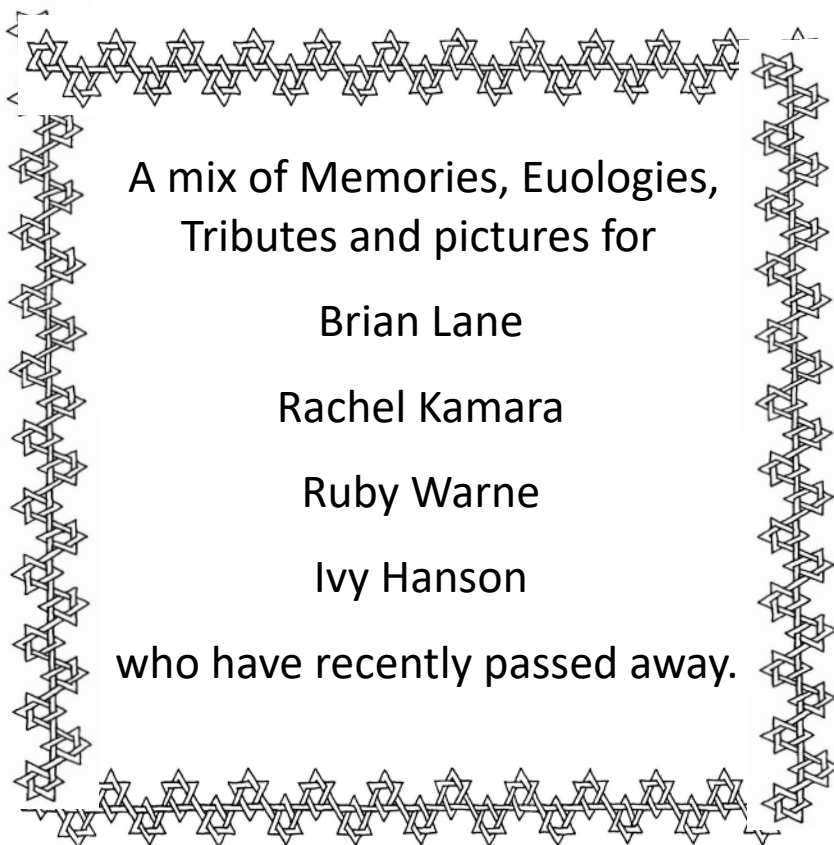


KINGSDOWN MESSENGER



June - July 2023

SUPPLEMENT



Brian Lane Eulogy - 10th May 2023 Chichester Crematorium.

Pop was born on the 5th August 1931 at home in Breadsall, Derbyshire to Frank and Marjorie Lane their first born.

In 1934 they moved to Witney where Richard was born and where they lived happily for the next 29 years. They used to cycle all over the Cotswolds together and often went

swimming in the river Windrush. He described them as the halcyon days.

They went to the local Methodist church and Pop's dad was the organist. They all became deeply involved in church life and made some great friends.

In 1942 at the age of 11 Pop was sent to Kingswood School. He enjoyed his time at Kingswood and he loved his sports. He was joint Head Boy in 1950 and has his name gilded onto the head boy plaque which is still hanging in the school to this day.

He was drafted and served in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry and reached the rank of 2nd Lieutenant. After serving his term he joined Bison Concrete Limited as a manager in shed number 2 at their factory in Hounslow and eventually he moved into Sales where he stayed until he retired.

He was invited to Bell Road Methodist Church in Hounslow by Brenda Searle. It was here that he met Joy. Amanda recalls him telling her about Joy when he first saw her 'I saw an angel in the choir.'

Their joint love of singing helped to strengthen their relationship and they were married on the 13th June 1959.

We found Pop's love letters to Mop when she died, she had kept them in her bedside draw. They were lovely, beautiful.

They moved to Norwood Green, near Nana and their lives were to change massively with the arrival of Christopher, me and Andrew, we possibly made their lives a little harder.

I remember having a wonderful and loving childhood made even more exciting when we moved from Norwood Green to a large house

with a big garden off Ealing Common, and Nana moved in with us. We quickly found a new church to attend, Kingsdown Methodist Church where Pop became a steward and he enrolled us into the Boys' Brigade.

Pop pursued his love of Choral Music and he joined the City of London Choir and then the Bach Choir in 1976, under Sir David Wilcocks, where he also became a committee member. In 1988 he joined the Philharmonia Chorus and finally left in 1998. Mop and Pop moved to Selsey in 1999 and he joined a choir in Chichester, which I believe was the Chichester Singers under Jonathan Wilcocks, Sir David Wilcocks' son. He had to audition for all these choirs which involved sight reading selected music. He had a real talent for sure and a lovely tenor voice.

He performed in most of the nation's cathedrals and the largest concert halls. He sang at Charles and Diana's wedding, The Proms and on numerous films and sound-tracks. He also went on several choir tours to places like Hong Kong, Turkey and Amsterdam. We went to many of his concerts and I remember feeling tremendously proud to see him standing in the choir in his Dinner Jacket and Bow Tie. But particularly memorable were The Bach Choir Christmas Carol Concerts at The Royal Albert Hall with our friends and family and the party after at Elm Avenue of course

In fact, the reflection music you will hear soon is incredibly special because I am sure he was singing in the choir when it was recorded in 1980. It's a little weird plying a carol at this time of year but it will make me smile if it doesn't you. He really did love this carol. Singing wasn't his only love. He was a stamp collector, a bird watcher, a keen gardener and he loved his Alfa Romeo's even though they broke down on more than one occasion. Mop and Pop loved walking and they had some wonderful holidays on Islay in Western Scotland. They loved the open air, and the migrating birds of course.

They chose Selsey to retire to partly because of the bird



watching and the sea and they figured that we would want to visit them more often and they were correct. They said they had lovely neighbours too and they weren't wrong.

Life with Pop was never boring, we have some very funny stories to tell at the wake, many of them involving the police or the Anti-Terrorist Squad including:

The Baby in the Bin Bag on Ealing Common

The 'Is she good looking Sir' story

The stop and search in London because he was a suspected IRA bomber when he directed a potential bomber to Neil Kinnock's house in Ealing and was thanked by the Police Commissioner for his diligence.

How he broke his toe in a swimming pool in Woolacombe,

The wasp's nest and the petrol bomb

The bike riding safety test he devised for us boys, which we all failed



The last 10 years of his life were challenging for him as the Dementia gradually robbed him of his memories, personality, confidence, independence and speech. But he was supported by Mop beautifully for at least 8 years and together they made the best of a bad deal and lived as normal a life as ever you could before Janice and I finally moved in to help.

In his final years he didn't know our names or who we were, but he sensed a familiarity in us and in his surroundings and he was mostly calm, relaxed, and even contented. When Janice or I would start singing out loud for no reason, mostly Janice actually, he would firmly tell us to 'Shushh' if he didn't like it. But he would also laugh at my

jokes or funny situations and smile at us even in his final days when Jackie and Debbie, our lovely carers, were helping him.

On the bright side he didn't dwell on his problems, he had no anxiety and no stress, he really did live in the moment, my Yoga teacher's mantra. He also became more loving and tender, it was beautiful. But the fact is we didn't, and don't want the Dementia to define him, he was always just our dad. The Dementia was a brief period in his 91 year, productive, happy, fun, and loving life.

But, we have so many more great memories of him, the train spotting, the plane spotting, driving us to school football matches, dog walking, family lunches at plush hotels, the Christmas parties, his gardening, his love of whiskey, the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, his generosity, his laugh, his cheeky grins, his binoculars, his kindness, his burnt BBQ's, the Kingsdown garden parties at home, his faith and dedication, his long and happy marriage, his love and of course his bald head and naughty knickers.

God bless you Pop, rest in peace, we love you too - and thank you for everything.

David Lane



Beannacht (Blessing) |ohn O'Donohue

On the day when
the weight deadens
on your shoulders
and you stumble,
may the clay dance
to balance you.
And when your eyes
freeze behind
the grey window
and the ghost of loss
gets into you,
may a flock of colours,
indigo, red, green
and azure blue,
come to awaken in you
a meadow of delight.
When the canvas frays
in the currach of thought
and a stain of ocean
blackens beneath you,
may there come across the waters
a path of yellow moonlight
to bring you safely home.
May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
may the clarity of light be yours,
may the fluency of the ocean be yours,
may the protection of the ancestors be yours.
And so may a slow
wind work these words
Of love around you,
an invisible cloak
to mind your life.

Rachel Bene Kamara - EULOGY



Rachel Bene Kamara, daughter of the late Solomon Moses Sawyerr and Rachel Beatrice Dolly Sawyerr (nee Floode) was the youngest of eight children. She was born on 5th April 1942 in Medina Seibureh, Bonthe district Sierra Leone. She is survived by her older sister, Letitia Mamei (Girlie) Sawyer, and her children; Magnus Kaikai, Edward (Ansu) Kaikai, Rachel (M'hawa) Metzger, Christine (Hamza) Lansana, Cecil Kamara and Antonia Kamara.

She was a much-loved grandmother to Sierra Kaikai, Magnus Nimene Kaikai, Holima Kaikai, Edley Metzger, Raymond Metzger, Edwin Kaikai, Edwina Kaikai, Comfort Rodriguez, Cecil James Kamara Jr, Michael Kamara, Samuel Kaikai, Maxwell Deen and Fatima Deen. She was a great grandmother to Sylvester Kaikai, Mohammed Kaikai and Sierra Kaikai. She was also a stepmother and a great aunt to her nieces and nephews.

As the daughter of a lay pastor, faith and education was always a prominent feature in her life. She attended Minnie Mull Memorial Girl's School and Centennial Secondary school in Bonthe. In 1960 she moved to Freetown and completed a secretarial course at the Technical Institute.

She went on to work at the Ministry of Education as a Games and Sports Attendant; thereafter she secured a job as a secretary at the National Sports Council, where she worked until her marriage to her husband James Bambay Kamara in 1980. Her focus then shifted to raising her family and running several businesses. She was very industrious and entrepreneurial. She often travelled overseas to establish contacts for her shops and bakery which provided freshly baked goods for people far and wide.

She was an active and engaged member at Hephzibah Methodist church where she acted as a Sunday school teacher and church steward, as well as leading the prayer team within her role in the women's fellowship.

Sadly, the Civil War in Sierra Leone came with further heartache with the loss of her husband in 1992. She found solace in God once again by joining a bible school. She joined the local Preachers training group in Freetown.

In 1999 she travelled to London to attend her son-in-law's funeral. She stayed in London to help take care of her young grandsons. Of course, one of the first things she did was to look for a church. She went around several churches asking God to show her which she should join. A lovely lady at Pitshanger invited Rachel to tea... and that was that. Rachel said it was Christianity in practice. She completed her training as a local preacher and was accredited as a Methodist Local Preacher in 2003! She carried out her duties as a local preacher for over 17 years until Covid-19 (2020 when she was considered vulnerable). She was also a pastoral secretary at Pitshanger Methodist and for a long time led the weekly prayer group.

She held the position of Treasurer of the Ministry of Aglow Paddington group for 13 years, together with her work as part of the street pastors' team in Ealing.

The triumphs and challenges she faced in her life were all approached with her Christian values. She put others first and was always an ear when you had a problem or concern. She enjoyed learning new skills, throwing herself into a flower arranging courses, knitting, and of course she liked travelling, which was great as she had family and friends across the world.

Rachel had made friends with many people in her lifetime. She played a mothering role in many people's lives even before she had her own children. She was dedicated to looking after her nephews and nieces from an early age.

She had a gentle, caring personality and will be missed by many. Rachel died in Ealing Hospital London surrounded by her family. "God is faithful," were her last words.

May Her soul Rest in perfect peace.

From Order of Service at Pitshanger Church

22nd April 2023



Tribute to the Late Ivy Hanson

Ivy was a loyal member of the Kingsdown Methodist Church, she was fully engaged in the life of the Church and its activities, most of the activities extended to the wider community.

To get a glimpse into Ivy's Christian life, you do not need to look very far, here, you can see the happiness and joy others experienced because of Ivy's ability to connect with people.

Ivy performed many roles in the life of the church, she sang in the choir, she participated in the reading of the Bible, Communion Steward, Home group Leader, collector for Christian Aid, A charity that supports people internationally. (This is also Christian Aid Week).



Kingsdown Church has held Book Fairs over many years, the funds raised help to support hospices and charitable causes in the UK.

Ivy was a member of the Thursday Bible Study group, that met at the church, we welcomed people from other denominations, the sessions were lively, and we all gained deeper Spiritual knowledge and understanding of the Bible.

Another aspect of church life was to support community by organising 'book fairs', this was not only for the sale of books, cakes would be donated, along with other goods, but there was a rather special donation which was supplied by Ivy, that was! 'The Jamaican Patty' those of us including me would place our orders well in advance directly to Ivy, to secure our Patties. Those Patties were well made and deserved good palates.

Ivy was an excellent cook, she often provided meals for others, in some cases for those presenting with health issues, she sometimes

made soup to take to people's homes, thus ensuring the person was supplied with nourishment. she was a true friend to many.

As Jesus reminded us that if you do these acts of kindness, you do it for him.

Ivy was a lady who welcomed any and everyone who came to Kingsdown, she was blessed with a welcoming attitude and a love of people.

Before I proceed further, do permit me to mention some members of Ivy's family, she was very family orientated and always expressed her love for Penny her daughter 'n' law and Barry her son 'n' in law.

Ivy had lots of love to give and, special love was set aside for her beloved grandchildren, Valarie, Alex, Ari, Katie and Luke. She loved all of you.

Once, Ivy and I, along with many other were on a day's trip to Dorset, whilst passing the high street, we noticed a shoe shop, with a wonderful display of shoes, after purchasing several pairs of the shoes, we walked further on and to our amazement, the Poole Pottery shop stocked Denby ware, among the selection was a cast iron pot, which I really wanted, the problem was, how to get it home? We had already ladened ourselves with shoes, the pot was so heavy to carry, and we were not going to substitute the shoes for the pot, in our deliberation there was a solution, I remembered that my nephew was stationed at the Army base at Bovington, he came and collected the pot and three months later the said pot arrived in Ealing.

For many years we at Kingsdown Church were blessed with Ivy's many talents, especially the talent of flowers, combined with her encyclopaedic knowledge of plants. There was no one at church who could rival her when it came to choosing and arranging flowers, she undertook that task with sincerity, dignity and love, she adorned our Church with stunning displays of flowers, the arrangements were exquisite, and for Easter Celebration, she would display flowers arranged and depicting, the Father Son and Holy Spirit along with the Candles.

Ivy would visit Convent Gardens to source the flowers, I am sure Vivien can recall the number of times she was co-opted to accompany

her mum to Convent Garden to help select flowers. When it was my turn to take a trip to Convent Garden I did not hesitate, and replied with a resounding 'Yes', my next question, where shall we meet? I can meet you at the Station for 9.AM? Ivy replied, No! "We are leaving at 6AM, I will meet you at 6.AM because we leave from Syon Station. What a shock to my system, never-the less, I did as Ivy requested.

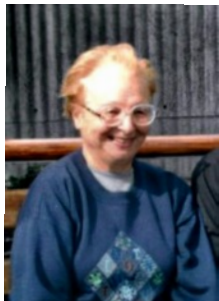
The lesson I learnt was not about the early start, but the dedication and commitment of Ivy to the cause, I was humbled, and appreciated all that she was doing, week after week she dedicated her time, effort and the very best of herself to bring joy to others through the floral contributions.

Ivy was so dedicated, she never once complained about taking on such responsibilities. Once when there was a wedding taking place at Kingsdown on a Saturday, Ivy was in the church by 06.00 hrs on the day, the whole church was full of flowers, all brilliantly arranged. I am sure that if the displays were judged by Chelsea Flower Show, she would have won a gold medal for the displays. And you guessed, the Chelsea Flower Show is happening as we speak.

To conclude, with fondness and love we know that Ivy has gone home to be with The Lord, I am sure she is celebrating a Grand time up in Heaven, but I feel certain that Ivy has chosen God's beautiful garden to sit and spend time with Him, so, rest in peace dear Ivy. Rest in peace.

Sybil Corbin





Ruby Warne (12th July 1929 – 24th April 2023)

Ruby's funeral took place on Tuesday 16th May. I had the honour of speaking at the funeral, to pay tribute to Ruby's long and devoted life. The following is based on what I said in my address.

Ruby was born and brought up in Shropshire, She left school and started work in 1947 and moved to London in 1964 to work as a Clerical Officer in the Ministry of Health, which in 1968 became the Department of Health and Social Security. She lived in Central London until marrying Harold Warne in 1969. They were married at Ealing Broadway Methodist Church and their first home was in Northfield Avenue, near Lammas Park.

She was promoted to Executive Officer in the DHSS in 1972, working in the Finance Section at Health Headquarters in the West End. Ruby and Harold moved to their house in Clitherow Avenue in 1978. Harold was a keen and skilled gardener and they kept a beautiful garden there. They both retired from work in 1989.

Harold's career had been with British Rail which allowed them free rail travel and they always took advantage of this, being great travellers throughout their marriage and especially during retirement. They had holidays in Canada, Australia, India and Nepal, Egypt, Morocco, Spain, to name but a few. They also holidayed a lot in the UK but perhaps the favourite place, to which they returned very regularly, was the Isles of Scilly. After Harold passed away in 1996 Ruby continued to take her holiday to the Isles of Scilly for two weeks every year, for as long as she was able.

Ruby had a wide circle of friends and many interests and was a great 'joiner'. A list of organisations she belonged to and charities she supported would be extensive. She served on the local committees of the RSPB and of Benenden Health as well as church committees too numerous to mention. She was a member of Kingsdown for over fifty years, but also attended from time to time Hinde Street Methodist Church in Marylebone, her church when she lived in Central London.

She had great energy and was always 'on the go' with something useful or interesting to do. She knew London very well and loved to go off on expeditions, often on her own, to museums, galleries and other interesting places. She always seemed to know what was going on and would be first in the queue for anything new to see.

8many years she was a volunteer for the National Trust at Osterley House, where she used to spend Sunday afternoons during the summer, mainly acting as a room guide to visitors. In 2016 she received a 25 years of service award from the National Trust, the citation mentioning that her knowledge of the house and its history was fantastic.

Many people will have known Ruby through the table tennis club that meets once a week at the Northfields Community Centre. Like many of her activities, her involvement in this was originally as a couple with Harold, but she continued to run it after he passed away. She ran the club for many years, only being forced to stop, as with many of her activities, by her declining health. The club continues and has always been greatly enjoyed by all its past and present members.

Ruby was a life-long Methodist with a strong faith and believed in putting her Christian principles into action. She was probably involved in every aspect of church life over the years. She taught the Junior Department of the Sunday School for a number of years, I think during the 80's and 90's. For many years she and Harold were volunteers at the Ealing Churches Soup Kitchen at St Johns Church, serving the homeless and always taking along their own generous contribution of food to supplement what was available.

Harold and Ruby were the representatives for Christian Aid at Kingsdown for many years and after Harold passed away she continued in this role until after she was really not fit enough to do so. She raised funds throughout the year, with sponsored walks and the like but the main event was Christian Aid Week, each May. This involved house to house collections and 'tin-rattling'. Ruby would recruit helpers, organise rotas, plan distribution and collection of envelopes, count proceeds etc. In latter years, as helpers became harder and harder to find she would do much of the work herself. Out early morning delivering envelopes door to door, late evenings trying to collect them in and standing outside shops for hours with collecting

tins. So she was responsible each year for raising several thousands of pounds for Christian Aid.

She was also the organiser of Kingsdown Book Fair which took place six times a year in support of a wide variety of charities. It is difficult to estimate, although Ruby would have had it all on record, but over the years her charity fund-raising would have totalled many, many thousands of pounds.

Ruby had a strong faith and a big heart. She gave her time very freely to help others and there is no question, she made a difference, touching the lives of many people by her kindness, her determination and her strength of character.

Because she had no immediate, close family, the funeral was organised by the few friends who had supported Ruby and helped to look after her affairs since she moved into the care home. Thanks are due to her friend Monika Eady and especially to Violet Cordon, who made most of the arrangements for the funeral. Thanks also to nursing staff in Ward 6 North at Ealing Hospital, who could not have done more to care for Ruby during her final stay in the hospital. Thanks also to all the staff at St David's Care home where Ruby spent her last few years.

Steve Palmer

Footnote: Readers may have noticed the fact that, of all the fifty-two weeks in the year, Ruby's funeral took place during this year's Christian Aid Week.

As William Cowper wrote -
God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will

*23 The Lord is my shepherd;
shall not want.*

*2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He eadeth me beside the still waters.*

*3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths
of righteousness for his name's sake.*

*4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art
with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

*5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.*

*6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the
Lord for ever.*