

My mum was a wonderful mum.

I loved my mum .

The sweetest, kindest soul.

Funny , generous, loving. Independent and free spirited. **Inspirational**. Strong.

She absolutely adored Lizzie and Evie. She was so proud of them and loved being with us all playing games, sharing stories or simply having a cuddle.

And Andy was undoubtedly her favourite man after my dad...

Memories – mum’s horse bolting as we embarked on a pony trek at Chapel. Never to sit on a horse again. No problem driving a fire engine, steam engine, milk float, bus , JCB , police car on a skid pan though...all for charity.

Cycling to mamma and grandpop’s. Cycling to the CDRU at the University.

Sitting round the fire she had made as we camped. She liked to play boy scouts as she said.

Mum liked to try to new things . Angel Delight and Smash. Perfect camp food. But horrible. Another invention that mum thought would be ideal for camping...Paper knickers Not fit for purpose.

Parties at no. 53 with family and friends. Lots of them.

Her love for my dad.

Picnics at dad’s table at Middleton Top. **Picnics everywhere.**

Moreover, she was always there for me. Teaching me how to bake, sew, and take plant cuttings. We walked in Derbyshire together ,learned French together and went to badminton lessons together. She played piano better than I did. I should have listened when she said I had to practise. And I will now read Cider with Rosie mum.

But deeper than this she showed me what it is to be a good person. To appreciate the simple things in life. To care. For others and our environment. Those characteristics I see in Lizzie and Evie and I know her spirit will live on with them.

Mum always grew me hyacinths for Xmas and bought me flowers every birthday. She always thought of others first.

As you all know mum had a difficult last few years but she always remained chirpy and interested in others and everything we were doing. I would like to thank **everyone who has supported me and mum during this time**, all the fantastic carers at Jackdawe, the wonderful team of NHS staff on D58, the incredible forward thinking people at Landermeads – a care home like no other - and latterly C51 for looking after Mum so well. For caring and recognising she was indeed a special lady.

Sue you were right it was a privilege to spend those last few days with my mum at QMC. Her room overlooked the City where she had spent all her life and she was interested to hear my reports of the swans and heron that were on the River Leen beneath her window.

She continued to make me laugh.

'Did you spend all night here Di?'

'I did mum, it was fine on the camp bed, don't worry'

'Well, poor Andy...'

She had an itchy back one night and woke me to scratch the itch. So I scratched her back just as I remember her scratching mine as a little girl lying in bed.

My lovely mum.

A tiny tour de force.

I will miss you.