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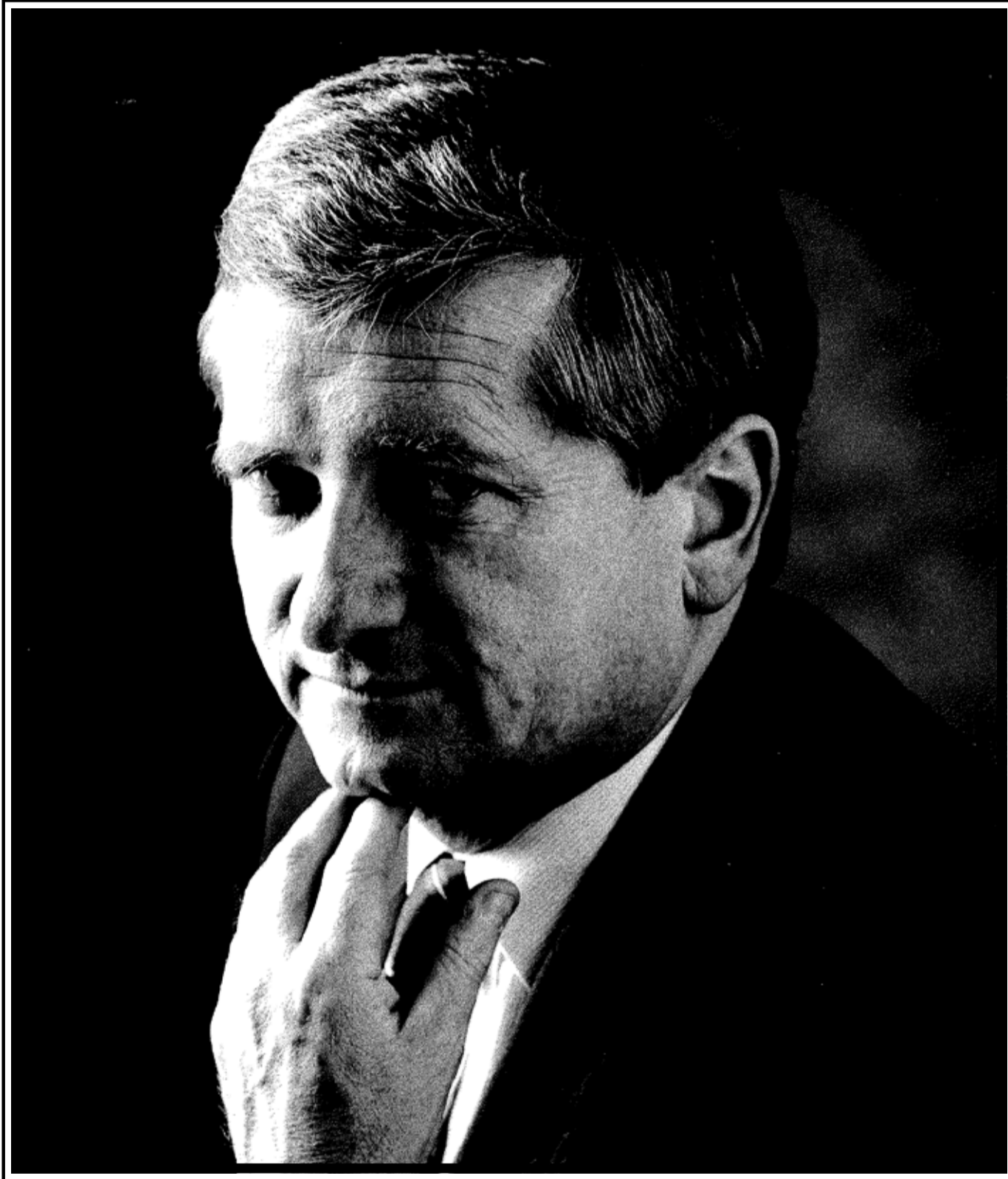


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“My memories of Gordon stretch back to the Fellows’ Garden at Christ’s, where he developed his lifelong attributes - hard work, commitment and intellectual prowess. He never changed - just more so. Wishing you the happiest of retirements.”

Sir Martin Sorrell



“I spent a lot of time with Gordon and his parents. I remember the Guest House in Oxford Road. Gordon would approach potential guests in the street asking whether they needed accommodation. He was good at selling even then and must have been on commission. His parents were very good to me and often gave me food for my family to take home. They encouraged him to do well, probably a bit too energetically at times.

At school things were often very competitive in the classroom. Gordon could irritate the teachers at times! He wasn't very sporty but he was excellent at cross-country running.

I am very grateful to Gordon for his friendship and determination to get me out of myself to go to the youth clubs at Sacred Heart and at the Annunciation. He was very popular with most people, especially the ladies. He was always funny, good company and a great dancer and rock and roller. “

Paddy Lewis



“Dear Gordon,

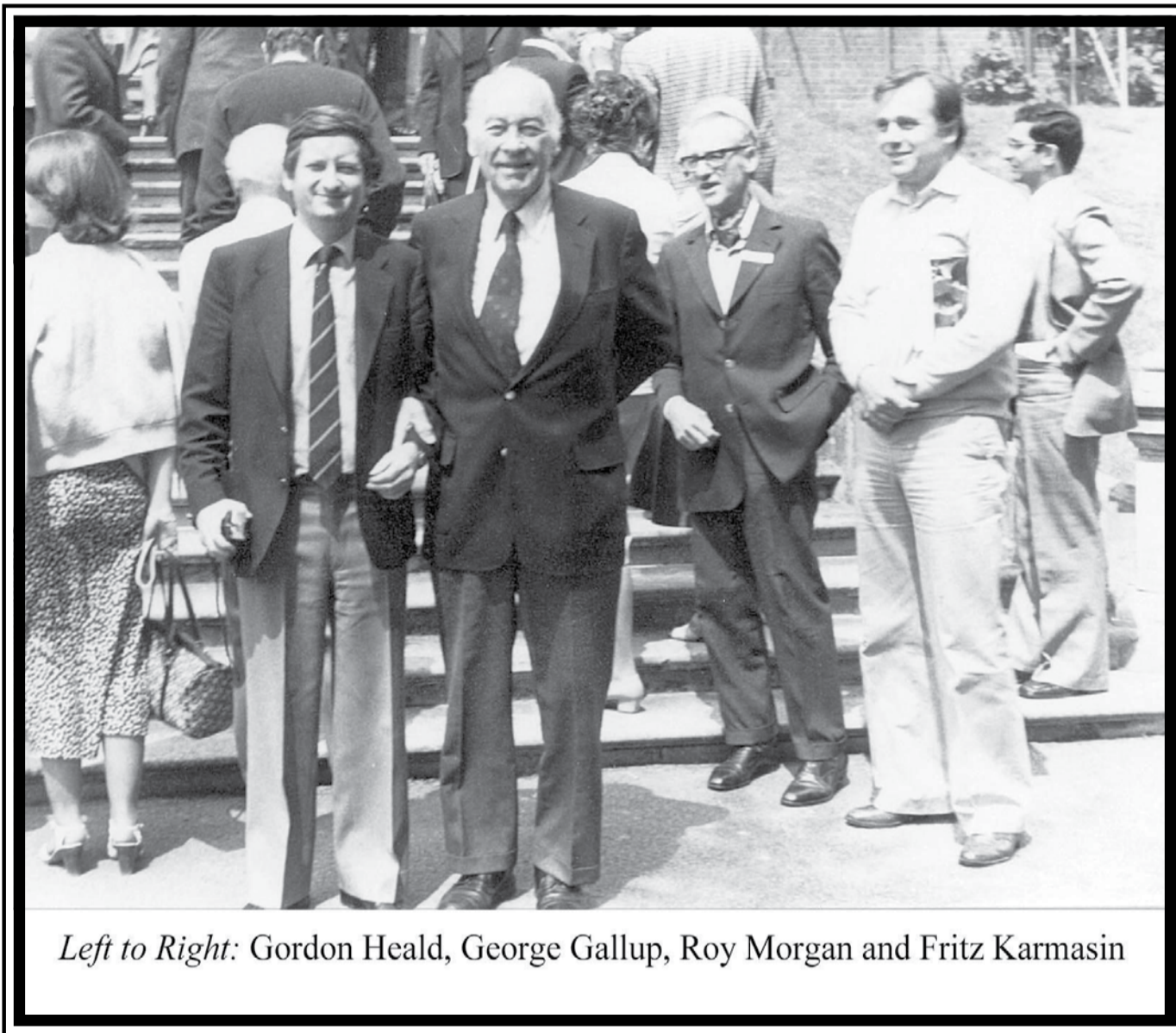
Congratulations to you and your family on this 15th anniversary of ORB. May this organisation have many, many more good years ahead!

Congratulations, Gordon, on your forty decades’ contributions to the survey research world. You have been on the leading edge of bold new research initiatives in un-surveyed areas of the world, and on unexplored topics. I look back with pleasure on our many discussions of religion and spirituality and the inner life, the new frontier of survey research. You and I are on the same wavelength.

You played a vital role in Gallup International. With your wit and sparkle and insight, you energised the group and encouraged it to expand its horizons. You and Chris are a great team and you can certainly take pride in raising such remarkable sons! You’ve been wonderful friends to Kinny and me!

With every best wish, as ever.”

George Gallup



Left to Right: Gordon Heald, George Gallup, Roy Morgan and Fritz Karmasin

“As you retire (o – say it ain’t so), I have to tell you that our work together on European attitudes was about as much fun as I have had – great material analyzed and expanded by great people. On top of that, the 360° slide outside of Budapest almost ended everything. By the way, whoever thought Gordon would want to be in any niche, much less as a statue with a fig leaf!

Much love and all the best.”

Secretary Madeline Albright



“I literally first ran into Gordon at a polling conference in the late 60s on Lake George, NY. We hit it off immediately, realizing how much we shared, as the young smart guys from Gallup on opposite sides of the Atlantic. With our young wives in tow, we rented a boat... his idea... We almost took it down... his fault! I remember Christine fearing that she would perish in wilds of North America and would never see her baby Johnny again.

From then on, Gordon and I were fast friends, enjoying the common experience of coping with dysfunctional Gallup organizations. We had loads of fun working together. Perhaps our best efforts were the polls and focus groups we did 1990-1991 across much of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, as communism was collapsing of its own weight. Travelling with us was a great team of foreign correspondents from the LA Times, our sponsor, and a top notch Sovietologist, Madeleine Albright. To this day, she and I talk about how great an experience it was, and Gordon was right at the centre of it all. Attached is a picture of Madeleine enjoying a recollection of those times, with the man himself.

Best regards, to my friend, and colleague.”

Andy Kohut



“The funniest time that I spent with Gordon was on our trip to Georgia that he so kindly organised - it was wonderful and other than he and David Alton trying to convert me to Catholicism we all got on really well.

It was when the Patriarch of Georgia presented us all with presents that Gordon could hardly keep a straight face. This pious man gave me a necklace and as he put it over my neck he brushed me in a most inappropriate way - Gordon had trouble keeping a straight face and we collapsed laughing when we left his holiness's presence.

Gordon is a one-off jewel and has always been unbelievably kind to me!”

Laura Sandys



“I was one of the LA Times’ correspondents on the European trip, from which I have two memories of Gordon's feats:

First that he drove his Jag at god knows what speed from London to Prague in one day.

Second that he had contacts everywhere on the trip. In Lithuania, for example, he set up an interview with me and the then President who was quite certain the Russians were coming (they almost were). We always thought he was partly working for MI-5 or 6; but then he thought I worked for the CIA.

But the past aside, with all the chuckles and outright boffo laughs he gave us, I rather wish now that I could hear what he thought of Susan Boyle.”

Bob Toth – LA Times



“My first meeting with Gordon came at a Parents’ Evening at Dulwich College in the late 1980s where I must have expressed frustration at my general lot in education and more specifically at trying to teach French to his children. His only comment was; "You must understand Patrick that we are all in Show business". Wise words!

From there a relationship developed because I was keen to introduce the teaching of Japanese to the school and Gordon knew just the man, or rather the outfit. For several months thereafter Gordon and I dined - at their expense - at all the best Japanese restaurants in London while we set up the arrangement. I also dimly recall nightclubs and karaoke singing with drunken Japanese (and Gordon) being involved. The upshot was a very successful course in Japanese at Dulwich more or less for free - magic and worth all the raw fish I had to digest on the way. I forget what Gordon got out of it apart from a lot of fun.

I think that it was Gordon who really began to stir my interest in the world and a career outside the classroom. Very shortly thereafter, I left Dulwich to join the Civil Service and eventually the FCO. Iraq, Iran, North Korea, Libya, Biological and Nuclear Weapons, the UN in New York, as well as a job in the City and the global financial meltdown are just some of the things that have resulted from my fateful encounter with Gordon. He has a lot to answer for!”

Patrick Lamb



“It happened on a second Saturday night of September in the early 80s. It was the Last Night of the Proms. Gordon had invited me to dinner at Hitherwood Drive. I’d imagine he hadn’t warned Chris, who usually found out about these things as Gordon came through the door.

-- Oh, by the way Chris, this is so-and-so. Came across him at Hyde Park Corner. Forgot to mention this: he’s staying to lunch and he is a Catholic...

So the Last Night of the Proms got underway, that amazing September mix – good weather, good music, unleashed patriotism, great fun. In our case, we were sitting in the lounge at Hitherwood Drive. Chris rustled something up in the way of cheeses and some cold meat, and Gordon took charge of the wine. Funny thing this, Gordon was ALWAYS in charge of the wine...

As we were eating and drinking, we drank and sang along. ‘And WAS Jerusalem builded here??’ I’d look at Gordon inquisitively and he’d try to explain to me that that didn’t matter so much, as the question did not feature in the latest questionnaire of the Values survey he had just been promoting and selling in outer Mongolia.

-- Tony, don’t worry about that. Let’s have another glass...
-- But Gordon, this is already the second bottle...

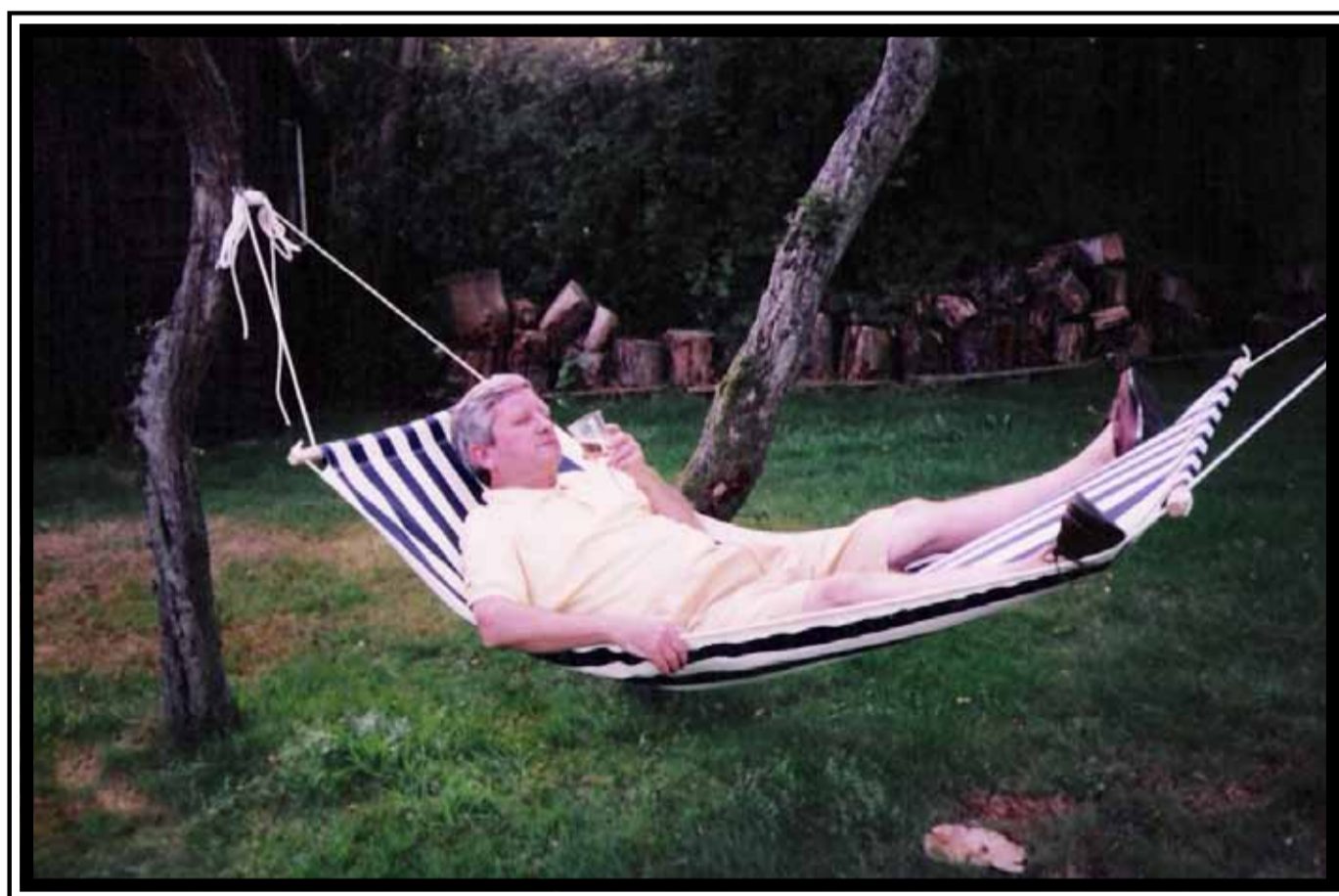
The night was becoming merrier and merrier. Suddenly, the opening chords of ‘Rule Britannia!’ came on, full of brilliance, as things tend to happen after the second spiritual bottle. Gordon’s eyes lit up. It was a sudden bout of patriotism. He stood up and began to sing along, out loud. I thought this was some sort of British tradition. ‘Rule, Britannia. Britannia rule the waves...!!!’

And then suddenly, without any prior notice, Gordon opened the door that led to the garden, stepped out, pulled his trousers and underpants down and began running around the garden singing on top of his voice, “Britons NEVER, NEVER, NEVER shall be slaaaaaaaaaaaaaaves!!!!”

I was amazed at this noble and indeed patriotic British tradition, but had to conclude that the best British tradition had been that of enjoying two good bottles of wine on a warm September evening...

Gordon, thanks for your introduction to true Britishness!!”

Tony Tobella



“The vast majority of my Gordon memories would be better told after a couple of sips of fine red; and would, most certainly, be much better received after a further few glasses!

The world was not the serious place 20 years ago as it seems to be now. We worked to play; and played to work. We did both, devotedly, naturally. Gordon is a serious worker and a serious player! It is funny how many visions flash inside my head of eating, drinking, laughing, crying, winning, losing... and mad car dashes across large cities to meet fascinating people, boring people, important people, not so important people – always fashionably late!

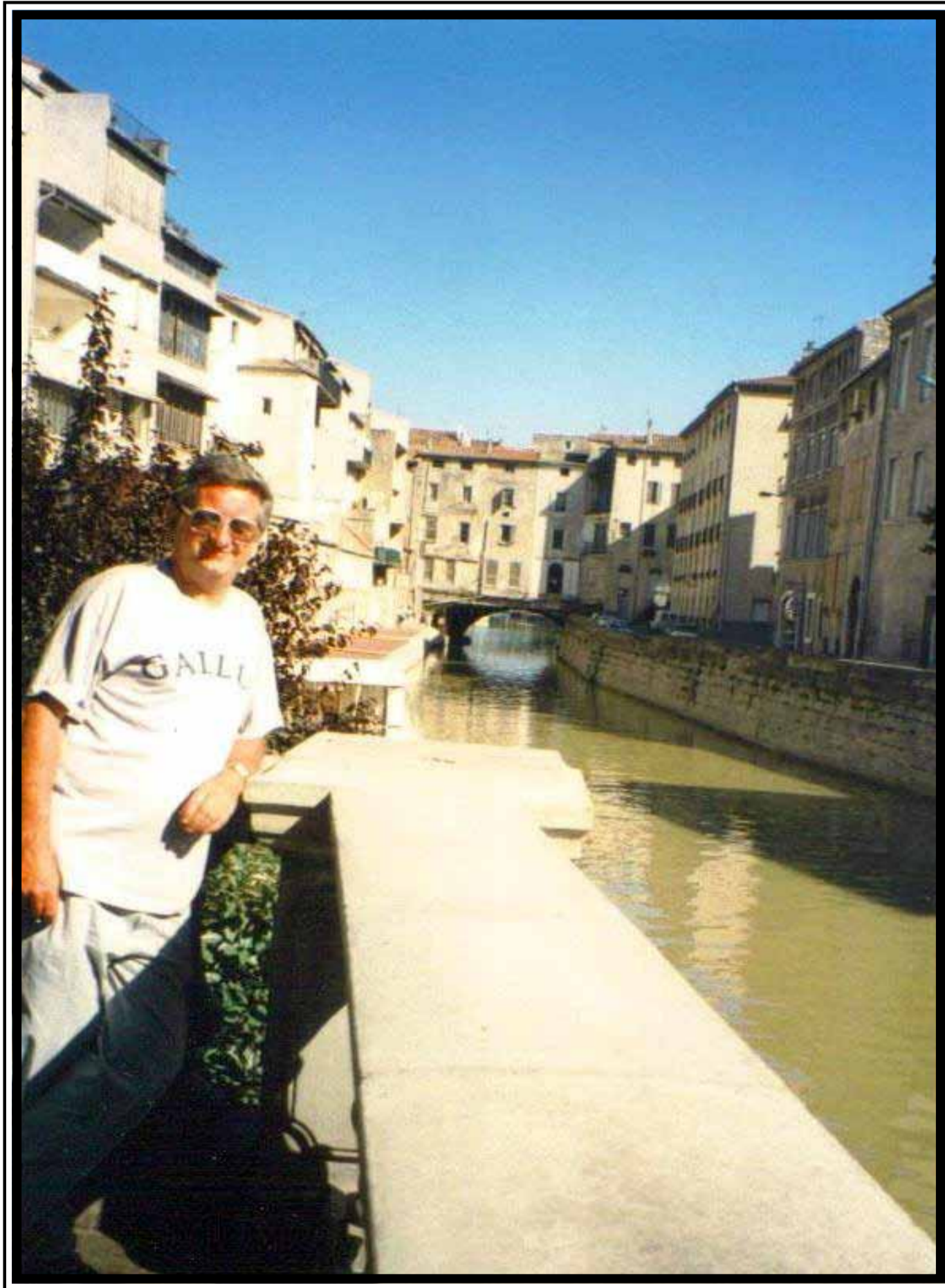
I recall great tension when sitting at Langans Brassiere one evening with two uber-groomed New York advertising executives. Late. They didn't really want to be sitting with me. It is the delicious Gordon they really want. The delicious Gordon is actually petrified of such predators, so I had been persuaded to join the dinner party. We ladies finally found common ground, spouting our various viewpoints re: the current sexual revolution/herpes/aids/feminist view point, as one did. Suddenly, our rapt attention is disturbed by a flower pot approaching, followed by disconcerted waiters. Behind the flower pot was a merry Gordon singing 'Hello, hello, it's off to work we go. With a bucket and spade and a...' Unfashionably late (very), but immediately forgiven by his glamorous guests. Arriving midst verbal flow about the 'serious responsibility men have these days to carry condoms', Gordon asked the pretty lady whether or not she carried condoms. 'Oh, no! I wouldn't want a man to think that I was expecting anything to happen!' Gordon then began his predictable teasing about modern women. At this stage, the indignant woman revealed that she most certainly took these things very seriously and absolutely always had a roll of cling film in her pantry!

Well, that and similar confessions proved entertaining in the re-telling many, many times. I recall many more serious times, where I have been there for snippets of history; meetings during the miners' strikes with the best from Saatchi & Saatchi and being party to conversations which of course 'didn't happen'; mad panic and side-stitching hilarity as we learned that the 'White House' preferred the interview incentive for our elite opinion leaders to be the 'Ronnie Reagan' watch; the CBI conferences where the Iron Lady reigned and some time later where the very, very charming paper-clip man (oh no, not grey) really did enrapture women and where big G entertained with the improbable story that he was having a steamy relationship with the egg-scare woman.

Such larks! Thank you, Gordon, for these and many, many more good times. May you find great joy with your boat – and just remember, from time to time, to invite a few old friends to join you in drinking alongside her.

Yours, always in fun, Tibby.”

Tibby Stodel



“Working with Gordon was always both challenging and fun!

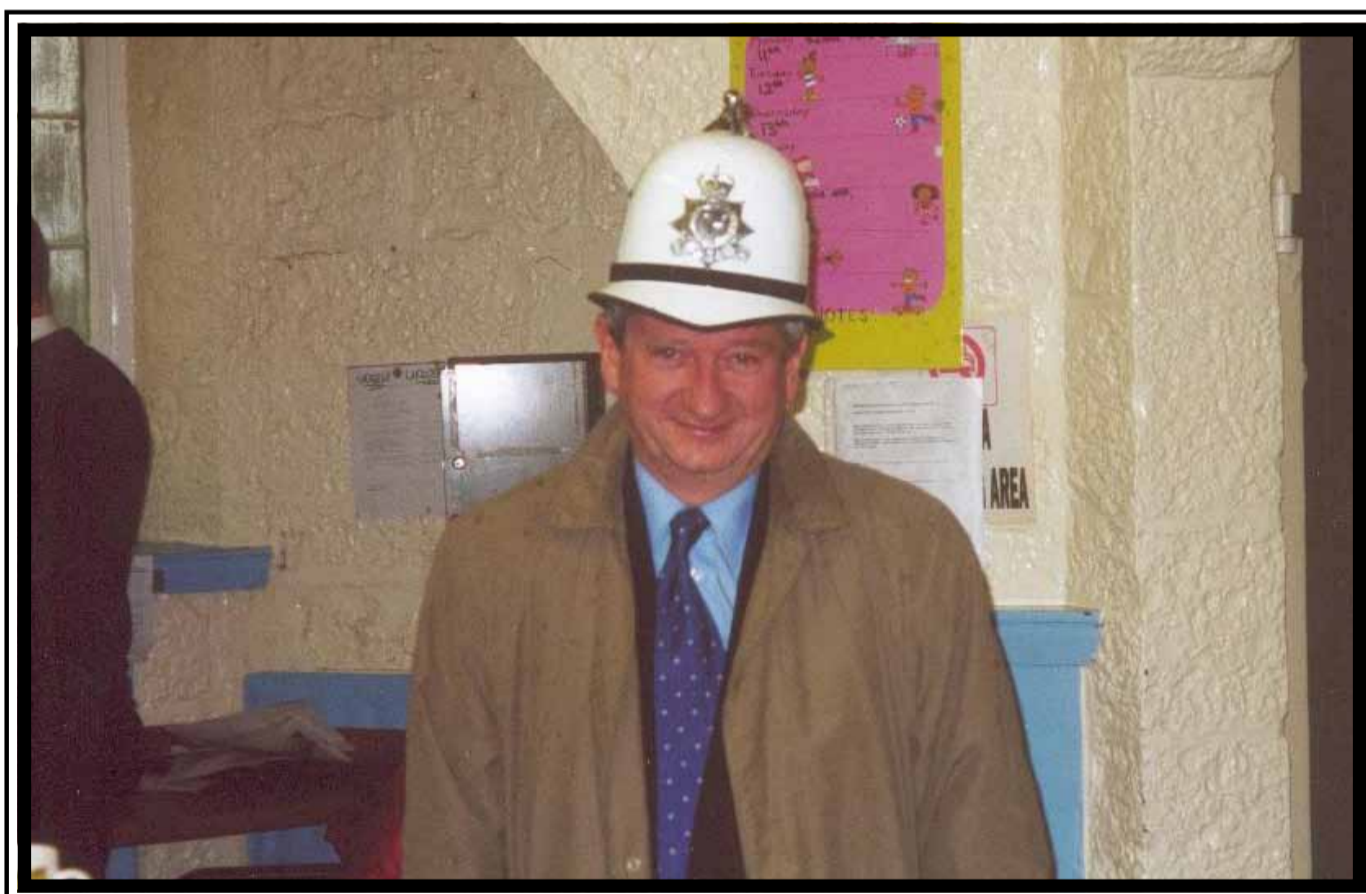
Challenging, in that Gordon works on Gordon time and Gordon time can differ massively from the time the rest of us operate on. Whether it was a Party Chairman or a Prime Minister, you could always depend on Gordon being late. I will never forget the meeting with Cecil Parkinson when he was Chairman of the Party. Cecil was always late for meetings, but Gordon managed to be later!

Fun, at the lunch that lasted to 5pm, but resulted in a new approach to research or a way to present research findings.

I have known and worked with Gordon for almost 30 years and have never ceased to be amazed by the breadth of his knowledge and interests – from Reaching the Unreached of Village India, to the latest gossip on the Conservative Party.

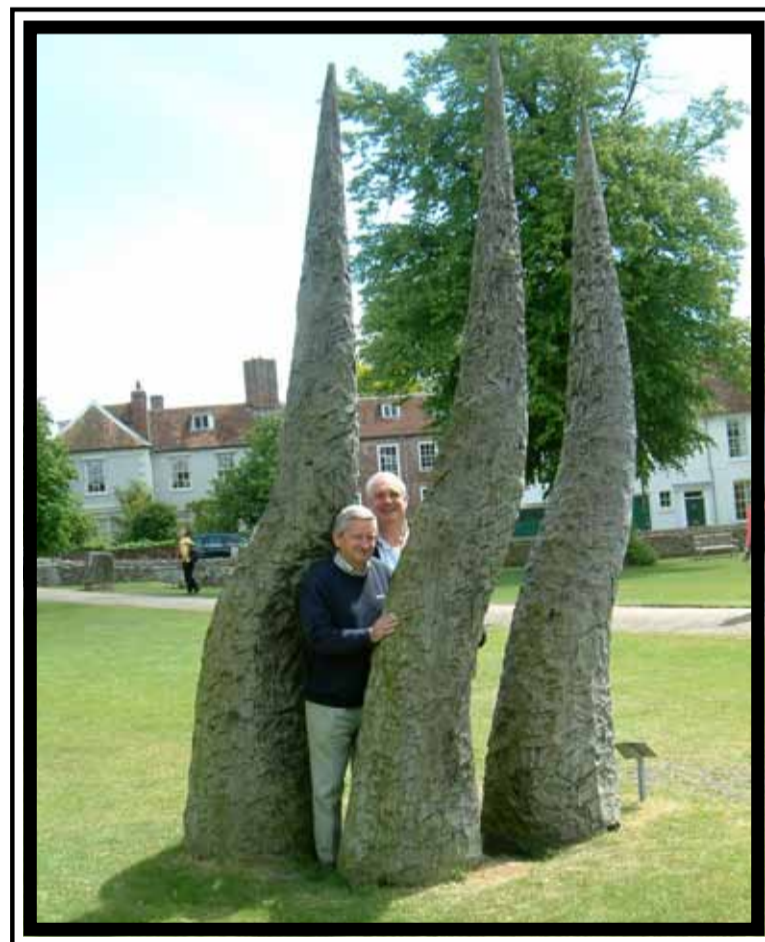
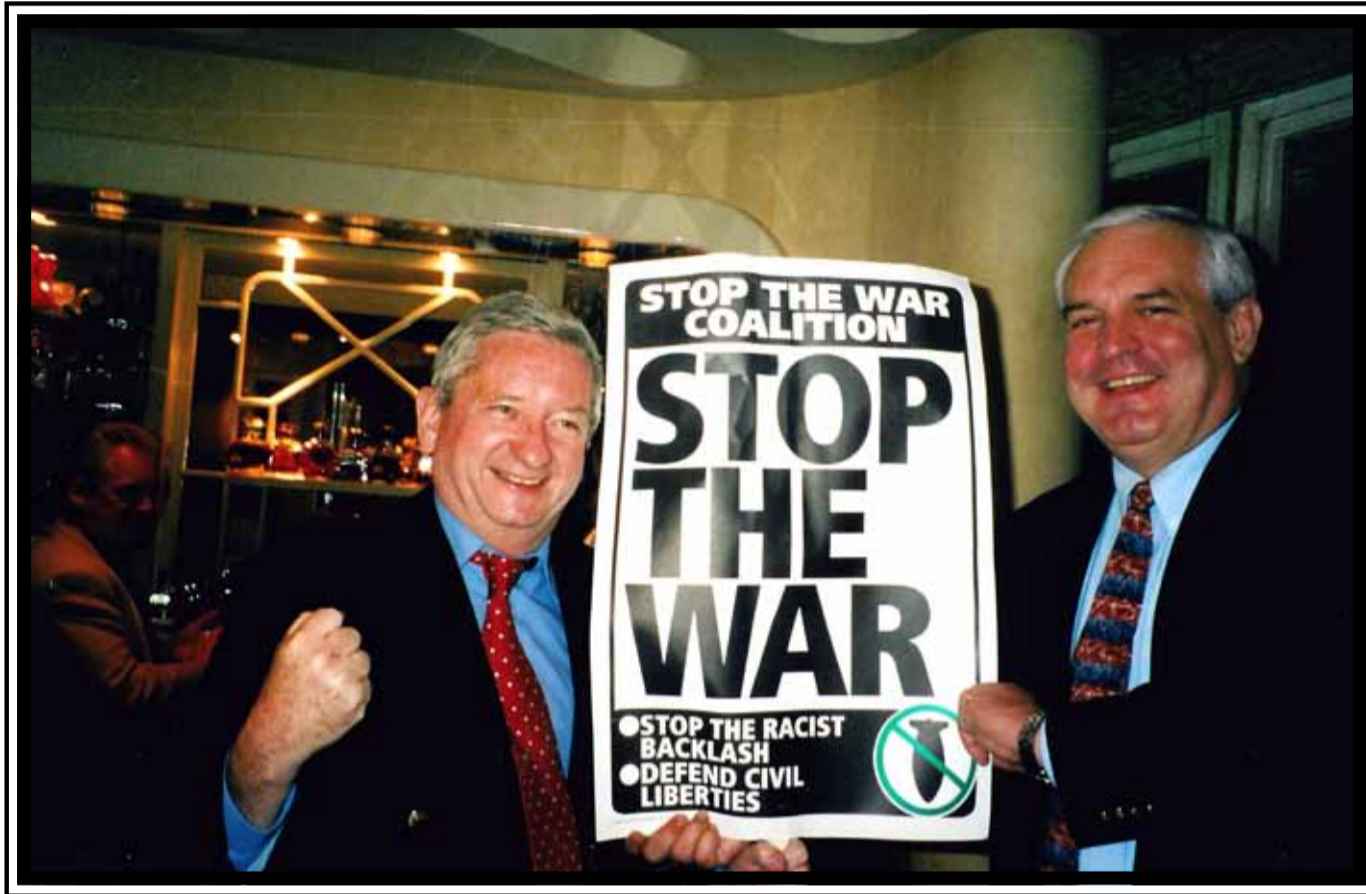
Gordon, I hope you enjoy many years on your boat, but remember the tides do not run on Gordon time!”

Keith Britto



“Gordon was always ready to do anything: bring down the Soviet Union, drive a mini up the steps and into the lobby of a hotel; open a business in the "new" Russia and "meet" on a dark street with members of the new Russian Mafia; test the claim that the then "new" mobile phone could actually operate from inside a car wash; work with Balkan "researchers" when they weren't running guns into what was then "Yugoslavia"; join protesters of a war he actually supported; set up a business deal in Georgia with someone "wanted" in Russia; sit on the board of directors of an American PR firm; and eat a lobster like no one else in the world! Gordon is one of a kind and the world will be a safer place with him in retirement...but the Gordon I most admire, is the man who went on an annual retreat to India to support an orphanage for girls whose parents had abandoned them.”

Ron Hinckley



“Gordon – he taught me a lot. I consider him as my second father and I owe him a debt of gratitude. I never entered into Georgian politics or became involved in other business activities because of him. I stayed on track with opinion polling research in spite of all the temptations to get side-tracked. Anyone who is aware of the Georgian reality can appreciate how difficult this was at times. Looking back I am actually lucky to have not been in the thick of things.

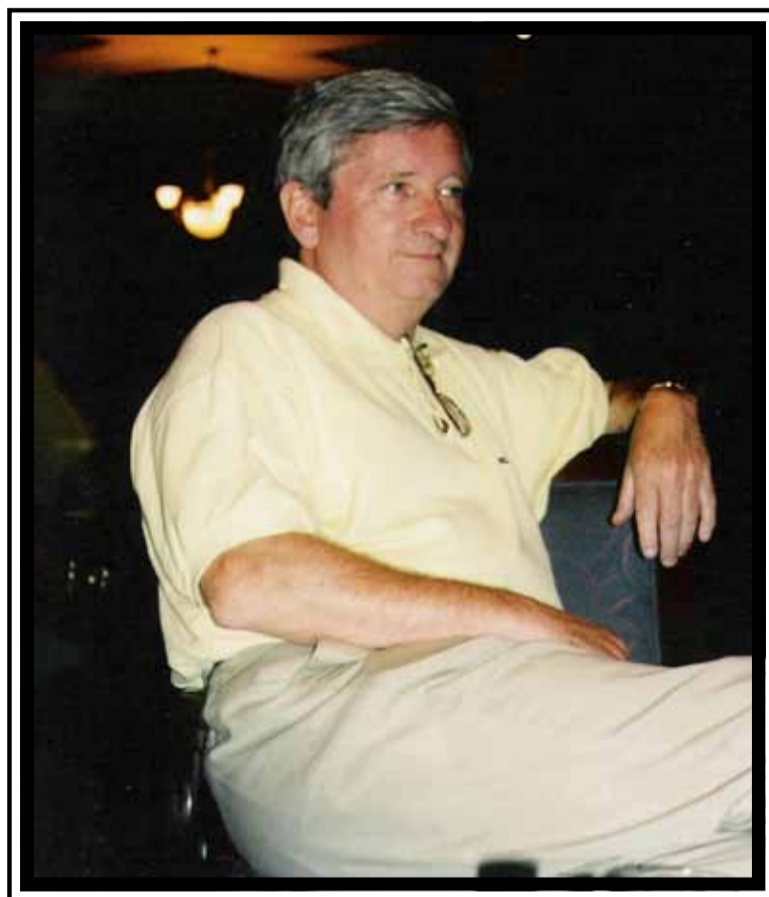
All that Gordon taught me can be summed up in a short sentence. “Always look for fun and be a man”. So far, so good, this creed has worked well. That’s why I am able to enjoy my professional life and sleep at night.

Winter 1992, the then president-elect Zviad Gamsakhurdia was just ousted and Marshal law had been imposed. Only those having special passes were allowed to travel after 11 pm. Gordon arrived at 10pm we took them to the best hotel that was functional in that time in Georgia. When we arrived at the hotel, the electricity was off (as was the case for almost the entire country). I grabbed the only half-burned candle left at the hotel, from the receptionists, and escorted Gordon to his room on the 18th floor. Naturally we took stairs. Gordon took it in his stride and was making his usual fun and time went very quickly before we at last arrived on the top floor. The candle lasted for another few minutes; just enough time to get some additional blankets and show him the food and fruits that we managed to squirrel up prior to his arrival. The very first thing that Gordon did, was to take the remote control and start pushing buttons to turn the TV onto the BBC. However, he eventually realised that even Japanese television sets could not work without electricity!

The following evening, my father had invited Gordon to a restaurant, to partake of Georgian hospitality. Basically this means to engage in Georgian toasting and drink countless litres of Georgian wine from various sizes of glasses and hollowed-out bull-horns. Gordon and the rest of the world are not accustomed or genetically predisposed to our wine-drinking culture. However, the next morning, I went to Gordon’s hotel, thinking he would have a killing hang-over, he opened the door, dressed, looking completely sober and dressed me down for being late!

Another time, I suddenly I realised that Gordon had gone missing. I went out from the post office and I witnessed him literally “watering” a tank (a real military one) that was parked next to the Court. Before I had time to even open my mouth, I saw an armed guard with a Kalashnikov heading towards him. The soldier did not look pleased. I started shouting for him to leave Gordon alone, as he was a guest, and not to touch him. It was clear that the soldier was very unhappy because of the disrespect that Gordon had just paid to his tank. Thanks to God and to my knowledge of pure Georgian slang, the soldier cooled down and backed off. Gordon was merely watching the soldier and me in our verbal fire-fight and laughing, as if nothing had transpired.”

Merab Pachulia – Tbilisi, Georgia



“Where do I start about the one and only Gordon? For there IS only one! Or as someone once said of him, “Thank the Lord for making Gordon. But what would we have done with two of him?”

How I first met Gordon really says everything about his character, his professionalism, his skill and the respect in which he is held. On behalf of an embattled client, I desperately needed to find a pollster in the U.K., one I could really trust . . . trust to do the work right, to do it smart, to give us wise counsel and above all, to keep the entire process totally confidential. I went to Sir Stephen Sherbourne, told him what we needed and begged his advice. His answer was short and direct, “There is only one person for you and he is Gordon Heald.”

Of course, Sir Stephen was totally right! Gordon your firm does do great work – right, smart, wise and confidential – back then and so many times over the years. We quickly learned Gordon is one of those very few people in whom one can place absolute trust . . . trust in performance, trust in judgment, trust in confidentiality and trust in his innate character.

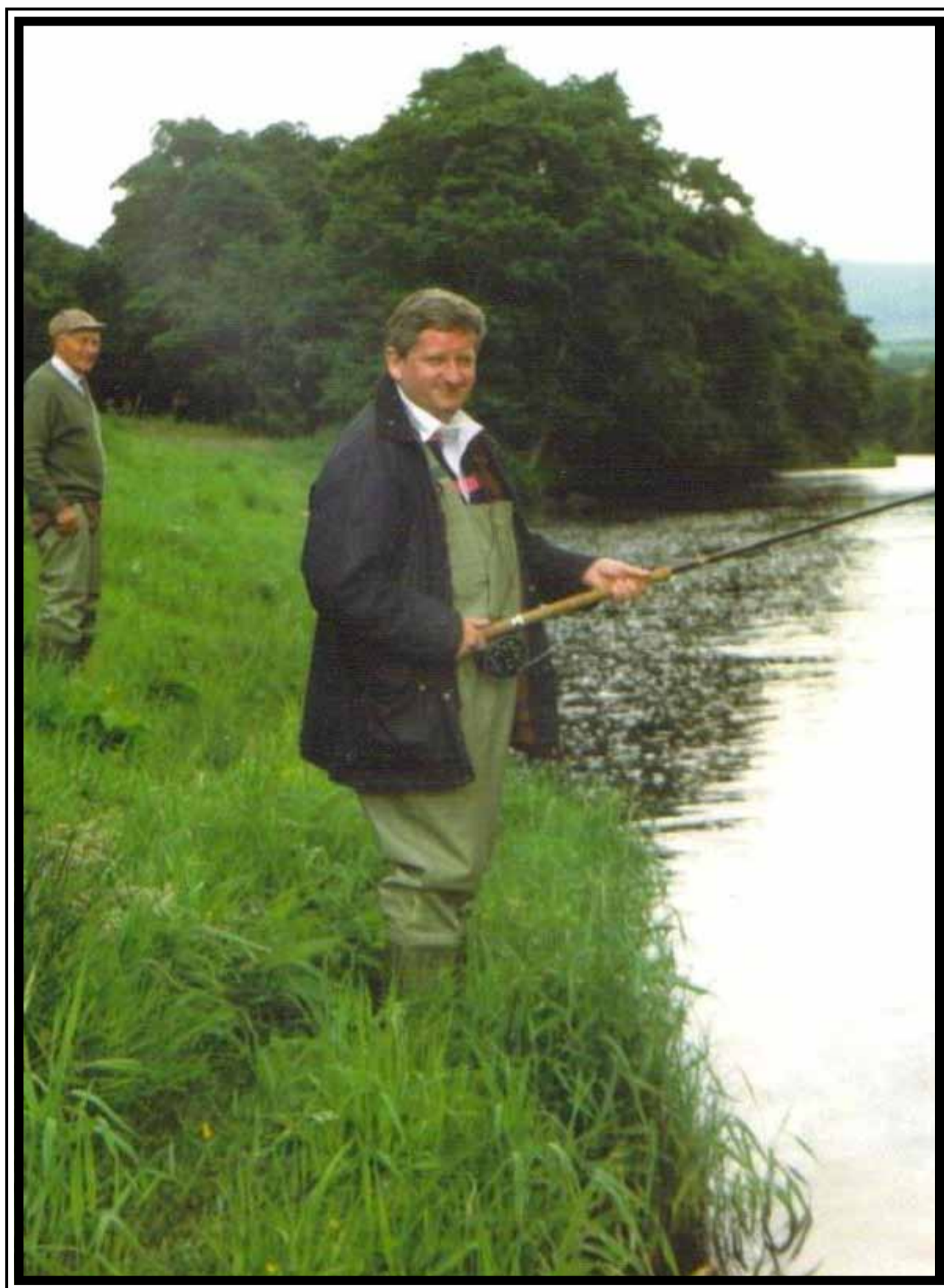
My admiration for his polling work quickly extended to the business he built and ran so brilliantly. We invited him to come onto the Board of Directors of our company, where he – always generous with his time – served faithfully, giving us sound, business counsel, guiding us through the good times and supporting us through the bad. All of The Hawthorn Group is indebted to him for his loyal service.

Unsurprising to anyone who knows Gordon, through the years of our working together, a deep and rich friendship grew between us. I not only value him as a counsellor, I cherish him as a friend and love to recall the memories of the great, fun times we’ve spent (at least those I’m still able to recall, through the haze of sometimes being “over-served”).

On behalf of the Chairman of our Board, James Kiss, his fellow Board members, and all of us at Hawthorn, we want to express our deep appreciation and affection for Gordon, our best wishes for a richly earned retirement, and continued success for the business he leaves and the heritage he created.

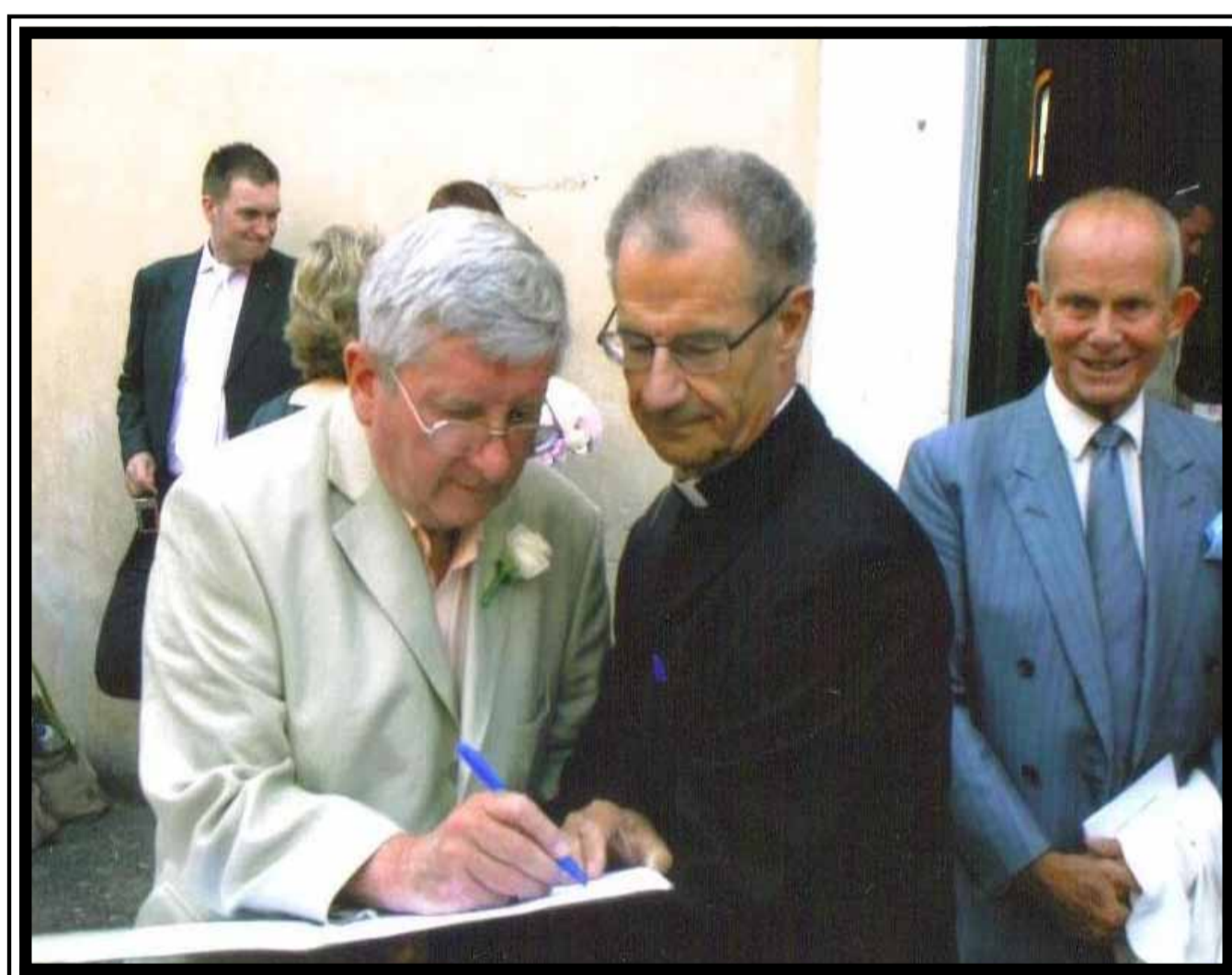
Thank you for allowing us to be part honouring not only a researcher who has made good, but also a man who has done good.”

John Ashford



“Gordon is one of my best friends. He is always there to provide me with his support when times are tough, and has asked me to join him when he has celebrated his special moments. He was always near in my joys and sorrows. I owe him (and Christine) much, as regards my bodily, mental and spiritual health, together with my intellectual endeavours.”

Father Joe Inguanez



“How do you want my reminiscences... the time he had to be rescued by the Air/Sea Rescue people off the coast of Albania (at that time still a Communist and closed country) ... or the time he sold me to a boxer in Tunisia for the night ...or the time he chucked me (and Malcolm) out of the little sailing dinghy as I was too much ballast?”

Meril James



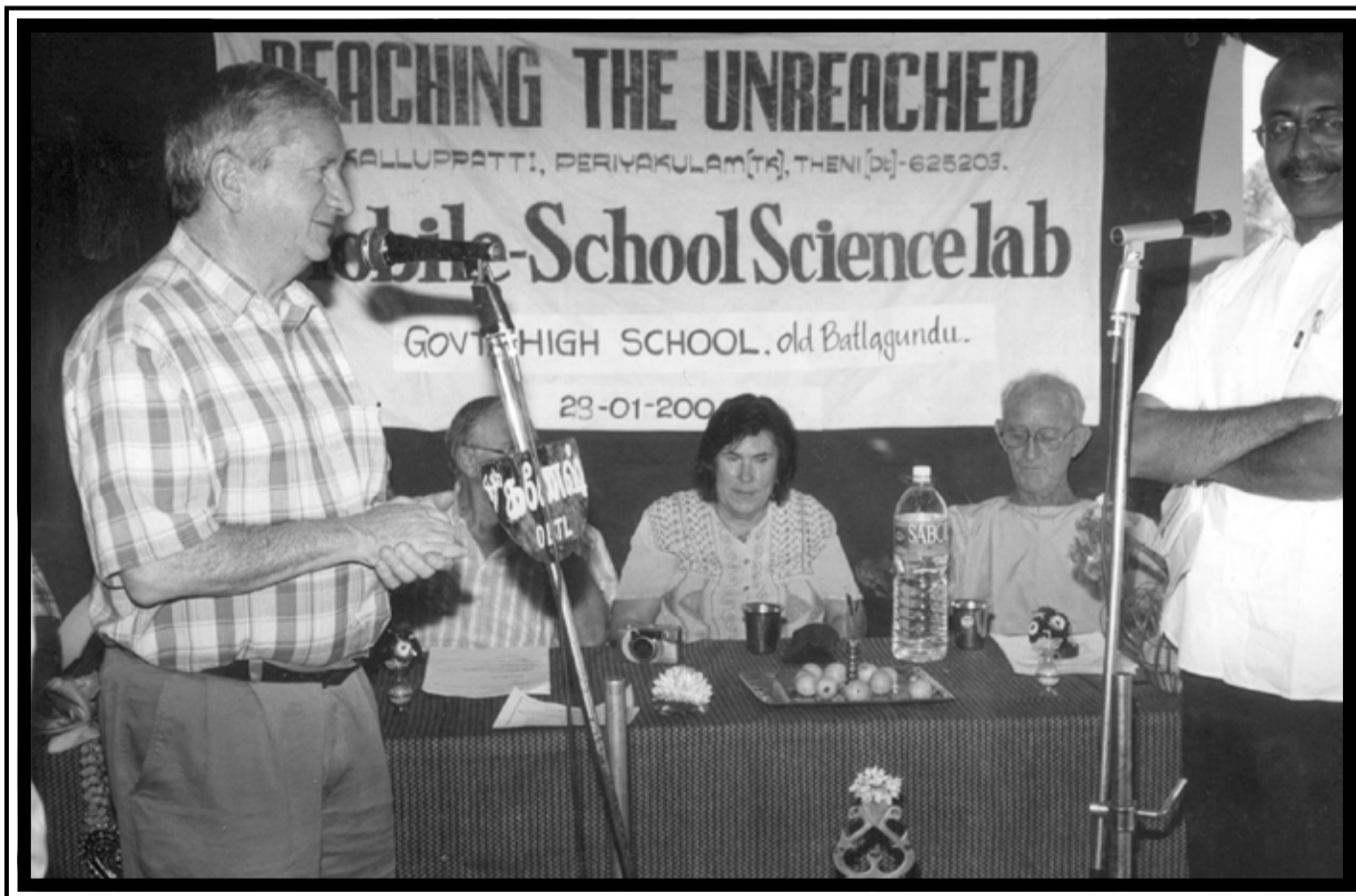
“The memory that will remain with me for a long time, concerning Gordon, would be the time when he was guest of honour for the afternoon at St Peter's School (his old school), to present the 5th Year leavers' certificates.

After the introductory speech, he was called forward to the microphone, with a sheaf of notes, ready for the main speech. On lifting the papers to read, he suddenly realised that they were not running consecutively as intended. Many a speaker would have panicked, but Gordon, as cool as a cucumber, folded the sheaf of papers and began without them - so much for preparation! This raised a quiet ripple of good-natured laughter, which paved the way to a short, entertaining but instructive speech.

A second memory is of Gordon with Jo and myself in India in 2001. Our living area, normally a place of peace and solitude, had been rudely interrupted by a group of a dozen or so long-faced, mournful Italian students. One evening with a grin, Gordon announced to me “We're going to have a laugh Dave!” and disappeared up to the village, where three or four shops formed the main shopping mall! He reappeared a short time later, armed with two crates of Kingfisher beer. He then called the Italian students together and sat them in a circle outside our huts and distributed the beer to see if he could change their long faces into something a trifle more cheerful. Before they had finished the beer they had become rather rowdy, so much so, I had to ask Gordon to quell the noise a little, as Brother would be trying to sleep in the end room of the visitors' block. Eventually, as the beer ran out, so did the Italian students. Gordon had thoroughly enjoyed himself and as usual, achieved his aim. It was left to me, the following morning, to pick up the bottled evidence. I don't think Brother heard anything, and if he did, he was too understanding to mention it.

My final observation of Gordon, who I have known now for many years is, quite simply, his great courage and cheerfulness throughout the adversity he has faced through four strokes. Only this year, with the help of Chris, his wonderful wife, he again made the Past Pupils' Association Annual Dinner. In spite of his mobility and speech problems, he enjoyed the company of everybody he knew and was first to make it up to the top table when the dinner came to an end. Such courage and support was an example to us all, and may he enjoy a long and happy retirement, he deserves it.”

David Cassidy – RTU



“Visits to Moscow with Gordon would involve payments of tens of thousands of dollars, all in cash, getting mugged, finding spies in the cupboard in the office, and drinking to seal the deals. On one trip, we had a lunch with our trusted supplier, Natalya Cherkasova to negotiate the year's contract. A bottle of lemon vodka was ordered - a deceptively sweet and smooth-tasting drink, which Gordon found very more-ish. He wisely slept through the first meeting of the afternoon, in preparation for the main event, a meeting with the splendidly named Vsevelod Vilchek, from the state TV broadcaster, with whom we were looking to sign a new agreement.

On this particular trip, we were staying at the Lithuanian Embassy, thanks to Gordon's contacts with the great and good across the former Soviet bloc. As I recall, we were sharing a room (if not a bed?) and paying far higher prices than we would have done at a hotel, but such was the added surreal dimension that Gordon brought to the business. It was snowy, and as ever Gordon was well prepared: in his loafers, carrying his big, black, expandable briefcase (full of business cards, no doubt). As we approached the extremely stern Lithuanian guards through the Embassy garden, Gordon started swinging his briefcase around, which, being almost as big as him, gathered momentum and spun him round and round and into a rosebush. He landed flat on his back, giggling helplessly. The guards were not amused.

Moscow traffic and hangovers meant we were late to the airport, then the ridiculous queuing for visas, currency declarations, check in and so on. It was clear we were going to miss the plane. At this point, Gordon produced his trump card - he had decided to travel first class. Why? I don't know. As Gordon would say, “why not, why not?”. Waving his first class ticket and shouting that we needed to catch our plane seemed to provoke a reaction. A man in a long, black, leather coat accosted us, and demanded we accompany him. Nothing fazed Gordon, so we went with him, being whisked through the final stages of passport control. I thought we were heading for the Lubyanka, but we were escorted to a dark, Thunderbirds-style lounge and told to wait. Time passed. Someone appeared; news of the flight? No, a waitress with a tray of strangely-filled sandwiches. The fact that we were being held hostage by the KGB, long after our plane was scheduled to depart, didn't seem to dent Gordon's appetite.

Finally, it was revealed to us that the flight was delayed, our first class seats were held for us, and yet again, Gordon came out on top.”

Nick North



"Gordon, all my thoughts of you make me have two reactions - to laugh again at your many witty and punchy political jokes, which always said it like it is, and to recall intense chats about all that's wrong with the Church, with politics, with the Middle East and Russia. You tell great tales of encounters with Presidents and Popes and a host of the once great and the hopeful....you are an abundant networker with a purpose. My kids think of the two boat trips we took with you out on the Solent and the champagne filled picnics - it didn't need the sea to roll after that - we were anyway!!!!

We have known each other for ever it seems - from those optimistic days in the 1980s when the nation's troubles seemed so large and by today's standards, were so small!!!! You are a wise sage, a man with all the experience to guide any King, any President, any Prime Minister. Your wicked humour would always be a show stopper. As you go to spend more time with your boat, go laughing and relish the generation ahead of you. For you have left a business in sound hands and your legacy will always be as Gordon the sincere, Gordon the tease, Gordon the prophet, Gordon the open-handed, Gordon, great friend "

Lord Hastings of Scarisbrick



“Gordon Heald – envied in the research world for his quality client base:

Reagan, Gorbachev, Thatcher, The Queen, The Pope and who he enjoyed working for the most – KGB/CIA.

Gordon has always understood that all these eminent people (his clients) needed to understand the values of the people they represented and led. Gordon revelled in the intrigue surrounding the research he did for his famous clients – and he always knew what really mattered to them.

Although he jokes a lot about our political and social research ‘industry’, Gordon is a sophisticated social researcher, who can take much (if not all) of the credit, for creating the first ever study of World Values – fearlessly asking questions about belief in God, religion, happiness, politics and the family in over 50 countries – and reporting the truth to his clients.

Gordon has been a wonderful friend since we first met after he joined Gallup UK more than 30 years ago. He is a great friend of all my family, Roy Morgan Research and in particular Michele Levine and other Melbourne people including Hugh and Libby Morgan. Genevieve and I have had some wonderful times with Gordon in London, Melbourne and at Gallup Conferences, in particular in South Africa when we were guests of De Beers.

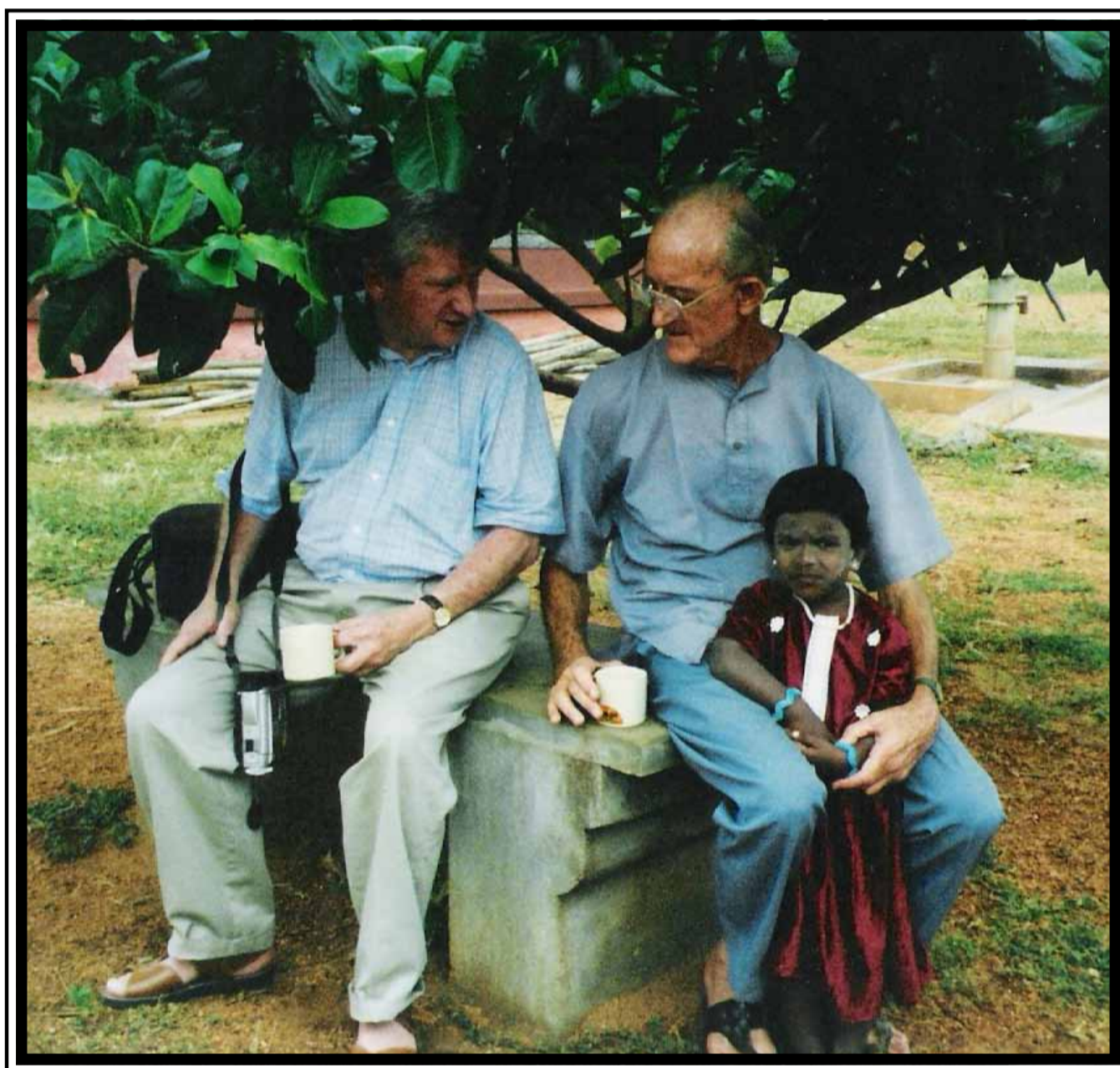
All of us in Melbourne wish Gordon good luck in the future.”

Gary Morgan



“Most people follow events, very few are creating them. Gordon is definitely one of those few. And those few are the ones with new ideas, with an affinity to change and progress. Money is never an important thing in their life – giving is more than taking. Gordon is an excellent representative of this.”

Kancho Stoychev



“I still remember the first time I met Gordon in the old ORB office. From the first moment, I realized that I had met one of the warmest people I had ever met. At the same time he astonished me with his wide knowledge and experience in market research and public opinion surveys. Gordon told me that I would meet good success in my business in Iraq during the few coming years and it has been proved that he was definitely correct in his anticipations. Thanks to him for all that he has done for me and my colleagues.”

Munqith Dagher, Baghdad



“Gordon Heald!! What can I say in a few words, that may reflect what Gordon means to me and to the public opinion and market research business? I’ve met many people in our industry, but very few with Gordon’s passion and contagious inspiration.

His main aim was just to change the world and make it a better place!! And that’s what we always tried to do when we got together. Our conversations would always start with family, then turn to projects on changing cultural values, major problems in the world, how to fight poverty, give people ‘a say’, spirituality, changing roles, the environment, international relations etc., etc. These were all very serious matters that moved us both and filled us with enthusiasm.

Gordon was also great fun. He had a great sense of humour, could be very ironic, but warm at the same time. He was greatly missed when he was not in a meeting. Less creativity could be the outcome and certainly less fun! He is incredibly open and generous. Would always open his house, office and be ready to help for just the pleasure of doing something for a friend, or for a project he thought would make a change to society.

I’ve know Gordon for 28 years through Gallup International Association and was always able, in spite of distances and changes in working places, to maintain a strong, close relation with him.

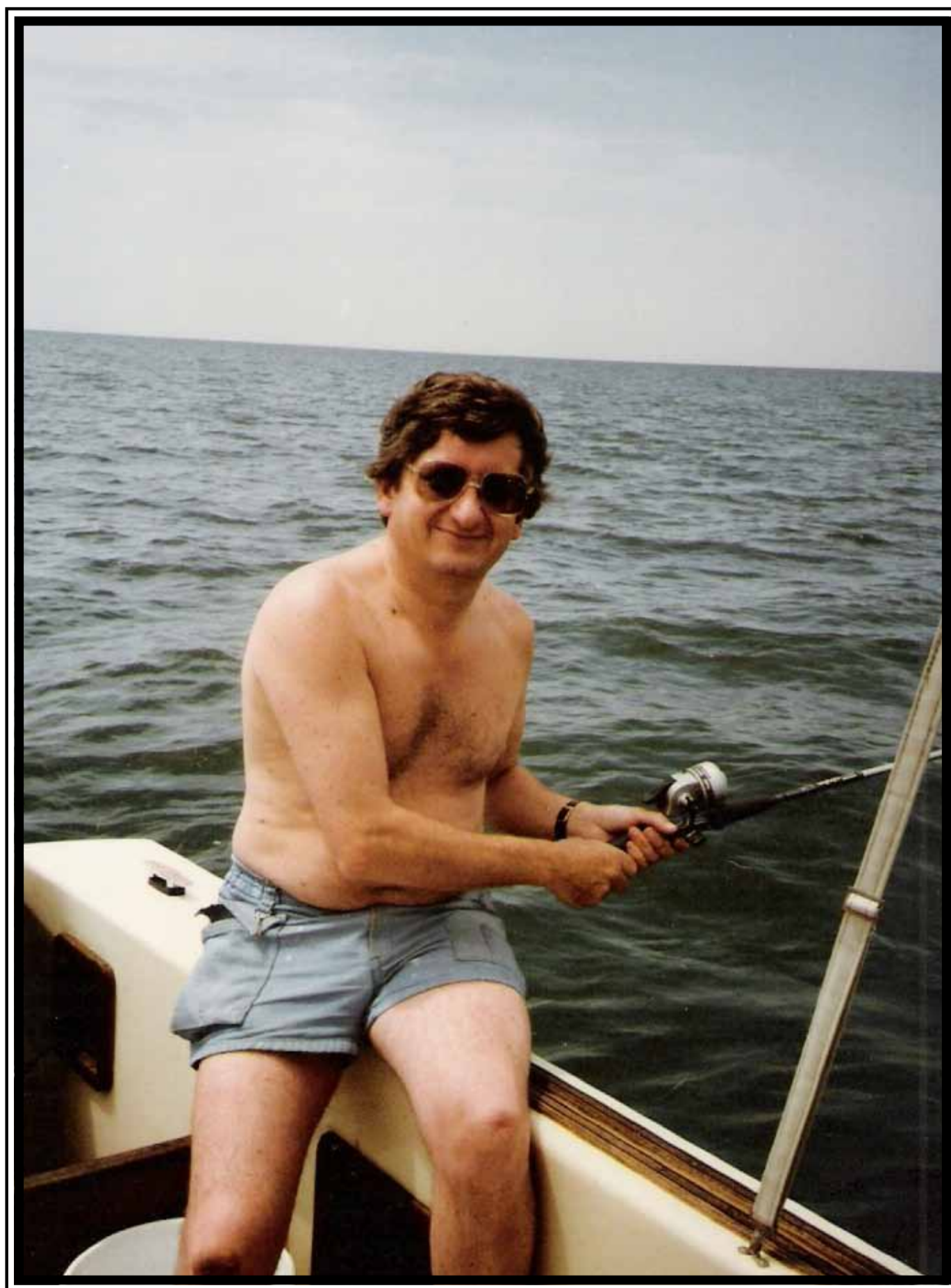
Gordon is one of my favourite people in the world. I admire his professional capacity and am fond of his friendship.”

Marita Carballo



“St Gordon of Elphin
Truly the 'Soul of Britain'
Thanks for all the good memories.
Have a wonderful retirement.”

Patrick Diamond



“FLASH GORDON!

I first met Gordon at the end of 1968 or early 1969, when I joined Gallup Poll in London, designated as an econometrician, a designation that even I was confused by. Gordon was at the time attached in some way to the London Business School, as well as a consultant to Gallup. He came into contact with me when I found that with a particular job, we were being asked separately to perform the same task by Gallup. This made us competitors.

You can imagine Gordon's contempt to discover that his work was going to be compared with an Indian nobody, or so he thought. But as soon as he found out we both had a similar academic background - both of us had read Economics at Cambridge around the same time - he began to soften. And lo, despite his very Catholic conservative ideas, we actually became instant friends.

Gordon, you have always been a true friend. Enjoy your retirement.”

Ranjit Chib – Life-long friend from New Delhi



“At the end of a book of wonderful and heartfelt contributions from friends it is left to me to close this chapter of your life.

When you first introduced yourself to me, I thought “Oh, here’s a challenge”. And here we are, some 45 years later, facing the challenge of retirement.

Over the years, together, we have faced many challenges with fortitude, courage, strength and faith. And of course we couldn’t have succeeded without the love and support of our three sons, two daughters-in-law and the best two grandchildren in the world! As has been said earlier, I think we make a good team as we sail off into the sunset....”

Christine Heald

