

Ellen Winkfield

Transcription of Obituary In the [Primitive Methodist Magazine](#)

Mrs. Ellen Winfield, of Lynn, widow of the late Rev. John Winkfield, passed peacefully away to rest on the 14th March, 1903, at the ripe old age of ninety-two years, and after sixty-seven years of hard yet fruitful service for the Church. Our sister, whose maiden name was Buskell, was born at Walsingham in Norfolk, and was taken by her parents to the Parish Church, which she continued to attend until she was twenty-five years of age. From early girlhood she was subject to deep religious impressions, and had she been cared for as many children are cared for to-day, in all probability she would have become a decided Christian in her childhood.

The reproach of Primitive Methodism in Norfolk seventy years ago was a formidable thing, and it required courage and fortitude on the part of any respectable young woman to identify herself with the youthful society which was everywhere spoken against. But Ellen Buskell braved all opposition on the part of family and friends, and when twenty-five years old confessed herself a Christian, and sought admission to our Society in her native place.

After our friend had been a member only three months she was placed upon the plan, and had to take appointments nearly every Sunday, and often long distances from home. Tall and strong, fluent in speech and having a voice like a trumpet, with a marvellous memory and a great gift in prayer, our sister *could* preach, and continued to do so until she was nearly ninety years old.

In her twenty-seventh year Miss Buskell became the wife of the Rev. John Winkfield, who for many years did yeoman service on the wide circuits of the Norwich District, and died at Lynn in 1875.

In addition to the long service she rendered as a preacher, Mrs. Winkfield was also a great acquisition to the churches as a family visitor and class leader. In the latter capacity she was a great power, and had the joy of gathering large numbers into fellowship with the Church.

Some four years ago she fell downstairs and broke her ankle, an accident from which she never thoroughly recovered. Slowly the earthly tabernacle was being dissolved. Though nearly blind before she died yet her mind was clear and strong. Like the setting sun she glided peacefully away, after giving her children and friends her last blessing. The body was laid in the Lynn Cemetery, where it sleeps until the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

A.W.

References

[Primitive Methodist Magazine 1904/494](#)