**I have a cross**

15 months into my Christian journey I left home and moved into a house with my mentor – Hurrah let the fun begin! The next week I started a new job I loved, the following week my brother, was killed - so I went home. I thought I ought to stay but my mother said I could stay until the weekend and then should go back as she was going up north to look after my brother’s Godmother, Mary.

Six months later and my mentor had followed her heart to Australia, I was my brother's executrix and making a mess of it as I had no help and did not know to ask for it. I was heading for a breakdown, and Mary died. My mother returned home and brought with her a small Whitby Jet cross left to me by Mary. It is very plain and very beautiful and about half an inch wide, but what to do with it.

I was walking down Bond Street and came to a rather old fashioned looking jewellers and discovered I had to ring the bell to get in – a totally new experience for me. The jeweller received the cross from my jeans pocket onto his plush tray without a comment and said that he would mount it for me so that I could wear it as a pendant.

The jeweller was a genius and got it completely right. The pendant looks like a church window and reminds me of the then east window of St. Martin in the Fields, my church at the time. It reminds me of Mary, my brother and my mother and also of how blessed I was to be loved and supported through such a difficult time by everyone at St. Martin’s who accepted me and my strange behaviour as just another of God’s people.