A Celebration of the Life of

Tina Jane Aston

17 November 1966 – 20 June 2026

8 July 2026, New Southgate Crematorium
Celebrant: Kate Hobson



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Tribute

Tina grew up in Barnet with her parents, Rose and Jim, and her younger brother Paul. She loved art and dancing, and trained as a hairdresser. After they married, she and Gary moved to East Finchley, where they brought up their five children. Tina loved children and would have had more if circumstances had been different. Gary was the main breadwinner, but once the children started going to Holy Trinity primary school Tina took part-time work there, firstly as a meal supervisor before moving to the reception desk. It was a job that she could fit round the children, and once the older ones started going to secondary school it was an easy walk for them from Holy Trinity.

The circle of paid work and mothering included having the company of good friends who worked there – an on-the-spot, ready-made community for her, which she loved and treasured dearly.

The five siblings – Samantha, Kerri, Casey, Leah and Alfie – were always close, in every respect. They were born only a few years apart from each other and they all had to fit in the house with their parents. The younger ones shared bedrooms until the older ones left home. And as the house emptied a bit, Tina's much-loved dog, Bandit, filled some of the space they left. As a bull mastiff/bulldog cross he didn't have much difficulty with that! She missed him dearly when he passed away in 2019.

Tina ran the whole show at home. She held the principle that 'If you want something done properly, do it yourself'. The kids learnt how to get on with things and how to get along with each other, which is what they have always done, especially over the last three years.

In a family with many children there has to be routine and order. Tina kept a tight ship and was quite strict when needed. The children all knew their boundaries. Tina didn't get frustrated or angry – it was a calm if chaotic household despite being so full. She was always there for them – always.

After her stroke she hung on against the odds – she did it for them, and to protect them. But as they started to lose her they have become very aware of what that really meant.

When they were small, there weren't many holidays apart from going to stay in a caravan, but life was too busy for yearly trips. And it was just normal that when they started at secondary school they would find jobs for themselves. Self-sufficiency was ingrained.

With all the cooking, shopping, organizing, planning, list-making, cleaning, tidying, checking and watching, Tina had very little free time for herself, and rarely gave herself treats that weren't directly connected to her motherly role. On a Friday evening after

doing her friend's hair for her, they all had KFC. And on a Saturday she looked forward to her trip to Primark in Wood Green. Later, her parents would come round so Tina could do her mum's hair for her.

She was never a drinker or a party-goer, but a trip to Sunshine garden centre with her friends was always fun. They'd have a toastie or cake with a coffee, and she'd buy bird seeds so they could go and feed the ducks and geese on the lake at Ally Pally.

The children remember the classic Sunday roasts, and sitting in a circle on Christmas morning as they each opened one present. It was followed by bacon and cheese croissants for breakfast – a tradition continued to this day. Tina's mum would get the turkey and cook it while Tina did all the rest. Woe betide anyone who interrupted her in the kitchen! Only when she sat down to eat did she finally relax.

But it didn't usually last long – Tina wasn't one for sitting still even if she had a moment of peace – she would always be on her feet finding something that needed doing.

As the children got older and she had more time for herself, she liked nothing better than going out somewhere nice with her friends for tea and cakes. She also finally found the time to read – crime novels were her favourite ones for getting away from everyday life.

Her only real indulgence was getting tattoos, of which she had many. She used to fall asleep while it was being done, she found it so relaxing! She bore everything in the past few years with patience, never once complaining, just happy to have her family round her.

In 2025, Tina was lucky enough to meet her first grandchild, Eli, who was beloved by her, and she always had a big smile on her face when he came to visit.

Tina's influence on her children was largely by example. She was pragmatic and did what was needed. She was strong-willed and able to push personal feelings to one side when it mattered. She treated everyone equally, and she never put pressure on the kids to do particular things in their lives or tried to steer them in a particular direction – it was up to them. But she was proud of all their achievements.

Being independent-minded and acting for themselves became natural to her children. And there was a lot of mutual trust between parent and child – they had always trusted Tina, and she knew she could trust them when she needed them. Trust, love, true regard and gratitude – precious qualities and feelings, which will remain with them forever.

Family eulogies and poem:

Kerri:

Our mum

Mum you never ever judged us, And accepted us all as we grew.

Some being more challenging than others ...

You still loved us through and through.

You lead us with that unconditional love, And had absolutely no idea.

How it'll be passed down the generations, Through Your children and grand baby here.

You took on the absolute world!!

And carried it like it was weightless.

Our mum! The strongest woman for a guide, My gosh did she have some patience !!

Your hair was always blow dried perfectly, And you wore the most beautiful smile.

Mum you had the most fun loving personality, This isn't going to feel real for a long while.

Through the darkest of times,

You always guided me with your light.

You protected me from my darkest demons, And taught me how to fight.

Our mum was our biggest cheerleader, She was always there with her love.

Supporting us through everything in life, Only Now she guides us from above.

Leah:

mum, when i think of you, i think of you standing in my door way, and saying goodnight. when i think of you, i think of the squeeze of your hand. the scratch of your nails, and the length of your sigh.

when i think of you, i think of when i was young, and you'd ask me to wash your back. how i'd think, what a hassle this was, to drag the soapy sponge over your skin - over the ink of your tattoos, and the base of your neck. what i'd give to have those ten year old hands again, and hold yours in mine.

i try to think about the happier times, but life 3 years ago is a world i'll never get to go back to. those memories have been warped by your struggle - the things you endured, the news, the updates, and the times i had to say goodbye. a kiss on your head, and a wave as you got wheeled into another surgery. phoning countless numbers for an update - yes, tina aston, i'd say, this is her daughter calling for an update.

i know that being your daughter is the greatest achievement i never had to work for. how a twist of fate gave you to me, and a twist of fate took you from me, too. Maybe, all of this would have been easier if you hadn't have made me love you so much.

mum, when i think of you, i think of family. i think of perseverance, of hardship, determination, but most of all, i think of love.

i think of being thankful; thankful that you gave me siblings to fall back on, and that you gave me casey, who you gave your name to - casey tina jane aston.

i'm sure you know, and will continue to witness the courage that she displays everyday, and the selflessness that she has shown over these last three years. what a gift you have bestown on all of us when you brought her into the world, and what a treasure it is to be able to call her my sister.

mum, when i think of you, i think of when i'd tip toe into bed with you. clambering over the frame, so small and determined, and fitting myself into the narrow gap between you and dad.

when things get tough, i will go there again. fit myself against the small of your back. curl into a ball - young, and un-afraid - and listen to the gentle rise of your breathing, in and out, as you lull me to sleep with you.

Samantha:

Hello everyone.
Thankyou all for coming today.
I just want to take this moment to thank Mum.

I could tell you all about the how lovely my childhood was, or how much I felt loved every day, or I could tell you all about the time I swallowed a screw and Mum had to fish through the toilet bowl every time I went to the toilet to see if it had come out ... but alas, those precious memories will stay with me.

I just wanted to thank you Mum, for teaching me how to be an amazing Mum. Eli is the luckiest boy in the world because his Nanna taught his Mummy how to be wonderful, kind, understanding, accepting, loyal, determined, protective and loving, all things the best type of Mummy should be.I learnt all of this just by watching you, growing up. The lessons weren't the sit down, pen and paper type, the lesson were hands on, practical and hard work. Attributes you had day in and day out, 24/7, 365 days of the year.

You were so graceful and warm, you gave the best hugs and loved so hard, I felt it, every day. So for that, thankyou Mum, for showing me your ways.

I also want to thank this group of people here, Mum's friends. The type of love and acceptance you showed my Mum over the past three years has been nothing but pure friendship. My Mum was a private woman, but the fact that she let you all in when she felt at her most vulnerable speaks volumes of just how much she loved you, and she will forever. Thank you being wonderful people.

And lastly, to my siblings and Dad. I love you. Mum made sure we all had each other, Mum made sure we were strong and Mum made sure we could laugh when times got tough. She will be looking down on us all today, proud of herself and us (but mainly herself), knowing that she got it right.

Most Importantly Love by Rupi Kaur, read by Samantha

most importantly love
like it's the only thing you know how
at the end of the day all this
means nothing
this page
where you're sitting
your degree
your job
the money
nothing even matters
except love and human connection
who you loved
and how deeply you loved them
how you touched the people around you
and how much you gave them

Tina died aged 59 after a three-year battle with a serious illness. She was first, foremost, and lastmost a mum. She earned the title, and took the role completely to herself. It defined her and she embraced it wholeheartedly.

She was the lynchpin of her family, who now face a new stage of their own lives – one without Tina but with the tools they have learnt from her and the resilience they have developed, knowing that they have each other's back and can take whatever life brings.

The music chosen for the ceremony includes some of Tina's favourites, especially the music for the video tribute – anybody who knew her would know that she was obsessed with the Guardians of the Galaxy soundtrack. This was played daily in the car to work, and during Tina's recovery.