

Dear Friend,

You get to see a lot of bad things in life. Some are much worse than others. But from experience I can tell you there is little joy in being old, alone and disabled or sick.

And that there is nothing better than finding the help you need to give you a new lease of life.

Thanks to people like you, my health was restored enough for me to regain something of my former life.



My name is Myrtle Hall and I do hope that you'll give me just a minute of your time.

I'm not a fundraiser. I'm an 87 year old single woman with severe mobility problems whose health was failing and who needed help. When I tell you my story, I'm sure you will realise that by supporting the College you really are making wonderful things happen...

I had a long and fulfilling career helping children in Africa. I worked for many years as a missionary and teacher in Nigeria. I was very active and enjoyed good health. I founded 2 schools for disabled children. In fact one of them celebrated its 50th anniversary this year.

I returned to the UK prior to retirement, still in excellent health, and worked for a short time with adults with learning difficulties.

Then, in retirement, my good health gradually deserted me. I developed knee problems that required surgery. Chronic arthritis meant that I needed a full knee replacement.

Back then, that operation wasn't routine as it is nowadays. I knew how mobility problems could seriously affect an older person's health and could lead to all sorts of dangerous complications. I consented to the operation and I prayed.

Post-op, I recovered well. The surgeon, the nurses and the physiotherapist were delighted by my progress in the first few months. I would soon be out and about again. I would soon have my life back. There were still so many things I wanted to do!

But then it got worse.

9 months after the operation I broke my leg. A fracture of the left femur. That added to the burden on my right leg and the artificial knee. I was left barely able to walk, even with aids. It would

never get better.

I've always had an adventurous spirit. I was determined to get back some of my mobility and independence. Of course the rewards of missionary work are rarely financial but I'd been thrifty and had managed to save a little.

I now invested all of those small savings in a Power Chair. It took all the money I had but it completely transformed my life. I could get out. I could visit friends. Go places on the spur of the moment.

At the time I was living happily and reasonably independently at Whittington College, but gradually I needed much more help and support from others, in fact, I needed 24 hr care and very wonderfully, 2 years ago, the way opened up for me to come here to live at the College of St. Barnabas.

My Power Chair was still my lifeline. I could whizz around the College in it, or nip out to meet friends for lunch if I fancied. It was the best of all possible worlds for me. I was happier than I had been in a long time, quite independent but getting just the extra help and care I needed as and when I needed it.

Then the Power Chair gave up on me. It was completely worn out. Totally beyond repair. I didn't have the means to replace it.

You cannot imagine how I felt. My independence was gone. I was beside myself. I was worried. Anxious. Depressed. Terribly lonely. My world had suddenly shrunk to the four walls of my room.

Then something amazing happened.

Some of the staff at the College gave me hope. On their own initiative they set to the task of raising the money needed to help me get my life back. They didn't have to do it.

Not only that, they had persuaded the supplier to take back the old one as a sort of part-exchange.

So after about 6 weeks, I had a brand new Power Chair.

Today, 6 months later, I'm as happy and as independent as I can be, and I know that help is on hand when I need it.

You know, I volunteered to write this letter because I consider myself to be one of the most privileged people on the planet.

I've been given my life back.

The College has in so many ways made such a huge difference to the lives of so many older and infirm Anglicans in need, both lay and ordained, women as well as men. That's why I'm hoping today you will join me to help others who are elderly, frail, ill or disabled.

Please send a gift to the College of St. Barnabas today so that our older people will continue to benefit from the care and support they need within a compassionate Christian environment.

As an elderly woman who was really struggling to keep going, I can tell you that you will be making a gift that is both wonderful and so very important.

And you know, when you help an older person through the College of St. Barnabas, you are also helping dozens of other people who love that person. They want to see their elderly aunt or uncle, parent or grandparent, their friend, a former colleague, parish Priest or bishop receive the best possible care with respect and dignity.

Please, while you have my letter in front of you, [click here](#) to go directly to our Justgiving page where you can make your donation. By doing so, you are making a real difference.

You may even be giving someone their life back.

With sincere thanks,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Myrtle Hall". The signature is written in a cursive style with a horizontal line striking through the middle of the name.

Resident, College of St. Barnabas