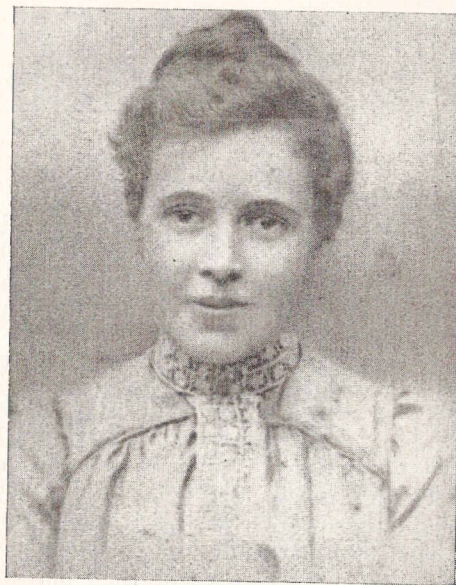


OUR mother's ancestors lived at one time at Ightham Mote in Kent. In St. Peter's Church there is an epitaph to Dame Dorothy Selby, wife of Sir William Selby, dated 1641, the last four lines of which are as follows :—

In heart a Lydia, in tongue a Hanna,  
 In zeale a Ruthe, in wedlock a Susannah;  
 Prudently simple, prudently wary,  
 To the world a Martha, and to Heav'n a Mary.

With the exception of the marital relationship, these words very accurately depict the character of her descendant Eveline Mary Jacob.



EVELINE MARY JACOB

*Taken from a group with her  
 Bible Class Girls about 1904*



### EVELINE MARY JACOB

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MY beloved sister Eveline Mary Jacob was born at Madhopur, Punjab, N. India on 3rd November, 1871 : she was the eldest child of our father Col. Sydney Long Jacob, R.E., C.I.E. and of our mother Mrs. Elizabeth Petronella Jacob, daughter of Mr. Henry Collingwood Selby, Queen's Advocate in Ceylon. She was born shortly after the conclusion of the second Afgan campaign, in which our father took part. I have in my possession father's Sword of Honour, awarded to him for exemplary conduct at Woolwich : he also won the Pollock gold medal, given to the senior cadet at Woolwich, having passed more than 4000 marks ahead of the second cadet. It was only in later years that our father transferred to the Irrigation Dept. of the Government of India, and designed and constructed the Lower Chenab Canal, running a length of 240 miles, bringing fertility to millions of acres of absolutely barren desert soil.

Canals in India are artificial *rivers*, with flowing water for irrigating the land, and not as in England, with static water, for barges transporting goods.

My sister lived in India with our parents, until

at about six years of age she was left in England in the care of our uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Burnett, who lived in Dorchester. They had five children of their own, three boys and two girls; the latter being about the same age as my sister. She was very happy under their loving care for the following six years of her childhood.



Alongside is a copy of the only portrait I have of her as a child. It was taken at Bath in 1882.

All these years our father was a member of the Church of England. Father had, however, been truly converted when a young officer at Chatham, in January, 1867, through reading the

Scripture "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (Thess. 1. 15.) He said to himself,



“You are trying to do what no man has done or can do, viz. to make yourself good, in hopes that God will accept you. Do you not know that Christ died for sinners, yes for *sinners*?” He records “In a moment the gloom was gone: I knew that all was done.”

Father went to India in 1868, and about a year later married. Though a happy Christian at the first, he drifted away from Christ, and as he said, “I sought pleasure in the world and finally gave up prayer and tried to forget the things of eternity by enjoying the things of time.” Returning from the Khyber in Afganistan in 1880, he was stationed in Ferozepur in the Punjab. Whilst there, he was one day reading a sermon out loud in which was quoted Luke 14. 31 & 32. He writes of this experience “This thought rushed irresistibly into my mind, ‘God has got forces at his disposal, not of twenty thousand, but myriads. I have not got ten thousand, but am one poor sinner alone. I must surrender at discretion and cast myself on His mercy.’ In a moment it was done . . . I was restored and brought into favour.”

Subsequently father met Col. Beckett and was introduced by him to the Brethren. As a result he decided to leave the Church of England and to unite with the Brethren in worship; our mother did the same later on. Our grandfather, Major-General Herbert Jacob, whose coat-of-arms is shown on the cover, was very angry about this, as he considered it was lowering to the dignity of his family that one of them should

meet with the despised Brethren.

On 27th May, 1882, I was born in Switzerland, at Villeneuve, where my mother was staying with our widowed grandmother Mrs. Selby, having with her my sister Mrs. Allen and my brother Mr. Sydney M. Jacob. A few months later father returned from India on furlough, and the whole family came to England and settled in rooms in Rivers St., Bath, staying there a year.

While our parents had been in India, my sister had gone regularly to the Church of England with her uncle and aunt; she had been well instructed in the Catechism, in the expectation that father would examine her on it. To her surprise father did not ask her any questions about it, but told her the good news of the Gospel of the grace of God. She afterwards used to say, that she was so surprised she did not take in a word he said, though she was much consoled with the half-a-crown that concluded the interview!

Father and mother left for India after the year had expired, taking my brother and me with them, and leaving my sisters Eveline and Nella at Miss Somerville's School at Malvern, called Hazel Bank. This was a Brethren's School, as they were then called, but neither of my sisters was happy there, especially as they had to spend most of their holidays with Miss Somerville as well.

In the Autumn of 1889 my two sisters came out to India, and all the family lived together, including our two younger sisters Grace and Edith, who had been born in the intervening years. For the first time in our lives the whole



family lived together, in tents, but this only lasted for six months, after which my brother and I were sent to England to go to school. We, also, were sent to a Brethren's school at Clevedon, Somerset, run by Mr. D. W. Melhuish, called Channel View.

My four sisters travelled round the Punjab with father, having no certain dwelling place! They literally lived in tents, as we boys had done during the cool winter months, being sent to the hill stations in the Himalayas in the summer. My sister Eveline being a beautiful girl, had a host of admirers, and the number of proposals she had then, and for many years afterwards, was staggering. To these proposals she invariably replied in the negative, though some of the suitors were fine men, and Christians too. One of the earliest of my childhood recollections is that of being the unexpected witness of the efforts of a love-struck swain to secure my sister as his wife! Another suitor, a Christian doctor, even went so far as to assert that the Lord had told him that she was to be his wife, to which she naively replied that it was strange that the Lord had not told *her* so Himself!

During these years in India my sister's experiences were of the most varied order. Being a fine walker she would often tramp the whole of the eight to ten miles to the next camp, when father was inspecting canals. On other days she would ride, and many an excitement ensued because of half-broken horses. On one occasion in the hills her horse had mad-staggers and threw itself down the mountain side, but my sister managed to slip

off, on the off side, though riding side saddle.

A trip to Kashmir was one of her most cherished memories. She climbed over high mountain passes and sometimes got 'drowned' in storms; an experience we shared together in the Alps in later years.

Even in these early days her skill as a nurse began to develop. All untrained though she was, she nursed our mother successfully through a very serious attack of pneumonia. Also her motherly instincts were brought out in visits to Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Norman with their nine children. She and Mrs. Norman became life-long friends. Another contact first arose, on an

early voyage to India when Gen. Alec Campbell, then a Captain, was trying very ineffectually to cope with his first-born baby, his wife being completely hors de combat with sea-sickness. My sister took charge of the forlorn bairn, and so began a friendship which lasted all her life.



*Taken outside Buckingham Palace in 1953 after the investiture of Vice-Admiral I. M. R. Campbell.*



Gen. Campbell had three sons Brigadier Donald Campbell, Vice-Admiral Jock Campbell and the late Lt. Commander Andrew Campbell: my sister cared for them on many of their holidays when their parents were in India, taking them into her large heart as adopted nephews.

This maternal instinct found an even fuller expression when my sister went to India in the Autumn of 1919, to help Mrs. Allen bring her children to England in the Spring of 1920, after Mr. H. D. Allen's sudden death in Cawnpore. It was a *very* difficult time to get passages home and the party had to be split, my sister bringing home two of the children via Italy and Mrs. Allen the other two by a separate boat. On many occasions after that, my sister cared for her nieces and nephew, when Mrs. Allen was on visits to India, and also when the young people were training in London. She loved them all dearly and became almost a second mother to them.

But we must return to the earlier days, in the endeavour to present a complete picture. In 1893 father, and the members of the family in India, came to England for a year, and in 1896 for six months: we stayed in rooms in Clevedon on both occasions. During these periods the whole family were re-united, and my brother and I continued at the same school as day-boys. It was not until September 1898 that father rented a house in England. It was the first 'home' any of us had ever had; he selected 71 Highbury Hill, so as to be able to go to Park St. Meeting. Even then, father and mother continued to go out to India

for the six winter months, and left my sister Eveline in charge of a rampageous family of five, for we were by no means 'saints.' What a task for a slim and pretty young woman of 26, with no experience at all of running a house in England. I remember her saying that, when our cook-general asked for hearth-stone, she had no idea what was meant, as it is never used in India. Nevertheless, right nobly she carried out her task; by sheer power of will and mind she made herself a master of all domestic economy. Our many hundreds of visitors, over the ensuing 49 years in that house, would willingly testify to her ability to shop, to cook, to sew, to run a home, and above all, to give every one who came within its portals a loving welcome, with the quiet grace and courtesy which was the hall-mark of a true 'lady' in the days of long ago.

My sister Mrs. Allen was the first to take an interest in the Park St. Sunday School. She took the infant class in 1899, and soon reduced these lively children to order, a task far beyond me on the few occasions I had to 'stand in' for her. She continued this service until 1904 when she left England to serve the Lord in India; where she met Mr. H. D. Allen and married him in the next year. They both served the Lord in Cawnpore, Mussoorie, Panahpur and other places until Mr. Allen's death in 1919.

About the beginning of 1904 the young women's Bible Class at Park St. needed a new teacher, and my sister Eveline was invited to take it. She took



it up with some diffidence, but it was very soon evident that she had found a true vocation for her spiritual talents. Her class grew and grew, until it was too big to fit into the Park St. Meeting Room, with all the children's classes as well. A Park St. sister, Miss Fear, who had a workroom nearby in Canonbury Sq., kindly offered her room for the class, which my sister gladly accepted. It was held there, growing continually, until the awful tragedy of the Glanton division among the Brethren, in the autumn of 1908. When the division took place, Miss Fear did not feel free to let my sister have the use of the workroom any longer: and I, also, lost my class of boys in the Park St. Sunday School.

My sister and I waited on the Lord about this matter, and felt led to look for a house and rent it, so that she could continue her Bible Class there; and I felt led to start a Bible Class for young men. We found No. 5 Canonbury St. in Highbury, redecorated it outside and inside and began work there—most of my sister's Bible Class followed her there and others were added, so that our mutual joy in the Lord increased from year to year. Many young women were led to the Lord at this time, and some have continued in the class to the present time. What joy we had in those happy days, my sister providing tea for all who liked to stay, a practice she continued right through two world wars, in spite of the difficulties arising from food rationing. It was a miracle

almost comparable with the widow's handful of meal and drop of oil. Once in the 1914-18 war I was offered some dates by a friend who didn't care for them; to my astonishment two large boxes of compressed dates arrived, containing about 28lbs each. What a God-send they were for the famous rock-cakes.

Our mother fell asleep in Cawnpore, India, in January, 1910 and father continued his service for the Lord in that country, returning to England for the Summer of 1910. He went to India in October of the same year and travelled right down to Travancore, where he was taken with a serious heart attack. He managed to get to England with Mr. and Mrs. Allen, but passed away at 71 Highbury Hill, in July, 1911. My sister Eveline and I lived and worked together happily for 43 years since then.

Which year it was that the joyous Annual Outings began I cannot remember. Originally



*Taken at an Annual Outing*



they were held on August Bank-holiday, but the day was changed later to Whitmonday, as often members of our classes were away on their own annual holiday in August. The illustration shows lunch in progress on one of these happy occasions.

In the earliest days, when I was at Wolseley Motors and had a car provided for me, I used to drive the invalids and take the food by car, and my sister would conduct the main party by train. Oh what a job she had to round up her flock on the way home, aided by Scrap our faithful Irish terrier friend. Later we had two double-decker motor buses, and finally the luxury of motor coaches. But, alas, the 1939-45 war put a stop to these delightful trips. In 1940 we had our last Whit-Monday party in the garden of 68 Hamilton Park, shortly before the bombing of London began. We usually had wonderful weather but on one occasion, going to some woods near Otford, Kent, there was such a downpour we were likely to be all drenched to the skin. A kind cottager however opened up for us a minute Chapel, and the bulk of our family literally squeezed into that place; trying to get the primus going outside to make tea: a memory that will ever remain with me.

But to return: we continued at 5 Canonbury St. until late in 1917. It seemed then as if the first world war would be endless, so we transferred the classes to 71 Highbury Hill. After the war was over my sister's class prospered wonderfully, under the good hand of God. It grew so much that the younger ones had to sit on footstools, because we had no more space for chairs in our large drawing room. What a joy she had in watching over and praying for her numerous flock--she

loved them and gave herself for them, and they loved her in return. Finally in 1937 we bought 68 Hamilton Park and transferred our classes there.

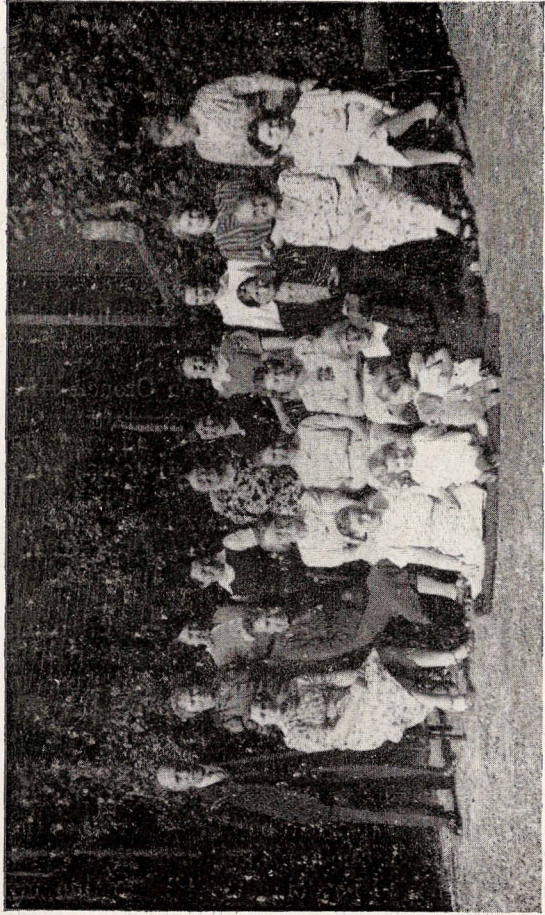
We must now revert however to the first world war. Directly it broke out, my sister joined the Red Cross Nursing Section, and threw herself, with all her energy, into nursing the wounded soldiers. The photograph is taken from a group



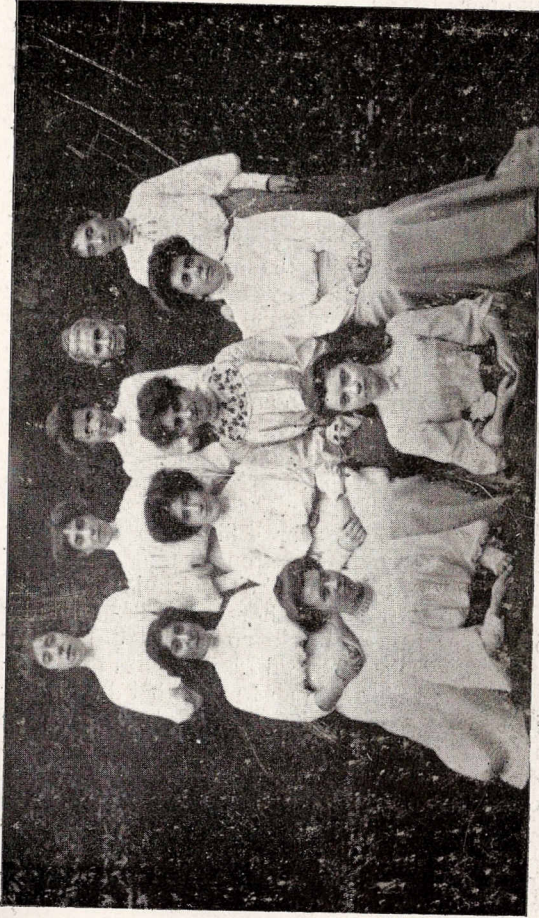
of nurses. At first she was allocated to the Royal Northern Hospital, but when a Red Cross Hospital was opened on Crouch Hill, in a large old house adapted for the purpose, the leader of her unit asked her to work there, which she did for about a year. Whilst there, on one occasion, she needed hot water and went in the kitchen to get it.

She found the range full of cinders and the flues choked with soot! Nothing daunted, she set to work and cleaned the flues and the grate, got a fire lit and was waiting to boil the water when the Matron arrived on the scene and said "Oh, nurse you ought not to be doing this!" To this my sister characteristically replied "But Matron there





*The last photo taken with some of her Bible Class at Whitsuntide 1909, in the garden at 68 Hamilton Park, Highbury.*



*Some of her Bible Class taken in the garden at 71 Highbury Hill about 1904.*



was no one else to do it, so of course I did it!" So like her.

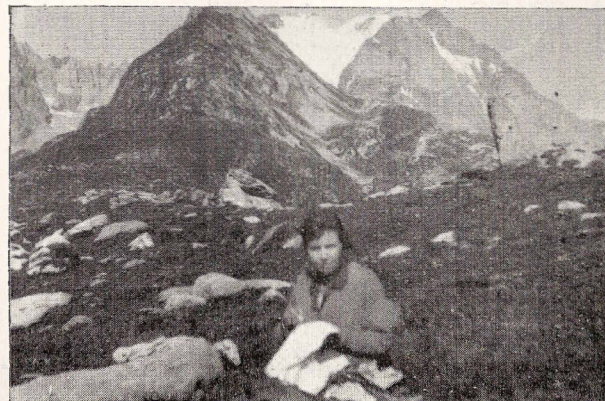
Later she returned to the Royal Northern Hospital, but while nursing there a child of a friend of ours, Mrs. Losada, fell seriously ill and she obtained leave of absence to nurse her girl Beryl. This child became so attached to my sister, and loved her nursing so much, that she would not have any other nurse. The poor girl was too ill to be cured and died shortly afterwards.

Altogether she spent over four years nursing night and day, besides running the house, conducting her Bible Class and other activities. She went in for the supplementary examination for Red Cross nurses and secured the coveted Blue Stripe. Not only did she nurse the soldiers, but often entertained them to tea in our home: I have a number of photos of men, which I took in the garden. Some of them were able to get to my Bible Class, and one or two, thank God, were converted. In the latter part of the war, when nurses for the women's wards were very difficult to secure, my sister was asked by the matron of the Hospital if she was willing to undertake this kind of nursing. She agreed, and threw herself whole-heartedly into this service, which she continued until after the war, when the dreadful influenza epidemic laid her low; the first time I remember her being ill in bed. When the 1939/45 war broke out she wanted to start again, at age 68, and was quite upset when she was told she was too old!

Among her other activities was her loved work-party. Her interest was first secured by Miss Bellamy for the Mildmay Mission Hospital, and year in and year out she laboured to make the Royal Service Stall a success. This was in addition to her increasing labours for the two Missions

in the Belgian Congo. Pre-eminent in her labours in this direction was her beautiful embroidery, which was sought after by friends far and wide.

Even on holidays climbing in the mountains, she would carry her needlework in her rucksack on her back, and work away after we had our lunch on the mountain side, while I read to her from a book. There was one occasion when this practise of hers saved her from a nasty accident. She was climbing among big boulders when her feet slipped and she fell over backwards into a gap among the rocks. I rushed up, thinking she might be gravely hurt, but was astonished to see her clamber out quite unhurt. On reflection we came to the conclusion that the blow on her back must have been caught by her rucksack, which was thickly padded with her embroidery! A picture of her engaged in this work is shown below.

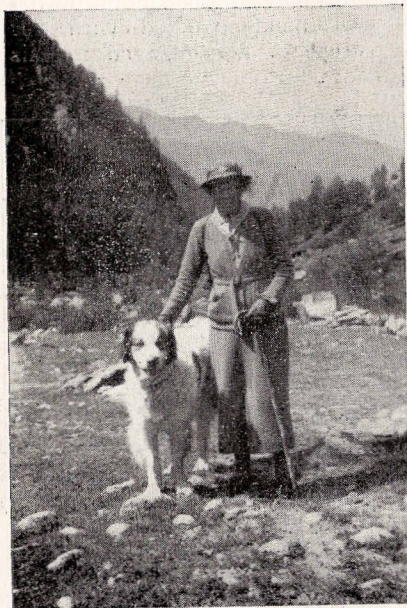


How much she and her helpers earned for the Hospital in these ways it would be difficult to



assess. She loved the Hospital and her interest and prayers followed the work right up to the time of her home-call. Even in bed, during the last few weeks, she often spoke of the preparations to be made for the next Sale of Work.

Then there was the famous marmalade; there was even one family who insisted on their mother providing them with "Jacob's marmalade" and no other. This enterprise had a sad ending. When the last war broke out and rationing came in, she wrote to the Ministry of Food for a permit to buy sugar and was referred to the Islington Food Office. Going there for an interview, the official was



*In the Kleiner Fleisstal*

genuinely perplexed about her request, and asked whether she did it to make a profit, to which she replied "Of course not!" "Then what do you do it for?" "Well, I sell it to get money for the Hospital." His reactions to this was "Oh I see you run a sort of factory." At which she marched out

of the office with indignation, and relating the incident to me later she said, "Just think, that man thought I ran a *factory*." Alas, the outcome was, *no sugar!*

Nor must I omit her deep love for animals of all kinds, but especially for dogs, I have so many pictures of her with animals, even goats, that it has been hard to make a selection: I have chosen two.

(1.) A picture of her standing by a lovely St. Bernard in the Kleiner Fleisstal at 4754 ft., which is near Heiligenblut in Austria. She never could resist giving the animals a share of her lunch.

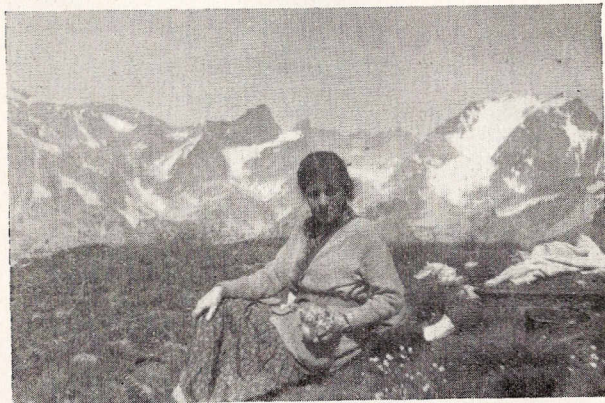
(2.) A photograph of her with our dog Sambo, taken in Epping Forest after our return from one of our holiday trips. She was very fond of Sambo who was the fourth of our dumb friends. But she never ceased to think of her beloved Scrap, who was such a perfect dog that he used even to attend the Gospel Meetings in Bedford Hall, and Mr. A. E. Walker used to declare he was a "converted" dog.



*In Epping Forest*



Besides this there was her love for our Missionary brethren, and the Lord's work carried on through them. Our father died in July, 1911, and from then onwards, for 43 years, my sister wrote all the letters to the donors to the Missionary Fund, sending receipts and writing up the Cash Book. In addition to this she carried on a voluminous correspondence with our missionary brethren themselves, and their children. All that she did for them will never be known. The replies she received usually furnished the matter needed for the Circular. Not only so, but when our brethren were at home she welcomed them at 71 Highbury Hill, and lovingly provided for all their needs. So widely was this known, that, on one occasion, a total stranger knocked on the door and told my sister he had been informed that this was a "home where



*Pic du Tambour*

missionaries were shown hospitality!" On another occasion a stranger brother from America lived with us for nine months and was lovingly cared for!

Some have truly entertained angels unawares.

Holidays! How she loved the mountains, the flowers, and the quiet. The flowers were her special delight, and many an hour was spent in picking alpine roses, gentians, chardon bleu and other flowers, not to speak of the famous edelweiss, when we could find it. The patterns on her beautifully embroidered cloths were taken from the flowers all around.— A photo of her on the Pic du Tambour 8669 ft. in the Upper Savoy in France, with a bunch of newly gathered wild flowers in her hand, is shown on the previous page. But not always did the sun shine. We would set off about 9 a.m. with our rucksacks, food and spirit-kettle, trek six to ten miles, climb 1000 or 5000 feet, have lunch, rest, make our way homewards and get back about 6.30 p.m. in time to wash and have dinner. At times we were drowned! We started up the Petit Mt. Blanc in brilliant sunshine and ended on the top at 9000 feet, drinking tea with torrents of rain falling in the cups and down our necks. But she loved it; she always wanted to be a Spartan. Even as a tiny girl she sat in the garden under an umbrella with the hose full on and getting soaking wet! On one occasion at St. Anton in Austria, it was bitterly cold and we set off over a mountain pass, tramping quickly to try and keep warm. We ended by doing 40 miles that day. Even in 1953, at the age of nearly 82, she trekked 150 miles in three weeks and climbed a total of 12000 ft. A few specimens of photos taken on these climbs are shown on pages 24, 25 and 26.

(a). Col du Grand Ferret. This col has to be climbed in the trek from Champex to the Grand St. Bernard Hospice. It had been a severe winter and cold Spring so that the pass between Switzerland and Italy which is 8310 ft., was deep in snow.

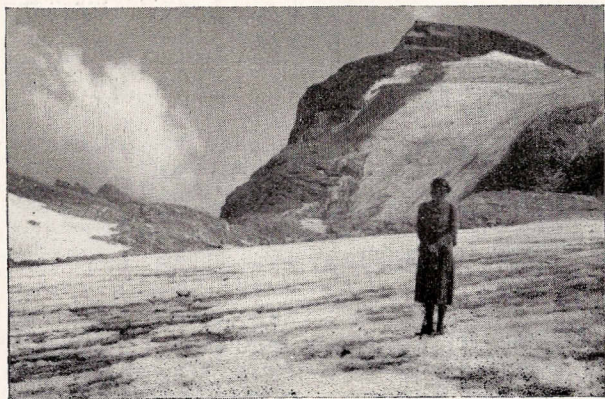




*Col du Grand Ferret*

We spent the night at the Hospice and returned another way, by Napoleon's route.

(b.) Uschinen Glacier. The glacier is close by the summit of the pass on the route between Adelboden and the Gemmi. It was a bad morning,



*Uschinen Glacier*

and the pass which is 8661 ft., was covered with clouds. We had lunch near the topmost point, and I prayed earnestly that the clouds might clear, as we had not been that way before, and the glacier had to be traversed. As we sat there the clouds gradually lifted, and an hour later we went across the glacier in safety, as may be observed from the photograph taken en route.

(c.) Pointe de Sorebois. This peak is near Zinal and rises to a height of 9590 ft. From the top there is a glorious view of the Weisshorn shewn in the following picture.



*Pointe de Sorebois*

(d.) Chaux Ronde.—This is a rounded mound of 5690 ft. near Chateau d' Oex. At the top a huge cross may be seen from far below, and on reaching it climbers can plainly see the words written on it in French, *Ta parole est verité*, Thy word is truth. What a testimony to the Word of God. My sister was 74 years of age when she did this climb. She is seen standing at the foot of the cross.

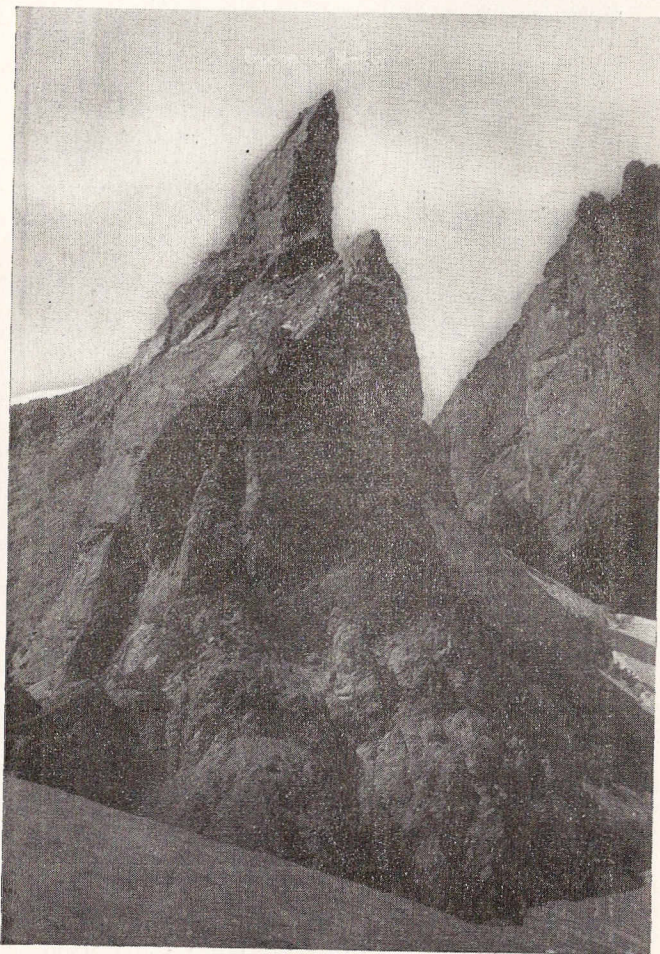




*Chaux Ronde*

The highest point my sister and I ever climbed together was the Clocher de Bertol 11,150 ft., the summit of which is the very steep and high rock depicted in the illustration. The climbers but is just below the final pinnacle: my sister climbed up the rocks to it from the glacier below. I have a small snapshot of my sister accomplishing this feat. One of her most remarkable exploits was climbing the Gornergrat from Zermatt which is 10,800 ft., at the age of 76. But these holidays were not just for fun, or even for health. Everywhere there were opportunities of sowing the seed of the Word of God. One most blessed incident of God's goodness shall suffice.

In August, 1929, we visited Austria for the first time. We stayed in a very tiny village in the mountains, called Ferleiten. There we met a young couple from Vienna, Dr. and Mrs. Josef Eisenstein, and got friendly with them. They gave us their address in Vienna and kindly said they would pilot us round if ever we went there. We



*Clocher de Bertol, 11,150 ft.*



never did, but we exchanged greetings at Christmas.

*Nine years later* in 1938 we received a tragic letter from them: it transpired that they were Austrian Jews, which we had not realised. They asked if we could get them a visa for England, preparatory to their departure to America. We felt it was a call from God, and after great efforts succeeded in getting the visa. They arrived in April 1939 and lived with us for seven months till Dec., 1939 and were lovingly cared for by my sister. During that time they came to know and love the Saviour, and were baptised to Jesus Christ the Lord in October. Today they live in New Rochelle, near New York, rejoicing in Christ Jesus and seeking to make Him known. Yes, holidays can be a wonderful time for God to work, if we are willing.

And so we come to the happy climax. Who that was present will ever forget the Golden Jubilee of my sister's Bible Class, held at Hargrave Hall, Highgate, on 6th March, 1954. Those who thought of this gathering, planned it and carried it out have my own deepest and most heartfelt gratitude. It was carried through just at the right moment,



*Taken at the Jubilee.*

when my beloved sister could enjoy it to the full, and her pleasure was unbounded. The testimonies given to the way the Lord had used her to win young women for Christ and also to train them to teach others, were a great joy to her. She was specially deeply touched by men and women, who came from long distances to be present on that occasion: she did not cease to refer to it. Surely this occasion was of God, as a tiny foretaste of the greater glory which was so soon to follow. But how little *we* knew.

Saturday, the 15th May, 1954 was a memorable day. Our neighbours very graciously invited us into their home to see the Queen's home-coming on their television, and gave us a delightful tea. What a spontaneous welcome the Queen had, after so worthily fulfilling her mission overseas. It was a happy afternoon: we spent the evening quietly, being alone together as usual.

As Sunday morning dawned the rays of the rising sun lit up the tops of the trees in the garden. Just as my beloved and I had sat on the summit of the Gemmi Pass, in silent and holy reverence, as we saw the golden glory light the peaks of the Valais Alps, until the sun rose in all its majesty. I went into my sister's bedroom; there she lay in bed, looking as if she had already departed to glory. I ran downstairs and telephoned the doctor; and then I knelt alone in the presence of my God and Father. In those sacred moments He said to me

My child, "I take away from thee  
the desire of thine eyes."

I replied, "O my Father, all that Thou doest is good, and if it be Thy will, it is well." Nevertheless, I wept.

And what shall I say of those last few weeks:



they are too sacred to relate. She did not leave her bedroom after May 16th, but she loved to sit in a big armchair rather than lie in bed. For the first time she began to speak of "going to be with Jesus." Again and again she would talk of her "dear girls." Once when I was going to London on a Sunday morning, and she could not think of the right word to use she said slowly "I want you to sermonise my dear girls." Yes, she loved them to the end; many will meet her in glory, and they will be her CROWN OF REJOICING.

I returned home from business on Monday, 28th June, 1954, about 7 p.m.; she knew me and kissed me: it was a farewell kiss. Golden shafts from the setting sun were enriching the beauty of the flowers she loved so much, as my beloved sat, propped up with pillows, in a large armchair in her bedroom overlooking the garden. The sun was going down, but transcending it the radiance of a long and lovely life was drawing to a close.

She soon fell asleep, and while Mrs. Allen, and her daughters Mrs. Broomhall and Mrs. Perry and I sat by her side, she began to breathe more and more quietly until she rested in the everlasting arms. And so the trumpets sounded on the other side, to welcome home the beloved child of God and faithful servant of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Until the day break and the  
shadows flee away.

My beloved had this beautiful saying on love, inscribed on a card, hanging in her bedroom. Her life was the constant witness of the love that shone in her.

### LOVE

Love ever gives, forgives, outlives,  
And ever stands with open hands;  
And while it lives, it gives,  
For this is Love's prerogative,  
To Give, and Give, and GIVE.