



Yesterday I walked down into York from my new home that Mum was so happy about. I went to York Minster, the second largest 'Church of England' in the land, to light a candle for Mum.

When I got inside, I had to stop the lass at the door from giving me the whole tourist information talk, and said I was here to light a candle of remembrance for my Mum.

I did light a candle which set me off crying when another Minster lass stopped and asked if I was alright. When I told her why I was there she said she could bring me to a private Chapel so I could grieve in peace without tourists around. She asked if I wanted to speak to a Deacon but I said no, I'll just sit for a bit.

It was a small quiet Chapel and I had my own private funeral service for Mum. I can hear her voice, and I remember her hands really well. She had a unintentional tattoo on her finger from when she cut it while she was helping Dad do something with the oil burner flue back on Scott Road.

The last thing I said to her was I love you, but she already knew that.

I think she would have been impressed to have a funeral service at such a grand place as the Minster.

-Aizlynn (Angela) Johnston,  
daughter – June 18, 2021

