

Kathleen Daly 19th January 1928 to 21st March 2018

Funeral 3rd April 2018

Altrincham Crematorium, Whitehouse Lane, Dunham Massey, WA14 5RH

Humanist Celebrant: Guy Otten

You may remember me from Stan's funeral in 2013. My name is Guy Otten. I am a humanist celebrant with Humanists UK.

This is a humanist ceremony at the family's request but there will be time for anyone here with religious beliefs to use as they wish.

I was happy to meet Kathy in 2013 when I was preparing Stan's funeral.

For this ceremony I met with her son Chris, her daughter Lisa, her son-in-law Gary and grandson Josh.

Kathy has also left bereaved her brother Bert who lives in Canada, her granddaughter Scarlett and daughter-in-law Caroline.

Kathy had reasonably good health during her life until about 2010 when she began to show signs of dementia which was diagnosed as Alzheimers. Stan cared for her as long as he could but then he died, and for the last four and a half years, she has been cared for at home until the last 5 weeks, when she was resident in Allingham House Care Home. Alzheimers is like a slow motion death from which she was finally released on 21st March, when she died peacefully aged 90.

It is natural to be sad to lose such a central figure in your family, even when she has in a sense been gradually going over the last few years, but it is also right to acknowledge the contribution she made to your own lives.

She was a very loving and motherly woman. She was the sort of caring person who would want to look after you and feed you if you set foot in her door. The love she had and received will be obvious when you hear the tributes Chris will be giving shortly

Let's start with a well loved poem adapted from one of **Christina Rosetti's**, read for us by **Kathy's grandson Josh**

'You can shed Tears that she is gone':

*You can shed tears that she is gone
or you can smile because she has lived.*

*You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come back
or you can open your eyes and see all she's left.*

*Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
or you can be full of the love you shared.*

*You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.*

*You can remember her and only that she's gone
or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.*

*You can cry and close your mind,
be empty and turn your back
or you can do what she'd want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.*

Thank you Josh

Kathy was born on 19th January 1928 and brought up in Irlam. She was the only daughter of Thomas and Eleanor Grindley, and was one of their four children who reached adulthood; three others died young. Being the only girl in the family meant her brothers had strict instructions to protect her at all times; and they would be the ones who got into trouble if anything went wrong. Once for instance she had a red coat, which the boys neglected to ensure was kept clean, as they played on a building site. The boys, not Kathy, got the roasting.

Perhaps the most memorable event of her childhood was, when she was about 8 or 9, she was crowned *Rose Queen* because she had been found to be the 'Best Attender at Mass'. She wore a bridal gown and had a floral crown. Despite this religious background, she asked specifically for a humanist funeral; she liked the way humanist funerals celebrate the life of a person.

She was 11 when the war started. Her dad had a protected job in the steelworks and was also a fire warden; she remembered him walking home during bombing raids. In the garden they had an Anderson Shelter into which her family and all the neighbours crammed during air raids. Gatherings in the shelter were actually great social occasions - and one of Kath's brothers Eric met his future wife in the shelter!

Kathy was 17 by the time the war ended and had the opportunity to enjoy the company of the American GIs and Canadian soldiers who were 'available' for the young girls at that time.

She left school at 14 and worked as a secretary at *Royles* and later as PA for *Arthur Tyre's hairdressing salon* business.

She met Stan at a dance at the *Plaza Ballroom* in Manchester; they courted on the dance floor - in ballrooms and dance halls. Kath's Mum said she could go out with Stan as long as he had clean shoes! Kath's mother deputed Eric, Kath's brother to check on Stan's shoes and report back. Eric gave Stan a clean bill of 'shoe health', and so the romance was authorised! They married on a snowy day in January 1950 and Arthur Tyre helped them get a flat above a sweet shop. Kathy was introduced to football by Stan from the start and found herself attending a match during her honeymoon.

Stan and Kathy had difficulties in having children so they adopted Chris and Lisa, born in 1963 and 1964 respectively. While they were young Kathy was at home with them but in 1974 she returned to work for the *Girl Guides Equipment Depot* in Broadheath.

Now Chris takes up the story in his own tribute.

Chris

Reflections of Mum

Kathy Mum, Nana, Pooh Pinky all names mother was known by.

She was raised by adoring parents and 3 brothers who had to look out for her

Self-confessed prettiest girl in Irlam.

My dad who was from Manchester said they had corn in their hair out in the sticks but he fell in love with her from the moment they met at the Plaza Ballroom in Manchester

Eric had to check him out which I am sure was perfunctory as this was at the Ritz ballroom where there was beer and dancing so I am sure Eric wasn't too attentive.

They were married and then dad did his National service and mother couldn't bear to be parted and took the train by herself to be with him in Germany. She had to stay in a flat round the corner whilst dad could only visit at weekends. Very brave to travel all that way on her own to be with man she loved

She spoke no German but recalls sitting in a park everyday knitting and teaching a German Lady over several weeks. She only learnt a few words of German her street name, have you got my key and probably cakes and chocolate

They lived above a friends shop and had to put a plank to put over the bath to make a table she always said these were happy times

Mother continued to work and supported dad whilst he was passing his Chemistry qualifications and then continued to work until we came along. She was the manageress of a hairdressing school in Manchester when they finally got news of my arrival. Her boss really didn't want her to go but she left for the job she was made for.

She truly was a fabulous mother incredibly loving kind and generous even when misery guts came on the scene. Wonderfully supportive and proud of everything we did

Often embarrassingly so I was once with her buying some jeans and when I was trying them on she was saying to the shop keepers/ helpers you wouldn't think to look at him that he was a doctor would you. As if the bloke from Stolen form Ivor's was vaguely interested

Amazingly house proud and would vacuum everywhere 2x per day even in rooms which hadn't been used other than to vacuum them in the morning. Lisa has

inherited this trait as have When she was working full time she had a cleaner Dad could never understand why she had to clean the house cause the cleaner was coming

Endlessly patient with our jokes and games. I recall of couple of disastrous hair dos including a bubble perm that even Kevin Keegan wouldn't have worn. Another time she had what she called an Urchin Cut which I said made her look like a skinhead. I made her wear my docs and a pair of braces and kick her feet out with a grimace on her face. She never got upset by this mick taking but surprisingly that was her only urchin cut.

She was always very motherly to all our friends and loved having them stay over One time when there was a charity ball push mum had 14 friends descend on our house to stay overnight and got cosmetics and hairdryers for all the girls to make themselves up before going out

Mum and Dad had such a wonderful relationship and stayed married for 62 years. I asked her how she they did it and she said they never went to bed without making up and saying they loved each other.

Mum had that knack that women have of letting Dad think he was in charge and he was making the decisions when of course he was not. I recall her laughing with me when she had said to Dad she wanted to go on a particular hotel for a holiday which my Dad objected to 'we're not going there no way' but of course we always did

Watching them together was always a joy they were like to halves of a jigsaw my dad despite all his bluster couldn't go to sleep without her next to him and if I was there late chatting to mum he would shout down are you coming to bed Kathy. Then he would complain when she put her cold feet on him.

When my dad died no one thought she would survive without him but she lasted 5 years with enormous support from Lisa and some from carers. You can't underestimate how much Lisa did for Mum in those years she spent hours every day caring for her and did an amazing job. There is no way she could have survived as long as she did without Lisa. The house was as clean as ever with my supervision.

But every day in those 5 years when you asked her how she was she would say 'I miss your Dad' and she really did every day. But even though she was sad she loved visits from us her friends and relations

She took huge joy in her grandchildren Josh and Scarlett and it is sad she couldn't be there for the birth of her first great grandchild in July when Josh and Rachel are due to have their baby.

She slowly deteriorated with her memory and I recall 2 Xmas ago her eating Xmas dinner at Lisa's and Gary made the mistake of putting a plate of millionaire shortbreads in front of mum. She must have had about 15 saying each time these are delicious.

The last time we took her to her favourite restaurant La Boheme and she swore blind that she hadn't had her desert until I showed her the photo on my phone of her eating it. Not sure if that was memory or greed

Mother became very ill in January just at the time of her 90th birthday and never really recovered

Towards the end it was difficult to see her with the ravages of Alzheimer's disease but the last bit of her to go was the love. She would always say I love you more than you love me. Her face would light up when Lisa and I or Scarlett or Josh visited

And the last words she said were 'I love you' and that really sums her up

Thank you Chris

In her retirement years before her Alzheimer's Kathy and Stan enjoyed many trips abroad but especially to their beloved Tenerife; she loved her plants especially Orchids, and she loved meals out especially at La Boheme restaurant in Lymm.

Kathy was not just a loving and caring mother, wife and grandmother, she was a good friend and given half a chance would adopt you and mother as one of her own. She was a vital part of a family who will always miss her.