

## A message from Mrs East

19 December 2018

Dear Children

I am so sorry that I can't be with you this Christmas time. I want you all to know that I am resting in a comfortable room with a lovely view and I feel very peaceful. But my illness has made me very tired and I believe that I am going to die soon. So this message is my way of saying goodbye to all of you wonderful creatures.

I have loved my time at St Andrew's. It's an amazing school and you are all amazing children. I never thought that I could find so much joy in my work. Thank you all for sharing your joy and friendship with me.

Now it will soon be time for me to move on to new adventures. I have a picture in my mind of a little boat – a coracle – carrying me home to the land of angels. There is a beautiful passage at the end of *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* (a book by CS Lewis) which describes what I can see in my mind.

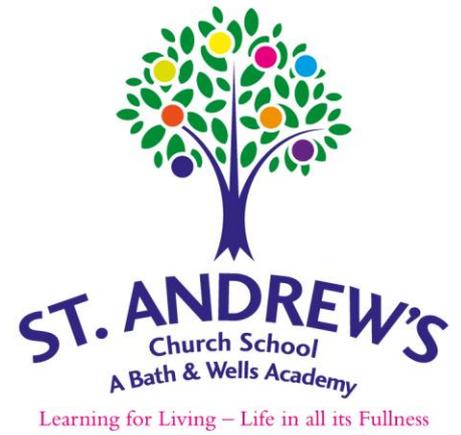
*At that moment, with a crunch, the boat ran aground. The water was too shallow now for it. 'This' said Reepicheep, 'is where I go on alone'.*

*They did not even try to stop him, for everything now felt as if it had been fated or had happened before. They helped him to lower his little coracle. Then he took off his sword ('I shall need it no more' he said) and flung it far away across the lilled sea. Where it fell it stood upright with the hilt above the surface. Then he bade them goodbye, trying to be sad for their sakes, but he was quivering with happiness. .... Then hastily he got into his coracle and took the paddle, and the current caught it and away he went, very black against the lilies. But no lilies grew on the wave; it was a smooth green slope. The coracle went more and more quickly, and beautifully it rushed up the wave's side. For one split second they saw its shape and Reepicheep's on the very top. Then it vanished, and since that moment no one can truly claim to have seen Reepicheep the Mouse. But my belief is that he came safe to Aslan's country and is alive there to this day.*



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Maybe you would like to draw a picture of Reepicheep in his little coracle.

Or you might like to think about this extract from a poem called *The Guardian Angel*

*I am tired and I a stranger,*

*Lead thou me to the land of angels;*

*For me it is time to go home*

*To the court of Christ, to the peace of Heaven*

Goodbye to you all, dear St Andrew's families, and never forget there is fairy dust to be found in every situation, no matter how difficult.

Love Mrs East

