

Dear Jean and Liz

Time has flown. Over four years have passed since Auntie Pat first came to live at Nailsworth.

We had no doubt that a move to Nailsworth could only be beneficial for her. She was deeply unhappy at Shoreham by Sea. Every day must have brought problems for her. We can inwardly be sure that only a sense of duty towards her friend Hilda kept her there as opposed to friendship itself. Hilda had exhausted her and Auntie realised that she, herself, needed to be looked after.

Yet so much could have gone wrong. Auntie was after all coming to live outside of Sussex for the first time since the end of the First World War, or thereabouts. We are so thankful that Meg walked into Winslow House and instinctively knew that it would be a place which would be good for Auntie.

But Meg could have been wrong, couldn't she? For Meg had no idea how Auntie would be looked after. Did I really write that? Did I give the slightest suggestion that my wife might not, in retrospect, have been right. Perish the thought. Of course not. Her judgment was impeccable. We can only thank you and your staff so much for looking after Auntie so beautifully from the day that she walked

into Winslow House until the day that she left. As far as the latter is concerned, please give Ann special thanks for the way that she handled things so perfectly.

Auntie was not, at times, the easiest of people to handle, as we all know. The remark that I think it was Liz made, that Auntie was capable of 'knocking the plaster off the wall' was one to be treasured. Yet there was never any hint that you were not all doing everything that you could to make her life as good as it could be. The individual attention that she received was remarkable and the patience that at times you needed to show was beyond exemplary.

If Auntie moaned - and in all fairness, who is not going to have a moan in her situation - it was not going to be about the way she was looked after at Winslow House. She constantly praised the attention and food that she received. She knew when she was well off. Although she was experiencing the end of life, we know that she had been sometimes unhappier during earlier years. We have no doubt that she knew it too.

From our selfish viewpoint, we benefitted enormously as a result. Whilst there were odd really bad days, we could normally visit a person who could laugh and smile and smile and laugh, indeed right to the end. She could not have done that without, even to the last, some considerable sense of well being.

Thank you for giving her that

Yours sincerely

Bob and Meg