to lift everyone's spirits. For what other good reason is there to continue to be around?

I feel blessed, and am blessed. Now into my third course of chemo, I continue to feel well. Long may it last. But as always the matter does not rest with me. It's probably the way Christians are supposed to live anyway. 2005

In the Departure Lounge

JEANNE FABER

MY husband and I visited Phyllis King, aged 101, living in a care home. Her husband was a Padre in the Royal Air Force and she has been a widow for many years.

We found her cheerful and at peace. When I asked her if she was well looked after she said, "Well, I have my difficulties, but I try to enjoy each day, and to squeeze out of it all I can – and I do a lot of squeezing," she added, with a twinkle in her eye and a laugh.

"I wake with that determination. It's partly a prayer, but has a bit of squeeze in it."

She has her favourite books around her which she reads every morning – books that help encourage and build up her faith. She said, "I leave these books around so that other people can read them, and I get a lot of fun out of thinking what they might find in them and discover about themselves.

"I'm in the Departure Lounge," she added. "Or I suppose I should call it the Arrival Lounge!"



On Phyllis' 101st birthday

"I Want You to Live"

GORDON WISE

ON 20th March 2002 I collapsed on the landing of our home before going to bed. I had had a major stroke.

I remember being carried into the ambulance and taken to hospital.

On one of the following nights I heard the word "Stay", seemingly spoken to me from another place, and I knew I must not give up.

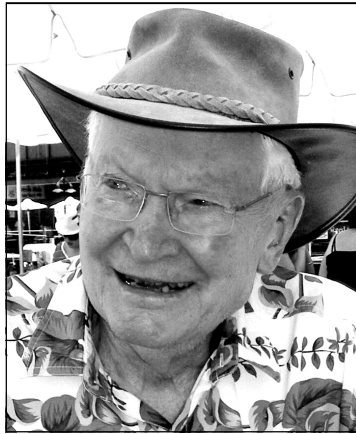
There were many difficulties to cope with from then on. Drip-feeding, infection, rashes on my face, pain in my right leg, total inability to use my right hand or arm or leg, or even sit up, the inability to communicate, to mention some. I was at my lowest ebb.

One night, not aware of sleeping at all, and feeling life was not worth living, I decided to knock on God's door to get his attention.

"Do you want me to live or die?" I asked. I felt so hopeless.

But he said to me, "I want you to live."

From that moment on I began to recover slowly and fought with every ounce of my being to get fit. After six and a half months in hospital I got down to re-writing my memoirs, making certain overseas journeys, and picking up many old connections with people.



From A Great Aim in Life, Caux Books 2004

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgement given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple
We would take him at his word;
And our lives would be all gladness
In the joy of Christ our Lord.

F W Faber

You Are Not Old

Age is a quality of mind.
If you've left your dreams behind,
If hope is cold,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead,
Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,
If in life you keep the zest,
If love you hold,
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

Edward Tuck

So many Christians are like deaf people at a concert. They study the programme carefully, believe every statement made in it, speak respectfully of the quality of the music, but only really hear a phrase now and again. So they have no notion at all of the mighty symphony which fills the universe, to which our lives are destined to make their tiny contribution, and which is the self-expression of the eternal God.

Evelyn Underhill

Death is perhaps the most important moment of our lives. It is certainly as normal a part as being born. It should be the climax. A Scottish lady in her nineties, who had no family of her own and spent her last two years in our home, used to say, "When you get to my age, you can't help wondering just what's round the corner. If what the Bible says is true, it will be wonderful." She slipped away one day with one of our boys doing his homework in her room and the dog curled up peacefully on the floor by her bed.

Dr Frances McCall, in For God's Sake, Doctor, 1984

Advice on the occasion of our engagement:

In February 1963 we received a letter from Peter Howard, which included a sentence we have never forgotten. "The best of luck to you both. Let every joy – and sorrow – draw you and others closer to the reality of God, who knows and loves best."

John and Jeanne Faber

The Padre insisted...

GEOFFREY PUGH

Speaking at Chester Cathedral on Remembrance Sunday, 2002

ON a June day in 1941 a troopship filled with a draft of RAF personnel left Liverpool in a convoy bound for West Africa. The troopship, the HMT Anselm, developed an engine fault and had to turn back to port. Twenty-four hours later it steamed off again with two small escort ships but, separated from the convoy, it had become an easy prey at the height of the U-boat war.

Early on the morning of July 5 the ship was attacked by a German submarine, taking two torpedoes amidships. It began to sink immediately. There was danger of panic on board as men tumbled out of hammocks and rushed on deck to find that some lifeboats were stuck in the davits and some had been launched upside down.

A Padre who had been in the sick bay grabbed his jacket and came up on deck. He made his rounds, seeming, some said, to be everywhere at once, calming fears, getting men into lifeboats and rafts, and when there were none, encouraging men to jump into the sea. One fearful airman felt a hand on his shoulder and a voice in his ear which said, "Go with God." He jumped and was rescued, saving his life.

As the Padre made his way around the decks where the men were quartered, he came across a group of Marines standing around an open hatch. They could see men in the hold where the torpedoes had hit. They were wounded and trapped, as the means of escape had been destroyed and there was no way out.

Quickly grasping the situation, the Padre ordered the Marines to tie a rope round him and to lower him into the hold. They protested, "If you go down there, Padre, you'll never get out." The hold was rapidly filling with water, the decks were awash and to go down was to go to certain death. The Padre nevertheless insisted. "My faith in God," he told them, "is greater than my fear of death and I must be where my men are."

The Marines tied a rope round him, he was lowered into the hold and he reached the men he was after. With the water already swirling around his shoulders, the Padre began praying with all who were trapped. At that point the Marines standing by the hatch jumped for safety themselves. The ship sank within a minute.

Six years later, when the story came to light, the Padre was awarded a posthumous George Cross.

The Padre was my father.



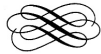
God's Measurements

I wanted to work for the Master.
I asked him for great things to do.
He said, "Have you looked right around you?
The little things need doing too."

I said, "But this place is obscure.
My work would be hidden from sight.
The world might not know of my service,
Or notice the gleam from my light."

"Now that is most strange," said the Master,
"And of it I thought not at all,
For Nazareth was not very big,
And Bethlehem awfully small."

Edith L. Gibson



O God, give me the serenity
to accept the things I cannot change;
the courage to change the things I can;
and the wisdom to know the difference.

Reinhold Niebuhr

Only one You

There is a special task to do
That no one can achieve but you.
There is a wondrous prayer to pray
That none save you can ever say.

A path of promise shines ahead
No other soul may ever tread,
A door into eternity
To which you hold the only key.

God gives his work to countless men
To render back to him again,
But none can weave your patterns through
Because – he only made one YOU.

Anon



May the road rise to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
May the rains fall softly upon your fields.
Until we meet again,
May God hold you in the hollow of his hand.

Gaelic Prayer

A Great Spirit

PATRICK TURNER

Rachel Turner died of cancer, aged 39, in July 2004. She had been diagnosed in 2002. She left a husband, Patrick, and three young children, aged 6, 4 and 2. Her local church and village community were a great source of strength to her: the Anglican Priest was a very close friend to her and Patrick. She also met each week for the last few months of her life with a Catholic nun and drew great reassurance and strength from that. What follows is drawn from what the Priest and Patrick said at her funeral and the party to celebrate Rachel's life afterwards.

RACHEL was a great spirit. The day after she died it suddenly – and rather belatedly – properly dawned on me that I had lived with somebody who, in her own particular and inimitable way, yet retaining flaws and frailties, had allowed herself to become a saint. She died in the end quickly and peacefully. She had her last twelve days at home, surrounded by family and friends. These days were marvellous. She saw and talked to so many friends, face to face and on the phone, finished off journals she had been writing for the children, gave each of them special blessings and saw a lot of her family and mine. We had plenty of chances to talk too. As Rachel said, death is a very busy time!

The last few weeks and months before she died were utterly amazing and extraordinary, full of light and peace, full of coincidences which were not coincidences and whose number just intensified as the end drew near. Rachel gave an amazing amount:



she was determined to give out as much as she could, trying to help people to heal hurts she knew they suffered from, right up until the last day or two. I have never seen anything like it. And those last months were also wonderful times between us. Neither of us would have swapped them for anything.

For me it has had a totally life-changing effect. The last few months were a beginning, not an end, and I can truly say that my life right now feels fuller rather than emptier. She has left a legacy – not least our three wonderful children, Samuel, Isaac and Flora – to last more than a lifetime, and she is very present. So I feel, in the main, extraordinarily calm, very privileged and at peace.

The question “Why did it happen to Rachel?” has no answer, at least for now. But she used to say, “Why not me?” rather than “Why me?”, and more or less her last words to me were, “It’s all been worth it.”

Brian Shand, our Priest, speaking at Rachel’s Service, said: “We all prayed for one miracle (of healing) and we got a different

one. What God did in Rachel Turner was so huge that you'd have had to be blind or stupid to miss it. We have been caught up in something extraordinary. Apparently God wanted us to see what happens when a person makes themselves transparent to him and gives their suffering to him as fully as anyone can. Many people get terminal cancer. Not many people become holy along the way. The process of sanctification happens sometimes – especially in elderly people and after a lifetime's preparation. This 39 year-old did it all in two years and particularly in the last six months."

Rachel's Mum and Dad imbued her with a belief in God, for which she was always grateful. But she said, "I was frustrated as to how to get in touch with him. I didn't know how to." On top of that she always had the sense that nothing was able to fulfil her. Deep inside she was very troubled and unhappy.

But then, in her own words, "One day I was on my own on a trip to London, and somewhere between Milford and Waterloo all the pain and anguish that has been mixed in with the good things was totally taken away, like the morning mist rolling away. And it never came back.

"God reached down to me. It was as if this miracle allowed me to look back as well as forward to see all the light and love that had been there all along. That applied also to my feelings about God. I had not known how to be close to God. Suddenly it was all made so easy. I didn't have to do anything. I just knew he was there and had always loved me. It was like turning the whole of my life on its head and all that was left was the peace and the joy that all my years of struggle had never achieved."

The final milestone on Rachel's inner journey was Ladywell Convent and Sister Catherine Joy. Sister Catherine helped Rachel not just to accept death but to embrace it. Rachel said, "I felt this was the way marked out for me and that I should run it, not flinch

from it, really run it...fixing my eyes on Jesus." For her part, Sister Catherine said, "God sent her to us. She was a gift to our whole community. She's changed my life."

Through reflecting with Sister Catherine on Jesus' death on the Cross, Rachel said, "I realised that God knows exactly what I'm going through because he went through it as a human being. He knows the agony. And he's been through it again with countless souls. And now he's walking it with me."

And in this way, Rachel reminded us of a Christian concept that's almost forgotten these days – making a good death. She let God use her death to bring life to herself and to others.

In a letter to a close friend a week before she died, Rachel wrote, "I believe our one task in life is not to find God, but to allow ourselves to be found by God. If we let go and open our hands, he will find us."

Rachel was transfigured and so was our marriage. She said, "Tomorrow is not going to rob me of today." And with that she also learned to fear death no longer. "If you have a fear, ride straight for it and you'll laugh at it. It's the fear that's the worst thing, not the thing itself."



Thy Way, not Mine, O Lord

HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889)

THY WAY, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine, so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or my wealth.

Not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
By thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

The Answer to Fear

By a Harley Street Surgeon

THE greatest crisis in many a man's life is serious illness, which often dwarfs all other crises. It threatens his securities, shows up what is in his heart and tests his philosophy of life.

We doctors daily find ourselves dealing with such personal crises. We see illness bringing to the surface much that is normally hidden. We see the fears, frustrations and resentments which are the underground movements of the heart, the destructive fifth column we all carry around with us. If, uncovered by crisis, and not dealt with at the time by doctor and patient, they go underground again to breed and increase and finally lead to more serious diseases, not only in men but in nations.

Crisis and disaster reveal to a man his unconscious fears; often they show him, too, that the things on which he has been trusting and depending are crutches.

But there is no need to wait for the hard way; for while God shouts to us through suffering, he is constantly whispering to us through our conscience. Obedience and faith are the answer to fear.

Pain, sorrow, suffering and death are a part of this world that we must all meet. We cannot escape them. If we try to meet them alone, they overcome us; but if we meet them with God they are transformed and become creative. They inspire and develop character. St Paul says, "Tribulation worketh patience, patience endurance, and endurance hope." It is a character-building process.

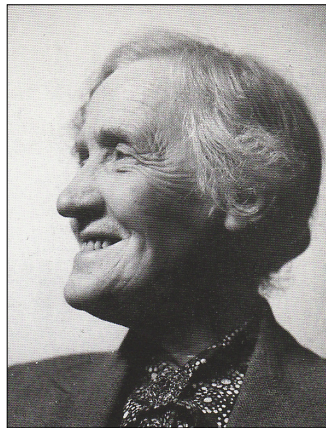
Some people have a philosophy that protects them from the

fear of death, but to those who have not, death is a dreaded mystery. Daily trustful living saves a man from the tormenting fear of going through suffering and death alone. Because he finds God cares for him in the commonplace of life, he has the certainty that in crisis he will do the same.

I have known many men and women who have turned what some would have thought was the tragedy of death into triumph for themselves and others. Death did not overwhelm them. They conquered death. They knew how to die because they had first discovered how to live. The following story may give confidence to those who long to meet that crisis fearlessly.

Annie the Valiant

ANNIE, a valiant and great-hearted woman, at the age of sixty-two sold her little shop and all she had for forty pounds, so as to spend the rest of her days to bring unity in divided homes and a divided world. In a year or two she lived in more than a hundred homes, and everywhere she united husband with wife, children with parents, class with class, faction with faction. She spent herself unsparingly. "None of us," she said, "can have this life on the cheap. There is a price to pay every day. For me the hardest was and is my will." She always carried these lines around with her:



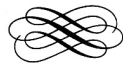
*I have no jewels to adorn thy crown;
No far-famed sacrifice to make. But here
Within my trembling hand I bring
This will of mine; a thing that seemeth small.
But Thou alone wilt understand
How when I yield Thee this, I yield my all.*

I knew her well. She died in America, and a colleague who looked after her in her last illness wrote: "Out of her faith, Annie Jaeger's spirit rose triumphant over pain and weakness. The doctors were amazed at her freedom from pain. They could not understand the slow progress of the disease and her continued strength. Examinations never disclosed any reason for it except the sheer quality of her fighting spirit.

"Annie was simple in her faith. She loved the Lord, listened to him and obeyed him. There was no sadness in that room. At the end she was triumphant over disease, and not disease and death over her.

"Watching with a person like Annie one sees life in a whole new light. I saw with tremendous clarity how a guided and victorious person who will go forward to meet and accept suffering, not resisting it but absorbing it, can change even the course of the disease and her own exterior circumstances."

from Living at Peace, ed. by Marjorie Proctor, Blandford Press 1953



How I Cheated the Fat Lady

GEOFFREY LEAN

IT all began ten days before the Gulf War, with a sharp pain in my stomach. My doctor diagnosed a twisted bowel and sent me to my local hospital for an emergency operation. I remember a needle being stuck into my arm, committing myself and my family rather nervously to the Almighty, and no more.

I woke in intensive care nearly a month later, trapped in a spaghetti junction of transparent tubes, totally paralyzed, unable to speak and breathing, with the help of a ventilator, through a hole in my neck. My doctors say they cannot count how often they had hauled me back from 'halfway through the pearly gates'.

Accounts differ as to what went wrong in the first place, but it seems clear that the operation was delayed for too long. After that there was a series of complications, in my lungs, pancreas, kidneys and finally my muscles, which, as a result of an extremely rare condition, literally dissolved.

My wife, Judy, scarcely left my bedside for weeks on end, while close family and friends looked after our two young children. One night she was told I was almost certain to die. "We had managed to keep a crack of a window of hope open, even at the worst moments," she says, "but now the window closed. It was unspeakable."

Just then our vicar came flapping reassuringly down the corridor and Judy, anguished by my suffering, asked if she should let me go. Searching frantically for inspiration, he replied that as I still seemed to be fighting, she should go on fighting too.

“So,” she says, “we went back to the prayers and to telling you: ‘Don’t you dare die on us!’” Judy and my sister encouraged each other with the US election saying ‘It’s not over until the fat lady sings’.

All the time messages of support flooded in. The unlikeliest people revealed that they were praying for my recovery. Groups of friends met at noon each day to pray for 20 minutes, others in the United States rose at 7am so as to pray at the same time. It was bewildering, when I woke, to discover how much people had cared.

Breakthrough

The crucial break arose from this concern. An *Observer* colleague “suddenly thought out of the blue” of ringing her father, a consultant physician. He suggested getting a second opinion, and the *Observer* appealed to Professor Ronald Bradley of the intensive care unit of St Thomas’s, one of London’s teaching hospitals. A couple of days later, when my kidneys failed and the local hospital no longer had the facilities to cope, Bradley arranged for me to be moved to his unit, in the only ambulance in Britain with the technology to keep me alive. Once there he started to ‘unpick’ my problems.

In my coma, I was not oblivious. I could not see, but I could hear and feel. I could hear the nurses telling me that they were about to take my blood pressure or give me an injection, and I could feel the tourniquet or needle. I could feel Judy’s fingers entwined with mine and hear her talking to me. Without the nurses’ warnings, and her presence, I would, I think, have been very scared.

The rest of the coma was an extraordinarily vivid dream. Much of the real world filtered through. I knew, for instance, when the Gulf War began.

Twice I knew I was near death. It was a remarkably matter-of-fact feeling, not frightening at all. I felt ready to accept it, but determined that it would have to work very hard to get me. Each time, it was Judy's presence that rescued me: the second time, I had to take a conscious decision to recover.

Much of the dream was about being paralyzed and voiceless. I slid from the coma into reality and cannot, to this day, mark the transition. I could only move my lips, eyes and the tips of my fingers.

It was a carnival day when they first let me sip some water. Three weeks later they put a silver tube in my neck that gave me back my voice. Gradually the muscles began to return. Another three weeks and I could lift my hand to my chest, hold a book and read.

First steps

By then, I had been moved to the Lane Fox Unit. The brainchild of Dr Geoffrey Spencer, it rehabilitates people whose lives have been saved, but still need technology to survive. I was there for the next four months, gradually relearning things I had once taken for granted. It took weeks to learn to stand and then to walk again.

Last July, six months to the day after I first entered hospital, I spent my first night at home. I can now walk a couple of miles and am working again. Everyone says I will recover completely. I have been very lucky.

I hope I shall never forget being quadriplegic and then wheelchair-bound. I have learned about the courage of people in appalling circumstances. After that comatose decision, I never doubted I would get better. There were so many around me, far braver, who faced being handicapped for life.

Judy and I have always been fortunate in our marriage, but this

experience has given us even greater love and respect for each other. They say at St Thomas's that a loving family is one of the things that makes the difference between life and death in the desperately ill - and I certainly had that.

My faith has grown, both in God and other people. I have gained in assurance and I think I am less worried by little things than in the past. And I know, from the visits that I can recall, that the shallows of the ocean of death are a peaceful and strangely welcoming place to be.

Geoffrey Lean is the Environment Correspondent of the Observer, London, from which this article is abridged, 1992



An Assurance

SALLY BAYNARD-SMITH

SOON after my sister Nancy's sudden tragic death in a car crash on her own, which left us all devastated, I was sitting in church trying to make sense of it all.

Clearly her voice came to me saying, "I am most terribly sorry to have done this to you. All is well!"

It was obviously Nancy's voice and manner, and I could not doubt, then or since, that wherever she is her concern was and is for us, and that God was assuring us that all was well for her.



Nancy Hore-Ruthven

Stark Tragedy or Adventure?

ELSIE KNEBEL

JOY! At the last supper, according to St John's Gospel, Jesus says to his disciples, "I have told you this that my joy may be within you and your joy complete." He prays twice for his joy to be in them. His friends must have known him as a man of joy.

Then follows stark tragedy.

Then joy bursts all bounds. One of the mighty truths of the Christian faith has taken place. Christ has risen! The Christian life is one joy after another, so it seems to me. There was I, full of energy, never ill, hardly a cold in winter. Then suddenly — cancer, dependence on others, death not far away. But there has been joy round every corner.

There has been the marvel of God's provision and a welcome to the home of friends with care beyond belief. There is joy every day in the love of friends. The woman who brings the papers to our home has been a wonderful friend to me. Almost every day come neighbours, old friends and colleagues, letters from every continent — those marvellous flowers!

Then there is the joy of sins seen more clearly and forgiven, and relationships healed.

For thirty years I have designed books, posters and every kind of publicity for Moral Re-Armament and the Westminster Theatre. It has always been a pleasure to have such a purpose for my training and talents. I am convinced I was doing what God wanted and was working for him. But at times the work began to mean too much and people too little. I grudged young people doing the work

better than I, and had a cold, proud heart towards my colleagues.

During this illness, I have seen the priorities more clearly. What is important is not, primarily, the work we contribute, but if we lift the hearts and strengthen the faith of everyone we touch. Those who have asked and received forgiveness know the joy that follows.

Above all is the joy of having faith and hope to give to those who come, and to know that when I am too weak to give anything, Jesus can give the most.

Death is one more step in faith, and faith has always been an adventure. "The news of great joy that is meant for all people" spans the life of Jesus from Christmas to Easter.

Christ is risen!

We too shall rise.



Reprinted from New World News, 1973

Be Happy for Tomorrow

You can shed tears that she is gone,
Or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes, and pray that she'll come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her,
Or you can be full of the love you shared,

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she's gone,
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back,
Or you can do what she'd want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

David Harkins

Chosen by the Queen to be read at her mother's funeral, 2002

Death is not the End

Death is not the end. It is not the end of life, or love, or beauty. It is not the end of anything good, worthwhile or lovely. It is not the end of our spiritual or moral development.

Like sailors, looking out over the waters, we can only see as far as the horizon, which we call death. But beyond that horizon lies so much more, hidden from our eyes, but revealed in good time to our mind and hearts by faith. Beyond lies a new kind of life, where peace and happiness prevail.

The Friendly Finger

GARTH LEAN

FEAR is the friendly finger of my need
Pointing past helplessness to sure release.
Without its prompting I might never heed
My want, my lack, my utter nothingness.

There wisdom lies - and if I turn with speed
The certain power of God is set in motion;
But if I wait, a hundred evils breed
Wrong action, faulty judgment, loose emotion.

Quick to be honest - then the terrors flee
And in a moment peace and courage come.
That which I feared to lose or not to gain
Is gladly given, and sweet contentments dumb
The tumult of my mind, and I am free.

So in a dusty land begins the rain.

The Barber's shop

A MAN went to a barber's shop to have his hair cut and his beard trimmed. As the barber began to work, they started to have a good conversation. They talked of many things and when eventually they touched on the subject of God, the barber said: "I don't believe God exists."

"Why do you say that?" asked the customer.

"Well, you just have to go out in the street to realise that God doesn't exist. Tell me, if God exists, would there be so many sick people? Would there be abandoned children? If God existed, there would be neither suffering nor pain. I cannot imagine a loving God who would allow all of these things."

The customer thought for a moment, but did not respond because he didn't want to start an argument.

The barber finished his job and the customer left the shop. He saw a man in the street with long, stringy hair and an untrimmed beard. He looked dirty and unkempt.

The customer turned back and entered the barber's shop again and said, "You know what? Barbers do not exist."

"How can you say that?" asked the surprised barber. "I'm here and I am a barber. I just worked on you."

"No!" the customer exclaimed. "Barbers do not exist because if they did there would be no people with dirty long hair and untrimmed beards like the man outside."



"Oh, but barbers DO exist! That's what happens when people don't come to me."

"Exactly," affirmed the customer. "That's the point! God, too, exists. That's what happens when people do not go to him and don't look to him for help. That is why there is so much pain and suffering in the world."

Dell's Story

HUGH WILLIAMS

IT all started on holiday in Anglesey when Dell noticed that, when we were in the car, her seat belt felt more and more uncomfortable. As soon as we arrived home she asked for an appointment at our surgery. The young woman doctor immediately suspected what the problem might be and referred her to our local General Hospital. Within two weeks Dell underwent surgery which confirmed the GP's diagnosis. Both ovaries were infected with cancer and had to be removed.

I was in despair. I knew that the survival rate from ovarian cancer was only 15%, due to the difficulty of detecting it early enough and the position of the ovaries close to other vital organs. Dell's reaction was totally different. In the language of one who comes from a long line of butchers and farmers she said in a loud voice "I'm going to kill the b****r".

Surgery was followed by chemotherapy and after several months she was given the all-clear and normal life was resumed.

Six years later, however, the cancer returned. At our local hospital the consultant gynaecologist admitted that she was uncertain – surgery or further chemotherapy? Wisely she referred us to St Thomas's, one of London's premier teaching hospitals. There the senior consultant was strongly against surgery, as far too risky, and recommended further chemotherapy. In a corner of her consulting room sat a man who I imagined was an assistant or trainee. He was leafing through Dell's file, which had been sent up from Maidstone. At one point he interjected and said, "I notice you have been seeing Dr...", naming a consultant neurologist from King's College Hospital who also saw patients in Maidstone. In my

arrogance and ignorance I said dismissively, "Oh, that's quite a different issue and has nothing to do with this." He fixed me with a beady eye and said quietly, "I wouldn't be so sure". He was in fact a leading consultant oncologist whose special interest was the link between ovarian cancer and a particularly virulent strain of cerebella ataxia. What had brought him to our interview was his concern that cerebella ataxia, which affected Dell a few years earlier, might be of this deadly type, in which case she would not have long to live. It is a rare condition that only seems to attack in later years and results in loss of balance and slurring of speech. Normally it is slowly but stubbornly progressive. It was for this that Dell had been seeing the neurologist.

So as well as a further chemotherapy, Dell was referred to the National Neurological Hospital in Queen Square, London. She was seen by a delightful young doctor who was also an expert in the connection between ataxia and ovarian cancer. He asked her about her family history. When he heard that Dell's mother had suffered the same symptoms and had been treated at the same hospital he ordered up her notes from twenty years previously!

A tense moment for Dell. Her brother had warned her never to go near the Queen Square hospital because their mother had been misdiagnosed and wrongly treated there. But our consultant was most reassuring. He admitted that the condition had not been fully understood during her mother's time and assured Dell they would never treat someone that way now. Then he drew a family tree and showed her that her type of ataxia was not the aggressive strain linked to cancer but an inherited genetic disorder. The up-side was that it would affect her only gradually and slowly. The down-side was that, being genetic, it was not treatable. I asked the 64 dollar question – would she end up in a wheelchair? He thought for a moment: "Given normal life expectancy, I don't think so. A stick

perhaps, maybe two sticks later on, but not a wheelchair." That was nine years ago! But what is 'normal life expectancy' for someone with ovarian cancer? Dell does now use a stick – and my arm, when we go out!

The chemotherapy, with all its miserable side-effects, again seemed to work and Dell was in remission for another five years. But then the cancer returned again and with it a third round of chemotherapy. This time our oncologist was determined to knock it out altogether and Dell underwent a course of radiotherapy as well. We had high hopes. I had to have heart valve replacement and by-pass surgery for the second time, as my first replacement valve had sprung a leak, and as before, Dell was in remission and able to look after me as I recovered slowly from the operation. We seem to take it turns to look after each other! However, less than two years later the tell-tale markers revealed that her cancer had returned yet again. Only this time it had spread.

Dell faced up to this setback with her usual stoicism and rugged determination. But she has her occasional moments of doubt and uncertainty. One day over breakfast she said, "It's going to get me in the end, isn't it?" I tried to reply gently but honestly. I said we are all going to die of something some day – her cancer, my heart, or something totally different - and we are well into our seventies. My second point was that we need to look back as well as forward and remind ourselves of the fifteen marvellous years together since the first diagnosis and my near despair, when I thought she was a goner - and for all we knew we would have many more.

So through the summer of 2008 Dell underwent her fourth course of chemotherapy, six doses at three weekly intervals. The consultant was not sure how her body would react – whether she might have built up an allergy to having the same drug so many

times. But he felt we should try it. Dell is limited in the types of drug she can have because of her ataxia. The first two doses produced nausea and retching that went on for days. She could not keep anything down and became seriously dehydrated. On her GP's advice I took her to A & E at the hospital where they put her on a saline drip. Next afternoon her colour had returned and she was bright and cheerful. She said it had been like a mini-holiday! The chemotherapy nurses changed her medication and the remaining four doses were trouble-free.

As I write we do not yet know how successful this latest course of chemotherapy has been. In the meantime we are able, at last, to take a holiday. We take one day at a time, living life to the full and enjoying our married sons, our grandchildren and our many friends in the village and beyond. Walking unaided is increasingly difficult for Dell but we are fortunate still to have a car so she is able to get about, driving herself for shorter distances and peacefully sleeping at my side as I drive the longer journeys through our beautiful countryside. She remains passionate about her garden, though she now weeds sitting on a garden chair.

Dell still enjoys entertaining guests, whether they come for a cup of tea, a meal or overnight. And she continues with her art and craft work, and three times a year she does the page design and photo research for the newsletter of Friends of Renewal Arts, UK. Quiet times of listening and prayer, bible reading, and worship in our medieval village church enrich both our lives and give us a secure base in the knowledge of God's love. The political scene and the cultural life of our country, followed through newspapers, magazines, radio and television interest her a great deal. She hasn't yet "killed the b****r". But neither has it yet killed her. Nor will it do so easily. Each time it attacks she fights back with the same defiant determination and astounding courage.

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free.
In following the path God has chosen, you see,
I took his hand when I heard him call,
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day
To laugh, to love, to work, to play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way.
I've now found peace at the end of the day.

If my parting has left a void
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Oh yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
Look for the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I've savoured much,
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief.
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your hearts and peace to thee,
God wanted me now. He set me free.

Shannon Moseley

I Took the High Road

I took the high road, where I knew
How to live and what to do,
Where I could drive ahead full speed
Not waste time thinking of my need,
And do His work, if not His will;
But for His mercy, I'd be there still.

A lane that runs beside the road,
Along the Master quietly strode.
Was I too busy now to spend
Some precious hours with my friend?
To change for him my metalled road,
To shed for him my self-borne load?

I left the rush, I left the din,
His simple walk to follow in,
Not knowing which way he will lead,
But honest, quiet, and in need.

E.B.U.P.

Near Death

SUZANNE HOWELL

AFTER a long day out making various visits, three of us were driving back to Lagos, in Nigeria, as darkness fell. Many trucks were heading out on overnight journeys. Our driver was dazzled by the headlights and failed to see a stationary truck parked on our side without lights. We went into it, and our small Volkswagen just crumpled up. I was knocked out with head injuries; the driver escaped only slightly hurt, and the third passenger with a badly fractured arm.

Fortunately, a doctor happened to come by very soon and got us out of the wreckage and into a small village clinic, where we were given first aid by the light of hurricane lamps. From there we were taken by ambulance to Lagos. A Danish nurse, who was part of our force, praying and steadying me as the ambulance sped along, had the clear thought: "Suzanne will live!"

I was unconscious for four days and there was not much hope that I would recover. My father was in Ghana and it took two days to reach him with the news and get him back to Lagos.

Meanwhile cables had gone out asking for prayers for me. Dr Frank Buchman sent a telegram to my father: "Deeply distressed by news of Suzanne. After a time of quiet and prayer the thought came—infinite promise and hope for the future." My father (Rear Admiral Sir Edward Cochrane) received this before going to the hospital, where the doctors still had very little hope. After four days I started to come round and I tried to figure out where I was and how I had got there.

It seemed to me that I had been climbing up a hill through mists and that, near the top, a tall man stopped me. There was a light behind his head so I could not see his face. He said, "You can't go any further. You must go back."

Thinking perhaps that I was near the next world, I asked if I could see my mother who had died the year before, and my brother who had been killed during World War II. The man shook his head and said, "No, you can't see them, they are well and happy but you must go back—you have not finished the work God has for you to do." I turned round and slowly the mists cleared and I saw that I was in a strange room.

Word soon got around that I had regained consciousness, and there was much rejoicing for my father and my friends. A few days later one of the Nigerian nurses came into my room, her face shining. "Good morning. My turn to wash you—I love to wash a miracle!"



*O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life,
until the shades lengthen, and the evening comes,
and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over,
and our work is done.
Then, Lord, in thy mercy, grant us safe lodging,
a holy rest, and peace at the last;
through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

John Henry Newman

What God looks like

A kindergarten teacher was observing her classroom of children while they were drawing. She would occasionally walk round to look at each child's work.

As she approached one little girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was.

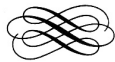
The girl replied, "I'm drawing God."

The teacher paused and said, "But no one knows what God looks like."

Without hesitation or looking up from her drawing, the girl replied: "They will in a minute."



Taken from Stoke Gabriel parish magazine



The Road

Nobel Laureate RABINDRANATH TAGORE

WHERE the mind is without fear, the head is held high, and
knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by
narrow domestic walls;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way in the
dreary desert sand of dead habit;

Where words spring out from the depths of Truth and tired
striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening
spheres of thought and action;

Into that heaven of freedom, O my Father, let my country
awake!

*Rabindranath Tagore, a Bengal poet and prophet for the non-violent
revolution in the turmoil of the run-up to Independence,
was a disciple and co-worker with Mahatma Gandhi.*

* * *

*LET not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.
In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would
have told you.*

*I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place
for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I
am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye
know.*

John 14

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow thee.

Drop thy still dews of quietness
 Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace.

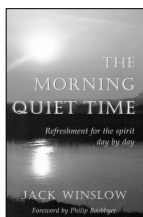
Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
 O still small voice of calm!

John Greenleaf Whittier 1807-92



The world we inhabit is a pathway to the world beyond.

For further reading

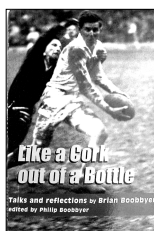
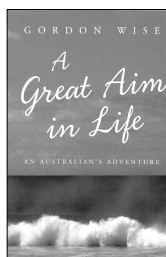


The Morning Quiet Time by Jack Winslow £3

This book takes us all back to the roots of spiritual life, where the Holy Spirit can breathe new life into old forms. It combines the brevity to suit busy people with the simplicity accessible to everyone and the profundity that leads into new realms.

A Great Aim in Life by Gordon Wise £10

A story of enduring friendships and personal challenges – of learning about leadership, responsibility and humility.



Like a Cork out of a Bottle by Brian Boobbyer £5

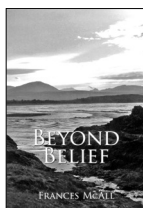
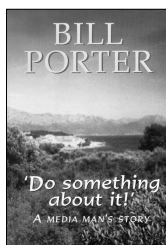
This is a book to refresh mind and spirit. Boobbyer was one of the outstanding sportsmen of his generation. This collection of short pieces reflects his faith, his love of nature and literature, and his passion for sport.

A String of Pearls compiled by Jeanne Faber £2.50

Compiled in loving and appreciative memory of a friend I greatly admired, Ethel Roberts. After she died I found a series of notebooks of quotations and thoughts that had meant most to her and wanted others to enjoy and benefit from them too.

"Do something about it!" by Bill Porter £12.50

Are you satisfied with the media? Could it be a more constructive influence? Here is the story of one who believes that the media can be a decisive force for justice, freedom and peace in the 21st century.



Beyond Belief by Frances McAll £3

Written for her grandchildren and great grandchildren. "I am so glad to be able to express to my family and friends – and others hopefully! – all that has meant most to me in my life."

Available from John Faber, 2 Batworth Park House, Arundel BN18 9PG