

To Dave and the boys,

I don't know if you or your brothers ever understood the strong bond between your family and ours but it goes way back.

I am not sure of the details, but I know Mum and Alf shared a house with your Nan, Grandad and Uncle Ronnie for a while in India.

On our return to England between postings with the RAF my Mum and Dad were always made very welcome by your Nan and Grandad. In fact we lived with them on several occasions for a short while and once, at 91 Portsmouth Road for a couple of months rather than be in Transit Quarters. I know the house was not very big and I think that Ingeborg lived on the top floor as well so there could not have been much room to spare; that didn't matter to your Nan, she still made us all (Mum, Alf and 3 small children) feel as if it were our home.

Moving on from there my older brothers and I would share our half terms between your grandparents' home and Auntie Phyllis (my Mum's sister) and Uncle Arthur's home in Muswell Hill because my Mum and Dad were abroad in Germany and half term was too short to go out to them.

It wasn't just a case of staying with them, they looked after us, bought the new uniforms we needed and were generally 'in loco parentis' during that time. I remember once your Grandad, who worked in the Docks sending a huge crate of peaches to me at Boarding school.

Naturally during those times we became very close to your Mum and Ainsley. We were more like siblings than cousins. My relationship with your Mum continued to flourish and when I decided to attend La Sainte Union College of Education in Southampton your grandparents stretched their hospitality with meals and evenings away from College even further, to include a lot of my friends as well as me. For years afterwards friends would recall your Grandad's legendary curries!

After I married Stu we lived in Southampton for a couple of years before moving North to Doncaster; by that time our relationship had strengthened and your family would frequently travel up to stay in the summer holidays, this continued when we moved to Orpington and the Rouse /Adams visits to each other's homes became more frequent including an annual holiday.

Right up till a few years ago we used to look forward to your Mum and Nan coming up to Bessacarr each summer. My Mum looked upon Marie as another sister. She was very fond of her and I know a lot of her friends will remember Nan with love and be sorry to hear of her passing.

Marie was a very talented woman. She also was a very good teacher. She worked at the school where I had my first teaching practice and gave me a lot of advice and guidance.

She was also so interested in learning new things and had many hobbies...painting, music, learning languages. She had a sharp mind and was aware of life around her.....political 'debates' between her and my dad and discussions on current affairs were always lively, to say the least.

The sad thing about people getting old is that we tend to see the old person and not remember them as they were when they were young and vital. Anyone who knew Marie during her active years would know what a lively, interesting and interested person she was. I am glad and thankful that I knew her.

Love and God Bless

Laraine