

Well good afternoon and welcome everyone, and thank you for coming here to say farewell to Carol and celebrate her life.

I think some of you will know me from Carol and Jak's wedding and others may have been told about me by Carol or Jak. Certain photographic evidence from another wedding which includes pictures of Carol in a blue frock, (no, I don't think in real life I've ever seen her in such attire either) suggests I've known Carol since 1983, so, for more than 36 years. But who was she? It's hard to say because we will all have different memories and experiences of her, some shared and some private and personal. All I can do is tell you a few of the things I know about her, my experiences with her, memories of her, and hope they may evoke your own memories and thoughts of her.

I know she went to Altrincham Grammar School for girls and gained 8 'O' and 4 'A' levels. She then went to Emmanuel College Cambridge (she told me that they only let her in because she was working class and might help provide some sort of balance in the college community) where she read history and gained a 2:1 degree. However, her time there was not continuous or uneventful. She told me that at one point she took some time out and went to live in a squat in London, what for I don't know. A very grand place it was too she said, that had very good Adam Style fireplaces and interiors. I saw the place once, only from the outside, but it did look impressive.

Eventually she returned to Emmanuel and completed her studies but they wouldn't give her her degree until she repaid some money she owed them; which she eventually did and got her certificate. Well she told me she did. I do know that her accommodation in Cambridge wasn't up to her previous standards. I took her there to pick up her stuff and bring it home to Timperley and thought it a definite squat. With her devotion to cleaning and tidying I don't know how she coped or maybe she picked up that trait later in her life. I'm sure when she visited me she checked the skirting boards and other places for dust. She did show me a few decent pubs in Cambridge though. A few years later Carol also obtained a Master's degree in Social Work at Hull University. I visited her there but I don't know much about that episode of her life.

So, she was intelligent and well educated but what else? She could take the mickey. When I first met her, at that wedding reception, we were dancing (well she was) and she persuaded me that when dancing you shouldn't move your feet. She was so convincing that I totally believed her and to this day I pass on her advice to any (old) dancers who will listen and still follow it, or would if I ever danced.

Carol became a great friend of my family and was particularly helpful to my sister and mother acting as both adviser and advocate on occasion. She, together with Jak, also arranged outings and meals with them. In fact, my mother used to call Carol her No 2 Daughter. Carol also played a large part in organising my fortieth and fiftieth birthday celebrations which I'm not sure I was super keen about when they happened, but I did rather enjoy them and her involvement and participation are fond memories now.

An important thing for Carol was Christmas which I'm sure she loved. She used to take great care over her presents for everyone, even the family dog Penny got some, and she went to a lot of trouble making her own crackers with proper gifts in them. She also insisted that everyone wore their paper hat, although her brother Paul was not always compliant and I

think Penny got away with it. She always took the part of MC and chief present giver over as well, and woe betides anyone who tried to interfere or upset the order of distribution. I'm sure one year she even had a microphone and speakers at a Christmas at her parents Allen and Muriel's house.

What other things are there? Having a mother who taught the piano and a father who I believe played in dance bands it's perhaps not surprising that Carol played an instrument and had some musical skill. The trumpet was her choice and I believe she was very proficient on it, although I never heard her play. That fact she played the trumpet might not surprise you but the fact that she liked fishing and even caught the odd fish may do. She was the first and the only female member of the Atlantic Fishing Club. Not that she fished in the Atlantic, it was named after a street in a place called Broadheath where it was based. It is still going although under a different name but has the same secretary, Colin Lewis, who knew Carol well and asked me to pass on their condolences. Funnily enough her rods and tackle are still stored at my house.

Litter Picking was a bit of a passion with Carol. She could spot a discarded fag packet in a grass verge from a 100 yards away and always had a bag with her to put litter in, although having to stop the car at regular intervals when in her area to pick something up could be a bit of a nuisance. She made some good friends in the litter picking team and they took great pride in the cleanliness of their area. In fact they got recognized for their good work and Carol was congratulated by Calderdale Council for being a runner-up for the Volunteer of the Year Award at one of their events in January 2015.

What else can I tell you? Well when I first knew Carol her politics were far to the left, very far. She was a member of the Socialist Workers Party and used to go to meetings, rallies, demonstrations and the like. Late one evening I got a phone call from Stretford police station, it was Carol informing me that she had been arrested and that I had to pick her up. It transpired that she had been at some sort of demonstration and had been chased and rugby tackled by a policeman. I never really found out why but she had definitely tried to bite his leg. She got away with it but I don't know how. Later in her life I think she changed her allegiance somewhat and became a bit more of a Conservative.

Carol could be very stubborn and had very high standards that mere mortals like me sometimes found it hard to meet, which could occasionally be problematic. However, she was always generous and more often than not she was compassionate, thoughtful, considerate, caring and loving, and that is how I will remember her.

One thing I did share with her was her love of the outdoors and walking in quiet places as far from trippers, tourists and people in general as possible. At times I thought she could be a bit of a misanthrope. We used to go for holidays in cottages together, particularly Landmark Trust properties that had open fires, usually at out of season times when the weather could be bad and it was cheaper. Any bad weather never seemed to affect our enjoyment though, as there was usually somewhere interesting to visit, usually an old church or ruin of some sort. Of less interest to me on these trips was her insistence on doing some shopping and looking in every charity shop she could find. There were always books to read as well, a particular pleasure when sitting by a blazing fire with a glass of something, although, in Carol's case this might have been a cup of tea, something she couldn't live without. Reading was one of

her great pleasures and was something else I don't think she could live without. To me the breadth and depth of her literary knowledge was amazing and I was always a bit in awe of it.

Maybe we disagreed and argued sometimes but I loved her to bits most of the time, though I probably didn't tell her that often enough and regret it now. Carol had a great effect on me and my life; I miss her deeply and always will.

Thank you.