

Sixty years ago last February Britain mourned the passing of a good king. (Things could so easily have been different...) As a corollary of that we gained a queen. Sixteen months later Britain burst into a nation of celebration on the coronation of that queen.

Nine months after that I was born! My dad reckons the two events were not connected. (OK, dad, whatever.) Nonetheless there has literally never been a time during my life when this country has not had Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II as its monarch. I count myself lucky: she has always been an exemplar of dignity and duty, faithful to the promises she made at her coronation, mindful of the legacy from whence that came, and careful to represent us well when encountering foreign powers (***especially them who need to be influenced by her example***). Achieving that consistently for, so far, sixty-plus years has got to be unique. Where else in my lifetime has there been such constancy? Not in any other area of national leadership.

How has she managed to do this? Well, there have been supporters, like the late Queen Mother and the Prince Consort. Nonetheless, our Sovereign Lady is a person of faith, prayer and Christian practice. Her gifts come from above. She knows that one day she will be in the presence of God not through earthly status or wealth but by faith in her Redeemer, Jesus. From that comes ability and strength to live our allotted life as best we can.

My procreation may or may not have been tied into the coronation of a good queen, but one thing's certain: my ending is going to have exactly the same hope of salvation as Queen Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God Queen of this Realm and of Her other Realms and Territories, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith.

But for now, "Vivat Regina Elizabetha!"