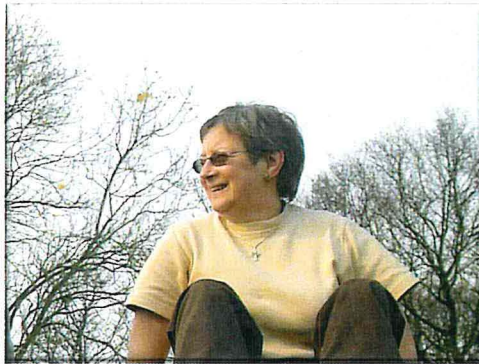


Memories of Carolyn



Carolyn was born in Burnley in September 1950. She grew up in Burnley, living there until moving to Leeds for University after attending Burnley Girls High. Her parents, Roy and Marjorie, owned and ran a small shop. She had a big sister called Ann and came to be Auntie to Ann's two children Jonathan and Lesley, Great Aunt to their children and more recently Great Great Aunt as the next generation have toddled along. As a girl she enjoyed spending time with her cousins and aunts and uncles and accompanying them to church and Sunday school. At infant school she met lifelong friend, Heather. Heather is godmother to James and for a long time Heather (junior) and James assumed that this also made her a fairy, like the fairy godmother in Cinderella. Here Heather recalls some of her memories of Carolyn.

Carolyn and I were friends from infant school, our Mums knew one another. I don't remember playing with anyone else during those early years, always outside because of course, the sun shone constantly in our childhood! We shared her scooter, my trike and her roller blades, going round the bandstand in Scott Park on one boot! We spent a lot of time at her house. My Dad scared her! We babysat Jonathan and Lesley too, I remember. That was a fun house!

Our friendship lasted through me going to boarding school at age 11, her to uni, me to college then me working all over the country, kept it going through letter writing and get togethers when both in Burnley.

I'm so sad and so sorry we've lost her. Far too young too. She had so much to live for and look forward to, especially seeing Francis and Michael growing up. Her family will miss her terribly. I'm so pleased she got to have the Keswick holiday for her birthday when she felt fairly well and what a blessing for her family to have been with her so much in her last week. Carolyn will have known how much she was loved, bless her.

Heather



(The answer is 2nd row from the front, 4th from the left)

While at Burnley Girls High, Carolyn met another lifelong friend, Irene, and they went to University together in Leeds also. Irene has shared some of her memories of Carolyn.

Carolyn & I knew each other for almost 60 years. We met at the High School in Burnley & went through University together.

As 6th formers, we were members of the newly-formed Youth Club at Central Methodist Church in Burnley. It was a very large group of enthusiastic & talented people. Friendships were made there that have lasted a lifetime. Carolyn would be remembered with great affection by everyone who knew her there.

There were Youth Hostelling trips to the Lake District, amateur dramatics & sport. Weekends were a round of parties, outings & trips to see our favourite bands. Our social life was so full that in our first weeks at University, when everyone else was thrilled with their new freedom to party, Carolyn & I found it rather quieter than we were used to.

When we filled in our accommodation forms for Leeds, we both put Charles Morris (Charlie Mo) as our preferred Hall of Residence - ultra modern, mixed & on campus. Sadly we were both offered places at Oxley, - Victorian, single-sex & miles from Uni. Only final year students had their own rooms. Everyone else shared. Carolyn & I had asked to be paired with other people to make new friends, but the Warden thought it would be 'nice for us to be together', so we were given a tiny cell-like room with bunk beds!

The showers were at the end of a long, dark corridor & at the beginning of each week, we were given a clean pair of sheets & a block of butter. At first, not wanting to waste this unexpected free gift, we spread the butter thickly on the chocolate digestive biscuits that Carolyn had brought from her dad's shop.

On Sundays there was a formal meal where the Warden invited selected 'girls' to sit at her table & engage in adult conversation. Meanwhile at Charlie Mo, everyone was down the bar! The Swinging Sixties never did make it as far as Oxley, but we settled in well & with Carolyn's artwork on the walls & a little dansette player for our few records, we had a brilliant first year.

Before our 2nd year, the 2 of us, along with friends Ann & Jill, went on a camping weekend to Wales. At the campsite we got talking to a group of young men who invited us for a drive along the beach in their LandRover. We all piled in (no seat belts in those days) & were thoroughly enjoying ourselves, hair blowing in the breeze, when we suddenly realised that the car was starting to float. We struggled out & waded to shore in time to watch the LandRover disappear beneath the waves.

Sometime later we crowded round the phone box, listening in as a sheepish young man confessed to his father that 'a little bit of water had got into the engine'. 'Don't worry, came the reply, 'it'll soon dry out'.

Next morning we joined a group of locals on the beach, watching as the LandRover was winched up from the sea, covered in sand & seaweed & definitely a little bit of water in the

engine. The young man was eventually forgiven & we all kept in touch. One of the group was Mike, who became Jill's boyfriend & a very frequent visitor to our flat in Leeds.

Our final term of the 2nd year was spent at university in Germany. We left a very cold UK at Easter & arrived in Heidelberg to find an unseasonal heatwave & that our luggage had gone astray. We didn't want to use any of our student grant (remember them?) on new clothes, so we sweltered for a few days in polo necks & thick trousers till our suitcases turned up.

As instructed we went down to the Accommodation Office for Foreign Students to find out where we'd be living for the next 3 months. The room was full of angry people, shouting in different languages. The man in charge had just told everyone there WAS no accommodation & his advice was to stop passers-by in the street & ask for a bed! (our parents would have been horrified.) Luckily someone directed us to the local American Army base. Each family home there had an attic room, (originally intended for a maid,) & students were sometimes offered these rooms rent- free in exchange for babysitting.

Time was of the essence. We started knocking on random doors. (Our parents would have been horrified.) Carolyn 'got' a family first- a young couple with one small child. The mother didn't want to leave the child very often or for very long, so babysitting duties would be light. But - oh the responsibility! And not a security check in sight. I was next. My family- the Youngs- had 4 children, but I'd only need to babysit the 2 younger ones, (aged 3 & 1) as the older ones could look after themselves. Once I'd said yes, I was introduced to the 2 older boys who were 6&4 & practically feral. Mrs Young was thrilled with this new situation & took herself off for hours at a time - during the day or at bedtime - leaving me in full charge.

Thankfully, Carolyn was a true (& very patient) friend & came round as often as possible to help out. For the rest of the term she helped save my sanity & Anglo-American relations. Together we occupied the tribe with songs & games. One time we taught them all the verses to 'There was an Old Woman who swallowed a Fly'. They loved it & obviously repeated it to their mother. Next morning, she announced in a thick Texan accent- 'Gee Irene- Your English nursery rhymes are SO VIOLENT'

We had to register at the University but weren't required to go to lectures, so our 'work' consisted of talking to as many Germans as possible. Beer cellars, boat trips, open-air

concerts at the Castle- it was all 'work' to us. Unlike our rent-paying friends, we had money in our pockets & could enjoy all the amazing things Heidelberg had to offer.

At the end of the term, with our German much improved & our French long forgotten, we headed home, repacked & set off for our year in France.

We were both Language Assistants at schools in the North of France & were close enough to visit each other a number of times & to go on trips to Luxembourg, Brussels & Paris. French teachers, particularly at the start of their careers, were 'posted' to schools often very far away from their hometowns. This was a bonus for us as it meant they too were looking to make friends & explore the area.

When Carolyn came to visit me in Rheims, if nothing more exciting was planned, a group of us would go to one of the many Champagne Houses. If you were happy to be shown round the underground caves (again), you could spend the rest of the afternoon drinking free champagne.

Carolyn was an ideal travelling companion, - enthusiastic, practical, not given to complaining & generally unfazed when things didn't go according to plan (which was quite often). One memorable trip was when a teacher drove a few of us to see the tulip fields near Amsterdam. We had plans to stay in a nice hotel & sample Indonesian food. Unfortunately the car broke down as we arrived & had to be towed to a nearby garage. The owner insisted on a cash deposit before he would consider repairs. (no credit cards in those days). So we handed over our money & downgraded to a dingy hostel (where we barricaded the dormitory door at night for health & safety reasons) & dined out on hotdogs & fries.

In the end, we had to leave the car behind & scrape enough money together for the train fare home. For part of the journey we didn't have a seat so had to sit in the corridor with some hippies. This led to our bags being searched for drugs by Customs Officers as we crossed back into France. (Our parents would have been horrified).

When we went back to Leeds for our final year, most of our friends had already graduated & moved away. Finding accommodation from France wasn't easy, but our friend Ken recommended us to his previous landlords. So it was that we ended up in a student house, on a student street - but with the crucial difference that OUR landlords lived with us- in the basement!

They had only ever had male students before, but Ken had persuaded them to give us a try. So 3 of us, Carolyn, Ann & I moved in. It didn't go well. Apparently the 'boys' used to go down to the basement quite a lot - bringing tales of their complicated love lives - & bags of washing! We, on the other hand, kept ourselves to ourselves & did our own laundry. This meant we were of very little entertainment value & as such, a bitter disappointment. We were told we had too many visitors & used too much hot water. When we asked for a rent reduction because the resident mice were distracting us from our studies, the atmosphere soured even further. We were all glad to part company at the end of the year. The experiment had failed & they went back to having 'boys' the following year.



Carolyn went off to Newcastle to do her post-grad course, before coming back & making Leeds her permanent home. I eventually moved back to Burnley, but we always stayed in touch.

For a long time now, we'd been meeting up regularly in Skipton. It was always as if we'd seen each other just the day before. In recent years, after a general catch-up, we were just 2 very proud grandmas, showing each other photos & videos on our phones & exchanging stories about what our little ones had been saying & doing. Carolyn was thrilled with Francis & Michael & loved to talk about them.

Someone once said that the older you get, the nicer it is to have people in your life who knew you when you were young - & I think that's very true. Carolyn was a dear friend & a sharer of many very happy memories. I will miss her very much.

The year that Carolyn graduated from the University of Leeds she met a young man called Dave who was to become her husband of more than 44 years. Here Dave speaks of his beloved wife.

On Friday May 18th, 1973, towards the end of my first year at University, some friends of mine were going to a student party they'd been invited to. I decided to join them at the pub beforehand and on arrival there I was invited to the party as they'd been asked to recruit more males for it. It was at the party that I came across a girl, apparently by herself, and we got talking. That girl was Carolyn and we seemed to get on very well. We started going out together after that. We discovered that we only lived 12 miles apart at home so were able to keep in touch through the summer.

Carolyn had by then finished her degree and was going to Newcastle for a year after the summer break whilst I came back to Leeds so we thought we might drift apart. However, as I had a car, I went up to Newcastle to see her regularly and she would sometimes come to Leeds by train. After finishing her course, Carolyn then got a job in Leeds because I was here, so when I left University I decided to try and get a job here because she was here, which I did. The relationship continued to flourish and we became engaged at Christmas 1974 and married in July 1976. So began many wonderful years of togetherness. We shared a love of the Lake District and spent many happy times up there, walking in the fells.

After a few years we decided it was time for a family so early in 1986 along came Heather to brighten up our lives, followed two and a half years later by James. Carolyn, not surprisingly, turned out to be an excellent mother, staying at home to look after the children whilst I was working until both children were at school after which she went back to work on a part-time basis to fit in with the children's school hours. We worked together as a team to ensure that the children received the best possible start in life, both in terms of formal education and general life skills. I think that has paid off and Carolyn should take a lot of credit for that.



Carolyn will always be very special to me. She was very active in our local church community, carrying out the role of Parish Church Council Secretary for many years. She also helped out at the food bank at one of our churches and various other activities to support less privileged people. She was a very kind, gentle, unassuming person, always willing to lend a hand with anything. She also had this knack of knowing

exactly the right thing to say at any given time, without being pushy about anything.

When we discovered in mid 2019 that Carolyn had developed an incurable cancer that could be controlled to a degree by chemotherapy treatment she couldn't wait to get started on it. Fortunately she didn't have too many ill effects from the treatment and we were able to take a couple of holidays during last year before and in between lockdown periods, including a family get together in the Lake District last September to celebrate her 70th birthday. In between these holidays, in May, she said something that I found very uplifting, which was "I just wanted to feel normal and now I do". Unfortunately though, the cancer returned late in September. This time it appeared that the chemotherapy was preventing her from eating but it turned out that the disease had spread to her oesophagus and stomach, hence her being sick all the time. She was offered an aggressive chemotherapy strategy that, because she had become so weak, would have kept her in hospital for two more months without visitors. She opted to come home under palliative care, which she did in December with a feeding tube installed.

The last few months have been difficult but the two of us, supported by a homecare team and district nurses, along with Heather and James, have worked through all the adversity together as a team to keep Carolyn as comfortable and cheerful as possible. The final week when she was in St. James's hospital on "End of Life" care turned out to be a really positive experience for us as a family. The three of us ensured that someone was with her 24 hours a day throughout that period and I am sure that she fully appreciated that. Carolyn maintained her sense of humour until the end because, on the night before she died when she appeared to have lost all ability to communicate, I said to her "Isn't Heather wonderful?" to which she managed to utter "Yes and you're rubbish". I will cherish those words for ever.

As mentioned by Dave, Carolyn and Dave had two children, Heather and James. Here James reflects on his relationship with his mother.

Mum was a wonderful person; kind, compassionate, generous. She was warm, caring, selfless; more so than anyone you could wish to meet. She was also fiercely loyal, especially to her family, but also friends and those she was close

to. Mum touched many, many lives, more so than I had ever realised. This has been made obvious by the number of messages received in the weeks following her passing from friends both old and new, former colleagues and of course, family members; each sharing fond memories of mum's influence. The reason this came as something of a surprise to me is simple. Mum was humble. She never sought any recognition for the good things she did, the selfless acts. She did right only for the right reasons, to help others and, I think, in many cases she did not realise the impact she had. Mum was simply the epitome of what it is to be a good person.

My memories of her are as a mum, as Heather's mum, as my mum. She was a wonderful mother. She did everything for us, perhaps even too much. A story springs to mind to demonstrate this. As a toddler, I sent my toy robot across the kitchen to Mum holding a note. The note read 'Where is my tea?' (mostly spelled correctly). It's a story she told with pride that the note was almost accurate, glossing over the fact that even as a toddler I was expecting my tea to be made for me. Mum left work to care for us, only returning to part time work once we were in school. I cannot remember a time when she was not there. She was there to wake us up and take us to primary school and send us out of the door for high school. She was there to deal with every tantrum; lots in my case, every time we were poorly or hurt. I suppose if there was ever a lapse it would be the time she left me at the children's clinic and carried on with some errands. Those who knew me as a child would probably grant her a pass for that one. After all I was none the wiser, just happy for some extra time in the play area. It seemed strange to me as I first started to write this that more memories from my earlier childhood did not come to mind. However, perhaps it is a testament to the perfect job Mum did. For which I am eternally grateful.

Mum taught me much more than I ever realised at the time. She taught me right from wrong. As I grew older, through my teen years and into adulthood, she had a way of guiding me. She did it not through words, but through her actions, through the example she set for me, and Heather, only offering a stern word when required; usually justifiable. She taught me to cook, and take care of myself. I have thought about this and I'm not sure how she pulled that one off. Through the years, Mum congratulated us and took pride in our achievements but allowed us to make our own mistakes as well. And, as Heather and I developed into the people we are today, she was always accepting of our choices and decisions, regardless of her own opinions or the impact they would have on her. For example when Heather declared she was no longer eating meat. Or when, in my infinite wisdom, I chose to grow my hair as a teenager. This is just another example of Mum's character; accepting, tolerant, never one

to push her views on anyone. She loved us, and would have done no matter what. The example she set for us is shaping the way Heather and Matthew are



raising Francis and Michael and the fantastic job they are doing.

The love I shared with Mum was mostly unspoken, but it was real, powerful and unconditional. One of my last memories with Mum was during her last week. In a moment when it was just the two of us in the room, she gripped

my hand and told me she loved me. While we may not have said the words often, she showed me she loved me every day, in the little things.

She showed me by how much she worried when I was out surfing, kayaking or climbing mountains. I would regularly receive a text message to check I was OK, usually just as I was pulling onto the drive. God knows what she would have thought if she had seen what I actually get up to out there.

She showed me in the way she nurtured my talents and passions. She loved to listen to me play the guitar. She used to tell me that that was how she knew I did, indeed, have a soul.

She showed me by her concern for how I was taking care of myself, sparked by the stack of old pizza boxes she once found in my house. She needn't have worried.

She showed me by being there to pick up the pieces when things didn't go to plan, only ever offering support and love whatever the situation.

Mum's influence on my life has been huge, and will continue to be so. She set me a high standard to live up to and, I accept, I have fallen short and will do in the future. I never told her this, but she was, and is, the person to whom I hold myself most accountable to. In the back of my mind when making every decision is a little thought: What would Mum think? She will continue to guide me like this. And I know that as long as Mum would be ok with it, I am doing the right thing. So here's to you, my role model, my moral compass, my Mum.

Carolyn's two grandchildren, Francis and Michael wrote a poem for her 70th birthday and asked to make a collage after she passed away as a nice way to remember their Grandma Carolyn.

Grandma Carolyn is quite small
It's her birthday, that's all I know
Cooking cooking our dinner
I said thank you for the gingerbread
Grandma just been waked up by us
Grandma Carolyn is nice
In the Lake District shining
Looking at the river
Glowing in the light
From her, it seemed
It was her birthday



Heather's husband, Matthew, tells us about Carolyn as his mother-in-law.

I think about Carolyn every day because she's been a massive part of my life. She's a massive part of what we have here, the family that we have, the home that we have, none of it happens without my mother-in-law & I've always been mindful & appreciative of that. That's just an amazing thing that she's done in her support to us. I agree with Carolyn that one of the most frustrating things about her cancer is that she's not going to see Francis and Michael grow up. Therefore we've got to make sure the children grow up knowing that she wanted to see them grow up, that she misses them & that she loved them so much. As I'm bringing them up Catholic hopefully they'll be able to appreciate that she is always with them.

I liked spending time with Carolyn because I liked her as a person. I wanted to get to know her, get to know my mother-in-law more, so it was nice to take her out occasionally to a restaurant, just me & her. We certainly did this more before the children came along & I'm sure that we even got to the flicks. I remember going to a Leeds University wine tasting & quiz event, probably the last time we

went out together which was a few years ago now - for a joint birthday event, we had a good laugh there!

When Heather went to London for an overnight stay to help our bridesmaid, Aislin, with some decorating, it was one of the first times we'd been on our own with Francis when he was just 1 year old & he did have problems staying asleep sometimes. We just couldn't get him to settle that night & I was ready to put him in the car & drive to London because I wanted someone who could care for him & I just couldn't settle him. I drove round Scholes and Barrick trying to get him to fall asleep & ended up lying on the sofa with him downstairs. Carolyn was up too trying to help & then about 5 or 6 in the morning she came down & took over. That was one of the best times that I had with her as a father & grandmother looking after their child / grandchild. That always sticks in my mind as a bit of adversity we had, & faced, together.

Surely other people know about Carolyn's look that she could give you, or maybe that was just me. She had a look that she could give me, maybe a disapproving look, an 'I don't agree with you' look, or the smiling look before she would get burst into laughter at something her grandchildren had said or done!

Carolyn was really kind & looked after other people by all the good work that she did. Just a really kind person who cared for others so well.



I liked to give her a cuddle when we came over as a family or when we'd not seen each other for a while, a sign of affection & a way of showing that I loved her. I always did that & it felt good that we could share an embrace. That was a nice thing, as well as making the occasional chocolate cake. I remember she liked my chocolate cake that I make & she liked a pork mince lasagne recipe we found at Countyfile Live at Blenheim Palace & the homemade fish & chips that I served up while we were still living in Hibaldstow & Carolyn & Dave came to visit for the first time. So I did like to cook for her & Dave. I enjoyed spending time with her on holiday,

walking around Polzeath & Padstow, going for a family lunch at the Enedoc. I liked to help out with the cleaning & tidying too if we were in the holiday cottage together. So I think I was able to do some little things for her, getting jobs done & stuff sorted, which hopefully she appreciated. It's the little things that are important too. A way to show how we care about someone as well as the cuddles.

Carolyn's working life was spent almost entirely at the University of Leeds, most recently in the Secretariat. Ex-colleague and good friend, Zofia, recalls their friendship.



CAROLYN



I first met Carolyn in September 1981 when I came to work at the Leeds University Registry. Carolyn was a past Languages student of Leeds and an accomplished member of the Admin. As a nervous "first dayer" Carolyn very quickly showed me the ropes and made me feel relaxed. She was always patient, supportive and very helpful making something that appeared like an enigma to me look miniscule.

At Christmas time Carolyn would bring in delicious, home baked mince pies to the office which were delicious and an absolute treat for the whole office.

In 1986 Carolyn had given birth to Heather (followed a few years later by James) and consequently left the university and I returned to teaching before marrying and having family myself.

Throughout the years Carolyn and David have remained very special friends. Carolyn always had a sensitive ear with every cheerful thoughtfulness and advice.

There have been so many fond memories and anecdotes. One that springs to mind is when we met up in Northern France for lunch whilst holidaying there. Carolyn was a French speaker and remained so modest in her gentle conversation with the locals.

There have been many a visit to Wetherby cinema, coffees and meals out. A trip down memory lane was when we had a mini reunion with two other ladies Carolyn worked with at the university - Fran Wilkinson and Krystyna Terleckis.

We continued to meet up at other times e.g. Christmas and occasions such as wedding anniversaries, birthdays and weddings (where Heather was our bridesmaid).

When Carolyn's grandchildren, Michael and Francis were born it was so nice to see the joy in Carolyn's face when she spoke of them.

Only a couple of years ago, Carolyn and I met with Professor Brian Hook (Emeritus Professor of Chinese Studies). Also present was George Brassay (who recently also passed away) and worked for many years with Carolyn. There was much reminiscing with such laughter of those "good old days" (80s). By this time of course Carolyn had already had a second stint on the staff at the university.

Carolyn will always remain a special friend for me and my family with her warmth, patience and selflessness. She will be fondly remembered and missed many.

Zofia, Kieran and Sebastian Donnelly



Once retired, Carolyn had the opportunity to be more active in her local community. Already a familiar face at St. Paul's Church and someone who

had stepped into various roles such as joint Church Warden and PCC Secretary, in her retirement Carolyn was able to volunteer at the local community café and food bank. Her friend, Sheila, speaks about their time together as members of St Paul's Church and wider Seacroft Parish.

Carolyn was an amazing person, wonderful friend and a brave lady. Her family were so supportive, protective and loving all the way through her illness. She loved them all and was so proud of her grandsons Francis and Michael. She often showed me videos on her phone of the boys on their bikes and the slide and swings in the park. Of booklets made by Heather and the boys on the things they had seen and drawn during lockdown.

Carolyn had many strings to her bow. She was secretary to the Parish Church Council, would read lessons in church and was always my right-hand man. If I couldn't open the church on a particular Sunday morning, she would step in and do the job.

I remember passing the house one afternoon and saying "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" - Carolyn was sitting in the middle of a pile of wood. She had a paintbrush in her hand. She was treating the pieces of wood ready to be made into bird feeders by schoolchildren at the Great Yorkshire Show in Harrogate. The Woodland Group was something she enjoyed helping, including sandwich making.

We spent many happy days each year at Shepherds Dene in Northumberland with our church family of St. Paul's. On the last day, Sunday morning, we would put our own service together and decorate the chapel. Carolyn would go out into the grounds and pick flowers, greenery and sticks then she would produce the most beautiful cross for the altar.

Carolyn, I have such lovely memories of you. You will always have a place in my heart. When we get back to normal and return to our church, we will have a Special Memorial Service. I hope each and every one of you will come and celebrate with us the life of this special lady.

God bless you,
Carolyn. May he
keep you in the
palm of his hand.

Sheila



Of course, life isn't just about hard work – be it voluntary work, professional career or childrearing - and Carolyn's friends remember spending plenty of social time together too. She met her good friend Christine when they lived nearby and had children the same age. Christine says...

Carolyn was a dear friend and I will never forget her. It used to make me laugh when James used to make fun of her being tipsy after our little Friday night get-togethers with Joanne.

Christine xx

Some closing remarks from Carolyn's daughter, Heather:

Someone recently commented that Dad, James and I seem to be keeping remarkably positive and coping well and I think that is true, or as true as it can be, but we would not be so strong or positive without each other and without the kind and thoughtful support of all our friends and family so thank you.

We are receiving a lot of sorry for your loss messages but I want to turn that around and say sorry for your loss. Yes, we've lost our mother/wife but you have lost your friend/auntie/great auntie/cousin/in-law and you are probably sad about this. We are not the only ones affected by Mum's death and it is touching just how many people have been in touch with sadness at her passing and kind thoughts about her life. Sorry for your loss also. People always direct their sympathy at the family when there's been a bereavement but some of the people we miss the most are not necessarily our flesh and blood.

With much love, Heather xxx