

Her ideas infected us

The last few days I've had a flood of emails from those who reminded me how she showed them ways to grow strawberries, or got them interested in botany, birds, beetles, or all things medical. She was constantly learning, I mean, who learns Urdu at 65? She was the oldest doctor to do a tropical medicine course by decades. Jane's inquisitive joy of learning is a rich inheritance she's gifted us all: "Oh, see there! A kestrel!" "Is that a cuckoo pint?" "Look, I've found a cowrie shell!" That's Jane in us, still getting us to wonder.



"I shall not want" was another key ingredient of Jane's life. A minimalist, who didn't seem to hanker after anything, she gave most of her money away as she lived overseas on her meagre pension.

This was the woman who would unplug her fridge to save electricity, had a tiny wardrobe and was famed for cooking runover rabbits and pheasant for dinner. Her certainty that God would

provide convinced her she would not want for a thing, and she didn't.

You blessed her in retirement

It makes me smile to think of the way Keith, Jan and others rescued her from her biking adventures in the Lake District, how Andrew and Margaret drove her to church, Betty and Teresa baked her cakes, Mark and Julie fed her at Mae's, Anne dropped by for a chat and many in the church embraced her for who she was. I'm sure there are countless other selfless, unheralded ways the Uldale community blessed her besides. Thank you.

As her health failed, she stayed thankful, even for my cooking, but she needed more help, and we owe an enormous debt of gratitude to those who cared for her so well. Sally was able to cheerfully get her going in the morning, Loretta helped her make the transition to Alice's house in London and Yasmin's calm and loving support was a perfect match for Jane's quiet spirit. Thank you one and all.

Jane Sampson

1926-2021



"The Lord is my Shepherd,
I shall not want."

“You have to stop her!”

My mother was about to set off alone to bike across 140 miles of dicey Pakistani roads.

What to do? To stop this determined 70-year-old woman in her little red boots was a sensible idea, but this was Jane: “I don’t think I can.”



Jane Sampson, mother of six, “Granny” to 17, was a woman many of us have thought about trying to stop at some point or other.

It took time to appreciate her complex mix of intrepid adventurer, gifted physician and understated follower of her Lord.

Thanks to so many of you who loved her well and enjoyed the unexpected perks of walking with her during her remarkable 94 years.

Perhaps, like me, there have been times you scratched your head in surprise as she biked off somewhere crazy, or woke you at 5am with one of her grand new ideas, or when you heard she turned up unannounced at a remote abbey to spend a week in silent retreat.

How can we explain how she got to be this way? I suspect she was shaped in part by her family.

Maybe it was her father, a hero of the first world war, who gave her pluck? Was it her uncle, a Noble prize Chemist, whose influence filled her with her zest for ideas?

I’d like to think it was her calm, devout mother who instilled her with her affection for God.



Jane’s spontaneous spirit

meant her life took some unexpected turns. When her husband died in 1986, she reminded us how she’d always wanted to serve overseas before she married a farmer.

So at 65 she was off for a twenty year stint in the remote mountains of northern Pakistan.

When she needed a place to retire, she bought a little cottage – sight unseen – in the Lake District, where she’d been evacuated to during the war.



Did I mention the sheep? The kitchen at the Essex farm was overrun with orphaned lambs each spring. Her love of the bleating messy business of caring for the flock was to be a theme in her life.

She cared for her patients the same way: walking far into the mountain villages to check if TB meds were being taken. She was never happier than when the nomads camped around the hospital on their way up and down to high pasture – she took care of man and beast alike. For her the x-ray machine worked just as well for donkeys with broken legs.

Her care for others was an overflow of her own love of the great Shepherd of the sheep. Her loving service a reflection of her certainty of God’s love for her.