

Sister Goedele was the first member of the community I encountered when, at last, I dared to ring the bell, and she opened the door with a huge smile. Over so many years since, I found she always gave this wide, genuine smile when answering the door whether she knew who was ringing or not. In this she conveyed exactly the gentleness and warmth of love asked of the porter in the Benedictine Rule.

I always think of her when facing some frustration as she gave me several examples of calm, persistent patience. Once we were looking for a particular ingredient for the goat food mix in the large Jordan's warehouse. I was getting more and more cross, and about to give up in a huff. She just kept on walking round with her Belgian imperterability until she found it!

She surprised me very much by being a keen supporter of women's ordination with enthusiastic and perceptive comments on relevant items in The Tablet, and stories of her sister's thoughts and parish service in Belgium.

She discovered we shared an appreciation of Ronald Rolheiser's page at the back of the Catholic Herald, but that I wasn't keen on the rest of the magazine. So she saved his columns, and posted them to me in batches.

I'll miss her. Olive Powell