

Later that day a terrified Police Inspector arrived to say they had lost this missionary family. Police checked at that time all foreign travellers entering the cities and Gladys and Felicity, sitting high up in the bulk oil carrier, had just sailed through!"

Dorothy returned to England to have her baby, but not without incident. One of the planes she travelled on caught fire, but she arrived safely, and went to live with her widowed mother in Blackheath. She and Gordon were finally reunited some 15 months later after he had served as Bishop's Chaplain in India.

Their ministry took them to parishes in Maidstone and Brixton, where in 1961 Gordon died very suddenly. The family returned to live near Blackheath: we were sent to a boarding school, and Dorothy began to work at Southwark Diocesan office, as PA to the Diocesan Secretary. Dorothy involved herself in a local church, St Paul's Greenwich, where she started a group for Pathfinder girls. She not only led Bible Studies with us, but also took us on rambles into the Kent countryside. She also introduced us to the delights of theatre, opera and ballet, and held open house every Friday night where the pathfinders were free to chat, play records or do their homework as they wished. She also ran a youth club in Greenwich, and we have vivid memories of her dealing with the rougher element in her own unique, calm but authoritative way. Unfortunately the youth club had to close eventually because of violence and vandalism, but not before she had befriended and influenced many young people. She also served as secretary to the Iran Diocesan Association until her retirement.

Anyone who knew Dorothy will remember her tea parties. Until her death these were at least a weekly event. Her hospitality was extended to all, and she delighted in entertaining friends of all ages. She

sometimes wondered why the tea parties extended till late into the evening, but it was because people felt so comfortable in every sense: well fed and watered in a homely environment, where they could talk, make friends, and be themselves. This was one of her very special gifts. She was friendly to everyone she met. People struck up conversations with her on buses and trains, in shops, on the street, and she would listen and empathise, dispensing her wisdom with a curious blend of North Country straightforwardness, (her father came from Darlington) and an optimistic simplicity springing from her deeply rooted Christian faith. She was always putting the need of others first, even when she was herself quite vulnerable or ill. One occasion was during a visit to Staffa, off the western coast of Scotland in 1994 when she was 78. To access Fingals' cave one had to walk along a narrow ledge with the sea crashing on to the rocks. She crossed a group of French visitors who were clearly terrified. She immediately spoke to them in French to reassure them, and they were so pleased and surprised by her concern for them.

Her 23 years at Bromley College were very happy, and she enjoyed playing table tennis, croquet, and rummikub. She also regularly attended the weekly Bible study, and went to chapel once a month. She has been an active member of this church since she came to live in Bromley College in 1982.

We have been deeply touched by the many tributes made by those who knew her. She was a very loyal friend, gracious and generous with a ready smile and welcome. Many have said what fun she was to be with, and we can certainly echo that. We were always laughing and finding humour in the every day things of life. For us, she was a wonderful mother, the very best, and a devout Christian all her life. We thank God for her.