



An Imagined Love Letter to Norfolk

My dear Norfolk,

When I think of home, it is not in grand images that my heart rests, but in your quiet strength. You were the place that taught me steadiness - the kind that does not demand attention, but holds firm when it is most needed.

In your lanes and villages I learned care as a way of life. The land itself seems shaped by service: fields tended season after season, waterways patiently maintained, hedges laid and re-laid by hands that understand responsibility to what comes next. Norfolk taught me that nothing endures without devotion, and nothing is truly looked after unless it is loved.

Your environment matters because it sustains life in its most ordinary and essential forms. Clean air, fertile soil, living waters - these are not luxuries but foundations. I saw how health begins long before illness, rooted in the places people live, work, and draw comfort from. To protect the land is to protect the body and spirit alike.

Culturally, you are a county of quiet courage. Your people do not seek praise, yet they give freely - of labour, of care, of neighbourliness. In your churches, schools, farms, and homes, I learned that compassion is practiced daily, often unseen. This spirit shaped my own understanding of duty: to serve without discrimination, to value every life, and to act with conscience even when it is costly.

Norfolk mattered to me because it showed that gentleness and resolve can coexist. That calm landscapes can produce brave hearts. That tending the vulnerable, whether people, animals, or land, is not sentiment, but moral responsibility.

If my life stands for anything, it is that service begins at home, in the values we absorb from the places that raise us. Norfolk gave me those values quietly and faithfully. I carry them still.

With enduring gratitude,

Edith Cavell