



Kate Scull's story

I'm lighting the candle I received at my BUC welcoming ceremony all those years ago, in 2002. I've lit it occasionally over the years for special prayers or meditation. In lockdown worship, I lit it for the first time on Easter day. It didn't really fit the advised 'new candle' representing resurrection - it's old and a bit dusty and at one point it must have sat in the sun or something because it's gotten a bit bent; it's travelled with me through various moves and used to sit propped up in a Whitley college shot glass (actually that's probably how it got bent!) - but it reminds me of the rich history of my time in our community.