



Alison Packer

A Celebration of Her Life

24th February 1948 - 13th March 2024

West Wiltshire Crematorium

Thursday, 4th April 2024, at 2:45 pm

The funeral will take place for approximately one hour as a Meeting for Worship of The Religious Society of Friends (Quakers). The form of the meeting will be explained at the beginning.



Ali will be much missed by her family and her many friends. She had many talents, for love and friendship, creativity and learning, openness to new experiences and all different sorts of people, and coiling around these virtues, another virtue, deep and sustained kindness. In the words of one of the wonderful community nurses who cared for her so well, she was “vibrant”. And, it goes without saying, she was fun.

She led an adventurous life. Brought up In London, she was the first in the family to go to university and being Alison, ending up living in a picturesque but primitive cottage overlooking Red Wharf Bay in Anglesey in her final year. She then trained as a teacher in Oxford and started work in a rural Secondary Modern school in Heathfield in Sussex, which she always recalled with great affection. She retained deep friendships from her primary and secondary school days, university and her first job and then she just added more and more friends as she went.

She spent four glamorous years teaching in a secondary school in the Bahamas and from which she returned with a cup awarded to her by her class for being the World’s Greatest Teacher. She travelled extensively during this time in both North and South America (an unusual thing to do in the 1970s) sleeping on one occasion in a village fountain for want of a room for the night.

Ali returned to England to do a masters in Latin American Studies at UCL and then spent a year teaching at a very tough London Comprehensive before moving to Trowbridge to teach history at Matravers in Westbury. Along with a colleague, Rosemary, she pioneered teaching through drama and they put on history days where their pupils re-enacted being Ancient Britons in the Wiltshire countryside. She often said, “We wouldn’t be allowed to do it now”. Whilst working at Matravers, she became a member of the Society of Friends, the practical love and friendship sustaining her until the end.

After Matravers, she did a year's Drama Therapy Course run by Sesame at the Central School of Speech and Drama, and although she never worked as a Drama Therapist, she credited the work she did there as being a major building block in her personal development.

Subsequently she worked at a specialist school for Dyslexic children, gaining yet more letters after her name (and thereby beating her engineer brother in law), as a special needs teacher in a in a school in Stroud and finally supporting students as a tutor at the University of the West of England. When she was in her final illness, she was always being recognised by delighted nurses she had helped.

She didn't stop travelling after her Bahama Days, and visited many places, sometimes with a nephew or niece in tow or even her sister and she had a lasting friendship with Isabelle, whom she simply met at a shop, selling oddly soap and hat boxes, in Toulouse. The shop didn't last!

Always artistic, her art teacher at school had suggested that she should go to art college, she developed this talent over the years and found two marvellous teachers, Jackie Harding and in the last few years, Alison Ballance.

She was a delightful and eccentric aunt, much loved by her nephews and nieces and her great nieces, a committed godmother and the best of sisters. In her later years, she had a deep and loving relationship with David Kent until his sad death from Parkinson's in the time of covid and was wonderfully supported, lovingly and joyfully, by John Scott in her final years and to whom the family will be ever grateful for making her final years so happy.





Alison:
always busy helping someone,
creating something,
learning something,
being colourful,
always thoughtful.

But oh!
She was such fun.

Sarah Worster

Ali's family, including John, thank Dr Mason and all the medical staff who cared for her during the course of her illness, and in particular the marvellous community nurses. We also thank *The White Horse Morris* and the cake bakers for bringing joy to the occasion and all her marvellous friends for being such a support to her and us.

Everybody is welcome for tea and cakes, available until 6 pm at:

Hilperton Village Hall, Whaddon Lane, Hilperton, BA14 7RN (5 mins drive)