



My Reborn
ชีวิตที่กำเนิดใหม่



THE WEDDING DAY

Mark & Ann Hensman
 7 May 2001
 Te Mata Peak
 Napier, New Zealand

Between us *[Signature]* Signature of Bride

Signature of Bridegroom *[Signature]*

In the presence of us *[Signature]* Signature of witness

Full residential address of witness
 30 Dartmoor Rd
 Rutetapu

[Signature] Signature of witness

Full residential address of witness
 8 GARDINER Place
 Havelock North H.B. NZ

I certify that I officiated at the marriage of the above-named parties *[Signature]* Signature of marriage celebrant or Registrar of Marriages

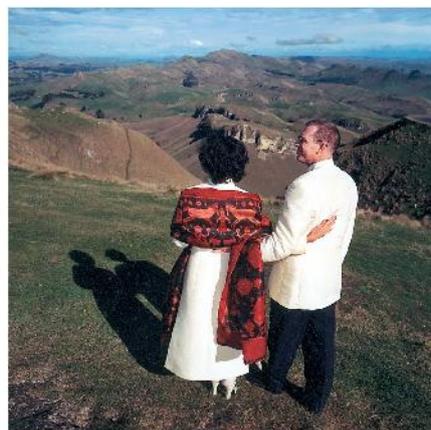
Name of marriage celebrant or Registrar of Marriages
Robyn Greenwood

Denomination or name of organisation
 N/A





Champagne – Richard proposes a toast to Ann and Mark!

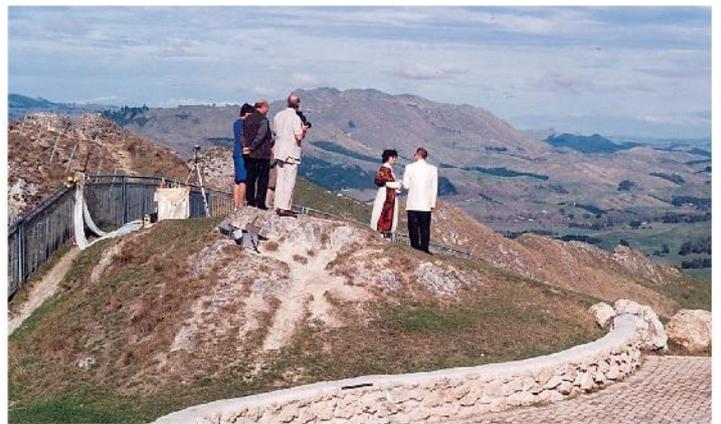




BRIDE : Chaukeaw Kengradomying
GROOM : Dr. John Mark Hensman



The Redwood
Te Mata Peak



from moment ..
to moment



Mark to Ann -

*I grew up believing I would find you someday.
I remember looking for you out my window,
On busy streets and crowded places –
As if I would recognise you if you passed by.
I always knew you were out there, somewhere.
I just wondered how long I would have to wait.
But I knew, that when we found each other,
It would be the most natural thing in the world.
Now it seems like a kind of miracle
That I grew up believing in the two of us.*

And so today, I take you to be my wife.

Ann to Mark -

*Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt thou the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.*

And so today, I take you to be my husband.



Richard

1 Corinthians 13

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.

It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs.

Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.

It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

When you Married and how you both met each other which year and how relationship develop, what you do feel about her and what makes you both happy in relationship.

Mark and Ann met at an educational exhibition for New Zealand schools. Mark thought she was beautiful and intelligent, the latter evidenced by the difficult questions she asked! They kept in touch and eventually Ann moved with Mark to Chiang Mai when he was appointed to help set up the Prem Centre. Mark asked Ann to marry him on a number of occasions but she was not sure. She had a remarkable experience in Chiang Mai in which she felt God assured her to trust in his love rather than trust human love. She then decided to become a Christian and also to marry Mark. They were married in New Zealand near Mark's hometown on a mountain he used to cycle around and climb when he was young. After two years in Chiang Mai they returned to Bangkok so that Mark could work at Harrow.

Ann had the remarkable ability to adapt to Mark's world. She went to New Zealand many times and became an integral part of Mark's family. She spoke good English and tried to teach Mark to speak Thai but was not very successful! She helped Mark adjust to living in Thailand and understand Thai culture, all the while being able to live comfortably in Mark's western culture. Ann was also able to adjust to the long hours Mark worked and to living at school. She brought to their relationship, patience, understanding, humour and forgiveness which helped grow their relationship.

Mark and Ann loved to travel. Regular destinations included New Zealand, the UK, and Canada to visit Josh and the USA to visit Rae (Mark's dad). They also traveled with Josh and Luke (Mark's sons) to Egypt and central Europe doing a train trip from Prague to Krakow, Budapest, Vienna, Venice and Munich. A favourite holiday was a week in Rome with Aura and Pol. Favourite destinations included Istanbul and a week at the Londolozi Safari Reserve near Kruger National Park in South Africa at the end of January 2014.

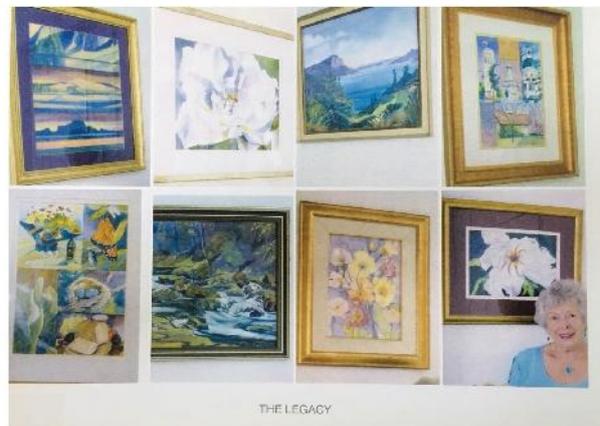
Mark's family: please tell some stories such as New Year times, when family in Bangkok and why everybody loves her.

Ann's ability to make people feel comfortable in her presence is legendary. She has always had that rare ability to make people feel at ease, valued, loved and important. She brought these qualities into the Hensman family which very quickly felt she had always been part of the Hensman scene. Her standard sayings, such as "Why not?" and "Really?" were soon borrowed and became standard phrases in the Hensman banter.

Ann had the amazing ability to become a friend to all in the family from the oldest to the youngest. She developed strong relationships with members of each generation including aunties, uncles and cousins in the wider family. Most of the Hensman family (two sets of parents, five boys and their wives and 15 grandchildren) soon became Ann's friends and she theirs and most visited Mark and Ann in Thailand, Ann always proving to be the perfect host and tour guide. One of Ann's favourite attractions was the New Year's boat ride on the Chao Praya with the amazing midnight fireworks display. Many friends and relations from Thailand and abroad, enjoyed this treat.

Never to be forgotten is the Hensman family book which Ann designed and presented to each member of the family at Christmas 2013. The book has a page for every member with their birthdate and a selection of photographs. Wedding anniversaries were also included.

The Hensman family book which Ann designed





Ann and Mark's Addresses

After Ann and Mark met and their relationship developed, Mark, who had been conducting research in Thailand for his doctorate, was offered a job as Director of Education and Operations at the PremTinsulanonda Centre in Chiang Mai. He accepted it and he and Ann moved to Chiang Mai together.



PREMTINSULANONDA CENTRE, MAE RIM, CHIANG MAI 1999–2001

The Prem Centre campus was beautiful and Mark and Ann moved into a lovely 3rd story apartment on campus. Ann commuted between Chiang Mai and Bangkok. Mark asked Ann to marry him but she was unsure given that both had been married before. One day while they were in a restaurant in Chiang Mai, Ann became upset and went to the bathroom. She cried and had a strange experience. She felt surrounded by light and heard a voice say not to fear because “I am love.” Ann believed this to be the voice of God and from then on had no fear. Mark and Ann were married in New Zealand on May 7th 2001. The attraction of moving back to Bangkok was strong for Ann whose children were back from the UK and whose family were all there. Mark had met the founding Head of Harrow International School some years before and he offered Mark the job of Deputy Head of Harrow. Harrow at that stage was located in Bangkok Gardens. They moved back to Bangkok and Mark started as Deputy Head in January 2002.



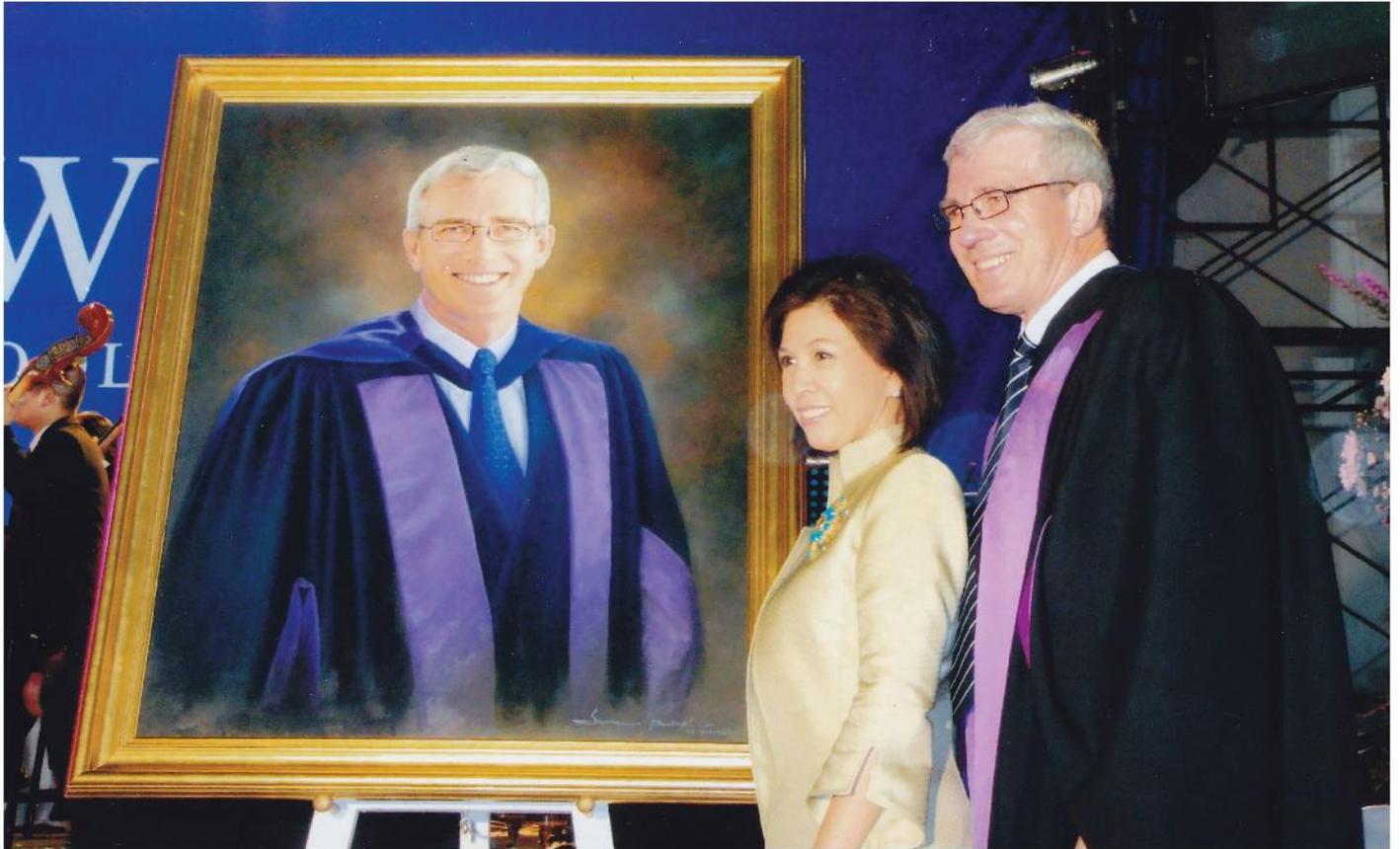
HARROW INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL & RIVERSIDE 2002–2003

Ann and Mark moved back into Ann's Riverside condo, located on the banks of the Chaophraya River on Rama 3, close to the school. This was to be a brief return to the condo where Ann had lived prior to moving to Chiang Mai. Some weeks after Mark commenced at Harrow, the Head announced his retirement and Mark was appointed Head. He commenced these duties in September 2002 which involved preparing the school to move to its new site in Don Muang.

During this period, the school was in turmoil owing to the revelation that the founding Head was to open a new school close to Bangkok Garden. Ann and Mark took on the challenge to retain the teachers and students by inviting teachers to the condo for meals and, over the course of a number of months, meeting the parents of each class for 'English tea and scones.' Ann, not having been a headmaster's wife before, took to the role and the demands with her usual style and class. This included a number of PR events including articles for magazines and some slots on TV. Ann knew many of the parents and she was a significant part of Mark being able to establish himself as the new Head.







HARROW INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL, DON MUANG 2003–2009

The construction of the new school completed, the school opened on its new site in August 2003. Over the summer holidays Ann and Mark moved into the headmaster's residence onsite. Ann did a wonderful job of decorating and furnishing the house and Mark worked with the gardening staff to plant as many trees as he could squeeze in, around the house.

Living in the one house for six years gave Ann and Mark the chance to settle into married life. It was a life surrounded by pressure. Mark worked long hours, took on leadership roles in a number of organisations and often had to travel. Ann took on a lot of informal roles in the life of the school including supporting the Friends of Harrow Committee particularly in relation to major events; being a judge at various competitions; meeting parents who wanted to express concerns about certain issues at school and hoped for a word spoken in the right direction; manning the 'Nearly New' shop at the Harrow Fair; dressing up for various school events such as International Day and Loy Krathong; decorating the walkway at all hours of the night for major school events; attending all sorts of school functions and hosting many at the house; designing birthday gifts for Mark to give to students on their birthday which included writing a book on budgeting and helping Mark plant seedlings with students who brought them on their birthday for an initiative they called 'Triple Treat.'



The most significant formal role that Ann took on was not in the school itself but was because of the school. Each House in the school was asked to take on a charity or community service project. One of the teachers in Churchill House knew of the work being done by the YWCA at an early years centre for disadvantaged children in Pakkret and knew they were in financial trouble. So Churchill House adopted the Centre and started fundraising for it. The teacher concerned invited Ann to be on the Committee. In no time she was Chairperson of the YWCA Pakkret and this became a major focus for her: one she loved and to which she contributed significantly. Who will forget her fundraising events, particularly the Ten Pin Bowling which carried all the hallmarks of Ann's style!



As with any marriage, Mark and Ann had good times and difficult times but enjoyed the former and forgave the latter. Mark was increasingly being drawn away from the school to look at potential Harrow projects in other locations and when Harrow was granted the license to open a school in Hong Kong, the time had come for Mark to relinquish the headship and move to a regional role. This also meant moving house again.



HARROW INTERNATIONAL MANAGEMENT SERVICES AND HYDE PARK 2010–NOW

Mark's change of job from Head Master to COO of Harrow International Management Services meant the move to a new house next to the school in Hyde Park. Ann applied her eye-for-style and soon had the house looking like a French mansion and Mark planted more trees!

The move to Hyde Park coincided with the discovery that Ann had a brain tumour. Ann and Mark traveled to visit members of Mark's family in Vancouver, Oregon and New Zealand in the summer after moving from school to Hyde Park. Mark was noticing that she was physically and cognitively slower. Others had been noticing this also but no one had connected it to any health issue. Ann herself had been saying for a while that she thought she had Alzheimer's. Members of Mark's family mentioned it during Mark and Ann's visit and so on arrival back in Bangkok, they went straight to Bumrungrad Hospital and a 7cm long brain tumour was identified by MRI.

Five years on, Ann had had two major operations (exceeding 12 hours in duration), two episodes of radiation treatment and, since September 2013, monthly infusions of chemotherapy. The main losses for her during this period were a degree of speech impairment caused by the operations and sleepiness caused by the high dosage of medication she needed in order to control pain. Throughout the five years, she remained positive, cheerful and philosophical about her condition. Her faith in God remained absolutely firm – she trusted in his providence, irrespective of the circumstances, and had full confidence in her life beyond death.

These five years were not easy for Ann and Mark, not only because of the health issues but also because Mark was having to work abroad for weeks at a time. After four years of living in this manner, and with Ann's condition developing beyond hope of complete remission, they felt they needed to restore the closeness they had previously enjoyed and so Mark resigned his senior post with Harrow International and while continuing to work for Harrow in a consultancy capacity, was able to work from home and spend a lot more time with Ann. This was without doubt the richest time in their relationship. Mark says that during this period he learnt for the first time the true meaning of love: that it is about giving and not getting. Despite the circumstances, this was their happiest time.

Now with Ann gone, Mark has retrained and intends to work as a hospital chaplain so that the experiences he and Ann had over the years of her illness can benefit others in a similar situation. "Also," says Mark, "so that Ann can continue to make a better person out of me. She never gives up!"



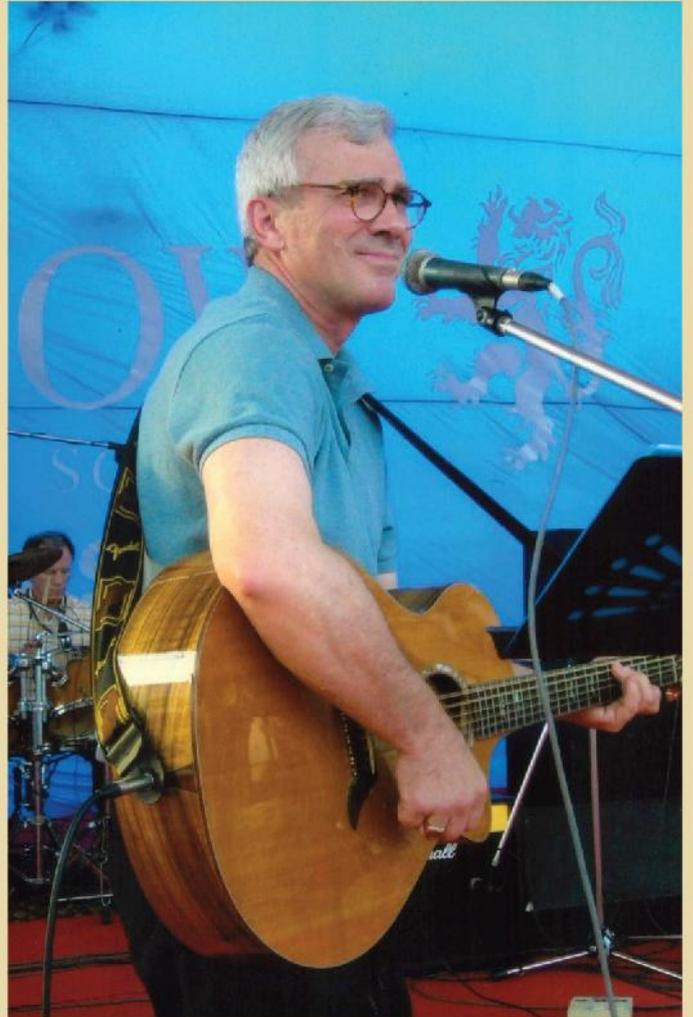
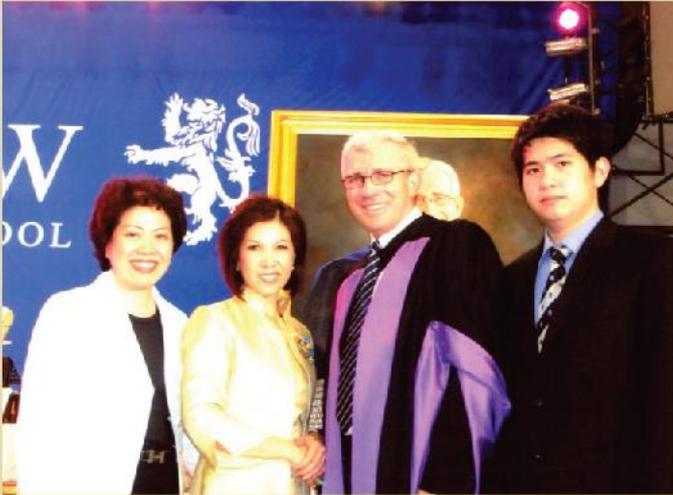
Friends of Harrow





Friends of Harrow





Friends of Harrow





For Ann

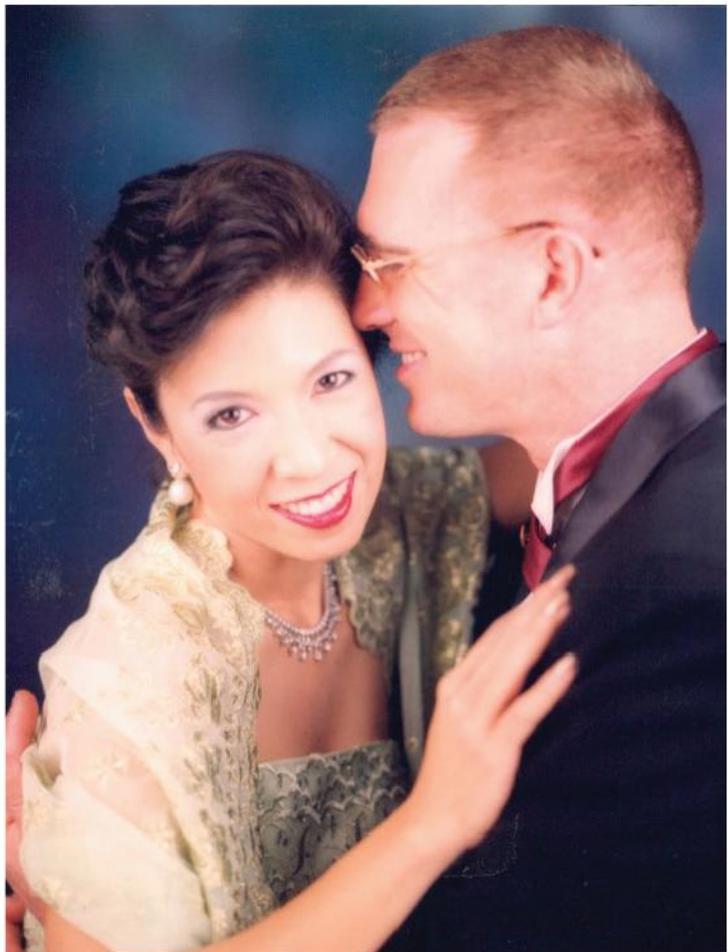
A Eulogy given by Mark in Bangkok and New Zealand

Family and friends, thank you all for being here today and for honouring the life of Ann in this manner.

I have had much time to ponder what I might say on a day such as this and there are three things that I want to say about Ann.

First, something that you all know – she was incredibly special, almost an angel and if not that, certainly a saint. I never heard her say, or saw her do, anything that you could call selfish or mean. She was always positive, welcoming, warm and generous. She was as near to perfect as it is possible to be.

I can now look back on the last 6 years in particular and see such courage. In the face of ongoing loss – loss of sight, hearing, speech, use of limbs - she never once complained or cried or said “Why me?” or “It’s not fair.” In the last 2 years as she became increasingly dependent and less able to communicate, she did so with such dignity.





Secondly, I would like to respond to the many comments I have had commending me for the way I have looked after Ann and I want to say quite clearly, that this is not a reflection of me – it is a reflection of her. It was Ann who made our relationship work and it is to her love that I have been responding in caring for her over these last two years. There were times over the years when, like most couples, we had our difficult times. We survived because if I started to become distracted by my own selfish pursuits, Ann would forgive me and just love me more and love me back to herself. The amazing thing is, she had the strength, the courage and the ability to do just that. The reason that she could, was partly just her, partly because of the love she had enjoyed over the years with family and friends but largely because of her faith, which is the third thing I would like to say about her.



Ann became a Christian not long after we met but not because of me. We were trying to decide whether or not to be together. She could not decide. God appeared to her one day as a shining light and she heard a voice say, "I am love, trust me." She said she felt like she was an empty cup filling with love. So over the years when I did not have enough love for her, God gave her the love she needed to bring me back. Now you know why I say that you should not give me any credit for being a good husband: it was that Ann was a good wife. Her love was fed by the God of love who kept his promise to be the source of her love for me!

In these last two years, as Ann became more dependent, I learnt a simple truth: love really is about giving and not about getting – the less she had to give and the more I gave, the more I loved her.

Finally, I would like to thank you all for being whatever you have been to Ann and the happiness you brought to her life. Thank you to Lionel for being here from NZ; to members of my family, my sons Josh and Luke and my brother Phil, who have come from as far away as Canada and New Zealand; to Ann's family; to all our friends including Maree who has come from Australia. Thank you Ann. God has blessed us all with your life.

To close, two poems Ann wrote for me not long after we met:



Over the Rainbow

Something so far away I wish to reach
Over the rainbow, shall I succeed?

The warmth of love, the joy and care
The laughter and tears and happiness to share.

The moment so special, a moment so rare
A moment so precious as I was not aware.

There, above the sun, the moon, over the rainbow

There, how could I reach, I wish I'd know.
Is it patience or courage or strength?
Or is it the time of life or is it death?

Until I reach it, there's no regret
My life's complete with your love, best.

You are Everywhere

The gliding birds in the sky
Mixing faces passing by
All numbers on the signs
A thousand words on lines.

The brightness of sunrise
Through the darkness of midnight
The loudness of thunderstrike
Or quietness of light.

The laughter or the tears
The courage or the fears
The world of all worries
The mind and all memories.
The fire within the desire
The spirit within the soul
The atom within the molecule
The star within the galaxy.

You are everywhere
You are there and you are here
In my heart.

Angel Ann – A Gift of Grace

At the back of this book about Ann's life is a CD. On that CD are 9 songs written by Mark during Ann's illness and performed by his old university band which came together after 40 years to record the songs in New Zealand, Australia and Thailand.

Also on the CD is a story written by Mark for Ann's grandson Arnie, after Mark had walked 400 kilometres of the Camino de Santiago pilgrimage in Spain with his brother Jonathan in February-March 2016.

"This album is made by old friends for a special lady. A lady who, to me, was an angel. Ann means grace and grace means unmerited favour. She was the gift God's grace to my life. I never saw her do or say anything selfish or mean. She was always generous and kind. From her, during those last two years of her life when I had the privilege of caring for her, I finally learnt the true meaning of love - that it is not about getting; it is about giving. Thank you Khun Ann ja for showing me how to be the me that I always wanted to be. I will always love you." Mark

Connecting Dots

A song about memories

Images in fragments
Memories of you
Through the lens of a camera
Sharpening the view

Pieces of a jigsaw
Perforate the view
A story uncompleted
A narrative of you

Looking at a tree
Dancing in the breeze
The trunk becomes a branch
Branches become leaves
It's grounded in the soil
And breathing in the air
There's a story hidden there
In the rings of its embrace
Reaching into space

Shards of light in stained glass
Kaleidoscope of you
Thoughts of your returning
An optimistic view

Neurons fire synapses
They're saving you
Dots connecting memories
With the past infused

Scratching the Surface

A song about struggling with faith

Looking at a portrait on the wall
Dressed in white no man at all
Wanna know where, wanna know when
Were you ever real now or then

Tell me the stories of long ago
A kingdom hidden and on show
It's arrived now and is yet to come
Told by a man who loved no-ones

Scratching the surface of your mind
Scratching the surface of your time
Scratching the surface of what I'll find...in you

Need someone to save me, here and now
Drowning in my own messy somehow
Is he the one to pull me out
Or just the sound of my own shout

Rescue me quickly
Rescue me now
It's taking a lifetime
I don't know how

Some call him God, others man
He washes feet, they rule land
He died for all no strings attached
They make rules and grace gets trashed



Grace Strikes

A song about my need for God based
on Paul Tillich's famous sermon

Grace strikes in our pain Strikes us in our restlessness
Grace strikes in the dark When meaning's abandoned me

Grace strikes when we're lost Strikes us in our emptiness
Grace strikes in my face When ugly's looking back at me

When I've had enough of me When I don't care what you see
When I can't stand me anymore Just leave you knocking waiting at my door

Grace strikes when we strive Strikes us in our weariness
Grace strikes when habits hold And desire conquers me

Until light breaks through And the voice calls you
Calls your name You are the same but different
Different, different



I Saved the Best for You

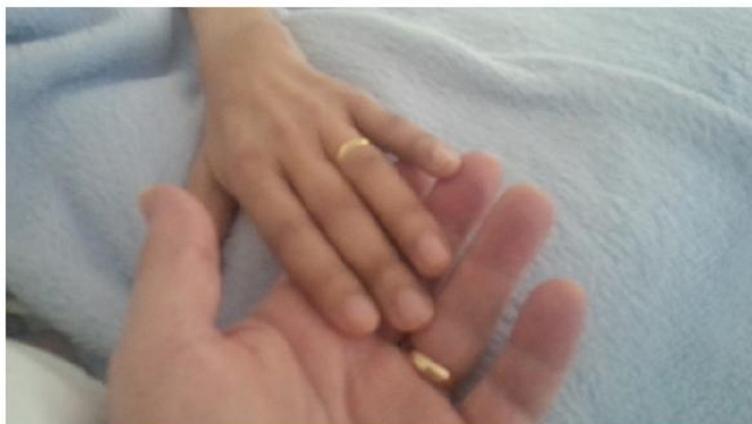
A song about my pain

There have been times, times in my life
When I rose to be my best
But there were times, many times in my life
When I became so much less But this one thing I know
It was for this one moment That moment is now
For which I was born I saved the best for you
When you needed it most
I saved the best for last
I saved the best for you

There have been times, times in my life
When I earned a little respect
But there were times, many times in my life
When I deserved much less

There have been times, times in my life
When I rose to the occasion
But there were times, many times in my life
When I was some other person

I'm telling you now so you won't be surprised
I'm telling you this 'cause I've been compromised
I'm telling you now to expect my demise
I can be strong if you see past my wrong
And only see the best in me Only see the best in me
Only see the best



You Filled My Cup

A song based on the way Ann described her experience of meeting God

An empty cup and a mouth so dry
A heart not feeling wanting to cry

You filled my cup With a fountain of love You filled my heart with joy

An empty day and the question "Why?"
Thoughts not thinking, sliding by

Drink the water of life and never thirst again
Drink my cup of despair and remember me
Remember me, remember me

Peace Beyond Reason
(Mark)

A song about Ann's pain

I see pain in the look of your eye
I see rain in the dark of your sky
I see stark in the midst of your fight
I see dark in the deep of your night

When words aren't enough, what do I say?
When thoughts are numb, what do I pray?
You're wanting some magic to relieve pain
When all I have is a knock on your door
And a few borrowed lines about
peace beyond reason

I hear tense in the pitch of your laugh
I hear break in the crack of your glass
I see sad in the crease of your smile
I see fear in the walk of your mile

I see ill in the pale of your skin
I see will in the clench of your chin
I feel cold in the touch of your hand
I feel old in your autumn wind

When words aren't enough, what do I say?
When thoughts are numb, what do I pray?
I pray for strength and peace of mind
That you will know his love and mine
You're wanting some magic to relieve pain
When all I have is a knock on your door
And a few borrowed lines about
peace beyond reason



A Me Without a You

A song about loss

Standing on a pier At the water's edge
Not another step From the ledge

Standing on a beach With toes in the sand
Perched on the cusp of Sea and land

Precious moments surprise
Promises once made not denied
No longer left to chance
No more last dance
We said we'd be together
Right through to the end
And that's exactly where we now stand
In a night without a sunrise
A me without a you

Standing on a hill Inhaling the air
One breath inside the Stratosphere

Stretching out a hand In the deep of the night
To where you once lay Light years away



As close as the inside of my heart

A song about forgiveness

Been working hard
Making beads of sweat
Trying to make intention real
Been giving out not giving in
Turning ideas into schemes

I been building up and a tearing down
More destroyed and less made firm
But nothing I build can bring you any closer
And nothing I wreck can push you away
Cause you're as close as the inside of my heart

Been reaching out
Making friends
Turning passion into love
Been seeking out a closer touch
A perfect imperfection

Been down on my knees
but doing wrong deeds
Been breaking the bread
and breaking some rules
Been singing good songs
but leaving good folks

But nothing I build can bring you any closer
And nothing I wreck can push you away
Cause you're as close as the inside of my heart

Yellow Bird – not recorded

A song written by a dear friend which could not be recorded for this album but the words speak volumes. Read the story called 'Grandma has gone way for a while' and then read the words of this song and you may wonder, as do I, if Ann is perhaps closer than we may sometimes think. Thank you Paul.

Didn't think I'd see you at my window
Didn't expect to hear your heartening call
Sometimes in the morning when I'm sleeping
I hear but I can see nothing at all

I always thought you floated a little above ground
You've always floated in and out of me
I'm holding on within the act of letting go
I knew you'd find a way to let me know

Come back anytime
Let your voice be heard
Yellow bird

I know this isn't simply wishful thinking
There's a part of you in every inch of me
If you're asking that I fly I'll need to hear you
Once more let your sweet song be

It's more than simply leaves and twigs and branches
Hope and love'll get us there in the end
You're in the sky, the Earth the air the stars here
It's a message that was only yours to send

I know there is a voice beyond reason
I didn't know I would feel it so clear
For the first time in a while I have my senses
Telling me to go forward without fear

In View of Perpetual Change

A song about God

There's a paradox in time
Sometimes fast and sometimes slow
Always with an end in view
New generations born
Ancestors in the ground

There's a paradox on land
Sometimes high and sometimes low
Always moving back to where
Mountains rise and continents wear down

I need to climb the watchtower Need a God's eye view
Better from Andromeda or a space craft pew
What am I from such a distance?
Not even a grain of sand
No more than a fading wink In a canopy of stars

There's a paradox in oceans
Sometimes water, sometimes cloud
Always in an endless cycle Vapour rising
And raining down on land

He does not need a telescope
To count the hairs on your head
He does not need a set of scales
To measure your worth
He's here, he's here, he's here,
he's here, he's here
Far enough away to give you a choice
But close enough to hear the still small voice
The still, small, voice
The still, small, voice
The still...small..voice

