

Janet Elizabeth Waltham

16th March 1944 - 22nd April 2023



Wilford Hill Crematorium

Thursday 11th May 2023

Saying Good-bye to Janet

On entering – Canon in D Major, by Johann Pachelbel

Words from Si, Jonny and Rich

Ave Verum Corpus, by Wolfgang Mozart, with memories of Janet

Messages from Rob and from friends, read by Richard Marshall

Words from Tony

You're My Best Friend, by Don Williams, with images of Janet

Jan's poem, read by Richard Marshall

On leaving – My Sweet Lady, by John Denver



My Jan

Words from Tony

Janet to many others, but always Jan to me.

She was, quite simply, the most wonderful wife.

We only met when we were both in our thirties, after first marriages that had both run their courses, though they produced a total of five children, and it was through them that we met, when they were friends at junior school.

Jan and I were soon living together, moved to our own house in West Bridgford (in the catchment of good secondary schools), and were married soon afterwards.

Jan was the most incredible lady, and I was so lucky that she chose to be with me. She was smart, classy, clever, and lovely to look at. She was a brilliant writer, so much so that she was welcomed as the star features writer on the Nottingham Evening Post, where she loved working through the good years when regional newspapers were in their prime. On top of that, Jan was a dynamic and loving mother, stepmother, mother-in-law and wife at the heart of her new and extended family. Her kindness and generosity were without limits and she was a selfless and supportive partner to a level that I never knew was possible. Jan was a very good person who spread happiness wherever she went.

Before we met, Jan had travelled to only a limited extent, but it is to her enduring credit that she would go anywhere on jaunts that I dreamed up to see the world. And she never demanded comforts, so we often travelled economy-style on trains and local buses, and then found somewhere to stay for the night before moving on. Sometimes in a half-decent hotel, but also in some very basic monasteries in China, Tibet and Egypt, in a very small tent when in the middle of nowhere, and even just in sleeping bags on the summits of active volcanoes in Italy and Ethiopia. Jan trekked up the Himalayas, walked through the Borneo rain forest and hiked onto the Greenland Icecap. But her favourite was always India, because she loved the vibrant humanity of the lovely people.

She was the best travelling companion ever.

But most of all, Jan was my best friend.

We loved each other for 46 years, and I still love her.

Our Mum

Memories from Si, Jonny and Rich

The most loving, caring, and wonderful mum we could ever have wished for.

It is impossible to sum up just how fantastic a mum she was.

Some childhood memories will stick with us forever. A summer of daily trips to the Lido. Holidays in Sandbanks. Thrill rides at Goose Fair.

Exploding home-brew ginger beer. Sledging at Woolly Park.

Basket weaving and corn-dolly making that she taught at school.

Sitting under the desk playing with toy cars at Topic magazine.

Mum teaching us to drive at Langar airport.

And endless fun with our beloved Newfoundland dog, Nero.

We would jokingly vie to be her favourite son, but Mum, of course, loved us equally and unconditionally. Thursday night dancing competitions in front of Top of the Pops were inevitably deemed a draw by Mum.

We all shared the same sense of humour. We would often find something to laugh about that left us with tears streaming down our faces. And Mum kept her humour to the end. On her last day, we sat with her, holding her hand.

She woke and asked if we expected a song and a dance.

Along with adventurous holidays with Tony, Mum would take the three of us away. B&Bs in Blackpool and Skegness, eating gloopy boiled eggs for breakfast.

Surfing in Newquay enjoying the Radio One roadshow.

Skiing in Italy with Uncle Rob, and holidays in the Canaries.

On Si's 21st, Mum joined us at Nottingham's hippest nightclub for a memorable evening. She always enjoyed being with our circle of friends and they too had a good laugh with her.

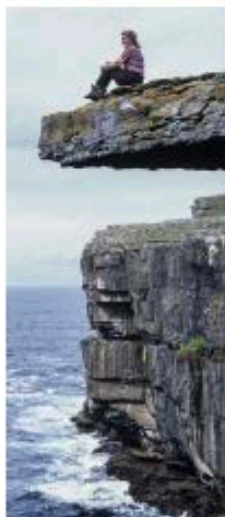
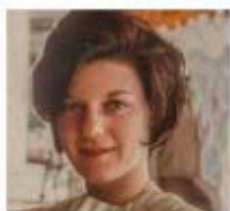




Mum was always there for us, protective of us, wanting the best for us and was always so proud of our achievements. Likewise, we were so incredibly proud of her. How many people can say they've been a tank driver, wrestler or trapeze artist!? She met the Queen, joked with Prince Philip, chatted with Elton John and lunched with Dustin Hoffman. For the Evening Post, she tried out jobs including a Street Cleaner, Forensic Detective and Sewer Unblocker. She went parachuting, bungee jumping, caving and water skiing. She travelled the world extensively. But above all that she achieved, we are most proud of her for being a wonderful mum.

The kitchen table at Selby Road was the focus of many memories. We ate and drank together, shared stories, laughed and played games. She would share happy times with Karen, Helen and Nicky, as mother-in-law, full of advice on how to handle the three of us. She was Mad Old Bat, a term of endearment she shared with the girls. But above all, she was their friend. The same table would host an endless run of board-games, especially Sorry, which she was always ready to play with her adoring grandchildren, Brinley, Lewin, Georgie, Jake, Arthur and Harry. She was fair, calming and loving to them in equal measure. All of them will miss their Granny Bean terribly. She will forever remain the Queen of Sorry.

Mum had more than her fair share of illness. Too much. But she never complained. She was so brave, for so long, that we thought she was indestructible. Her super-powers eventually failed her, but she will forever be our Wonder Woman. We love you, Ma, and always will.





Words from Jan

Thank you for coming. I'm glad you are here.
I'm sorry I'm not, so not too much cheer.
But life isn't for ever, as you all well know,
And I've known for a long time that mine's on the go.
Various bits of myself ripped out to be
Put back together, and look sort of like me.
Not pleasant, but thank you to various docs.
But where were you, docs, when my life hit the rocks?
It's been a good lifetime. I've had very much fun.
And for most of that fun I can thank only one.
Tony, my husband for many a year,
Has been my support, and my guide, and my ear.
He's been there beside me whenever I faltered.
Sometimes, though, wished that I could have been altered!
But we are as we are, and you can't change that way.
Or were as we were, I suppose I should say.
To my friends who are here, I say thank you for coming.
I hope you don't join me too soon in the running!
To my sons, who I love with extraordinary passion,
I say thank you for being here. Thank you for happening.
Now you can go and all have a good do.
If I was here I'd be joining you too.
But have a good time, and get on with it.
Because I'll be with you – if only in spirit.



*Don't be sad that it's over,
be happy that it happened.*

Donations in memory of Janet for
Cancer Research UK and Railway Children India
can be sent to

A.W.Lymn at 0115 969 6006
or www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries