



Anne Roberts

1920-2000

Anne was diagnosed with breast cancer in early 1999 and had a mastectomy in RPA Hospital in March of that year. The prognosis was good after 5 weeks of Radio Therapy and we were hopeful of a full recovery. Unfortunately in mid 2000 a routine examination showed that the cancer had returned and a subsequent scan revealed spots on the liver. In early November swelling of the liver was detected and she started to deteriorate very quickly and she passed away in Calvary Hospital on the morning of her 80th birthday 5th December 2000.

So many times, when people have spoken to me of Anne after her passing, they always seem to sum up with the simple phrase “She was a lovely lady” and, in its simplicity, it so aptly describes the person she was. In our 30 years of marriage there was never a cross word passed between us. We truly shared our lives. Much that passed between us was never spoken. We seemed to know each other’s thoughts and needs and words were not necessary to express them. Never, in all our time together, did I hear her speak an unkind word of another, never was her voice raised in anger. She gave of herself to others but never expected anything in return. She appreciated every small thing that was done for her. Never have I heard anyone say “thank you” so often. She never failed to acknowledge even the smallest gesture. She was very quite, she did not have an outgoing personality, she had a quite humility, but she seemed to be surrounded by an aura that affected everyone she touched. Yet she was not devoid of a delightful sense of humour, which surfaced quite often. Anne was deeply devout but she made no display of it. Her faith was very private to her. She was so very humble. During her final illness I hugged her and said to her “You are a saint” but her response was “Oh no I am nor, you are the saint” and that would be the greatest misstatement of all time. Despite her protests, to me, she was a saint. She bore the scourge of cancer without complaint so strong was her inner faith. She kept saying to me “I am being a burden to you” without thought for her own suffering . I tried to tell her that my clumsy efforts to help her were not a burden but an act of love. When we first learnt that the cancer had returned she touched my hand and said “Don’t worry We will still have some time together yet”. Unfortunately the time left was far shorter than we had anticipated. She was never physically strong but the strength of her inner spirit made up for this weakness. She refused to give in to her illness until the very end when the scourge of cancer started to take over her whole body. Her passing was peaceful and she suffered little pain. Even in death her skin remained as beautiful as ever and the roses were still in her cheeks. The cancer took her life but it could not take either her physical or spiritual beauty. She profoundly changed my life. She gave me 30 years of unparalleled happiness. I hope and pray that I was able to bring her some of the happiness she so richly deserved. I pray that her spirit will help me to continue in the way she has shown me. I will thank God every day for the rest of my life for the privilege he gave me in being with her. Life will be empty without her but I cannot begrudge her being taken from me to receive the reward in Heaven she so richly deserves.

JOHN ROBERTS