

The Reverend Alison Parker
Alison, Ali, Mum, Grandma
16th December 1959 to 19th January 2021

'May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, so that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Spirit.'

Romans 15:13

Memories and Tributes of Alison taken from the Service of Thanksgiving for Alison's life, held on Monday 8 February 2021

**and conducted by Revd David Shaw
with Revd Angela Webb and Revd Dr Ruth Midcalf**

Hymns / Worship Songs and Reading from the Service:

- Let earth and heaven combine, *Charles Wesley*
- God be in my head, and in my understanding, *Sarum Primer*
- In Christ Alone, *Keith Getty and Stuart Townend*
- Thine be the glory, *Edmond Budry*

Reading:

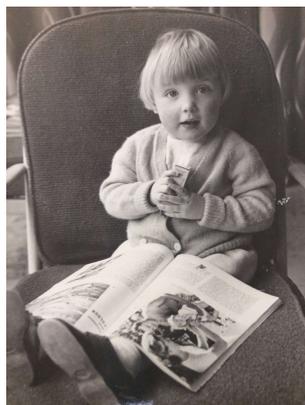
- John 1: 1-18

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This link below is for the photos shown at the Thanksgiving Service:

<https://revdalisonparker.muchloved.com/Gallery/Pictures>

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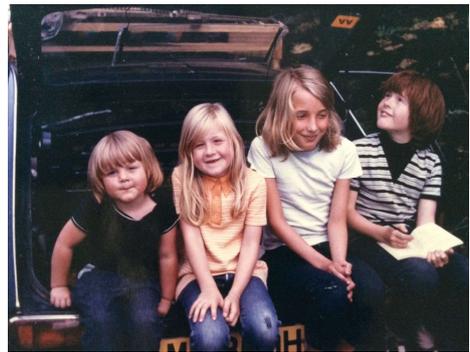
Alison's Life

Giles Dallaway, Alison's brother

Alison's start in life was somewhat unconventional which possibly set the tone for the rest of her life.

She was born on 16th December 1959 to James and his first wife, Catherine. Catherine had suffered a major heart attack during her pregnancy and only seven weeks after Alison's birth, she died. With Catherine's implicit blessing, James then married Catherine's best friend and colleague, Margaret, to give Alison a settled, stable and loving home. I followed on in 1962 and then two sisters, Catherine born in 1964 and Rebecca in 1967.

As the eldest of four children Alison was the one who trail blazed the way for the rest of us, we could follow her lead – and possibly get away with more – because she'd made it possible. She took her responsibilities as the eldest seriously and was always the peacemaker amongst her more argumentative siblings, a trait that continued into later life.



Alison was creative and enthusiastic. One passion was enamel jewellery making which she pursued with a small electric kiln and glass fibres, powders and flakes, somehow managing not to burn herself too badly or set fire to the house. She also crocheted, which was much safer, extending this in later life to tatting, a very detailed, complicated sort of crochet.

We all went to local primary schools and Alison went on to Mary Datchelor Girls School in Camberwell. In recent years she reconnected with a number of her old classmates enjoying uproarious reunions and providing support to many. At school she enjoyed most subjects, with the exception of games. She focussed in her A level years on Maths, Physics and Chemistry.

We were members of Upper Norwood Methodist Church where, as children, we went to Sunday school and Alison, in particular, formed the foundations of a strong faith. During the sixth form, Alison, supported by our Minister at the time, began preaching, quite an achievement for a 17/18 year old. Standing in front of a church congregation to lead services as a lay preacher took a lot of courage – but she did it, supported by her conviction that this was the right thing for her to do. This faith eventually took her onto her second career as an ordained Minister providing guidance, comfort and love to her congregation and their families as well as the wider community.

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Alison's life cont'd.....

After a gap year working in Guy's Hospital computing department and travelling to Hong Kong, where she worked with Vietnamese refugees, she went to Durham University, reading Maths and Computing. While there she joined the Methodist Society and met Michael, who had started there a year earlier, studying engineering.

When Michael graduated he started work in London for Ove Arup and Partners. Alison graduated the following year and returned to London to start work in Sainsbury's Computing Department living at home during this time. It wasn't long before they got engaged.

Michael and Alison married on 4th April 1983 and moved first to Anerley and then to Penge. For the next ten years careers and then their two children, Emma and Christopher, took centre stage. Alison had loved her working life and threw herself into it wholeheartedly but she absolutely adored her children and loved being a full time mother.

In 1994, Michael left his job with Arup to join his family firm and work from a new branch in Basingstoke. Alison was sad to leave family and friends in London but in typically positive fashion she supported the move wholeheartedly. They joined Trinity Methodist Church and soon became active members. When the children went to school Alison returned to work in the local Savacentre Head office but did not enjoy it and left to take up voluntary work; a more active role in the church and to return to local preaching.

In September 2001, after taking the service at Trinity on the Sunday following the 9 / 11 attacks, Alison decided that her true calling lay in a more formal position in the church and she was accepted for ecumenical training in Salisbury. She spent the next 3 years travelling for regular weekend teaching sessions and completing assignments at home. She delighted in the academic and spiritual rigour, and the ecumenical nature of the training.

She was supported by her Spiritual director Mother Rita Elizabeth and enjoyed the silence and peace of retreats at the Sisters of Bethany, in contrast to the enthusiastic pace of the rest of her life. "Her nuns" remained a constant source of support and sanctuary from then on which she was immensely grateful for.

In 2007, Alison was ordained in Shrewsbury. It was a joyous occasion attended by Michael, his family, her children, parents, sisters and members of her congregations all of whom were incredibly proud of her achievements.



Alison's life cont'd.....

with responsibility for Oakridge and North Warnborough which she loved because she met so many people and Alison loved to talk!

Just over ten years ago, Christopher, Alison and Michael's son, had a near fatal car accident. He remained in a coma for three months before slowly regaining consciousness and starting to recover. Alison took the decision to step down from ministry to care for him but her faith did not waver during this time, if anything it grew stronger as she and Michael put their lives on hold to care for Chris in Bath. Without their constant love, care and determination it is doubtful Chris would have made the recovery he has. The level of bravery and strength Alison showed at this time was incredible and she gave full credit for that to her faith in God. What was also remarkable was her care for others at this time. When Chris was in Southampton Hospital, and in Bath and in a very grave condition, Alison was always able to extend comfort and support to other worried families in a similar situation.

As Chris's condition improved and he spent time away from Basingstoke, Alison decided she would be able to return to some of her ministerial duties and she went back to Oakridge, delighted to be able to continue to minister to a community which had become very close to her heart, in particular, working with the mothers there and starting a messy Church.

In the summer of 2020 Alison took the decision to sit down (or retire) formally from church duties and step away from leading services. It was a decision that she agonised over as she truly loved her congregation and her work with them, but with a combination of increasing needs of elderly parents, the arrival of her adored grandson, Leo, the desire to spend more time with Chris, Emma and of course, Michael, she felt that the time had come to concentrate on her family and the other interests she had developed.

We are all devastated that this stage of Alison's life has been so short.

Many people have commented in cards to the family how big Alison's heart was. Alison was unfailingly kind, generous, loyal, non-judgemental, thoughtful and always ready to offer and give help to whoever needed it. She was also monumentally untidy.

However, most of all, Alison loved wholeheartedly and was dearly, dearly loved in return. Her death creates a hole in all of our lives, particularly for Michael, Emma, Chris and Leo, but how lucky are we that she was in all of our lives in the first place.

Her physical heart may have given out, but her spiritual and loving heart will never be extinguished.



Family Memories of Alison

Catherine and Rebecca Dallaway, Alison's sisters

Alison, by her own admission, did not particularly relish the arrival of a third sibling, having had to drag Catherine to school on a daily basis, bribed by dried apricots and Smarties. However, as I got older she became more interested and with an 8 year age gap between us, took on the role of mentor and guide. Despite Alison not being renowned for her singing, I remember her faithfully singing all the verses of "Hush little baby don't you cry, Mama's going to sing you a lullaby" to me many, many times; reading to me (including all of *The Hobbit*); helping me with homework; taking me to work with her at the World food shop, where she volunteered and fostered in me a lifelong love, not of maths but certainly mental arithmetic. As children we also played wonderful games both inside and out. The garden was home to numerous dens, obstacle courses and games of croquet and inside we had all sorts of entertainment including the Womble club. Alison was Wellington – the clever one. Alison also loved to create intricate designs with her spirograph and various patterned colouring books – a love that continued in later life with crochet, knitting and tatting – the more fiendish the pattern, the better. (R)

Alison wasn't sporty; if you have ever seen her trying to catch anything (ball, frisbee, bus) you will know this but it didn't seem to bother her in the slightest. Her ability to seek out and hit any hard object, such as a lamp post, park fence or pavement kerb, when riding a bike or even tricycle was legendary. It did, therefore, come as something of a surprise when she took up park running with the same fervour that she approached most other things in her life (with the obvious exception of tidying her house). What was wonderful was that she did it entirely for herself, re-branding the exercise as a "Park Scuttle" and didn't care one bit if she was the last one round the course with the tail walker keeping her company. She went to Norway with Mike a couple of years ago and came back telling the tale of finding the local park run, turning up to find she was the only recreational runner while the other participants were all extremely competitive and fast. She was in fits of giggles describing how very last she was, but the organisers were delighted and came to her for tips on how they could encourage a broader spectrum of runners. She was also thrilled that, back in Basingstoke, the organisers asked if Chris could come and help marshal as they recognised he had a unique skill in providing loud and enthusiastic encouragement to every runner on the course. (C)

Alison's dress sense, as a teenager, was flowing, colourful and bordering on the eccentric. That didn't change in later life. Even with the relatively conservative uniform of a Methodist Minister she still managed to give her outfits a "very Alison" flourish. I remember suggesting she tone down her outfit for Emma's wedding with grey accessories. Her look said quite clearly

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Family Tribute to Alison cont'd.....

without words, “Why would I want to do that?” And true to form she appeared on the day in full colour; looking fabulous, happy and totally at ease with herself. (R)

Alison was a typical teenager in that she considered her floor to be the best place to store her entire wardrobe and anything else for that matter. My view was that if Alison wanted her bedroom to look like a tip then that was her right. However, I could also understand Mummy’s concern that her room might need an occasional clear up to avoid a visit from the council’s environmental health officer. (C)

Alison went through probably more than her fair share of teenage angst. I think at that time she sometimes found it hard to reconcile the fact that she had a different biological mother to the rest of us. I can, however, safely say that the rest of us didn’t ever for one second consider her anything other than a full sibling. Her parentage was of interest to us for its novelty value but did not impact in the slightest on our relationship with her. Perhaps, as we didn’t consider it an issue, we didn’t recognise the angst it sometimes gave her. (R)

Alison’s departure to university, like my eldest daughter’s, meant that both mother and daughter could have some breathing space and learn to appreciate each other more on their eventual return home. In addition, meeting Michael at university went a long way to managing that internal angst but it was when she embraced her true calling and went into ministry that she finally found peace within herself. (C)

But we are jumping ahead. I was unimpressed when she went to university. My ally left me and I was bereft. Alison was similarly unimpressed when she came back and her 11 year old sister had morphed into a teenager and was no longer prepared to run random errands. She also met Mike at university which I didn’t much like either as it was pretty clear I had a rival for her affections but I was mollified when they got engaged and I was able to be a bridesmaid, with Catherine, for the first time. The wedding on Easter Monday was the anniversary of her mother, Catherine’s, marriage to Daddy 30 years previously.

Eventually, Michael and Alison had a baby, Emma, and we had the first grandchild and niece in the family. I was 22 and utterly smitten. For some reason, Alison often trusted me to look after her precious baby. I’m not sure what she was thinking but I loved that time and I loved the trust she put in me. Trust that I didn’t necessarily repay when I crashed their car that they had kindly lent to me. It’s ok – Emma wasn’t in it at the time. All Alison ever said was, “As long as you’re alright it doesn’t matter. It’s only a heap of metal.” I’m not sure Michael felt quite the same way but he loved Alison too much to say so.

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Family Tribute to Alison cont'd.....

Chris, just so you know, I was just as smitten with you when you arrived 19 months after Emma. (R)

Richard and I moved to Kenilworth with our one year old daughter Izzy in 1994. Alison and Mike relocated to Basingstoke later that year with Emma and Christopher. Our busy lives, consumed with childcare and working, meant we did not talk frequently – sometimes six months could pass before we spoke which now seems bizarre, as in the last 10 years we have spoken far more frequently and in the last year often daily, but I always knew Alison was there.

After Chris's accident the family came together and rallied round in quite a remarkable way and this event became the catalyst for a blossoming of our sisterly relationship. We three girls had wonderful trips together to V & A exhibitions, plays at the National Theatre and for her 60th birthday a trip to see Hamilton, the musical, Alison sporting crutches and a medical boot after breaking her foot. (C)

During the last five years, when Alison found it hard to sleep she would often tune into her cousin, Helen's, webcam in her lambing shed in Worcestershire at odd hours of the night. During sleepless nights Alison would watch out for ewes in distress and then ring Helen at the farm who would roll out of bed to rush to the aid of a labouring ewe. Alison also visited Helen every year to help with lambing becoming quite proficient and absolutely loved the experience. In her early days Helen tells a wonderful story of going to the lambing shed at 3 o'clock in the morning to find Alison already there, rugby tackling a ewe whilst dressed in a purple and pink spotted onesie and red, kitten heeled wellies. How we laughed, none more so than Alison. (R)



Nothing pleased Alison more than doing the unexpected. She took particular delight informing me a few years ago that she had taken on the responsibility of a community allotment project. This was under the umbrella of Oakridge Methodist church, her church at the time. To say that I was astonished was a complete understatement as Alison and green fingers had not previously been written in the same sentence.

Anyway, I spent a delightful day one summer two years ago with Alison and Carla at the allotment. Predictably, Alison was doing all the talking, encouraging an excitable group of children and their parents to turn vegetables into an edible religious experience. I was happy undertaking the “doing” part of

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Family Tribute to Alison cont'd.....

the activity removing the side shoots from a whole polytunnel's worth of tomato plants. As ever we laughed, joked and had an uplifting time. (C)

Over the years our extended family has grown and we have been so very fortunate to have spent many, many happy family occasions and celebrations together. We also spent numerous Christmases together and Alison could always be relied on to arrive with champagne in one hand and extravagant crackers in the other. She could not necessarily be relied on to complete any culinary task assigned to her but who cared when she brought such joy. Christmas 2019 will forever remain a fabulous memory. Emma and Spencer had just had baby Leo and on a whim, Giles decided to come home for Christmas for the first time in 20 years. We were all together for Christmas for the first time and it was magical. We ate, drank, cuddled the baby, laughed, sang, played Empires and danced madly round the kitchen. Alison was always right in the middle of the action and the laughter.

There are so many more things we could say about Alison, so many more memories we could recount but we have to stop at some point and laughter is possibly the best place to stop. Alison was unfailingly positive, supportive, kind and loving and Catherine and I laughed more when the three of us were together than at any other time. None of us may feel much like laughing at the moment but when we do she will be with us. (R)



Mum

by Chris

Alison Margaret Parker ne Dallaway aka ma aka mum aka mummy aka mumanumanummy. I'm very sorry if I get a little bit sad and either incredibly difficult to understand or upset some of you but I will tell you, I loved mum!

First of all we had some good times at home. We played more than a couple of games and I won at least one or two or twenty thousand? As mother has sadly moved on if there is anyone who wants to take her place as my whipping target I will definitely accept.

Also we built a lot of random things, most recently a clock. I don't know why we built a clock, firstly because it never really worked and also because we already had a reasonably large one in the hallway. To make it actually work I believe we could have used an engineer of some kind? I don't know why we built many things but I still loved doing it or at least the person I was doing it with.



As well as having a jolly good time at home we had an excellent time with both sides of the familam (or family). With mums side we had some excellent Christmas. We went to theirs or they came to ours and we absolutely loved it and they at least abided by that.



Also I remember going to London for my Granddads Birthday recently and I manipulated a song and then played it and it was all about that amazing young man. Mum said she even liked it, although I believe really she could live with it. And also I went a tiny bit further away to see my Uncle Giles, Australia. With mum and dad and Emma. We had an awfully good time out there and it was a good place to go and mum was a very nice person to go there with. You'll see a photo from Australia and you'll see that even though I was slightly younger I loved my mummy.

As well as being with my mother's family quite a bit we were with my dad's half quite a lot and when we were with them we were in places that were more than a bit hotter. We were in Florida, Barbados, Antigua and Dubai and every trip that we took was brilliant. That was definitely partially because of my Grandpa, his partner, my aunt, my uncle, my other uncle, my other aunt,

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Mum by Chris cont'd.....

my cousin, my other cousin, my other cousin, my other cousin, my other cousin and my other cousin but my close family also definitely helped with that and my mum was the fairy on top.

Florida was the first place that we went to as a group and was definitely not the worst. As most of you will know my mum is a little bit scared of going fast, upside down or down steep slopes and so rollercoasters are not her strong point. However whilst we were in America she agreed to go on Kraken which is more than bumper cars with only a little bit of arm twisting. That was a bit more than a big mistake for her but she's lovely for giving us more than a bit of a giggle.

As well as all the trips abroad I still loved my mum at home, even when we weren't playing games. I often wasn't at home because I've stayed at Reading School, Treloars, Fethneys and Enham but it's been nice to always have someone who I could get on the other end of the telephone quite quickly to discuss my trials and tribulations with.

So mum, I would like to say something to you before I leave "Thank you soooooooooooooooooooooo much, chill out up there and I will see you soon, hopefully".



Glimpses of Alison

by Michael

Giles has said that Alison enjoyed retreats with her Nuns, Rebecca spoke of her time lambing, which was in its way a retreat, but on a domestic scale if Alison wanted a retreat she would go for a bath and take her phone, listen to music, and play Adventure Communist or similar on her iPad. The music could well have been Hamilton, as Spotify says she listened to it for over 14 and a half hours last year. Then she would put on her dressing gown and come down for dinner leaving a trail of wet footprints on the bathroom floor. If it was a Wednesday night she would go down to the room where her laptop was set up, for the 6:30 St Martin in the Fields Bread for the World Service on Facebook, and subsequent Lectio Divina on Zoom, still in her dressing gown. Dinner had to be timed so as not to interrupt the Zoom part of the evening.

Alison has always been an early riser and I'm a night owl, so she enjoyed the St Martin in the Fields morning prayer, and FaceTime chats with Emma and Leo as he was having his breakfast. She almost without fail joined the Basingstoke church prayer meetings on Zoom on a Wednesday morning, she always got dressed and often wore a clerical shirt for that, and recorded a video that was played at their unity service two weeks ago yesterday.

She loved having Leo round on a Monday, giving him meals, playing This is the way the Ladies ride, taking him out in the pram, and giving him a bath – all of these we did together 3 weeks ago. But she couldn't keep a secret – I'm told it was a trait that she got from her Father.

Giles has said that she was untidy, but Alison had found a solution, Keys, Calendar, Purse and Handbag were each fitted with a Tile which could be made to beep from her phone and vice versa if the phone was lost. She loved her Tea (rarely coffee) from thin rimmed bone china Mugs. Alison couldn't stand still whilst on the phone which meant that if she needed to write something down she grabbed the nearest piece of paper, envelope or whatever and pen – usually a fat marker – to write things down, and then couldn't find it later.

If Alison made up her mind to do something, she would achieve it – Ordination, Parkrun, supporting Chris in his exercises. When she was losing weight at Slimming World, we had to have low calorie Salted Caramel ice cream and she asked me to hide Chocolate for her so I could get her a treat when she thought she deserved it.

In the days when we could eat out she would always choose anything that was new on the menu. She liked to experiment with food and one of my joys has been preparing meals for the two of us which started while we were in Bath.

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Glimpses of Alison cont'd.....

She loved to wear distinctive bright, often purple or red ankle boots.

Rebecca also spoke of her love of numbers especially statistics, most recently she followed the COVID-19 numbers daily. This love also extended to watching sports on TV – Snooker, Rugby, Formula 1 (never football) – these were often combined with messaging Chris if he was watching the snooker and knitting or crocheting. Leo has had lots made for him, and I'm still finding 2- and 3-inch pieces of wool from when she bulk made cup cosies over Christmas and sewed in the ends.

Since Chris had his accident she insisted that we should have time together with breaks in Paris in 2014, Lichfield in 2018, Norway in 2019, but she also went on her own to a conference in America with the Daily Audio Bible during her Sabbatical. We didn't get to go to Edinburgh last April and she won't be able to go to Israel with the Daily Audio Bible as she always wanted.

She was very loyal, supporting me when I couldn't be all she deserved.

However, in Lockdown we got to spend a lot more time together, going on walks around Basingstoke. I particularly remember one summer afternoon walking around Beggarwood Park and the fields near Kempshott talking of her plans for a Worship with Wonderings group. This was based on her experience of the Nazareth Community linked with St Martin in the Fields. She started this on Thursday afternoons, and it is continuing under Angela's leadership. Alison believed in collaborative ministry and she and Angela complemented each other in many ways.

In March 2020 she (with Angela) dived into virtual ministry preparing and leading weekly Zoom services. It was Alison who got the Zoom licence to allow them to last longer, found out about spotlighting and co-hosts and so on. I was a latecomer to this, but we evolved a pattern for Sundays where I would direct the technical side in an upstairs study whilst she was 2 floors away with her computer, so she and others could concentrate on the worship. It was Alison not me who was able to setup remote sessions on her Father's computer when he got stuck.

I am grateful for all that we have been able to do together in this last year and Alison was big on recording gratitude's she posted about it to her friends on Facebook.

Alison enjoyed spending time together as a family and so we went to CentreParcs in the summer with Chris and Emma, Spencer and Leo and she saw Leo enjoying the water.



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Glimpses of Alison cont'd.....

Alison enjoyed having Chris with us for Christmas and New Year, although it did tire us all out. She made 3D jigsaws of London and New York with Chris and he has spoken about the clock – it had 170 pieces and she chose it for her birthday, so she could make it with him. Along with all those who have sent cards and messages, Alison will be missed by Amazon.

Giles said earlier that Alison loved to talk, but she also loved to listen and she connected. She connected with the lady she ran with, both at parkrun and separately. With the Community at SMITF that she never met. With her fellow students whilst in training in Salisbury which continued ever since. With our neighbours from over 25 years ago when we were in London – she was still in touch on Facebook. With her congregations, even after she officially had sat down she was messaging one of the mums on the Monday evening before she died. With the nurses, OT, SLT, HCAs, other staff and fellow relatives in Bath. With me.

There are so many cards and messages but two of them sum up so much that has been written.

From a fellow Stets Student: “She brought an extraordinarily light touch to deep conversations which enabled profound transformations for so many. And she was **such fun!**”

And from the nursing sister on the ward where Chris was in Bath that she was still Facebook friends with, “I will always think of Alison as a woman who had a heart full of love. Her light will shine on.”

Finally, as one of the many people I have spoken with in the last 3 weeks summed her up, “**She gave love without strings**”



Alison's wrote about her Trip to the Lake District, 15 May 2018

This was read by Revd Angela Webb at Alison's Thanksgiving Service

By Beauty Bombarded

Travelling North I was unaware of what was to come.

There was laughter and chatter and excitement in our car. Friendship making sweet the long drive.

The hills stole into view, majestic and unchanging but they were kept in the background by plans to shop and eat and make ourselves at home for our time away.

The house when we arrived was a place of profound welcome where every window framed a glorious view. Each panorama felt like a gift, each lamb and calf that played a blessing.

Later we visited Friars Crag. Here was water and reflections, a foretaste of lakes of shimmering light in the stillness and with stormy waves cresting on one wilder day.

But this was only the beginning! As I struggled up to places where the vistas spoke of a holy, eternal spaciousness and glory I was gradually invaded and overcome.

I had no defence against the bombardment of beauty. I was undone. My soul was broken open. Joy and pain coursed through me in abandonment.

There was whipping wind and rain that made waterfalls torrent. There was dazzling sunshine that softened to gold or purple at days end. There was the stillness of valleys protected by towering peaks.

Here there was the vibrancy of the new which enthralled me. My eyes gazed upon that which was timeless yet always changing with the weather and the light. Something within me spoke of the connectedness which feels like home. This was for me a place where a gossamer veil allowed me glimpses of heaven.

How to come back to the everyday is a challenge. Leaving this place meant leaving a part of myself behind. I was glad that I was not the only pilgrim soul and that the journey South was in friendship still. But I am not sure how to be a pastor, friend or mother, or even a lover as I discover myself again.

I will trust to my tender, gracious God to keep me abiding in love as I travel and hope to return to his lakes and mountains again.

By Alison, 15.05.2018

Thank you, Jennifer xxxxx

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*'And now faith, hope and love abide,
these three; and the greatest of these is love.'*

1 Corinthians 13:13

'A Picture that Alison shared'

Michael read this out at the end of our Zoom Service on
Sunday morning, 31 January 2021



There might be times
that almost feel
normal and like
nothing is happening

And at other times
the full reality of
what is happening
might overwhelm you



Take it easy and be
gentle, you're doing
the best you can

The Order of Service for the Thanksgiving Service for Alison:
Michael has some extra copies if anyone would specially like one.

If you would like to make a donation in Alison's memory
we would be grateful if you could consider either:

- The Alzheimer's Society
- Enham Trust
- Community Food Link Basingstoke

All causes very close to Alison's heart.

Donations by cheque for Alzheimers Society, Enham Trust or
Starfish Enterprise Trust (Basingstoke Community Food Link) to

Spencer & Peyton, 380 Worting Road, Basingstoke RG22 5DZ, or
online at: <https://revdalisonparker.muchloved.com>