

Thoughts on the Beames

When one looks back all the years that I have known the Beames family I think the one outstanding characteristic was how different they both were but how ideally suited in their chosen profession - their love and service to the Anglican Church. They were a wonderful team - he a hardworking devout priest, and she a motherly humourous soul who loved to help all those in need. Between them they raised 3 boys and two girls who all did well and are as different in character but all most attractive

Some incidents I remember

When they built their cottage on Naramata beach all sorts of people turned up to help. I believe it was the one and only home they ever actually owned and those who helped them came from all walks of life. A generous Anglican donated the lumber but the other workers were people whose lives they had touched during the ministry and who had probably never seen the inside of a church.

Christmas Day

they were all to join us for Christmas dinner - Father Beames was taking service at Naramata but was very late - in fact we seemed to be waiting indefinitely and his wife wondering if he had forgotten all about it. He finally blew in - he had been held up by a flock of sheep - had skidded into a ditch but was so happy stuck there as it was such a pastoral scene that it brought back memories of what Christmas was all about and how much you could learn from sheep!

Harvest Thanksgiving

Mother Beames rushing around with fruit and vegetables but quietly and tactfully requesting no grapes on the pulpit - "Will sometimes gets carried away in his sermon and might nibble on them without thinking!"

His Love of Churches

While travelling in England it was inevitable that one passes hundreds of churches - the only snag with Father Beames he couldn't bear to miss one of them. So we thought up all sorts of means of diverting his attention when we saw a church steeple appearing on the horizon and were able to miss a few. His joy at exploring those little ancient churches made up for the delays and made one realize how much the history of the church meant to him and how much he must have missed it over the years.

The Love of the family

was made clear when a very distracted young mother was having a great deal of trouble with a new baby. It was essential she should have a rest and Mother Beames offered to take the fretful and irritable baby. It was delivered with a box of medications to cover

colic, insomnia and a host of other symptoms and an equal number of instructions. Mother Beames listened intently as she cuddled he and weeks later when the mother was better, I asked Mother Beames about the box of medications. "What box?" she said, "Oh, I remember I forgot all about it - it is under the bed." And a happy serene baby, gaining and sleeping well was a picture of contentment in the arms of a motherly soul who had given her the love and security she needed. She never looked back and I realized why her own children were so happy in spite of (intaenited) allergies which plagued them throughout their life.

Attitude to grief

I had heard how much the Beames had meant to those who lost relatives during the war and how much they both meant to us when my brother died in Iraq. But the thing that impressed me most was their attitude to their own losses as their family meant so much to them. But on each occasion it was their concern, not for themselves, but for the driver of the car when Betty was killed and for Denys' wife and child when he was shot down over Germany. To me this typified how they lived their Christian belief, no self piuty, just concern for others at a time when your heart went out to them. Years later Mother Beames concern for Eva and her family was the same when Bill died suddenly in his early 50's. They always thought more for others than for themselves and this is what endeared them to so many and made their ministry so meaningful. Penticton gained a great deal from having them there.

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