

In Loving Memory of



GERTRUDE AMELIA HOBBS
'TRUDIE'

1st October 1922 - 19th August 2018

Friday 31st August 2018

at 12.30 pm

Gedling Crematorium



ORDER OF SERVICE

ENTRANCE MUSIC

Für Elise

by Beethoven

This was one of Trudie's favorite piano pieces

INTRODUCTION

from Rebecca White, Funeral Civil Celebrant

EULOGY

written and delivered by Peter Hobbs

REFLECTIVE MUSIC AND VISUAL TRIBUTE

Sure On This Shining Night

by Lauridsen

FAMILY READING AND TRIBUTE

prepared and delivered by Lizzie, Kate and Tom



TRIBUTE

Gertrude Amelia Hobbs ('Trudie')

Trudie was born in the Gasthaus Zum Ochsen in Bühl, Baden in south-west Germany on the 1st October 1922. The 'Oxen' was a large inn in the centre of the town owned and run by her parents, Marie and Cornelius. In 1929 the family gave up the inn, left Bühl with a huge communal send-off and moved to North London where they opened two butcher shops. Trudie started school in Haringey aged seven unable to speak any English, but soon picked it up, and moved on to a convent school in Highgate. The family holidayed when possible back in Germany with relations over there, particularly in the pretty little village of Epfenhofen, the birthplace of Trudie's mother, which until the late 19th century was part of Switzerland. In 1936 Trudie witnessed the Graf Zeppelin flying low over Cologne. Trudie was a lively girl and up to plenty of mischief. This included climbing one of the many tall steel viaducts which criss-cross the village as part of the strategic Sauschwänzlebahn ('pig's-tail' railway).

Trudie was the fifth child of six: Cornelius (Con), Marie, Elizabeth, Richard (Dick), Trudie and Francis. This was a remarkable generation, their personal and family life stories capable of filling a library and, as it turned out, Trudie was the last survivor. Their young lives had been affected by the privations of inter-war austerity and then momentarily and in myriad ways by the Second World War. Trudie learned shorthand, worked at Madame Katinka's school of dress design in Knightsbridge and at Standard Telephones and Cables (STC) in New Southgate, which was bombed shortly after she left. Trudie recalled being nearly blown off her brother's motorcycle by a bomb at Willesden Junction on her way to work during an air raid. At the declaration of war in 1939 Trudie, aged 17, became stranded on holiday in Germany and, after nearly being arrested by soldiers during a driving lesson where she got lost and entered the minefield fronting the Siegfried Line (Germany's western defence), was expelled from Epfenhofen due to her British passport. There followed a complex solo journey northward and, with the intervention of her fiancé, Tom, she made it back to England.


This included a circuitous and hair-raising passage on a boat along the newly mined Dutch coast and across the English Channel. She was greeted by the press on disembarking and headlined in the Sunday Express with “Girl escapes Nazi Germany”.

Tom and Trudie were married at Quex Road, Kilburn in North London on 23rd November 1941 during an air raid, at which the priest suggested the congregation retire forthwith to the shelter, but

Trudie and Tom declined the offer in their determination to get hitched. There was no possibility of a wedding dress or any other frills due to rationing and everyone wore black. After the war Elizabeth moved to Tanzania, Marie to the USA and Francis to Canada. Con, Dick and Trudie remained in England along with members of the wider family who had emigrated from Germany.

Examples of Trudie’s risk-taking behaviour included skiing one snowy night down Cockfosters High Street being towed behind Con’s car and, later and much to her friend Sandy’s consternation, parascending behind a speedboat in Majorca at the age of 63. In common with niece, Heidi, Trudie loved horses and regularly rode in Barnet’s green belt, stopping at country pubs on the way. Peter was born in 1951 and the three lived in a maisonette at Berkeley Court, Southgate until 1966 when Tom, Trudie and Peter moved to a bungalow in Silvercliffe Gardens, New Barnet. Here Trudie struck up a close friendship with her neighbours, Sandy; her husband, Tony and their children, Tara and Mark, which has lasted throughout her life.

Trudie and Tom (with Peter) loved to holiday on the rugged and beautiful Exmoor coast. They also loved to entertain visitors and to take them on conducted tours of their beloved London. Guests usually left enthused, well fed and well informed. These would include relatives, friends of relatives and friends of their friends from all corners of the earth. Trudie’s many nieces, nephews and friends, including Sandy and Linde, were very fond of her and would love to visit.



One of Trudie's part-time jobs was acting as chauffeuse for the head of the Barratt sweet dynasty. 'Old man Barratt', who at first was horrified by the idea of a woman driver, was soon enjoying being chauffeured from pub to pub on a Saturday. She also helped out at Barnet's 'Meals on Wheels' and shopped regularly for 'elderly' neighbours.

Trudie became notorious at Peter's kindergarten for transporting him on the back of first a BSA Bantam motorbike then a natty Lambretta scooter. The arrival of the motor car in the family in 1966 prompted a crazy camping trip to Greece where Trudie drove all the way there and back in the brand-new Ford Cortina Mk.1. Tom and Peter's only tasks were to erect the tent, read the map and eat the food whilst admiring Trudie's driving skills, cooking skills and sheer tenacity amid the dust and potholes. This was followed by a similar trip to Italy. Fortunately, Trudie loved driving. She also loved sports cars, though she never owned one, and any visitor who turned up in one was fêted royally and required to take her for a ride. When Tom placed an order for a new car, Trudie would secretly add some alloy wheels, metallic paint and a racing stripe or change the order to the GT model.

Trudie loved to be active and try new things and over the years got into ballet, ice-skating, tennis, sculpting, painting and guitar (tutored by Julian Bream, no less) having already played the piano from childhood. In fact, Trudie was quite a skilled artist and loved to discuss art, music and literature with Tom, family and friends. In New Barnet Trudie became a popular member of the road's card club which she often hosted, much to Tom's horror, as the bungalow filled with garrulous middle-aged and elderly ladies. Nevertheless, he acknowledged her as his MGB ('My Greatest Blessing') which indeed she was. Trudie shared with Tom a love of their three 'Tobbie' dogs and finally one 'Rosie', all from the RSPCA.

Trudie was also noted for her love of that magical blend of fat and sugar called, simply, chocolate. If that could be combined with a jigsaw, or any kind of puzzle or parlour game, well, so much the better. She loved telling jokes but rarely remembered the punch lines. She also loved the theatre, the opera and the cinema (specifically, Gregory Peck).

Peter was married to Maria in 1982 and three grandchildren arrived in rapid succession: Lizzie, Katie and Tom in 1984, 1985 and 1986, a source of great joy and pride for Trudie. For eight years Trudie looked after her husband, Tom, who was suffering from dementia. He subsequently went into a care home in 2006 and died in 2008. Trudie then suffered a series of strokes in 2010 between which she had open-heart surgery.

She then moved up to Westcliffe residential home in Radcliffe-on-Trent close to Maria, Peter and the family. She received wonderful care from the staff there until, at the end of a short spell in hospital and two weeks of palliative care at the home, she died peacefully on 19th August 2018 at the age of 95. Trudie was delighted to get to know her grandchildren's partners, Aarash, Ben and Abi, sources of great strength and love. Maria spent much time caring for Trudie and they had a great relationship; Trudie describing her as the "daughter she never had". Before her death she was delighted to welcome great-grandchildren, Anoush and Annabella into the world.

Trudie was a wonderful woman. She was strong, kind, talented and a lot of fun. She will be missed by many people, in particular her loving son Peter, Maria and all the family who would also like to thank all those who've paid personal tributes, from many quarters, including from people who only knew her for a short time.



REFLECTION MUSIC
Benedictus
by Jenkins

POEM
Daffodils

*Trudie loved this poem and regularly recited it
to residents and staff at Westcliffe!*

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

William Wordsworth

COMMITTAL AND CLOSING WORDS

CLOSING MUSIC Waltz No. 11



Peter and Maria would like to thank Carol and Gillian, who's mothers also lived at Westcliffe, for their unwavering kindness and care, and also to Viv, Ross, Linda, Wad and all our Radcliffe friends who got to know Trudie in her years here and have been so supportive to us.

We would also like to mention Heidi who has been very close to Trudie and visited her in Radcliffe whenever she could.

Peter and Maria would like to thank the staff at Westcliffe Care Home for their skill and kindness in caring for Trudie. Emily and Mila were popular visitors from Maria's school and both enjoyed listening to Trudie's stories and her company.





The family would like to thank everyone
for their kind words and support at this sad time.

Memorial donations for
The Cinnamon Trust
and the
Alzheimer's Society
may be left in the box provided
on leaving the service, sent care of
A.W. Lymn
The Family Funeral Service
or left online at
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All are welcome for refreshment at
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