



All Saints Catholic Primary School

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Headteacher: Mrs A Holleran

Dear Parents and Carers,

20th April 2022

We are sorry to let you know of the death of our former colleague and school governor, Mrs Carol Benson.

Carol will be well known to many of you from her years as a Lunchtime Supervisor and later, as an Administration Officer at St James' Catholic Primary before moving to work here at All Saints, upon the amalgamation of St James and St Joan of Arc Catholic Primary Schools.

Carol was very involved in the life of St James' parish, including supporting children in their sacramental preparation.

Colleagues and I have fond memories of Carol as someone who was unfailingly upbeat, full of fun and never fazed by the competing demands of a busy school office.

I am sure you will join me in sending our heartfelt sympathy to her family and friends.

Yours sincerely
Mrs A Holleran

Though we need to weep your loss,
You dwell in that safe place in our hearts
Where no storm on night or pain can reach you.

Your love was like the dawn
Brightening over our lives,
Awakening beneath the dark
A further adventure of colour.

The sound of your voice
Found for us
A new music
That brightened everything.

Whatever you enfolded in your gaze
Quickened in the joy of its being;
You placed smiles like flowers
On the altar of the heart,
Your mind always sparkled
With the wonder at things.

Though your days here were brief,
Your spirit was alive, awake, complete.

We look toward each other no longer
From the old distance of our names;
Now you dwell inside the rhythm of breath,
As close to us as we are to ourselves.

Though we cannot see you with outward eyes,
We know our souls gaze is upon your face,
Smiling back at us from within everything
To which we bring our best refinement.

Let us not look for you only in memory,
Where we would grow lonely without you.
You would want us to find you in presence,
Besides us when beauty brightens,
When kindness glows
And music echoes eternal tones.

When orchids brighten the earth,
Darkest winter has turned to spring;
May this dark grief flower with hope
In every heart that loves you.

May you continue to inspire us:
To enter each day with a generous heart.
To serve the call of courage and love
Until we see your beautiful face again
In that land where there is no more separation,
Where all tears will be wiped from our mind,
And where we will never lose you again.

By John O'Donohue