

A LETTER FROM REV RONA AUGUST 2026

One of the kindest things anyone has said to me since I announced I was leaving came from someone who has spent her whole life in one of our villages.

She simply said, *"I'm so sorry you're going, because you've really become one of us."*

I don't think she will ever know how much those words meant to me.



Over the years, I've come to realise that belonging isn't built only through the big occasions. We remember the weddings and funerals, the baptisms, fêtes and festivals, but in reality, it is shaped by hundreds of tiny encounters that quietly weave themselves into our hearts. A wave from a window as I walk past. Three children leaning out of a passing car shouting, "HELLO, REV RONA!" A little boy calling from his bicycle, "Hello, Rev Rona! How are you?" A conversation on the pavement. A hand held in silence. A shared laugh over coffee.

Those moments are what make a village feel like home.

Thank you for allowing me to find a home here.

In recent weeks many of you have written, stopped me in the street, or knocked on the vicarage door to share kind words. I have been deeply touched by your generosity. Whatever good has come from my time among you has never been mine alone. It has always been something we have shared, through friendship, kindness, faith, laughter and the countless small acts of care that so often go unnoticed.

As I prepare to leave, my hope is that those things will continue to flourish. Keep noticing one another. Keep welcoming newcomers. Keep supporting local groups, looking out for neighbours, celebrating together and caring for those who are finding life difficult. Communities are strengthened not by grand gestures, but by ordinary people choosing, day by day, to be kind.

Thank you for allowing me to become, for a while, one of you. It has been one of the greatest privileges of my life.

With every blessing,

Rev Rona