

Eulogy by Ginny Wigan, Sheffield, UK

Alison and I first met as young teenagers. We, along with hundreds of others around our age, were at a 'youth conference' in the US. Before returning home, we were part of a small group who in 1964 travelled by Greyhound bus from Michigan across Canada to Banff, Alberta stopping at towns and cities along the way where we sang in the State legislature buildings.

In school holidays we began writing and singing songs together – luckily no one can remember them now because they weren't very good! But this developed into a more intentional singing trio, with a mutual friend, Anne Edwards Corcoran – as part of a musical show which toured Britain.

As well as writing songs together Alison and I were co-conspirators in gentle mischief. Of all kinds. We travelled to a lot of places together, numerous holidays together, several trips across France to Caux for the summer. No calamity was too great that it didn't turn into an occasion for hilarity with Alison. I recall a broken windscreen in France, which left me driving many miles, peering through a small hole – for some reason it was completely hilarious. Even though it was my car! Or the picnic which I had prepared and put in my new cool box, which plugged into the car to maintain a fridge-like temperature. The trouble was the box also had a 'keep warm' setting, which had accidentally been switched on, all night, with the picnic in it. We set up 'camp' to eat our meal in the ruins of a mediaeval abbey in Yorkshire on Alison's last trip to Britain with Finn Harald. I opened the lid and was puzzled by what looked like about 8 hard boiled eggs, which I knew I had not included – they turned out to be warm baked apples, surrounded by warm ham and hot cheese! We laughed helplessly till the tears streamed down our faces, as our husbands will attest, when we discovered this boiled picnic, and often spoke of it afterwards with renewed gales of laughter.

Alison was a joy to be around, because she brought joy with her. She was my chief bridesmaid, and godmother to my elder daughter. She was my best friend, and I will always miss her.

Ginny