

Archive Tribute of

Margaret Alison Pride

Written by
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brother-in-law

Mags was born Margaret Roche in Canton, Cardiff on the 17th of March 1947 and grew up in a big family, the third of seven children. Her father, David worked in the steel works while her mother Phyllis looked after the home. When Mags was quite young the family moved to Camrose Road in Ely, where she spent the rest of her childhood.

Mags didn't speak much about her childhood but from what she said it seems she was a very active child. At home she loved to skate and wore out several pairs of skates in the street outside her home while in school she played netball and enjoyed athletics, being a good hurdler. She told how if she was not allowed out to play, she would climb out onto the roof of the porch and escape to play with her friends.

Mags's sixteenth year saw big changes in her life; in the summer she left school and started work as a wages clerk, and on boxing day she went out with a gang of her friends, and while waiting at the bus stop to go into Cardiff she met the love of her life, Ed Pride.

A week later they had their first date at the local cinema which was showing 'The Sword in The Stone'. Ed was seventeen and studying to be a civil engineer. He continued with his education and Mags worked in various companies as a wage clerk as their courtship progressed.

They went out with each other for five years, waiting until Mags was twenty-one, and they were married on the 17th of August 1968 in Ely. They started their married life in a flat in Ely, but soon moved to their first house in Llantrisant, where Ian was born and then to Llandaff where Jane was born.

In 1973 Ed took a new job in London and the family moved to Hazelmere in Buckinghamshire, where Sally was born in 1974. They lived near Ed's sister, Ann and the family settled in well to their nice semi-detached.

But Ed missed Wales and in November 1976 he somehow persuaded Mags to leave their nice home and move with three young children to a caravan next to a semi derelict farm house in Llangynwyd; so that they could renovate it and then enjoy what he called the "Good Life," and live on a small holding.

Mags always said that the neighbours thought a family of travellers had moved onto the land. For the next two years she worked alongside Ed as they renovated the old farmhouse. At night, after Ed had finished work, Bob the dog would babysit the children in the caravan, while Mags and Ed worked together on the house, Mags mixing the concrete and Ed barrowing and laying the floor.

After two years the family were able to move into the house and to complete their dream home. Mags would tell you that she was still waiting for it to be finished forty-two years later.

Then they started getting animals for the small holding, this was more Ed's love than Mags who often said that she didn't like animals. But by the time Ed went to Hong Kong for the sevens tournament in 1986, Mags had to look after eight store cattle, twenty sheep, goats, cats, a dog and of course, three children.

But as with renovating the house, Mags took this in her stride, she was a grafter. When the children were old enough she started to work at Maesteg Comprehensive, next to the house; first as a dinner server and then as a cleaner as well. Having three children of her own, she wouldn't take any

messing about from the pupils and was once told that tapping children on their hands when they were trying to nick extra chips was not allowed.

She worked at the school for thirty years, remaining loyal to the school and the staff she knew so well, moving with it when the school moved to the new site, when she could have stayed at the new school on the site next door. She retired three years ago and had since enjoyed taking things easier.

The main focus of Mag's life has always been her family, Ed, their children and then their grandchildren. Ed's brother, Hugh is now going to come up and tell you more about her life with her family.

Hugh's Eulogy.

My earliest memories of Margaret are of a pretty, shy, teenage girl who fell in love with my young brother Edward. Very sweet I thought, but will it last? Dad was doubtful, but Mum was more than happy to have someone who would bring her rugby-mad son to heel.

And with their wedding, on a bright August morning, they created a bond which blended them into a close family unit. You'll be surprised to hear that I wasn't at the wedding - as the date was carefully chosen to coincide with my daughter Catrin's birth – and so I never had any excuse to forget their anniversaries. And Margaret's Birthday was another one I could never forget - marked with a glass or two of Guinness to celebrate St Patrick's day.

Early married life for most young wives is difficult, when you are balancing being a wife a mother and acquiring a whole new family of relatives. In fact, Margaret and her mother-in-law became great friends, with Margret developing the same qualities of motherhood that would enable her to provide a happy, loving home for her three children Ian, Jane & Sally.

Like my mother, Margaret was able to support her husband, through thick and thin, no matter what the challenge. In Margaret's case it was coping with life in the caravan through two hard winters, whilst renovating the house. It was collecting the cows from the railway line when they ate their way through the hedge and escaped from the field, it was getting up in the middle of the night to help deliver twin lambs in the barn – and then getting the children off to school.

In recent years, Margaret has had the opportunity to take on a second motherly role with her grandchildren who all adored their Nanny. Katie, James,

Lewis, Abbie and Alex became the joys of her life as they grew from tiny tots to teenagers to young adults.

She developed a strong loving relationship with them that they will never ever forget. Mind you, she would often get their names mixed up - calling out all of their names before finally getting the right one. And quite often she would get the wrong one - choosing the one who looked guilty (Lewis?) rather than the mischievous one giggling in the corner (Abbie?). The others kept Mum of course, preferring to keep on Nanny's good side.

And who can ever forget her Sunday dinners - no matter who arrived or at what time, there was a place for everyone at this family gathering, including being able to squeeze in Sue and myself, whenever we came to stay. Her gravy was, indeed, historic and hopefully the recipe has been kept.

Margaret was never a great traveller - preferring the countryside of Wales and the cooler British weather to the hot beaches of Spain or trailing round the crumbling castles of Europe. But she was there in Berlin with Ed and Martin when the wall was coming down - and bringing me a chunk of it as a memento.

And we did manage to manoeuvre her across the channel - to join us for a holiday at a French farmhouse in the Bordeaux area for a week in 2007. I'm not sure how Ed managed to sell that one to her though - could it have been the excitement of Rugby World Cup that was being played in France at that time - or might it have been that we were surrounded by some of the best red wine vineyards of France?

No - sport was not important to Margaret. Apart that is from tennis and in particular, Wimbledon fortnight - when Nanny's Tennis Rules were enforced very strictly for the first two weeks of July. No grandchildren, no Sunday Dinners, no visitors, a bottle of red (or two) at the ready and, for Margaret, this

was her special time to enjoy the company of her extended family - Andy, Rafael, Roger and Novak.

Now, Ed was a very good rugby player in his day, but his skills with the racket are still to be discovered. Poor Ed could only guess what was going on with the screams and shouts coming out of the back room. She was in her seventh heaven and no one could begrudge her this annual family timeout, especially Jane who could enjoy her belated birthday when life returned to normal - after the Men's Final.

We will all have our special memories of Margaret -Mags - Mam - Nanny. Singing songs with Norma, Peter and Julie around the log fire will always be treasured. My wife Sue and Margaret doing a Strictly Dance together at William Lawrence's wedding is a classic happy one for me. Mags cajoling Ed to fix the leaks in the roof are also an enduring memory. To give Ed full credit - this was finally completed last year.

We will all miss her, forever.

Mags had always enjoyed good health and hadn't been to see a doctor for many years, not even knowing who the doctors were at the practice when she went to see them after a fall in September. The results of the medical investigation came as a huge shock to everyone, as did the speed her illness progressed. She was admitted to Hospital in November where she died on the first of December,