

“Margaret Jane Norris, 9th July 1939” is a phrase that Tim, Robert, and myself have very much got the hang of saying in recent years while speaking with various parts of the NHS, ensuring mum got the best possible care. Although, this phrase was always followed with the words **“She likes to be called Jane”**, which is how we all know her.

Intrigued about her name we asked mum many years back, why she preferred to use the name **Jane**. We don’t know whether she was kidding, but she explained it was because the family dog was also called Margaret, and the dog had become very confused around the house! . . .

And so now we are left wondering about other questions:

- Has anyone ever heard of a dog called Margaret?
- Why would someone name their baby daughter after their dog?

As you can tell mum had a great sense of humour and we like to think Mum is mischievously smiling about her stories even now. However, . . . since mum’s funeral we have researched a little further and now we think she was named after a church. I will touch on this soon.

A few months ago, when mum knew she was entering her final days, she expressly forbid us from writing a long Eulogy, preferring her memorial to focus on the joy of some poems and music she had selected for the occasion. Now . . . we will get to that bit soon, but it would seem remiss not to describe mum’s life at all, and the many many people that she shared it with. As one of my friends recently said, she shared a lot of her life with each of us here today in one way or another, so here is our brief summary:

Jane Waller was born in Leiston Suffolk, a daughter to Henry and Katherine Waller. She was born in the rectory of Leiston’s Anglican church, a wonderful church in late-Victorian style with unusual architecture that I am sure Roy Tricker knows well . . . I visited Leiston church myself a few years back to ring its bells. Even then I knew mum had been born there, but I had forgotten the name of the church is **St Margaret’s** . . . So we now believe St Margaret’s is the solution to mum’s first name.

St Margaret’s was Henry Waller’s first installation as a vicar, and he lived and worked with his family in the diocese around Southwold for many years, before eventually retiring to Mill Road, Waldringfield. As some of you know, Rev. Henry Waller was brother to Rev. Canon Trevor Waller a previous vicar here at this church; and both brothers were part of a historically long line of Waldringfield vicars, dating back generations.

By mum’s own account, as a child she was pleasantly mischievous at school in Leiston, perhaps the archetypal vicar’s daughter, enjoying a happy childhood in and around the Suffolk villages near Southwold. Later on, she was shipped off to Abbots Bromley Boarding School for Girls in Staffordshire, along with her sister **Anne**, and cousins **Kit & Julia** – all of whom are here today. It must have been the perfect recipe for more adventures & mishap we’re sure.

After school, Jane studied at Froebel College in Roehampton, London, where she studied music to become a primary school teacher, with a focus on children with special needs like dyslexia, and it was here that **Jane** met **David** who studying engineering at Imperial College. Marrying

in 1962, they soon settled into a life in Epsom, Surrey, and brought up a family of three sons: **Mark, Robert and Tim**. If there was ever proof needed that opposites attract then this was it. Dad, the ever-logical scientist and engineer, who struggles with social concepts, including birthdays and Christmas, and Mum, with her love of children, family life, and the arts, especially music.

Full of enthusiasm and drive, **Jane** managed to pack in two lives-worth of activities both at Epsom and here in Waldringfield. As a child she would spend her summers playing on the river Deben, and visiting her grandfather's houseboat, moored next to the island. She often joked with us about the bump in the river shallows, you know - the shallow bump the sailors know near the Dragonfly dinghies, . . . Mum told us the bump was the result of them preparing tea on the houseboat, when all their potato peelings were thrown overboard!

As a mother **Jane** brought her own family to Waldringfield, teaching us all to sail from scratch, to learn to race, and helping as a supporting mum in the Cadet racing at the sailing club. Mum taught Dad, myself, Robert, and Tim to all sail well, which to this day still helps define the family spirit. Even last summer we were able to get **Jane** onto the river one last time to enjoy the warm sea air, as you can see in some of the pictures.

Jane and David were also very experienced yacht sailors, keeping a yacht on the south coast; being active members and commodore of the Channel Cruising club in Epsom; regularly adventuring around England and across the Channel to Europe. They also were actively involved with the Jubilee Sailing Trust, helping disabled people to also experience the joys of sailing on Tall Ships. Even her grandchildren still know her as **Granny Row-Row**, as she rowed them 'gently down the stream' . . .

Mum's love of music was known to us all, as she was an accomplished organist, piano player, cellist in Leatherhead orchestra, and she had a lifelong interest in recorders and baroque music. This passion for music has been passed down to all three of us boys; and this is an element of her life that we have included within this service.

As many of you know, Waldringfield meant a lot to mum, with its family connections, the river Deben, the cottage she loved here, the supportive community, the surrounding villages and countryside - these were truly where mum's heart belonged, and will continue to be.

As well as big skies, open fields, and beautiful coastal river estuaries, Suffolk is a place of many small medieval churches. **Jane** actively supported fundraising for the Suffolk Historic Churches Trust from its inception right up until last year, with sponsored cycling between the churches to raise money, and playing the organ whenever she could. She was particularly pleased to be asked to be organist in this church one last time last summer, and it was **Anne, Kit & Julia** that made this happen, as you can see on the back of the service sheet.

However, you may not know about her other fundraising activities. As sons, if we were ever unfortunate enough to return home from school when there was a church cake sale looming, we would quickly be recruited into the home-baking factory line, making mums favourite lemon drizzle cakes all day long, or helping with the gruelling task of chopping up 50 pound batches of marmalade.

It goes without saying that she is already sorely missed by us all. A loving mother, grandmother, and mother-in-law, a dedicated wife & sister; and a faithful believer in both church and community.

So... what follows now are some poems, song, hymns and organ music prepared for mum for this day. Some of these are sad, some are light-hearted, but all were favourites of mum's, and I know will definitely make her smile, even now.