

Mum was born on 6th June 1926 at her parents' home at 113 Kenilworth Avenue in Shawlands. She was the first child of John and Catherine Fairbairn – both school teachers. Christened Janet, she later chose to be called Jenny.

Her brother Walter was born just under two years later and Mum first met her husband to be, Thomas Lindsay, when he and Walter became friends in the mid-1930s.

She spent all her school years in Shawlands, first at the primary school and then at Shawlands Academy - winning the "dux" medal in her final year.

3 years at Glasgow University followed, where she studied Maths & Physics and gained a Bachelor of Science degree.

This was followed by 2 years studying to qualify as a teacher.

She also took courses in Drama at the Scottish College of Drama, after which, with friends, she set up the Dagada Drama Society. The Society put on shows and entered and won several competitions, including winning the national one-act play competition for 3 consecutive years.

In reality, Drama, not science was her true love and the members of DAGADA have remained life-long friends.

Having qualified as a teacher, Jenny applied to St Columba's Girls school in Kilmacolm, hoping, I was told, to become a Drama teacher. However the vacancies at the time were only for science so mum joined as a science teacher. At the time it had boarding students and mum lived in, becoming a Housemistress.

Tom & Jenny started courting in the late forties and they married in December 1953 in South Shawlands Church.

In the autumn of 1954 I was born and I was later joined by my brother Ian (christened John) in 1957 and my sister Fiona in 1960.

The summer of 1959 saw the first of what would be 5 moves of house as my dad pursued his career. We moved from her first marital home in Garrowhill, Glasgow, to Streetly on the outskirts of Birmingham.

Here Mum and Dad joined the Walsall Presbyterian Church and the Walsall Burns club and were active members of both.

Mum also joined the local Women's' Institute where she continued with her love of drama by producing, directing and taking part in a variety of shows.

When Fiona was born, at home, in 1960 she was found to have serious health issues. This meant a lot of visits to, and time spent in, hospital over the following 5 years. Mum became heavily involved in the early days of the organisation "Mother Care for Children in Hospital", that was set up in 1961 to campaign for unrestricted visiting rights for parents with children in hospital. It is strange to think that, at that time, parents were restricted to a hospital's regular visiting hours. In the mid-1960s this organisation became the "National Association for the Welfare of Children in Hospital" and continues today "Action for Sick Children".

The family returned to Glasgow – Earlsparke Avenue in Newlands - in 1964 where both mum and dad joined, and were active members of, Newlands South Church.

However, Fiona's treatment continued in Birmingham Children's Hospital, so it was a stressful time for Jenny with continuing visits to the hospital and then taking the decision with dad in 1965 that Fiona should have major open-heart surgery. Fiona then had one of the

earliest operations on a child for a “hole in the heart” with a predicted 50:50 chance of survival. As we all know, the operation was very successful.

Just 2 years later, in 1967, it was move number 3 – back to Streetly. With Fiona now fully recovered, and just in case Jenny got bored, her parents, now approaching their 80s, moved south from Moffat to live with us.

This time, mum and dad joined the Streetly Methodist Church and she re-joined the local WI. During this spell in Streetly mum also joined the WRVS and was Brown Owl for the Brownie pack associated with the church. She also learnt to drive.

Then, as Fiona approached senior school age, Jenny returned to teaching, albeit part time, teaching science again at a local girl’s school, St Margaret’s.

She and dad still found the time to do all the things that parents do for and with their children – providing transport, attending school events etc.

Jenny’s mother, Catherine, died shortly after celebrating her Golden Wedding anniversary in 1974; I got married in 1977 and John (Ian) got married in 1979, so it was a reduced family who made the 4th move, to Harpenden, in 1981.

As was usual with mum and dad they joined and were active in the local Methodist church and community.

Fiona got married in Harpenden.

Jenny’s father, John, died in 1984 just as they were about to move to Wilmslow, so just mum and dad made move number 5.

Again Jenny and Tom got fully involved with the community. Their proximity to Manchester airport also made them an attractive B&B and taxi service to both family and friends – something that they both welcomed.

In 1991 Dad took early retirement and they decided to move to Gattonside. At the time the family were all rather perplexed at this decision – Melrose isn't the most accessible part of the borders. After all, Jenny's parents, after retiring from teaching, had lived in both Lockerbie and Moffat – both sensibly situated along a major arterial route. However, we soon realised why Gattonside had been chosen, and all of us – their 3 children and all 9 grandchildren – have very happy memories of the time spent here with both of them.

Jenny loved her time here – it was the home where they spent the longest time of their married lives. They made a host of friends in the church, the bowling club and mum was again active in the Women's Guild and WRVS.

After Tom had died in 2008, after much thought and with reluctance (both hers and, to some extent, the family's), but for good reasons, Jenny chose to move away to be closer to the family. So in 2010, mum moved to Thirsk. As ever, here she made more friends and joined the Thirsk Methodist Church, even taking on the role of Treasurer at the age of 85 – computer spread sheets and all.

Last year started as a good year – her 90th birthday party in June followed by her grandson's wedding in Edinburgh in July.

However, over recent months her health deteriorated leading to the move to a care home in November.

To me, my brother and sister, as well as being an attentive and loving mother, she was always a gregarious person. Throughout her life

there were regular visits to and from family and friends. Wherever she lived she made friends, many keeping in touch – her Christmas card list was substantial with addresses all over the country.

Unexpected visitors were never a problem – some might think welcomed – with snacks and meals seeming to appear from nowhere and even a bed for the night available if wanted.

Mum's last words to dad, repeated on her card that was placed with the flowers at his funeral were:

“Goodnight my darling; see you in the morning”

Well, her morning has arrived.

She will be greatly missed by us all.