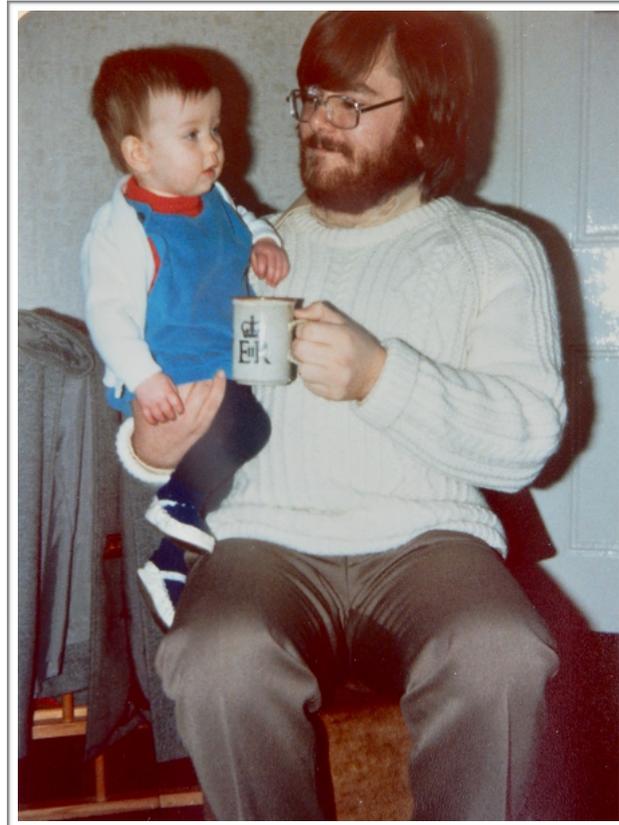


DAVID MACKINDER
IN LOVING MEMORY OF
DAVE MACK



It is a time of deep sadness for us as a church family and for all of David's friends and family. We have lost a wonderful man — a deeply intelligent and Godly man who sought to keep true to his faith through all seasons of his life.

David is a Fairfield treasure and he will be so missed. He served in so many groups over the years, from children's work, playing the piano for Super-Minis, Holiday Club, Wednesday Fellowship, the Theology Discussion Group, House-Group, Come Together and he enjoyed Vespers and other small group settings within the family at Fairfield.

But it is his friendship and unwavering support that so many will miss — his memory of what book you have been reading, the loving and gentle academic support — school work for some, sermon prep for others, degree and PhD work for yet more and even

professional editing for esteemed scholars like N. T. (Tom) Wright.

You see, what comes across loud and clear from so many of the church family is David's deep interest, thoughtfulness and faithful support. He loved books and was never happier than when he was sharing them. Moreover, David was curious, genuinely interested in a broad range of topics and read around subjects that interested people. This meant that he could ask profoundly interesting, searching and challenging questions. David's attention and care extended beyond this though as he remembered to ask his friends questions about their families.

David was gentle to a fault. Even when life was hard for him and he was anxious he was still able to provide a loving sense of space around him which people felt held by. He came with no judgement, but with acceptance and did not ridicule or criticise people. He

had an ability to let people be themselves and this was precious; his group of friends is very diverse and this collection of tributes captures some of their voices and memories.

This is an attempt to honour and hold this space together. We cannot come together at present to share and grieve together, so this is a way of drawing us into God's presence collectively to give thanks, today, for David's life. He knew he was loved by so many and he died surrounded by that love and embraced by Christ. We can rest totally in the knowledge that David is with the God he was so curious about, the Saviour that sustained him through great adversity and the Spirit's life is made complete in him now.

The design of this collection of tributes is a simple attempt to honour David's love of typography and typesetting.

Rachie Ross

DEREK & ROXANA PETERS

First and foremost, to us David Mackinder was a dear and close friend of many years' standing. Indeed, he felt more like a member of our family. We had the privilege of sharing Sunday lunch with him every week, whenever his health permitted. His company was always good value, with his sharp wit, great sense of humour, high intellect, and extraordinarily wide range of knowledge.

Following a severe attack of glandular fever when he was at university, he became prone to increasing levels of anxiety, and this made it difficult to lead the productive life of which he was so clearly capable. His career as a highly competent technical editor, to which qualified beneficiaries will testify, was cut short. In place, he devoted his time to helping others, doing voluntary work, and supporting friends. It was a special delight to him to use his wide range of skills to benefit anyone who may approach him. Inevitably, he found that some who came to him took him for

granted, and ignored his good advice. This did not stop him from continuing to try to offer assistance, despite the frustration it often caused him, and that speaks highly of his consideration for others.

Despite increasing physical health problems, he kept as active as he could, and made frequent visits into London, meeting people and visiting places of culture. He was a regular and well-recognised visitor to the British Library. He was a very kind gentleman, who carried himself with great dignity. He made efforts to improve his health, and his regular visits to a public gym exemplifies this. Taking the time and effort to put himself through those exercises probably cost him more from the indignity than the physical (and mental) stress. So to his other attributes, one must add courage.

So we mourn our great loss, but give thanks for a wonderful friend, and rejoice that he is now safe in the care of the Lord he served.

MICHELLE BARNES

David was our Murray Road neighbour and on most days our paths would cross; we would bump into each other as I walked the dog or took letters to the post box, or we would coincide in our Waitrose top-up trips and clog an aisle as I got updates about his brother. It was lovely to have Fairfield family on our doorstep.

Dora and Martha got to know him during their time at Super Minis and he is part of their school-time memories greeting him on their way to or from Northwood College.

David often came to the ComeTogether services and afternoon teas at Fairfield for adults with learning difficulties. I hugely appreciated his presence and was always delighted when he affirmed me after I had given a talk there or at Wednesday Fellowship. This was such a kindness.

I am especially grateful to David for all his encouragement in my environmental activism over the last two years. He has been a wonderful source of knowledge,

both in our chats during Fellowship/Coffee time on Sunday mornings and on Facebook.

David was a blessing to me, and I thank God for him.

NICKI HUNT

David was funny, knowledgeable, intelligent but self-effacing, a lovely person.

LUCY SMITH

David sat with me and comforted me when I was unsettled in Super Minis.

CHRIS PEARSON

A short recent memory of David is of us standing side by side cooking pancakes for Wednesday Fellowship. It was an annual event that found us both wearing our aprons and getting hotter and hotter as we greased, squirted pancake mixture and then tossed pancakes as high as we dare. We both had 4 or 5 pans cooking at the same time, but there was always time to exchange comments or share a joke.

At the end of a frantic 70 mins we'd clean our pans, listen to the answers of Roxana's pancake quiz, fold away our aprons and turn to each other and say, " see you next year, same time, same place." Sad that this will never be. I wonder if angels like pancakes.

MEDALIN

I've been writing things in my journal and this is what I've been writing about David. I've been making a collection of the encouragements David gave me through emails and text messages when I was feeling low or when I was lacking in confidence. I noticed how he never stopped believing in me and he made sure I knew that.

21st of March: David Mackinder has passed away today. It has left me broken hearted. I was going to email him asking him if he's been okay recently amid the coronavirus outbreak. I just never got to it. The last time I talked to him, we talked for a long time, we sat next to each other and we chatted even after the church was closed.

We were talking outside Pepe's then crossed the road and talked before he went straight to Briarwood Drive and I went across to my house. It was always nice to talk to him and hear his jokes which made me laugh and cheered me up. He always called university puny-versity. I really miss him. He guided me through everything. He is the reason I'm at QMUL, reading chemical engineering. I am more than grateful for the work he has done for me. He was always happy to help me. He helped me through everything. GCSEs, A-levels, university. He has been so kind and caring. He checked up on me every time I needed someone to talk to. Someone who is caring and accepting. He was with me through the successes and the defeats. He helped me understand what goodness is. He worked hard for me, to help me with all the applications I've needed. He has encouraged me when I needed encouragement. He supported me at my highs and lows. I'm more than grateful to have met a beautiful man like him. He is more than just a friend to me. He is a

mentor, a counsellor, coach etc. He has guided me through everything. Every step of the way, God kept him there for me. He was selfless and loving. He cared. He knew my dreams. He wanted to support me, to make my dreams come true. He helped me make wise decisions. One of my many favourites was when he asked me whether I was expelled yet. I used to laugh at that one, every time. He cheered me up. He showed me how proud he was of the many things I did. He helped me get back up on my feet when I thought that I had failed. He had a lot of confidence and faith in me and my abilities.

I saw him last on the 8th of March, the first time I was able to sit next to him in a church service.

David is safe with his Heavenly Father. I should be more than happy for him. He has taught me so much that I've decided to take action and keep his words close to me. I'm so glad about the many conversations I've had with him in person as well as online., I try to only think about

how I can honour his life and his words. Also, how I can help others as he did.

I know I'll see him again and there's nothing more I need. All we can do now is be the best version of ourselves and honour him by living as his life has impacted us.

ANDY ROSS

David: a character; a man with a smile which hid a full laugh; whose utterances were always worth a listen; who would always choose the interaction of a seminar over a sermon; who struggled to let out the wonderful man inside; who, like me, always had his man-bag with Prisoner badge attached. I don't remember why he wore his Prisoner badge all the time. Now a Prisoner no more.

NETTA ROSS

My memory is David playing the piano in Super Minis and he was so sweet to us all. He was always at church and he was just there, in his famous braces and carrying his British Library tote bag. He was really nice.

RACHIE ROSS

David and I go back many years (or Mack-attack as I often called him along with the Wangs), having both studied at LST we had a history and love of theology that we both appreciated deeply. But what I loved about David more than anything was his authenticity, kindness and humour. My earliest memory goes back 18 years; a friend in my street had given birth to a daughter but the husband had abandoned her during the pregnancy, leaving her to look after a 4 year old and a new-born. When I mentioned it to David, he cooked five meals for her and his compassion and empathy was so real (and he was a very good cook). More recently we would meet over a coffee for me and a cup of English Breakfast for him and we would talk, really talk, about everything; his family, his hurts, his love of books and God and theology and his faith. He was also one of my biggest champions about the climate crisis always retweeting any tweets that I was in, sending me helpful articles and generally chewing the political fat with me. We

would also meet before I had a sermon to prepare; we would chat over ideas and he would lend me books and he would check in as the sermon drew nearer: 'How's it coming along? How are you feeling about it? I will have my squashed tomatoes ready to throw at you' (every time without fail he would say this and smile with those lovely twinkly eyes). He was such an advocate of wide theological reading and we would talk about the whole spectrum. We also went to exhibitions together, one being photos of the Dust Bowl Famine in USA at the Barbican and both found it hilarious that I was wearing my much loved dungarees (as I often do) and then we stood in front of a whole exhibition full of black and white images of people all wearing dungarees! We did laugh. And we laughed a lot. I will end with this: David knows I love Bill Bryson. He face-booked me to say he'd been stopped in the British Library by a man asking him for his autograph thinking he was Bill Bryson! I have lost a supporter and a very good friend, who I am privileged to have known.

JULIE PENSTONE

He was such a sweetheart, who supported so many people despite having very little himself and often struggling. Always loved his dark sense of humour.

CHRIS JONES

Very sad. I used to enjoy chatting with him at FF, whatever the topic. His theology was excellent and once drawn him out a good conversation would take place. More recently, I used to see him walking to FF somewhere between the Iron Bridge and the Roundabout, timings always spot on, when I was on my way to St Andrews.

HELENA ARTHUR

Oh wow, that is sad news. I will pray for David's family and friends. He was obviously so intelligent and its lovely to see the photos of him with the church children.

DESTA & JO HELISO

When I was an undergraduate student at LBC (now LST), I walked to Fairfield from the College every Sunday morning and

used to see David on his way to church. We never spoke to each other, as I was a little unsure. I cannot remember how we started our first conversation but David and I became good friends. I enjoyed chatting with him after church services and when we met for coffee in Northwood. David was an insightful dialogue partner. Whenever I bounced my ideas off him, he would always come up with something helpful and deeply perceptive. As he was a walking bibliography, he would point me to a helpful book or journal article in relation to my research. David was also a generous person. He proofread my doctoral dissertation. Before his condition deteriorated, he used to have me over for meals. He was a wonderful cook. I also enjoyed his cooking once or twice at the Peters'. Despite his health difficulties, he was a constant presence in the life of our church. Fairfield will not be the same without him. Jo and I are hugely saddened by his death.

DANIEL BERKOVIC

David's departure is indeed a very sad news for me. He was my colleague at LBC during our student days in early 1980s (1981-1984). Yes, David did have some personal problems even then, but he was always such a dear friend, colleague and a brother that all this was not at all and in any way a hindrance in our relationships. At my every visit to Fairfield, in the past years, I sincerely looked forward to meet David and have a little chat with him. I will miss him.

JIM, ANNA, GEORGE & BILLY O'NEILL

We had the pleasure of getting to know David through a home-group that we hosted. A highly intelligent, thoughtful and compassionate man with a dry sense of humour. He bought and gave a lot to the group just by being David. He was good to talk to if we had a problem and encouraging in his advice. In fact when we think back he was part of our lives from our earliest time at Fairfield and with us at some very poignant and sad times of

our lives. All the above and yet he faced many of his own struggles. David enriched our lives by knowing him.

OCTAVIAN BABAN

I knew David from Fairfield, in the years we went to that church, being a student at LBC (LST). He was a very professional user of the academic writing program NotaBene, something I used also. May the Lord bless the whole community at Fairfield and strengthen all with his power and blessings.

JOHN KENYON

I knew David through Fairfield and Waitrose. Because of his health issues he did not seem to me comfortable outside of these routines but he was a man of real faith in all his difficulties and struggles. Deeply concerned for the Church and widely read and always thoughtful. He had a wry and quiet sense of humour. He will be much missed. He was nearly always happy to engage in detailed theological discussion and the merits of some new, particularly Christian, book. Recently his health seemed to be

deteriorating but his struggles are over now. It will be good to hear from others who knew him better and for much longer. It was good to know David.

RACHEL ALBERTI

I remember that David often came round for meals to our house when we lived in Rochester Road. He always made us laugh! He will be greatly missed. Thanking God he is now in His presence.

Jesus: I came so they can have real and eternal life, more and better life than they ever dreamed of. (John 10:10)

CHRIS WIGRAM FOR FAIRFIELD THEOLOGY GROUP

David's extensive experience in editing theological works by well-known authors gave him a broad theological overview of both Systematic theology and Biblical Theology. This made him a valuable member of the Fairfield theology group and his contributions were detailed, inquisitive and welcome. We will miss him!

ROGER & FRANCES PEARCE

In his early years we remember his significant freelance work in sub editing and preparing books for publication for Christian publishers. He kindly gave Roger some of the Bible commentaries that he had worked on and it was great to pass on these recently to the associate pastor of our current church. Roger also recalls a visit he and David made together to explore the capital of second hand bookshops at Hay on Wye. David was great with the younger children and he had a role for so many years in working with them on Sundays and at Holiday Club. He had a keen mind, a pawky sense of humour, and a real sense of fairness and social justice. His own difficulties gave him a strong identification and caring spirit for others with mental health issues. So glad members at Fairfield have cared for David so faithfully over the years.

ANNIE MCDUGALL

I am so terribly shocked about David. We used to be very close and to spend a lot of

time together. We used to joke that I would always be older than him! (we were a few months apart). He was great with my boys when they were young too. Jamie particularly will be saddened.

ALISTAIR MCKITTERICK

I would like to add my short tribute to David. David was a tremendous encouragement to me in my theological career. He was an endless source of knowledge and inspiration on obscure yet important theological arguments, something that sharpened my understanding of Scripture no end. But it was his sheer decency that stands out in my memory. He was a gentleman scholar whose favourite book was a beautifully illustrated volume on the correct use of fonts and typesetting. I thank God for the blessing David was to me.

MARTIN & LEE WILSON

I will miss David. In fact I miss him already. He would definitely have had something to say about the current situation and with David that something would be worth

hearing! David was always honest, incisive, deeply spiritual and with a great depth of biblical knowledge. I really valued these qualities in him, but I suppose what I really loved was the cleverness and the wit that he used to express himself. I loved his cerebral-ness (if that's a word). Chatting to David I always felt I was in the presence of a huge mind. But David also had a big caring heart. He had his own troubles (with mental and physical health and a seemingly continuous stress about things like benefits). But although he was always honest when I asked how he was, never saying he was fine when he wasn't, he also looked out for others. If I ever mentioned any trouble of my own he would be bound to ask about it the next time we spoke. I curse my own small brain and bad memory for not being able to recall more of the things he said to me more exactly and more clearly. I'm sure David would remember many of them, with his huge mind and his big heart, and he'd probably have a witty joke to add as well!

JEAN KESSEL

I have known David as a church member for many years. I first met him as a helper in Super Minis and was amazed at his ability to help children re-engage when things didn't quite go according to plan!

Over the last two or three years I feel very fortunate to have had the opportunity to get to know him better. We spent many hours chatting over his pots of English tea and my cups of coffee, as well as enjoying visits to museums and art galleries. He was a kind, gentle, caring, highly intelligent, self-effacing man with a wry sense of humour and I feel very privileged to have had him as a friend.

TOM WRIGHT (PROF. N. T. WRIGHT)

How very sad. I do remember David fondly; he was without a shadow of doubt the finest proof-reader I have ever had. Working through NTPG ('The New Testament and the People of God') and JVG ('Jesus and the Victory of God') with him was a delight, the like of which I have never known in any of my other books. I

was really sorry about his ongoing challenges, mostly for him of course but also because I had so enjoyed his unique talents.

MARK TATTON

David was my friend. I owe a lot to him. We shared many interests, especially in theology, but friendship with David taught me not just to love ideas, but to love the object to which all theology is subject.

The generosity he exercised in our friendship allowed me to develop both as an academic and as a Christian disciple. If I can write at all well, that is largely because of David's gift of time, patience and insight.

David.

In the cafés and supermarkets of my memory, when I listen carefully, I can hear the echos of his eccentric humour, gentle wisdom, nurturing pride and exhausting generosity. The grief of this ending feels like silence — a library book recalled too soon, a closing-time announcement just as I arrive.

You'll never see his name on the spine of a book, you won't hear his name mentioned at a conference, but if you listen carefully, if you look a little bit closer, you'll hear the tinny echoes of our simple gratitude that now carry over into eternity. Christ the holy stranger, out of the discord of anxiety promises perfect harmony, reconciled melody. 'The end is music'.

RUTH NEWHAM

I remember doing Sunday school with David, he had a great sense of humour and we had quite a laugh sometimes in our planning meetings.

CHRIS REVELEY

David Mackinder was a unique character, one of a kind! I only got to know him properly over the last five years or so and to appreciate a little his amazing intellect and his theological intelligence as well as seeing his love and care and concern for others. He was so well-informed and yet so humble in the way he ventured his

knowledge to others. He was so willing to help by suggesting (or even providing) a book or an article or a link that was so often just the right material for the issue in question. He was kind, supportive and always willing to help. He was a lovely person. I also saw and heard of the great pain that his anxiety gave him in coping with life and how often he would be laid low by both real and perceived threats to his peace of mind. Jesus' peace, and not peace as the world gives, is what he has finally attained and to be at peace for David is heaven.

DAVID WANG

When I think of David Mack and his passing, he was so unique, so kind, it seems very likely that he had been an angel, a mysterious but wonderful person. One of the first people who became a friend when we moved to Northwood, he was one of the long & faithful at NHEC or Fairfield as it is known. Yet at the same time he didn't fit in there either, which is what made him fun, always hanging out at

the back, mischievous quips, sharp humour and encyclopaedic knowledge without a hint of pride. It took a while but it dawned that he was never really well, just various degrees of unwell from week to week. Suffering from mental illness and physical (he required a machine to safely breathe in his sleep) which I could see had been brought on by the vicissitudes of the life he had come through. I came to know he was deeply principled, caring, and had a brilliant analytical mind. These qualities and his complete gentleness must have eventually led to his breaking down in earlier life having experienced the prejudice, injustice & discombobulations he was subjected to. His manner is all the more wonderful because he lived on his own, not very securely as his tenure was often under threat and always having to stretch a meagre budget. This is the struggle he left behind.

We became close neighbours for 2 years after we moved into the next block of flats. He loved our 3 children and was always child aware whenever they were around.

He babysat for us on many occasions so we could have a night out. Nathan was a baby and he needed to be smothered in thick grease head to toe every night after his bath due to severe eczema, the first time, on being asked how this unusual challenge went, David's response "it wasn't difficult, like making butterball turkey" — priceless. Caris was about 7 and had recently started playing the violin or "Vile-din" as David could never resist saying. Another great line from David which we oft repeat is "Too good for children" which has been a consolation on many occasions when we adults are trying to make sense of a world that has been turned upside down (by having kids) or just trying to get back at the little blighters. In David's case he often interjected at points of family tensions with such remarks, just to make us all feel a bit better.

He is sorely missed and I regret very much, for being too late to show more care for our friend and fellow traveller. Looking back on our email exchanges over the years, he was always so gracious when I

took him for granted which gives me confidence that if he is able to look upon me now, he understands my weaknesses and self-centredness, and so I can look forward to a joyful reunion at that final party.

David would usually venture into the centre of Northwood everyday if he was well enough. He cut a familiar figure in many of the cafes there and so our children would



often see him there. Caris, aged 6, decided to make a T-shirt of a cake shop with everything beginning with the letter C, she made one exception,

apart from herself, the other character was David Mac. He always wore braces with a bicycle badge pinned to one strap which is a curious thing. When David saw this T-shirt he enjoyed it and thought it a flattering portrait. I wouldn't be surprised if some of you caught a glimpse of him around in

Northwood, he'd probably like to say goodbye I imagine.

Goodbye David, see you Anon.

PHILIP WATSON

I spoke to Joshua who had memories in Sunday school of David. He was always there to lend a hand with crafts that had been created. He was great with the scissors and picked up well on any children who were struggling. Often very much in the background but ready to move forward as the needs arose. David was a man who seemed to carry so much on his shoulders, untold pressures of depression and also physical disability. On many occasions I managed to bring a lovely smile to his face. Maybe he was a gentleman who kindly laughed at my jokes. From time to time I asked his opinion on a certain issue or perhaps something I didn't understand. He had an amazing ability to quietly pause and then come forward with such a well-reasoned answer. He was a very special man and there will be a certain sense of sadness as I no longer put out that 'Red

chair' in the corner, at the back of the church. I will so much appreciate reading this tribute as there was so much I didn't know about him. I thank God for the life of David. I can't even imagine the collection of books he must have brought together over the years.

DAVID, CHRIS, ROD, MARIE & WILLIAM HEAD

We have many fond memories of David who used to be a regular visitor to our home in Joel St. He was particularly fond of our children and would often sit with William who wasn't always keen to join in with the other children's activities. He had a wonderful way with words and would make us laugh with his witty observations. He was a great fan of 'The Bill' and we would watch it together every Tuesday evening. David was a highly intelligent individual and both Rod and I benefitted from his literary knowledge. There are still books on our shelves which he recommended, and they continue to be of interest. We are indebted to David for sharing in our family life. We didn't have relatives close by and

David helped to give us a wider perspective on the world. Each one of us feels our lives are richer because of him.

LYDIA GAYTON & MARJORY BOYES

A lovely gentle-man. Kindness and tolerance in abundance . A true friend to many.

JOE & SARA WILCOX

On Saturday 28th March I made the walk to Waitrose and passed Dave's trolley for the final time which used to rest on Murray road outside his block of flats. It has now been returned to Waitrose. It was a fitting reminder of all the chance encounters we had with him over the years, where we would discuss the week past and the week ahead.

Dave Mack was a wonderful, wonderful man. We know that at times he struggled greatly, but in all of our conversations with him, whether short or long, there was a sense of wisdom and knowledge and peace and depth and humility. We were both just happy to sit and listen to him and

connect with him. He was gentle in spirit, always breaking out a smile for our children. We will remember him fondly.

STUART & LYNNE WEIR

David was a good friend for many years during our time at NHEC. Despite the challenges life presented him, he maintained a quiet, faithful witness, displaying a caring heart and fruit of the Spirit that will have ensured him great treasure in heaven.

ANGELA & STEVE ROGERS

David was amazing with the children over so many years. His patience with them, especially with craft activities was incredible. In the few years when I helped in Supercrus (age 4-7, I think) I witnessed some incredible qualities in David. If ever there was a naughty child or a quiet child he would get along side them and encourage them. His quiet, calm personality was transferred to those children. It was a real privilege to have known him for about half of his lifetime.

LOUISE KESSEL

Dear David,

This is what I would have liked to say to you if I didn't think it would make you squirm uncomfortably.

I really appreciate who you are, your kindness, your intelligence, your humility, your desire to connect with other people, even though you find it tough to the extent it sometimes feels painful. I love your generosity, your desire to help others, your humble offering of your deep wisdom.

On a practical level, I really appreciate how you were like a reliable and astute watchman for our children. And how when I would loose track of where Jacob was and come past with that semi-anxious look on my face, without having to ask, you would know exactly what was going on and you would calmly point me in the direction of my missing child! Thank you.

You will be so missed. I imagine far more than you would ever have realised.

I pray now that you can rest easy. Free from worry and anxiety. In our sadness we can imagine you at home with Jesus with a new found peace and joy that was so painfully illusive to you for so many years. And that brings a smile through the tears.

God bless and go freely.

SUE CAREY

I first *really* got to know David at our housegroup - maybe about 20+ years ago at the O'Neills on a Tuesday afternoon. He often came back with me afterwards and stayed with us on through the evening.

David suffered. He really did. Strangers to depression and anxiety might not begin to comprehend his debilitating suffering, regularly waking up feeling utterly ghastly (his words) and completely unable to get going until half way through the day. And yet I admired so much about him:

- His *sheer guts and determination* to keep picking himself up and do another day.
- His utter *kindness* to others - often extending himself to lend money to others

who had less than him when he was running out himself.

I recall the fun we had when he helped me decorate one of our children's bedrooms banana yellow! I also remember the flowers he bought when I was feeling unwell myself: knock down price and at their sell by date. Half for me and half for someone else he knew. He could ill afford it, I knew that, *they were so special*.

- His *regularity at church to be with God's people*. I found it distressing sometimes to seem him agitated. All the more wonderful when his lovely smile broke through and the twinkle in his eyes (yes he really had one of those) had him doing a few little skip-steps.

- His *brilliant mind*, perhaps too brilliant for him to manage at times. But he put it to use to help many in academia. And his *thoughtfulness*.

David liked cooking. We have his yummy recipe for 'winter warmer', a home made hot drink he concocted himself to drive away the winter chills.

And he absolutely loved playing with small children and 'messaging about' with the older kids. Our daughter Anna used to play with Melody Peters when she was younger.

(Many will know that Dave spent many a Sunday at the Peters' house) and Anna told me recently it was a good few years before she realised that Dave was not Melody's uncle! !

What a huge shock last week to hear Dave was suddenly gone. I take some comfort from the fact that he has been spared the angst of this ongoing pandemic. He of all people would have found it so hard to be isolated to the degree that is now being demanded of us all. And we can all take enormous comfort from the fact that his suffering is over and he is with the Lord for all eternity. But we'll miss you Dave. And we do weep.

MARK & GILL NEWHAM

Despite his own struggles, David was always warm and welcoming to us when we visited Fairfield. He was gracious and

chatted, giving us simple words of encouragement.

We will miss seeing him the next time we visit Fairfield. We thank God for David's quiet care and interest in us. He blessed us richly.