



Jane Molineux (Ranmill)

19th August 1932 - 13th July 2022

“Honorary Life Member of
The Scottish Cavalier
King Charles Spaniel Club”



Tribute from Lindsay Gow

I first met Jane about 30 years ago at a lunch hosted by Margaret and Charlie Workman to introduce her to other Scottish Cavalier people. Soon she became involved with the Club joining the Committee in 1994 and becoming Year Book Editor in 1997.

Calm, cheerful, generous and dependable in whatever she took on Jane became a firm friend. She adored her dogs and was very knowledgeable about the breed but she also had many other interests. She shared her love of photography with the Club for us to enjoy in the Year Books. She was a wonderful hostess and excellent cook who loved her garden, enjoyed playing bridge and was an avid reader. Young at heart she had an enviable grasp of modern technology and was interested in current affairs.

Most of all Jane was a lovely gracious lady who we all miss.

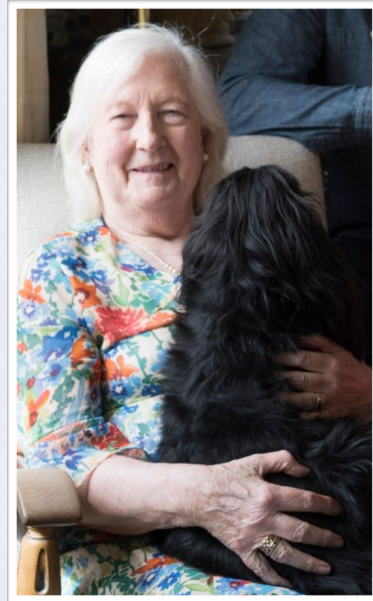
Tribute from Patrick Molineux

She died in her own bed, as she wished. The last voice she heard was Lucy's, as was right, telling her that she was loved, and the last touch she felt was Lucy's, as was right, comforting her. Her first pain meds, just a paracetamol, she took with her own hand on the morning of the day she died. Sharp to the end and if her body failed her brain, it did so swiftly and without malice. She was 89.

This her last July showed some of the constants through her life. The last of her Cavalier King Charles Spaniels, Millie, died on 4th July. Millie knew before us the imminence of Mum's death and thought a Mum-less world was not a world for Millie. Let Millie stand for over 60 years of those devoted, tail-wagging Spaniels: Minnie, Ziggy, Matilda, too many to name, and of Mum's love of the dog world, in recent years through The Scottish Cavalier King Charles Spaniel Club where like everywhere she made friends and was valued: so pleased just this April to be made an Honorary Life Member for all she contributed as she did to everything she put her mind.

Those last days showed her love of gadgets and technology: on her bed what must she have? Her iPad and her iPhone: her passion for connection to family, to friends, to news. She wanted to know, as Lella remembers, everything we did blow by blow, no detail too small. And as she knew death was approaching she told us only family should visit, only family and, of course, the BT Engineer.

Above all those last days showed the constancy of her limitless love for her family. Always connected to her sister Cal, even if separated by distance. Mum was the sun around which we orbited. Sometimes closer, sometimes further but always locked in orbit by her love for us and ours for her. When we would marry, our partners – John, Sharon, Rob, Elizabeth - would be embraced as us and find themselves locked in orbit with us, and when we would bring children into the world, they would orbit with us too. And when those children had their children... well she took such joy in Edith who, barely walking, understood Mum's boundless love and turned to her for cuddles.



Jane with Millie, her last Cavalier to reside at Ranmill. Millie predeceased Jane by 9 days.

And let the joy she took in Edith and Leon stand for the joy she took in each generation of children she embraced: an eighties and nineties generation in Rosie and Polly, and Tara and Katy, and Susannah and Maddy, a fifties and sixties generation in Lella and Bill, Lucy and me. And if her young were threatened or treated unfairly she could be fierce: storming into the headmaster at school to stop Bill being bullied; giving the teacher a good talking to in front of his colleagues when Bill's essay was marked down from A to D for using an ampersand. She would embarrass us with the ferocity with which she fought for us because she loved us. But those last days, were also filled with a bottomless sadness. Lucy's Rob had become Mum's best of friends: when Mum left hospital after her first cancer operation it was Lucy and Rob there to share a whisky and a curry. Of all of us orbiting Mum, it was Lucy with Rob who were there to spend time and share laughter that comes best from being in the room rather than on Zoom. Only late last year Lucy and Rob moved to Kirkstyle just steps from Mum's front door. But on this last 7th July, in this Kirk, Lucy had to give thanks for the life of her husband, while Mum, home but housebound, mourned her daughter's husband and her best of friends. And today, on the 22nd July, Lucy is here again to give thanks for the life of her mother. Mum's death was not cruel for Mum, perhaps nor was Rob's for Rob, but for Lucy the prematurity of Rob's death and the proximity of Mum's is crushing beyond measure.

The greatest of Mum's constants was Peter, her husband and our father. Yesterday, her body became ash and those ashes will be scattered on Knowehead Hill above Hartree, where Dad's ashes were scattered over 20 years ago.

But go back nearly 70 years. A submarine wardroom in Valetta Harbour in Malta. Mum, young and full of party, Dad, a dashing young lieutenant. So began their partnership that would give life to us and touch the lives of many more. Initially it was fun, and then hard as a Naval wife. Lella, Lucy and Bill all very young, Dad at sea. A time that called on all Mum's strength and that laid down friendships of decades. The Navy defined so much about Mum, not least her drinking habits.

If you would remember Mum in the coming days, and like it, pour yourself a whisky, 50/50 cut with water, at 6pm but not a minute before and not a minute after. And she will join you, as she did every evening at 6pm. Let those whiskies stand for her love of parties, her pleasure in a wee dram, the timekeeping of her family built on that Naval foundation for she was always a Naval wife.

Enough of the Navy. Enough moving. Enough absence. Enough of Dad seeing revolutions in his children's growth rather than the daily evolutions other father's saw. Dad to the Civil Service and the family to Wonersh in Surrey, settled at last, for 9 years, and then to Witley a few miles away for 17. Mum always finding time to be interested, engaged, to organise, to nurture friends as well as family. 40, 50 years ago, four children, Chairman of the local Wives Fellowship, the local RNLI, NSPCC, local Cavalier Club, parties for friends local and Naval, her children pressed into duty as wine waiters. Let her time with Biggar Bridge Club stand for all those clubs and organisations to which she gave herself over so many decades.

Then another phase of Mum's life as her youngest, me, became old enough to release her back to work with the World Wide Fund for Nature. For years she had lived her life for her children, but then she could start to build her life for herself. She did not have exams, or qualifications like those she and Dad sacrificed for us to obtain. But she had a brain. She was clever, sharp, unfazed by dealing with anybody. Promotion and promotion and she built a late career.

And then retirement to Biggar, space, empty roads, clean air (she never had to use the inhaler we remembered as children from almost the day she arrived here), a gentler place where she lived longer than anywhere.

Too soon, after Dad and she arrived, just a few short years, Dad died of a stroke: the great sadness of her life. Some may have turned their face to the wall. Not Mum. She was strong. And she built a new framework. She could travel. Could she travel. North Cornwall with Lella after Dad died, galloping along the beach – for she could still ride better – and body boarding in the cold water. She was the adventuring, fun Granny you boasted of to your friends Polly, “cool Granny”, “Super Granny”. Lella remembers that zest for life. That willingness to try, to try anything, always with laughter.



Jane Judging The Eastern Counties CKCS Club Open Show in 1993 with an entry of 146! Pictured with Dennis Holmes and her Best in Show Leogem Meralindy.

Where the memories pile up, and if we allow ourselves only one class of memory, and if that memory is the one we know she would want us to hold, it is that spirit, that joy, that laughter, that saw at Maddy's eighth birthday party, granny stealing a toboggan from one of Maddy's classmates, flying down the slope at high speed, overtaking every child, and going down in history as the coolest granny of any of her classmates.

Then, further afield, holidays with Lucy, in her 50s and Mum her 80s. How many 80 year olds catch their first piranha in the Amazon? Are strapped to their beds in the Arctic Circle on a small boat in a Force 10 gale, Mum giggling "Luce, pass the whisky.?"
She lived.

Her time in Biggar was book-ended by the sadness of Dad's death and of Rob's. But in between, and as she aged so Biggar itself became more important to her. The music club and recitals; the camera club – she loved photographs throughout her life; the art group; the bridge club ('not now, I'm playing bridge', phone put down); its shops; its people who welcomed her. Let the cards on the order of service stand for her hobbies, her games, her sociability, and her sense of fun.

We should not be sad for her, dying swiftly and not in pain after 89 full years, but for us who will not again hear her laughter, be energised by her, smile at her delight in our small doings. So much is still unsaid: her art and painting; her ability to nap at the drop of a hat as Susannah remembers; the aviaries of budgerigars (they were budgies, Rosie, that kaleidoscope of coloured feathers - your first memory); the antiques collecting; the parties, the music, the dancing and the wine; the family Christmases; Dad having many too many to drink and Mum laughing with him; the dog walks; the health foods; the health fads; the family holidays; the Somerset trips to see her sister Cal and their parents; her love of family history (yes, Bill, she treasured your trip last year back to Aberdour where I was born); her love of a bargain (never "I spent that", always "I saved this"); gardening: she was so tickled to find there was a type of rose named Molineux.

It was a Molineux rose that Lucy cut from Mum's garden on Wednesday to sit on her coffin while Leon's picture of the robin lay inside it with her. She would love the thought of the small ashes of her rose, and the small ashes of her robin drawn for her by her great-grandchild, mingling with her own.



Jane's great grandson, Leon Carne, drew this robin, taking comfort from his firm belief that she will come back to be with us all as a robin, a bird that she very much loved.

I have tried to speak for her family and friends, but let me close with a most intimate memory: not of a cool granny but of a loving mum whose last words to me, knowing she would not see me again, were "oh darling, I love you so very much."
When I was very small, Mum bought a small plaster bear that sat beside my bed. On its plinth, a single sentence. Each night Mum would say the first word, I the second, she the third and so on. And then she would cuddle me and turn out my light. I can only cuddle her now in memory and time has turned out her light for ever, so I must speak that sentence myself. It says "I just can't bear it when you're not around to hug me."

Patrick Molineux