



All Saints Newsletter 2023

Dear friends,

The year since the last All Saints letter has been a time of joy and sorrow for CAH. St Andrew's Day 2022 saw Sr Sheila celebrate her 50th Profession Anniversary, with Sr Pamela coming to stay in Bungay for a time, so we were able to celebrate together. It fell on the day that Holy Trinity, Bungay has a weekly Eucharist, so we joined them there, and our Visitor, Bishop Tim, celebrated for us. It was lovely to share this day with Sr Sheila's fellow parishioners. We followed the service with coffee and cake (in good CAH style!) before spending the rest of the day together. Then in January came the sad news of Sr Violet's death. Sr Violet had been unable to walk for several years, and spent much time sleeping, so it was a true release for her. But CAH without Sr Violet in it seems very strange, almost the beginning of a new era.



Her funeral was also different; in recent years, the funeral service had also been a requiem, but we had not had a death since Sr Jean died in 2014, when we were still living at Ditchingham, and had a resident chaplain. Much has changed since then, so the decision was taken that her funeral would be a simple one, in All Hallows Chapel where she had worshipped for so long. A Requiem was held later for her in the Chapel at the Bungay house. The Reverend Reg Kirkpatrick, Chaplain to All Hallows Care Home where Sr Violet spent her last years, took the funeral. A good number of people were able to attend, after which she was buried in the Convent cemetery, then we went back to the Chapel where Emmaus produced some lovely refreshments. Sr Violet was very supportive of Emmaus when they

first moved on site, so it was fitting that they contributed towards her funeral.

Lent arrived, then Sr Margaret was taken into the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, initially, we thought, for tests. I was busy on the Saturday morning, so had thoughts of visiting on Sunday afternoon. I was about to start washing up after lunch on Saturday, when I heard that she had deteriorated, and wasn't expected to last the night. Washing up was abandoned, as I made my way to get the bus, and was able to spend some time with her in her last hours. I was glad I was able to be there, especially as she herself had spent many hours sitting with the dying. She died early the next morning. This came as something more of a shock, as it wasn't expected until those last few days.

Her funeral was held in the week after Easter, in the same style as Sr Violet's. Sr Margaret had asked to be cremated, so in June a few of us gathered in the Convent cemetery, where her ashes were interred. Both Sr Violet and Sr Margaret are remembered later in this letter. Both funerals were a mixture of joy and sorrow, as we mourned a departed Sister, yet rejoiced in the fact that they are with our Lord, and their suffering is over. I am sure it was coincidence that we had 'Thine be the glory' for both funerals, but ending with that song of triumph in Jesus' resurrection victory was a fitting acknowledgement that, while we mourn their passing, their death is not the end.

May brought both the King's coronation and the 650th anniversary of the showings of Julian of Norwich, although plans for celebrating the latter had to be adjusted once the date of the former was announced. Watching the Coronation on a large screen, I was very aware of how traditional it was in many ways, yet how relevant much of it was for today's world, especially the various promises the King made. The 650th anniversary has been observed with various events throughout the year, with a focus on the first week in May which ended on the Saturday with the traditional Julian day, including lecture, and on the Sunday with a service in Norwich Cathedral. All Hallows House in

Norwich has now been open for over a year, and is going well, with visitors returning and many compliments. The Julian Centre is also open at times, depending on availability of volunteers.



The next joyous occasion as far as the Community was concerned was Jackie's clothing at the end of May, on the feast of the Visitation of Mary to Elizabeth. There were a few 'CAH' friends around, as well as some friends of Jackie's who were able to make the journey down here, and it was with joy that we welcomed her. The clothing service takes much the same form as it did when I was clothed, quite short, but giving

the time for the new novice to make her promises to the Community, before being taken out to be clothed in her habit; after which a sermon is preached, and the service ends with 'Be thou my Vision', an appropriate hymn for someone making this particular step in her journey of commitment to God.

Sr Edith Margaret continues to live in All Hallows Care Home, where she is able to join in the weekly Eucharist. Our extended family in the form of our Associates and Oblates each meet at the Bungay house regularly, and have had some interesting days together. This year, both groups heard stories of a member's visit to the Holy Land, and the Associates have also spent time sharing parables, either one that spoke to them or one that they found difficult. It is good that they and we can still share in life together in our new format. One of our Oblates also cares for the Chapel at the Convent, and regularly prays there. A new initiative has come about called Pilgrims, which meets twice a month, once on the first Wednesday evening at the Chapel, and on the last Saturday of the month somewhere for a pilgrim walk.

More details can be found on the website of the Earsham benefice, which includes the parish of Ditchingham.

Sisters get together as well, and on a recent Community day, Sr Sheila, Sr Elizabeth and I were able to make our way to Wymondham to visit Douglas, one of our former organists, whom I hadn't seen since we dispersed, but who had played regularly for us for many years. It was lovely to catch up with him. The central point of the year is our time in Whitby, when we all gather together for Chapter, retreat and holiday. It is always good to spend time this time with each other, and it is a helpful mixture of silence and talking. This year we also got to know Sr Pamela's new dog, Sebbi, who is very friendly, and would quite happily curl up with any of us, and would often greet each one of us when he entered the room.

While it may seem strange to meet, and then spend much time not talking, that space in retreat together is a bonding part of our Community life, and we are always grateful for the Sisters at Whitby for their hospitality and giving us that time and space to spend with each other. The holiday days give us the opportunity to relax together, and this year we spent one day in Whitby, which is a yearly ritual, and on the other we visited two local churches at Lythe and Hinderwell. Both were interesting spaces, and prayerful churches. The church at Lythe had amazing views over the sea. Another church that I personally visited recently was St Remigius, in Hethersett, a lovely space, which also has a Community connection. Sr Catherine's father, John Still, was rector there in the early twentieth century, and died during a service in 1914. It was moving to see the memorial to him on the spot he died, and interesting to visit the church where Sr Catherine worshipped for several years.

In our early days, the Community had contact with M. Lavinia's immediate family but the link has long since been lost, so it was



interesting to receive an email from her great, great niece. She and her husband came to Norfolk for a few days, and were able to see M. Lavinia's grave, the site at Ditchingham and various family memorials in Norwich Cathedral, before meeting me for a chat.

It was a lovely connection to make, and to share something of M. Lavinia's work with them. We've had various contact from people tracing ancestors, often women who had been in our care for a while, less often the family of a Sister. The latter is always special, as there is a sense in which the families of our Sisters are part of our wider family too. Co-incidentally, we also had a contact from the family of Sr Emmeline, who knew very little about her other than the fact that she was registered here on the census, and I was able to share something of Sr Emmeline's life with them. She was professed in 1878, and died in 1924, working in different houses, including both the Orphanage and House of Mercy.

Having now been dispersed for five years, we are settled into our new lives, even with the disruption of the pandemic. For each of us, this continues to grow and evolve as our pattern of prayer and work continues, rooted very much in that prayer and our saying of the Daily Office. We may not always be praying in the same physical space, but our praying still binds and unites us, to each other, and to God.

With our love and our prayers
THE SISTERS OF ALL HALLOWS

Sr Violet RIP – Reflection by Sr Rachel

That Sr Violet lived for 96 years says much about her energy for life, especially in view of the fact that she was not expected to survive long after her birth. The smaller, and weaker, of twin girls, she was baptised then and there by her aunt, if I remember correctly, and given the name of her two grandmothers – Violet Katherine. However, baby Violet was a fighter, and survive she did. Then came the time for her twin sister, Rosemary, to be baptised ... it seemed a bit strange to baptise one twin and not the other, so Violet Katherine was duly baptised



again. A younger sister, Ann, came along a few years later, and when their father, who was in the army, was sent to India, their mother went with him, leaving the three girls in the care of their grandparents. They were sent to boarding school – All Hallows School, Ditchingham, a choice which would profoundly influence Violet's life.

Violet did well at school, becoming head girl, and going on to London to study history, after which she became a teacher, working for a short time in Canterbury, before following her calling back to Ditchingham, where she became a Novice in the Community of All Hallows – one of ten! Her status as one of very few Sisters who have been both at the school, and a member of Community, means some stories have come down to us that might otherwise have remained unavailable. Such as this of Sr Jessie Mary, Sister in Charge in Violet's early years as a pupil:

'[Sr Jessie Mary] was a tall, imposing woman who commanded respect. She had a habit of jangling her keys as she walked through the school. The cry 'Cave' rang through the corridors, 'Jammy is

coming' but I guess she did it on purpose to alert mischievous girls as a warning. Sister had a deep prayer life and she helped in the preparation for Confirmation and First Communion and Confession. Of the latter, she said 'It is not a flea hunt'. I discovered from her that God could be loved for himself.'

A direct quote from Sr Violet, which she wrote for me in response to an enquiry, and possibly an indication that Sr Violet's time at the school may have paved the way for her eventual vocation, and laid some of the foundation for her faith.



As a trained teacher, one of Sr Violet's early roles in the Community was back to school as teaching history, one she performed for many years. Gardening was also a regular task, for most Sisters, and one I think Sr Violet enjoyed, needing the physical activity as well as intellectual stimulation. Never one to take things quietly, she affected the lives of generations of Novices when she pointed out to the Community's Warden that she was expected to teach current events to pupils at the school, but wasn't allowed to see any newspapers. The

custom quickly came in that the Novices were to have the papers a day late, once the professed sisters had finished with them; a custom which was still in place when I joined.

Keeping in touch with current events was a lifelong activity for Sr Violet, and one she could get quite engaged with. She was professed with fellow novice, Sr Daphne, in 1954, and over her life performed many different roles. Teacher, guest Sister, reverend mother She wrote our history, a book which is still invaluable today.

She spent some time at Norwich Cathedral, returning to Ditchingham in 1996. It was at this stage that I joined the Community, and it is in this phase of her life that I knew her. Not long after I joined, she became pastoral Sister at our Hospital, a new venture for her and one which she took on with typical dedication; she also taught us church and community history as Novices, arranging for us to go on a trip to the farm in Shipmeadow where the Community started; she was Associates' sister for a long time, and then took over as Oblates' Sister, one of her last official roles in the Community.

One of my favourite memories of her is from a Community trip to Bressingham Steam Museum. There they have a set of gallopers: like a carousel, but with horses that go up and down, as they move round. Several of us had a ride, some taking the safe option and sitting in the sleighs the horses were pulling, and some of us going on the horses. Sr Violet's comment was that she thought she could get on one of the horses, if we helped her on one that was lower to the ground. Sr Pamela and I duly did, and she had what she thought was her first ride ever on a galloper, well into her 80s!

Another memory I treasure is when she was older, her health wasn't so good and she had begun walking with a stick. We were in the kitchen when she said that she realised that in the past when she thought she had been being firm, she had actually been quite harsh. I mention it here partly because it could be true, as some of you may have experienced, but largely because it portrays Sr Violet's total honesty about herself and her shortcomings, in so far as she realised them. Once she saw a facet in herself, she didn't just acknowledge it privately, but was prepared to own to it publicly. An aspect of her personality which may have given her something of her insight into other people's characters and motivations as well.

Love, I think, was one of the cornerstones of Sr Violet's life. Love and loyalty to her family, her Community and her God. I know how much she appreciated the times she was able to spend with her family. In Community she would always enter into whatever was happening

with her whole heart. As she grew older, she was able to let go more, and she relaxed, able to enjoy not having to work in a way that would have been impossible a few years earlier. It was quite common at this stage in her life to find her sitting in the recliner chair in the Sister's room, legs up, blanket over them, with the newspaper to hand, and the cat either nearby, or sitting on her. She quite liked the company of the cat, except when the cat decided to use her as a pincushion!



Sr Violet didn't flinch from challenges: I can remember a conversation over coffee when she stated that she hoped she'd never have to go into a home. As her infirmity grew, however, she came to realise the impossibility of us caring for her, and made the decision herself that it was time for her to move to All Hallows Care Home, a decision we are very grateful she made, and one which again shows her loyalty to the Community. While there were regular Communion

services at the home, I am not sure how much formal prayer she was able to take by then. But I do not think that was important: at times like these, the relationship and love for God that had been nurtured since she was a schoolgirl carried on. God would still, I am sure, have been able to hold her, and love her as he had all her life, however easy or difficult.

The fight for life that she must have had as a young baby was still there in her, and she lived probably longer than we thought she would, spending much of the last months of her life asleep. She was able to attend one of the Communion services, once they re-started after Covid. Sr Sheila, who was also there, commented that she woke

up, gave Sheila a typical Violet look, and then went back to sleep again. I suspect that many of those who knew her would have been the recipient of one of those looks; they had the sense that they were piercing your very soul – and, knowing Sr Violet, she may well have been doing exactly that.

Sr Violet's connection with the Community covered the majority of her life, right back to the late 1930s; she could remember a Sister who could remember our foundress, Mother Lavinia, and in many ways, with her passing, so passes an era in our Community life. My relationship with her was not always easy – we did have the occasional major row – but I will always be grateful for having known her, and for the lessons she taught me, as she taught so many more, both intellectually and spiritually.

2024 Quiet Days at Trinity Street dates for your diary

Lent Quiet day Saturday 23rd March 2024
Advent Quiet Day Saturday 30th November 2024

We continue to provide quiet space for people to prepare and reflect at these important times in the Church's year.

These quiet days run from 10am until 4.30pm and cost
£12.

You will need to bring a **packed lunch** when attending, but cakes and refreshments will be provided by the Community.

Places are limited to 12, please phone the Bungay office:
01986 892749 to book.

Intercessions

PLEASE CONTINUE TO PRAY, WITH THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT HITHERTO.....

SUNDAY – All our Fellow-Religious; those living in new monastic and in other intentional Christian communities, especially those with some tie to CAH

MONDAY – Isle of Mull; Sr. Pamela at Roan Cottage Buinessan, with a varied ministry including hospitality; and the churches she is linked with on Iona and Mull.

Norwich; Sr Rachel living in Norwich and exercising a ministry of prayer and presence in the City.

TUESDAY – Bungay, Suffolk; Sister Edith Margaret at All Hallows Care Home; Sisters Elizabeth and Sheila living at 23 Trinity Street with room for two guests and those visiting during the day.

All the local church and parish communities with which we have links.

Doncaster: Sister Jess (n).

Sheffield: Sister Jackie (n).

WEDNESDAY – CAH Trustees and our other financial & legal advisors. None of this stage of CAH's journey would be possible without their help. Give thanks for ongoing support from them and from our staff, and pray for them.

Julian Partnership Trustees; responsible for the care of the Julian Shrine & Centre, and All Hallows House; providing accommodation for the pilgrims to the site.

THURSDAY – Pray for the organisations on the Ditchingham site: the Day Nursery and Emmaus Norfolk and Waveney.

FRIDAY – For those providing care which was previously the responsibility of All Hallows Healthcare Trust; for Norse at the All Hallows Care Home, for Oakleaf at the Hospital, for Empanda at Day Care. Pray for prisons and chaplaincies local to CAH's various hubs.

SATURDAY – Pray for our Associates, Oblates and Contact members, and for all connected to us through prayer and friendship. For all the new contacts being forged now.

The Lord will guide you...

Many of you will remember, if you came to our final celebration in the Convent chapel way back in 2018, Bishop Graham James took as his text Isaiah 58.v 11 The Lord will guide you continually..... I have often been struck by the truth of this verse both in the big decisions we have had to make eg about our future and in the little daily occurrences that make up our life. Sr Sheila and I believe we were definitely guided to 23 Trinity St in Bungay, just as Sr Pamela can vouch for herself having been guided to Buessan, even if she didn't know where it was at the time!

Our recent trip to Whitby for our Annual Chapter, Retreat and Holiday together provided us with yet another occasion on which that verse proved true, as did another verse of one of my favourite psalms. The Lord shall keep watch over your going out and your coming in from this time forth for evermore. (Ps 121 v 8).

As we no longer have a car we asked Beccy, our Administrator, to find out the best way for us to journey to Whitby and home again. To our surprise it turned out to be by taxi, and she arranged for us to be picked up and driven back to the Pavilion where Sr Rachel lives. Mervyn Richards, who with his wife Jill, was house sitting for us, ferried us to the pick-up point and met us there on our return.

We had two very nice drivers, one Polish and the other Bulgarian and we felt quite safe with their driving. All went well on the journey there until we passed the usual turn off the M1 onto the A64. We kept on the M1 heading for Wetherby...and passed it, likewise to Thirsk...and passed that too. Scotch Corner was the next place indicated on the sign post! At this point I said, "You are taking us to

Whitby, aren't you?". His answer, "I don't know" didn't do much to allay my anxiety!

When I checked he'd got the right post code, I realised I'd just got to trust the route his phone was taking us and God's guiding and watching over us. Surely enough he did get us, with just one little hiccup, to the right address. By continuing for longer on the M1 before cutting across towards Whitby he actually got us there in about an hour less time than we used to take! Oh me of little faith! He then set off to go to Stanstead to pick up someone else. Fortunately, he liked driving long journeys!

After a very happy week with the OHP Sisters in the Guest accommodation provided at their Priory we set off on our return journey. Our second driver, bless him, had got up at 3.30 to come to pick us up at 9.30, though we'd said we wouldn't mind starting a bit later if that would make it easier for the driver. He used a Sat Nav for a much more scenic journey than the M1, and took us over the Humber Bridge and eventually to Sleaford where we joined the route home that we were used to. I phoned Mervyn to tell him when we were about to leave Swaffham and he arrived at the Pavilion just before we did, ending a journey that took about the same time as our previous ones.

After my lesson about trust on our outward journey I was able to relax a bit more on the way home and enjoy the unexpectedly beautiful route.

We were extremely grateful to our two drivers and to Mervyn and Jill for making our time away possible, and to the OHP Sisters for an enjoyable stay in what has become for us a real kind of 'home from home'.

Sister Elizabeth

SISTER MARGARET, C.A.H.

Remembering and appreciation

You can tell a lot about a person by their “stuff”. In Margaret’s case, there wasn’t THAT much, but what there is, is significant.



A well-used, worn, tatty “Good News” Bible. Margaret was above all a person of faith with whom it was a privilege and inspiration to be associated at, say, our weekly Lectio Divina meetings to share how God had spoken to each of us in what we had read of His word that week. She prayed, prayed not just because that was what nuns do, but because that was

how the Spirit moved her - and prayer is the be-all and end-all of a life “in religion”. It is, if you like, the string that ties a garland or a wreath together, (or did do before “oasis” came along) the flowers, etc., being all the other bits of your life - action, speech, thought, the lot. And it did tie her life together, even when (as was often the case) that life was proving painful and arduous. She was diagnosed over her life with a variety of more or less debilitating conditions - almost a walking medical text-book - and, looking back, I can see in a way that I didn’t really at the time, that it was a real and genuine martyrdom living with them, where the word “MARTYRDOM” goes back to its basic root definition/translation of “WITNESS”.

There were not a few family photographs. Margaret was a very, very "family" person. While she didn't go on and on and on about them, we were very conscious of her love and care for them, and theirs for her; and not a little pride, too! Entirely justifiable! It is good to know that you have been able to be here today, albeit on a day when our Easter joy is muted by the knowledge of her going from us in a comparatively short space of time.

There was a skilfully re-covered copy of "Lambeth Praise". Margaret had a lovely singing voice; her Methodist roots would have ensured that this was something to be appreciated and above all USED. She took some persuading of this fact; but once persuaded, she was a huge asset in the cantrix places in choir. Sr. E. and I didn't quite fight over whose side of choir she should be placed – but for me she was a living embodiment of the Royal School of Church Music motto "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also". You didn't always hear her at her best in choir because of her nervousness which I think really found its root in a basic shyness and conviction that she really wasn't up to the standard of all those others..... And plainsong, in fact, was not her first love; but it is to her credit that she got on with it and - SANG, beautifully. She also sang in her prayer time...it was a way of praying for her. The Lord heard her at her best!

Worship overflowed into a considerable array of giftedness in other areas. She it was who headed up the catering contribution of the Convent to the All Hallows Hospital Centenary celebrations, and how! I've never seen so many little bridge rolls! On one occasion, I was doing my usual stint in the kitchen; she was going

to be out for the day, but was prepping cauliflower cheese and apple crumble for a later guesthouse meal, to be reheated and dished up. She sailed around quietly like a galleon, no fuss, no bother, just getting on with it and taking half the time anybody else would have done There was the art work. I for one have a fair few card bookmarks, etc., that were the product of her skill at producing them. And I mentioned earlier on that she was no slouch at repair work, be it handicraft or needlework. On her good days she saw that as being part of God's continuing creative endeavour in his world.



I mentioned nursing earlier. When I was a raw Novice, doing my "stint" at what was then our Hospital, I did a few "tuck-up" rounds with her in the evenings. I can remember her saying how she LOVED that work; as she rolled her sleeves into their cuffs, her eyes were shining. She was good at it, too; and it didn't really contradict her basic calling as a Religious. There were indeed times when everything went pear-shaped - but in retrospect, that's life, including Religious life! Indeed, Margaret was never a paragon of all the virtues - the trouble with this kind of commemorative spiel is that you concentrate on said virtues and forget you are dealing with a real person, warts and all. Of course she could "fly"; she could just stay quietly on a defensive, with the best of them, and better than some. We lived with that and carried it, just as she lived with, and carried, our foibles and hang-ups. It was part of Community

life and it still is. Ask any intentional community. Along with the grotty bits, you bear the good bits and rejoice in them. It's part of being a "rounded personality"!

Margaret was part of CAH's history in at least one other way - in Norwich. We are currently rejoicing in the new lease of life taken on by the house next to St. Julian's Church. That house was built in the 1960's, part of the rebuilding which was going on, helping to give new life to an area that saw a huge amount of bomb damage during World War II. Sr. Margaret was a Novice at the time, and I am fairly sure she was part of the operation when CAH moved into new premises - i.e., the new house next to what is now known as the Julian Centre. The two resident sisters were Grace and Doris. It can't have been overly easy for either party, BUT the point is, they got on with the job in hand - creating a new Norwich "home space" and hub; and Margaret's skill at home-making would have got an early airing there, as it was carried on into her life back here at the Ditchingham ranch.

Margaret and I first set eyes on each other when I was visiting the Convent here, just after Christmas. She was in charge of the kitchen; and the guests had been talking in awed tones of the wonderful Christmas dinner she had produced. (the cake and puddings weren't bad, either! I can vouch for that). There was snow on the ground, and we guests were allowed THROUGH THE CONVENT BUILDING!! on our way back to Holy Cross House from Chapel. So it was that I was coming back from the 9.30 Office, down the long passage, and turned round the corner towards the guest quarters, and got lost. I went through a small passageway and turned right into the... kitchen, where a rather gobsmacked Margaret was preparing to get on with the

lunch. I remember the peace and quiet in the kitchen, despite my interruption, and the unhurried, courteous ease with which Margaret ushered me through and showed me the way through the door into Holy Cross House. You don't forget things like that.

I have already mentioned her Bible, and its well-worn, well-used, tatty state. But however tatty a Bible copy is, it still holds the Word of God. Margaret could, and probably would, have described herself as tatty and well-worn. But she, too, held the Word of God as a faithful follower of her Lord, Master and Saviour. I am finishing with words that she knew well, because she read them every Easter Eve at Morning Prayer. They are from an ancient homily for that day – a day when the Church holds her breath, even though there may be a certain(!) amount of activity in preparation for Easter. I can hear her voice now as I read. In this extract, The crucified and buried Christ has risen from his rest in the Underworld, and is depicted as going to free “those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.”

“Rise, let us go hence; for you in me and I in you, together we are one undivided person.....the enemy brought you out of the land of paradise; I will reinstate you on the throne of heaven.... arise, let us go hence...the cherubim throne has been prepared, the bearers are ready and waiting, the food is provided, the treasures of good things have been opened, the kingdom of heaven has been prepared before the ages”.

To that bliss and joy may God bring His servant Margaret, her loved ones, friends and Sisters, and all of us whom He has created in Christ to be His glory.

Sr Sheila

News from Sister Pamela

What a year!



Lots of things beginning with C coming to mind...

...the Coronation
...Cataract operation
...catching Covid

and Cyclamen

You will probably be reading this in November which I always find is a dark, dank, drear month as nights become colder and days shorten. I look at the barren dry or boggy, rocky, soil and yet know that it hides, and does so often hide so much new life and growth. Last year I thought the cyclamen I had brought from Ditchingham had died. I brought it here when I came almost 6 years ago now but to my joy and surprise, it has been flowering profusely as you can see from the photograph. Brave little stems pushed through the soil and gently the flowers unfurl like a little fragile butterfly of beauty, beaten by wind and rain and yet standing proud in spite of being so very delicate.

A year ago we celebrated Sister Sheila's 50th anniversary of profession and it was so good to be with her for this event and happy occasion. I also caught up with many friends and was told by the dog rescue centre from where Mattie came "I have the ideal little dog for you" This resulted in a visit, and Sebbi joining the family.



He is six years old and his last owner died.

Like the cyclamen he looked a real little waif with bald patches and no hair on his tail - a strange and scruffy little creature who in spite of his own trauma enthusiastically greeted and does greet, all humans and other dogs like long lost friends.! He has surprised everyone and settled well even being given a first in the Buessian dog show.

The climate here can be cruel with horrendous winds and rain, ferries being cancelled and visitors unable to come. However, there is beauty and being surprised by this joy and love. Like rejoicing about the cyclamen and little dog we can also and should rejoice with those who have gone before. Life is more difficult as we age but there are wonderful glimpses of God's love and care as we all share in this pilgrimage of life.

At present here we are all reeling from the news of the death of our lovely Bishop Keith who has only been with the last two years and yet already made an impact and become a friend. In one of our Eucharistic prayers in the Scottish liturgy it says "One day we will be with you in heaven but already we laugh with saints and angels and sing their joyful song.." What an appropriate time All Saints and All Souls to remember all those who have gone before, so with them and saints and angels we are able to say "Thanks be to God".

THE CHAPEL - ALL HALLOWS CARE HOME, Bungay

The Home passed into the care of Norse Care when All Hallows Healthcare Trust ceased to operate. "What about" (this, that and the other) is always a big question when a big change is in the air; one of the biggest was around the specifically spiritual ethos, inbuilt from the earliest days of this kind of care on behalf of our Community. Hence, it was very good to know that Norse were prepared to retain the name, and thereby a live link, slender but strong, with the Community of All Hallows and its tradition of Christian worship.

This worship takes place in the Chapel. It is a beautiful space, designed by the late Bishop David Bartleet, who was at that time the Warden of CAH. He had been Bishop of Tonbridge before retirement; and prior to ordination he had been a professional architect ... so he was something of a natural choice for this "commission" and Sister Pamela, leader of CAH at the time, was not slow to pick up on this!

When you go in to the Chapel, you are very conscious of being on "holy Ground". The blessed Sacrament is reserved in a Tabernacle made by one of our former Sisters. as are the Stations of the Cross - very unusually depicting the hands of Our Lord at the appropriate points in His last journey, from the Last Supper to His Resurrection and His leading of us all by the hand on the way into and through His risen life. The weekly Eucharist is a service to which all are welcome - although it is a big help to have notice if you are planning a one-off attendance! We are very blessed to have a regular officiant - the Reverend Reg Kirkpatrick, who is chaplain there with a gentle, generous pastoral care that helps everyone to feel at ease. His service is complemented wonderfully by that of one of our Oblates, Ray Smith who is a regular volunteer there, and valued and respected as such by staff and residents alike. Along with the staff who help get residents to the Chapel, they are a distinctive and precious part of the life of that House. I am one of the outsiders who attend. I try to get to the Eucharist as often as I can; and it is a great opportunity to make contact with Sister Edith Margaret who has been resident there for a

fair few years now. Until earlier this year, Sister Violet had been a resident member of the congregation. Elsewhere in this Letter, Sister Rachel has alluded to the "Sister Violet Look" with which she would bless anyone and everyone she set eyes on! (and so many thanks to you, Rachel, for all the work and compassionate care you put into your ministry during your regular slot here)

The altar in the Chapel has been part of our history for a long time - I think it was in the oratory of St. Anne's, our original residential home in Ditchingham - although I stand open to correction by anyone or everyone on that. And the unusual crucifix holds the eye - in the right way - behind the altar; it was designed specifically with this Chapel in mind. The figure of Christ is the more discernible the more you gaze at it. I think it is the circular shape of the building which helps to give it a lovely acoustic, although our singing of the hymn at the weekly Eucharist is bolstered by that of whichever Cathedral choir is singing on the accompanying CD!

Because "rules and regulations" dictate that there has to be a certain footage of space to spare in a building of this nature, it is sometimes necessary to make use of this Chapel space for things like meetings, or as a sale room if there is a big Sale event, or similar, going on. This last kind of happening is a very far cry indeed from the haggling and cheating which was going on in the Temple when Jesus swooped in and cleared everyone and everything, birds included, out of it. Here there is friendliness, chat, acceptance and respect - and, if anything, the event is sanctified by the ambience. (When waiting to make a purchase, or for a meeting to start, many a time my attention has been held by the crucifix or the Tabernacle or one of the Stations. I used to make sure I secured a seat facing in the "right direction" - i.e., altar-wards!)

The last word has to be "Thank You". To Reg, Ray, the residents, the staff, the volunteers and visiting relatives, to all who make our worship there possible and who all help to make it what it is - "Something beautiful for God".

Sister Sheila



This year's **Advent Quiet Day** will be held
at Bungay **Saturday 2nd December 2023**
10am - 4pm
£12

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