Within the four walls of this Village Church lie a repository of precious memories.

Leading Pam up the aisle to be married to Wally, and later as a young curate baptising Michelle and then James.

My grandmother Mrs.Mez was a regular churchgoer here, and these walls have housed my mother’s funeral service, sister Mary’s funeral service, Nonny’s wedding, Tottie’s wedding, and numerous other family christenings.

And so within this sacred space the great wheel of life, birth, marriage, and death, witnesses to the preciousness of family and community.

And now dear Pam.

She worshipped here just a few weeks ago, at the midweek Book of Common prayer communion service. She loved the texture and the rhythms of the traditional words of the service, learnt from our Father’s lifetime as a parish priest. Pam and I used to say that these ancient words acted rather like as a springboard into the numinous, into a sense of timelessness and holiness.

Pam was not a conventional card-carrying member of the Christian faith. Too much emphasis on original sin as opposed to original goodness. Her spiritual resources came from far and wide, and even beyond the cosmos.

She had a profound belief in the afterlife, and did not fear death at all, convinced she would be united with Wally and all her loved ones on the other side.

That almost child-like belief in the goodness and blessedness of life was a profound source of grace to all who knew her.

She loved music and reading, as well as glasses of chilled rose on a Summer’s evening looking out on to the Green – often quoting our mother’s favourite toast –‘ Lets not have a dusty party’.

How we will miss her.

 Living next door to Pam was like being an organic part of one family.

And how wonderful that James and Oiy and Sebby had precious weeks together after such a long separation due to the Pandemic.

She will always be with us. Her ashes will be scattered on that part of the Common which our mother loved, and where sister Mary’s ashes are scattered too, as indeed mine will be whenever that day comes. We will all meet in the breeze gently rustling the reeds, or in the sunset over the river.

And all who knew and loved her will give thanks for the blessedness of life, and the luminosity of grace which she carried unawares.

Amen.