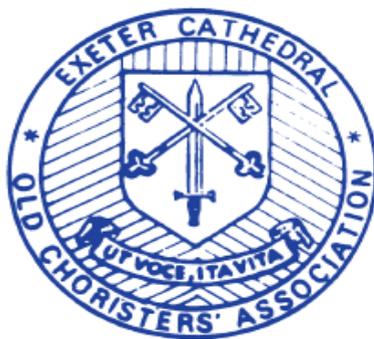


ECOCA Newsletter

February 2019



Exeter
Cathedral

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Dear Members,

Welcome to the ECOCA Newsletter February 2019. We are looking forward to another Easter Monday Reunion on 21st April and this year marks the 25th anniversary of the first girl Choristers at Exeter Cathedral.

There will be a celebration of this important anniversary on Sunday 17th November 2019, which will mark exactly 25 years since the first service sang by girl Choristers.

I am hoping to use Mailchimp to send electronic newsletters in the future, increasing the frequency of our communication. If you subscribe to receive this email then I would hope to send an electronic newsletter around July, as well as a February edition.

As always, I would be very happy to receive any news or contributions for future editions. Please feel free to contact me at anytime with your news or ideas:

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ECOCA Reunion: Gordon Pike, Hon Treasurer



Easter Monday 2018 had a different feeling about it. There had been so many changes over the last year with Bishop Marin Shaw controlling all the services as Acting Precentor, and Canon Mike Williams being responsible for the overall management of the Cathedral finances, and the structures that maintain and develop the different aspects of Cathedral life. Since Advent Sunday we have had a new Dean who had previously been Dean of Wakefield, Jonathan Greener, together with his wife Pamela. Personally I think he has settled in very well and is a great asset to the working of Exeter Cathedral.



On Palm Sunday we installed a new Canon Precentor, the Reverend James Mustard, and a new Canon Treasurer, Canon Mike Williams. By the time you read this report the Chapter will be complete with a new Chancellor being installed on 5th August 2018, the Reverend Chris Palmer from Merton Priory Parish in South Wimbledon. He will have responsibility for overseeing the pastoral care of the congregation and for reaching out, particularly to the Diocese.

At our Easter Monday Reunion forty five Old Choristers had gathered by 10.30am for a rehearsal with Timonhy Noon, the Director of Music and all the Choristers. The music was Mozart's Sparrow Mass and Ave Verum by Mozart

The Epistle was read by myself and the Intercessions were provided by Bishop Martin Shaw. Our Chairman the Reverend Charles Roberts was granted the privilege of being the Celebrant for the Eucharist as he was marking the fact he had been ordained for twenty five years. Alongside him as sub deacon was Canon Reverend John Pedlar, one of our senior members of ECOCA. It was very kind of the Dean and Chapter to allow them to partake in the Eucharist and it made the rest of us feel more proud of being part of the life of Exeter Cathedral.



After Eucharist about thirty Old Choristers joined the Headmaster for drinks in his study and then lunch in the Chantry. Boeuf Bourguignon and sponge and custard were very filling but built up our strength to return for a 2pm rehearsal consisting Blair in B Minor and Brahms' *How lovely is thy dwelling place*. At Evensong The Dean Jonathan Greener welcomed all the Old Choristers, which had now expanded to 66 to their special reunion, and he was looking forward to meeting some of us personally at tea in the Chapter house after Evensong and at the dinner in the evening at the Southgate Hotel. He was very pleased to be asked to be the President of the Association and would do his best to keep the dinner under control. As always, more chairs were put in the choir for Evensong and they were all filled. What a wonderful way to finish off all the Easter celebrations. Everybody seemed to enjoy the singing at the Eucharist and Evensong. I must admit I was hoping to see a few more Old Choristers coming back to take part but I know this is not always possible. There was a buzz around the Cathedral on Easter Monday and it was a joy to experience it.

Tea had been provided by a select band of Older Choristers, led by Simon Swan , Jonny Titchin and their wives and helped by Mary and Peter from the Cathedral. The cakes were delicious and the cream scones out of this world, and the tea most welcome. At 5pm we retired to the Pearson room in the Cloister for the Annual General Meeting.

At the top table was the Chairman with his report and agenda on pieces of paper, the secretary with his lap top so he could record everything that he needed to write down, the Bursary Treasurer with his computer with all the information he wanted to tell the meeting, and then me on the end with an overnight blue suitcase which I used when I was a chorister in the sixties when going home at half term. As always it is full of valuable information but when I opened it I panicked because I could not see the pink folder with the audited accounts for 2017. They had been completed in February and I had printed off copies for the AGM meeting in early March but somehow they were not in my case. The meeting was going well with all the usual reports from the Director of Music, the Headmaster and the Chairman and then it was my turn. Fortunately I had found one copy of the accounts and from that I was able to give the meeting the facts that I was not bankrupt with all the higher expenses of tea and taking the choristers out for lunch and bowling etc. I had taken more care not to overspend.



I asked the meeting to accept my audited accounts, which my independent examiner had signed and fortunately everyone was happy to vote in favour that my accounts were in order even though they could not have a copy. This careless mishap made me annoyed for a while but when I got to the dinner I must admit I did see the funny side to my predicament. Why do these things happen to me? I do try to get everything right but it doesn't always happen!!

Anyway the dinner was at the Southgate Hotel in Southernhay, walking distance from the Cathedral. Our guest speaker was Dr Roy Massey, former Director of Music and Organist of Hereford Cathedral. Timothy Noon, our Director of Music sang as a Chorister at Hereford Cathedral under the direction of Dr Roy Massey. Our other guests for the night were the Dean and his wife Pamela, Canon Michael Williams and his wife Gillian, and the New Canon Precentor James Mustard. They were all joined on the table with the Chairman Reverend Charles Roberts, the Director of Music Timothy Noon, and Bishop Martin Shaw and his wife Elspeth who have become Associate Members of the Old Choristers' Association.



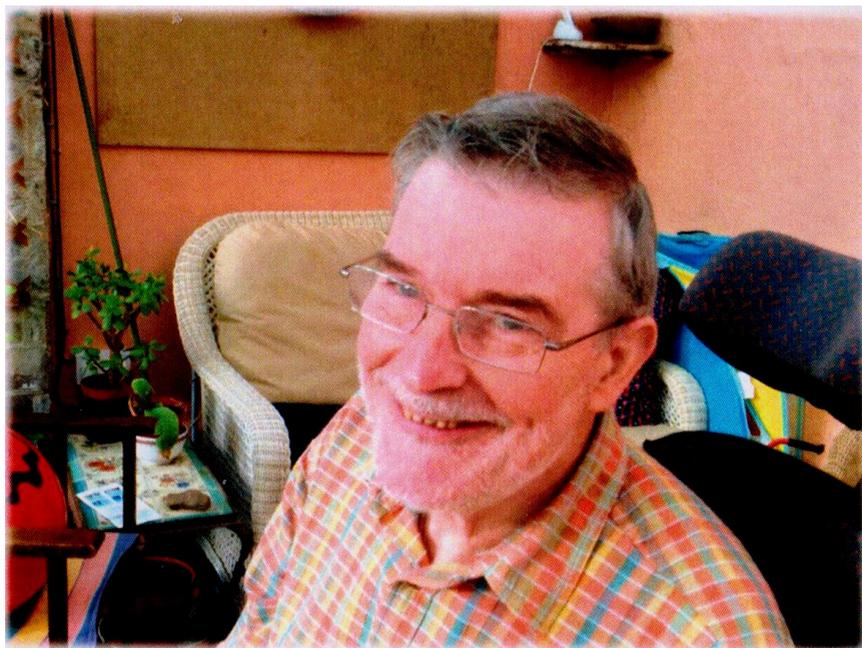
Around the rest of the room were six other tables making the total eating 69 people with Old Choristers, members of the choir past and present, the Head Virger and Dog Whipper, Mr and Mrs Millington and Mr Morgan. It was a very happy gathering and there seemed plenty of laughter throughout the evening. The raffle made £244.00 and was all sold by Miss. V. Cannell partner of former Chorister Graham Morrison. She did an excellent job selling the tickets. The first prize of four china mugs donated by Nicholas Pedlar, one of our Vice Presidents, was won by my sister Mrs Shirley Vallance, mother of former Chorister Peter Vallance.

After the raffle I decided that the whole top table should take home a prize so the Gentlemen were all given a bottle of wine wrapped in a Golden Jubilee tea towel and the three ladies were presented with a bouquet of flowers. This brought the dinner to a conclusion and everybody seemed very happy and some retired to the lounge bar to have a drink and talk about old times and the future, and how everybody seemed to be in a positive happy mood. Long may this atmosphere remain and may I personally thank the Dean and his wife Pamela for making the Old Choristers Reunion such a success with their warm welcome and support. I for one look forward to the 2019 reunion, especially with the support coming from all areas of the Cathedral community. It does make the organisation of the day so much easier when everyone knows what is happening.

Remembering Richard Fellows



ECOCA were sad to hear of the death of Richard Fellows, who was a Chorister at Exeter in the 1950s.



Richard passed away on 25th September 2018. Donations in Richard's memory were made to the Exeter Cathedral Old Choristers Association Bursary Fund and to the MS Trust.

Choir News



Installation of Organ Scholar, Choral Scholars and Senior Choristers.

Choral Evensong on Sunday 9th September 2018 marked the installation the new Choral Scholars and Organ Scholar, and the investiture of Senior Choristers.

James Turbervill in his 3rd year at the University of Exeter and arrived at the Cathedral as a bass Choral Scholar.

Emily Harrison (alto) joins the Choir as a post-graduate gap year choral scholar. She is also an alumna of the highly prestigious Genesis Sixteen programme.

Daniel Maw is a tenor, also in his 3rd year at the University of Exeter. He was signed as a "free transfer" from the University Chapel Choir.

Despite having no formal 'stall' as such, Hamish Fraser was welcomed as the Cathedral's Organ Scholar for the next academic year.



The Director of Music Timothy Noon and Punctator Gordon Pike lead the new Senior Choristers to the Dean for their investiture.

The Senior Choristers this year are: Rowan Atkins, Charlotte Cross-Court, Theodore Daniell-Greenhalgh, Oscar Gibbons, Hector Kennerley, Isabelle Morris, and Felicity Partridge.

Donation from the Friends of Cathedral Music



Evensong on Sunday 16th September 2018

included the presentation of a welcome donation from the Friends of Cathedral Music. The award of £20,000 will be invested by the Exeter Cathedral Music Foundation Trust to help endow the Cathedral's organ scholarship

Introduced in 2016, the position provides accomplished organists with the opportunity to work at Exeter Cathedral and immerse themselves in the life of a busy music department.

The current Organ Scholar Hamish Fraser took up his post having recently completed his A-levels at Eton College. He has already secured the organ scholarship at New College, Oxford, and will take up an undergraduate place to read music in 2019.

The Friends of Cathedral Music exists to support the work of the Cathedral musical tradition in the UK and overseas. As well as promoting public knowledge and appreciation, the body has given over £4 million to Anglican and Roman Catholic cathedral, church and collegiate chapel choirs since its foundation in 1956.



Exeter Cathedral Music Foundation Trust has worked with the Dean and Chapter to assist with funding music at Exeter Cathedral (and everything associated with it) for over 30 years since it was founded in 1987. It now contributes around £145,000 each year towards the total cost of the Cathedral's music provision.

Choir News

Appointment of new Organ Scholar



Exeter Cathedral has announced that Heather Easting has been appointed Organ Scholar for the 2019-20 academic year.

Heather is currently graduate Organ Scholar at Croydon Minster, where she works with Director of Music Ronny Krippner (himself a former member of the choral foundation at Exeter Cathedral). She will take up her position in September 2019, working closely with Director of Music Timothy Noon, and Assistant Director of Music Timothy Parsons.

Commenting on the appointment, Timothy Noon said:

“We are delighted that Heather will be joining us next year. She stood out in a strong field of candidates at the recent audition day, and I’m looking forward to working with her during her time in Exeter.”



Christmas at Exeter Cathedral: Sean Fitzpatrick, Chorister Tutor



The choristers were absolutely fantastic over Christmas. They sang several services, including the Grandisson service of Lessons and Carols, and three services on Christmas Day. Hector and Felicity opened the Grandisson service in front of a completely packed Cathedral (Nave and Quire) on Christmas Eve. Imagine what it would be like to sing a solo in front of 1000 people... They did it beautifully.



The boarders enjoyed getting up to find snow in the boarding house and footprints from Santa Clause himself leading to the many presents under the tree, before carolling at 7.30am to the Dean, Mr

Noon, Mr Featherstone and families for a lovely festive start to the day. A great time was had by all this Christmas, and it was lovely to see so many of you supporting the chorister services and concerts across the season.

A huge congratulations to all of the choir probationers on achieving their goal of becoming full choristers. These are the newest members of the choir that started in September. They have been going through various assessments over the last few months to ensure that they can cope with the demands of chorister life. They have now proven that they can do it, and were officially made full choristers when they are installed and receive their white surplice in Evensong in the Cathedral on Sunday 13th January 2019.

Exeter's Forgotten War Hospital



The wartime past of Exeter's Bishop's Palace, and the role of those who worked there, has been commemorated during a short ceremony.

Established to treat wounded servicemen returning from the front during the First World War, the Palace was one of seven temporary War Hospitals in the city. Known as "Hospital No. 6", it was opened as a special electrical treatment centre in February 1917, and provided 100 beds.

A plaque was unveiled on 13th November 2018 by relatives of staff, County Councillor Roger Croad, Chair of the Devon Remembers Project, and researchers from the Exeter War Hospitals Project. The Dean of Exeter, the Very Revd Jonathan Greener, led prayers for the work of hospital and the staff who served there, and those who suffer as a result of war today.

The War Hospitals continued treating patients returning from the Front until well into 1919. The therapy and fitting of artificial limbs then became the responsibility of the Ministry of Pensions who continued to run a service in the Palace until the 1930s.

The photograph below shows patients and staff outside the entrance to the West Wing of the Bishop's Palace, now the entrance to the Cathedral's Library and Archive.

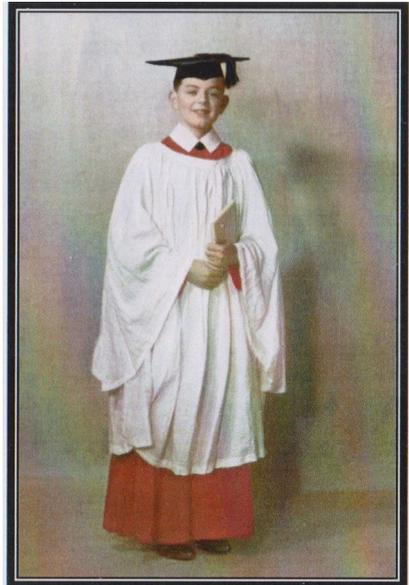


Seymour's Stories: Memories of Bob Norman



We had been waiting for a letter to arrive from the Headmaster of Exeter Cathedral School in which he was to detail the fees payable and asking if my parents wished to accept the place offered to me. It was not long before this arrived together with a list of the clothing I would require. This was quite substantial including 2 suits, 6 shirts plus 6 Van-Heusen soft collars, 6 Eton collars and an Eton suit which came in two different styles, one being with a long jacket, the other a short one commonly called a 'bum freezer jacket', 6 vests, 6 pairs of pants, a dozen handkerchiefs and various other items normally worn by small boys of my age. There was a note at the bottom of the page saying that Eton suits, mortar boards and boaters were occasionally available from the school part worn. We were also told that I would need a school cap and other listed items to be purchased would be available from two school outfitters in the city. Pinder and Tuckwell was one and the other I think was Cornish's of Exeter Ltd.

So off I went with my mother to the High Street in Exeter and into the olde worlde interior of Pinder and Tuckwell's. When the assistant had loaded the counter with all the items required my mother almost died on the spot when she saw the bill that had accumulated for the items. At that moment I believe she became undecided as to whether they really should accept the offer of a place or not. By the time we returned home my father had purchased a large leather trunk on which he was painting my name on the lid in white on the black background. Even when he was shown the bill he was determined that his handy work should not go to waste. That very evening he wrote accepting the offer. I must say that at that moment I was close to tears thinking that I would not be seeing either my parents or my sister, who had been born in November 1943, for some time apart from the one exeat that was allowed each term.



*Exeter Cathedral Chorister
1945 – 1951*

So one day in September 1945 the trunk was loaded into the boot of the car almost making the front of it rise due to the weight. Off we all went on the long drive to Exeter from Westward Ho! One has to remember that cars in those days were not like the ones of the present day and if they were capable of exceeding 50 miles per hour they were almost considered to be sports cars. In any case with petrol being rationed the driver's right foot was only lightly depressed on the accelerator in order to achieve the maximum economy. Several hours passed before we arrived at the imposing West Front of the Cathedral and having parked, Mum soon had the sandwiches unpacked and we made rapid progress in consuming them. Mum and Dad thought it would be a good opportunity for all three of us plus the baby to have a quick look at the inside of the Cathedral as a family.



It was wonderful to see a building that had in the main been built in the fourteenth century. On the south side of the quire area however there was a massive hole where a bomb dropped from a German aircraft in 1942 and had caused much damage. A large tarpaulin covered the hole but if snow fell flakes managed to make their way around the edges of this and the Choristers placed their hands inside their cassock sleeves to keep them warm. Another bomb had landed on the school building killing one of the headmaster's daughters and one of the maids who had been busy making up the beds for the boarders who due to return the following day. Immediately a contingency plan was put into operation for the school boarders, which was to last for the next three years. A large house at the end of the main street in Honiton call 'Shute House' was taken over and the boys travelled daily by train to and from Exeter, eating at mid-day at one of the temporary dining places set up by the government for the homeless.



As I was now starting school in 1945 I missed out on all this, but from all the stories I was told by the boys who went through this period, in some ways it seemed to have been quite an exciting time during which the boys had bonded well, as often seems to be the case when people are having to endure hardship.



My parents took me down to the Chantry where the Headmaster and his wife, who promised to look after me, greeted us. I was told that one of the boys would show me the boot room and that I should say goodbye to my parents and sister now. Naturally enough there were big hugs all round and kisses from one to another. There was certainly a sense of foreboding as far as I was concerned but I realised afterwards that it would not have been very nice to stand at the doorway waving goodbye to them all.

My trunk had been unloaded from the back of the car by two giant senior boys who had been given the task of taking it upstairs to the linen cupboard where a slot on the shelf was waiting to take much of my clothing except for my suits and Eton collars, some of the latter being deposited in a drawer downstairs. A very friendly lady gave me a pair of pyjamas and a set of clothing which I would need the following day. Her name I found later was Edna. All the boys turned to her in an emergency. This was particularly an asset to me a few months later in the case of my torn Eton suit trousers, however this is a tale to me included in this story later.

The accommodation was split into three dormitories; one room consisted of three bunks for the six probationers plus a single bed for one of the prefects. The two other dormitories consisted of five bunks and one single bed each for the junior and senior boys. The only downside of the accommodation was that the toilets were outside in a large cycle shed with a row of cubicles, deadly cold in winter. Washbasins and baths were indoors. Once I had been installed as a chorister I soon became used to the routine and was thoroughly absorbed in the music. I was privileged to be one of a small minority who had sung the daily services at the Cathedral for the last 500 years.

All the boys were known by their surnames followed by the initial letter of their Christian name. If there were three boys from the same family the eldest was called, for instance, Williams major, the next Williams minor, and the third Williams minimums; how odd that would seem today! This could prove very complicated when there was another Williams who was not a member of that family. One soon got used to it though.

At the end of each day was tea, which did not consist of very much, for instance if you had jam on your bread you were not allowed cake. This we were told was due to rationing, however I look back on it with doubt since the school had a cook who would no doubt have been ingenious enough to make cake without rationed ingredients. However I would not have liked her to have gone to the extent of using cement or sawdust instead of flour, a rumour, which was said to be true at the time about some bakers. Believe it if you will.



We then went up to the junior common room for psalm practice and prayers before we were allowed a little free time with a reminder of "I hope you have all written to your parents this week." From my own point of view I doubted that my parents awaited my letter with bated breath since it was nearly always the same, as nothing much of note changed from one letter to the next, and it would not have been appropriate to tell them of some of the escapades that some of us got up to.

Geoffrey and I found that it was possible to take in the sunshine by sitting on the chapter house roof. Work was continuing to repair the South side of the Cathedral and scaffolding remained up at all times. Being the typical daredevils of our age group we saw this as a giant climbing frame or an opportunity to climb Mount Everest. We even used old gas masks to supply oxygen as we progressed to the dizzying heights. Naturally some of the assaults were made at competitive speeds. Once one had reached the height corresponding to the interior of the Cathedral roof we then set off along the mountain's ridge. This consisted of a very narrow concrete footpath on either side of which one could peer into the vaulting of the roof space.



On one occasion we entered the bell tower, which at that time held the heaviest set of bells in the country. It was not until Coventry or Liverpool Cathedral was completed many years later that Exeter's claim to fame was exceeded. One of our group wished to see how the shutters of the tower opened and ended up hanging on for grim death as it swung open away from the stonework whilst his comrades looked on in horror unable to help him. The four hundred foot drop would undoubtedly have proved fatal. Somehow or other we did manage to recover the terrified lad and trudged back the way we had come trusting that no further misadventure would occur. However once one thing happens you can rely on something else as well.



Whilst the young monkeys were descending the scaffolding and heading for the school building I was unfortunate enough to snag my trousers on a piece of metal thus producing a fairly large hole. We flew through the front door observing the Headmaster, with his dog Kim, warming his bottom near the entrance hall fireplace.

A pair of clattering feet could be heard approaching the front door. It was not hard to guess who they belonged to! The Head Verger, Mr Hart, a substantially built man, arrived as we were scurrying up the front stairs. We heard him say, "Headmaster your boys have been up to their tricks again; one of these days I am going to have to report a fatality if they continue to do this. Please give them a good ticking off and perhaps a few strokes of the cane if you can identify them. I admire their guts but not their occasional stupidity." "Oh no Mr Hart it could not have been any of my boys" said the Head. In the meantime I had been off to find Edna to see if she would mend my trousers as we were not due to change into an ordinary suit until the following day. Luckily she agreed to do so without sneaking on me. The whole school was assembled before prayers and was given a stern warning that any further incidents would be treated very seriously indeed.

In the latest copy of the weekly programme of services, other coming events and information it says that members of the public are being offered a tour of the Cathedral roof by the Cathedral authorities. Presumably they will not be asked to ascend by means of any existing scaffolding which may be in place, just as we did. There must be easier ways, but to make it more interesting they should be persuaded to buy copies of my memories with the money going to the ECOCA Wesley Fund!

Once a month we looked forward to going in a crocodile to Miss Chitty's shop to cash in our sweet tokens. The shop had bull's eye glass windows and reminded me of illustrations from children's storybooks. The shelves were stacked with such delights as barley sugar sticks, liquorice allsorts, humbugs, sherbet-lemons and many others including gobstoppers.



During the summer we all looked forward to climbing onto our bikes to go to a cricket field where the Wonford Hospital now stands and having a game of cricket. When batting one could be sure that the Head would insist on sending down a few balls to anyone who looked likely to score more than a couple of runs. His speciality was a quickie, as I remember it a fairly fast leg break. Occasionally visiting parents were invited to take the field to provide a bit of variety both in batting and bowling. The track leading from the road to the pavilion consisted of cinders and on the way back to the school we often pretended to be speedway riders. Typically, I came off worst, quite literally; getting onto my bike I realised that my ankle was extremely painful and I was going to have great difficulty in returning the few miles back to school.

In those days one was lucky to see a Doctor after such an accident and a visit to the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital's A&E was not even considered. So Hopalong Cassidy was a common sight in and around the Cathedral for several weeks whilst the damage was left to heal itself. It was not until I was being examined many years later that a Doctor said to me "When did you break your ankle?" and I realised the enormity of what had occurred. One thing that I do remember from those days was the smell of the heaps of mown grass that formed mini mountains around the ground.

I received a letter from my father telling me that he had just purchased a different car and that he would pick me up in it at the beginning of the summer holidays at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. So out into the forecourt of the school I was deposited together with my trunk on which I sat to await my father's arrival. As usual he had not allowed enough time to arrive at the agreed collection time of 4 o'clock. However when he did arrive I was much amazed to find that his latest car was one that had a dicky seat at the rear where you would normally expect the boot to be. Naturally enough this is where I wished to sit but my father insisted that I stay next to him and the trunk should occupy that space.

Remembering Tim Hampshire:

Matthew Ryan



It is sad to be writing about the death of a friend at the age of just 44. Tim Hampshire was a talented singer in my cohort of choristers in the mid 1980s, a good friend as we grew up, and a committed member of the ECOCA committee up until the end of his life. His funeral was held at St Michael and All Angels, Mount Dinham on Friday 5th October 2018.

My recollection of chorister life in the 1980s echoes the memories of the late Bob Norman and his stories from the 1940s. Our friendships were formed through our collective endeavour of singing together in the Cathedral, and that experience endures within us. But if we're honest, they were also forged in the high jinx we got up to when the cassocks came off.

I confessed in a previous newsletter some of my misdemeanours as an 80's chorister. Tim was with me when we played 'chariots' on the top floor of The Chantry and came to grief at the door of the resident staff Miss Smith. Tim was with me when I learnt not to play with fire extinguishers. Of course Tim was there when we rode the piano into the window at Kalendar Hall.



On reading Bob's stories from the 40's I remembered that we also managed to find our way onto the roof of the Chapter House. We were not quite as adventurous as our forebears, and had no need to climb scaffolding. Tim managed to procure a key for the stairwell to the roof. We undertook several expeditions, contemplating whether we could recycle some of the lead to make soldiers.



Tim was very good with a soldering iron. He loved electronic circuits and was good at mending things. As a schoolboy he once mended a radio for a homeless person on the Cathedral Green.

Tim was a kind and practical person who helped me when I felt a bit lost after arriving in London. We had lost touch for a while when Tim wandered into the book shop I worked in on Charing Cross Road and invited me to join Thames Philharmonic Choir. It was Tim who got me back into singing.

Tim loved his wife Fay and took on the responsibility of being a father to their children as a young man. Fay and Tim were a formidable team selling raffle tickets at ECOCA reunion dinners, which they attended regularly. It was an honour to be the godfather to his son Henry, and Tim was so proud of Henry when he followed in his footsteps and became a Chorister at St George's Chapel Windsor.

Tim's funeral address by Father Christopher at St Michael's acknowledged the way in which Tim's life took a wrong turn with his increasing dependence on alcohol. It was painful to see Tim gradually lose the things that he most cared about; the home and family life that he made with Fay and their children. Tim returned to live in Exeter alone.

It is a testament to Tim's character that his funeral service was attended by so many people that he touched in his life. Tim was a much-loved member of the community at St Michael and All Angels. Throughout his struggles in later life Tim always retained his sense of humour, his love of choral music, and an unfathomable fascination with the organ.

Karl Dorman, Tim's Director of Music at St Mary's Merton, did not get the chance to speak at his funeral. We publish here what he had planned to say:

Tim first presented himself to me in the hall at St. Mary's Merton SW19 in 2008 asking to join the choir.

A lovely bloke, I thought ... a bit full of himself!

He joined, and delivered! A big well trained tenor voice, a kind character, full of life with a tinge of naughtiness!

We would often joke: "And do not lead us into temptation" from the Lord's Prayer. "Tim already knows the way!"

We soon became really good friends. He loved his children. Henry and Leyth joined the choir, going on several tours. Henry, eventually becoming a Chorister at St George's Windsor, making his dad so proud!!

When the sun sets over Exeter tonight it will not disappear, it will simply have passed beyond our horizons. We will not be surprised or unduly saddened. As we watch the sun set, so somewhere else, someone is watching the sun rise. Like the setting sun, the life that is Tim has now passed from our sight, but I believe has not passed out of existence. My Christian faith tells me that death is not the end but an ending. It is the end of a set of canticles, but not the end of Choral Evensong; it tells of a day of resurrection to eternal life, of a day more remarkable than we can possibly imagine. Tim now rests awaiting that day, the day when Jesus will take him to himself and into that life of inexpressible love that is God.

May he rest in peace and rise in glory!



