

## **Eulogy given by Linda's husband Fred Anchell.**

I do not know much about Linda's early life; maybe there are other folk that can reflect on that. All I can say is that Linda was born Linda Estelle Reid to her parents Mary and David, whom she loved very dearly, in Sydney, on 15th Dec 1948. Oh and how many times was that asked while in Clare Holland House before any meds were given? But the cheeky girl she was, said the wrong date one time, on purpose, just to see what sort of reaction was forthcoming but the nurses saw through her and she gave the correct date. Linda came to Canberra early in her life—I think Linda might have been about 8 years old—and went to Turner Primary, then Lyneham high. Can't say much about her youth, except that Linda except Linda won a Lions Club award for submitting the best peace essay contest and I think was presented to Lady Dunrossil at the Albert Hall in 1960 — that being the year of the refugee. Linda was a geography student at ANU and acquired honours in her thesis. Linda did a Dip Ed course and became a full-time teacher.

How did we meet? Well, I spent 11 years in the Royal Australian Navy and was posted to Navy Office here in Canberra in 1973. It was a conjecture in those days that if you were single and were posted to Canberra and were there for more than 2 years, you would not be single when you left. So much for conjecture. I was a member of Navy Christian Fellowship and a close friend who was also in Canberra went to All Saint's church in Ainslie, so I also went along for Sunday services. Attached to All Saint's at the time was a member of the SSM society, Sacred Mission Father Michael Lapsley, who started an adult Tuesday group which I joined, something Father Martin is getting started here. I was never one for chasing girls, — don't laugh—I was the one who got chased. With Tuesday group's social get-togethers, with retreats down the coast at Burrill pines and bbq's at Casuarina Sands. I got to know Linda quite well and we started dating. After a while things got serious. I asked Linda out for a special dinner. It was at the Queanbeyan League's club, the restaurant was the Blue Room and was then quite upmarket; of course it closed a long time ago. I did not have a car in those days, but Linda did. This was the night I was going to propose, we talked, drank, ate but no proposal. Sat in the car for a while before I asked Linda. Silence. Did Linda answer? I didn't know. Then embarrassment. I said, "Did you say yes? And yes, Linda did say, "Yes".

We have spent 43 wonderful years together, me leaving the Navy and working at the ANU in Linda's old department, geography. Building our own rammed-earth house, Linda working as a waitress at the old burra homestead, both of us learning how to milk cows. We had two jersey cows, looking after ducks and chooks and stray cats. Linda training for the ministry and being ordained in 1991, serving in the parishes of South Queanbeyan, St Simons Kaleen, All Saints Ainslie and here at St Philip's.

The trials of being diagnosed with MS in 1994 were no barrier to Linda's work in the church. Linda persevered and as MS exacerbations continued, walking became difficult. MS is great at masking other things—hence a belated hip replacement. But things were improving in walking better, thanks to the patience and skill of a certain exercise physiologist. Things changed dramatically with being diagnosed with ovarian cancer just before Christmas last year. Linda was a fighter but, in the end, Linda was at peace and I cannot thank the doctors, nurses, staff and volunteers at Clare Holland house enough. They are dedicated and wonderful.