

Many years ago when I was about 3 years old, one morning I was refusing to eat the crusts of the toast and had left them on the side of my plate. Liz, who was 5 or 6 years old and sitting beside me announced "I'll soon dispose of this." Our parents and I assumed she was going to eat them herself. However, the next second she picked up the crusts and started stuffing them into my very surprised mouth. I had no option but to eat. This clear view of what was right and wrong and the strong determination to try and correct what was wrong stayed with her through her life.

Liz was born in January 1949 in Melbourne Australia where our father had been posted for three years. At the end of his posting, the family returned to Britain and settled back in Scotland. John and I appeared in fairly quick succession thereafter and then in 1960, our father was posted to Malta. We travelled there by boat from Southampton and, after the cold and damp of Scotland, we luxuriated in the light, the heat and the warm Mediterranean sea. Our three years there were idyllically happy and Liz retained a deep love for the warmth of the South which was one of her inspirations for coming to Uzes.

Fortuitously, as it now turns out, Anne and I for Liz's 70th birthday present, took her on holiday to Malta where we spent a blissful week revisiting our special places, sharing our sometimes conflicting memories of places and events and generally reliving our half-forgotten childhood.

After Malta, we returned to St Andrews. It is an ancient and beautiful town with a rich and varied history. When Liz was considering where she should retire to after leaving London, to some extent she was looking for a town that encapsulated those very qualities.

After school, Liz went to Dundee University to study social sciences and from there she moved to London where she had worked for the previous three summers and where she had worked out that the world was happening, probably correctly since this was the swinging sixties and London was the centre of it. And, as Nancy her cousin can testify, Liz participated enthusiastically

She worked in London at several jobs before she joined the accounts department of the British Film Institute. An ideal job that allowed her to indulge her cultural interests while making a meaningful contribution to the organization. At the same time she was becoming increasingly involved in politics and was a committed and radical socialist always driven by her strong ethics and her deep sense of humanity. She thought deeply about politics, economics and society and not only held strong views but also tried to put them into practice. She was a staunch member of the Islington Labour Party, served as its treasurer for many years and celebrated when Jeremy Corbyn was elected as their MP.

In all of her time in London, Liz provided a very welcome and much appreciated place to stay in the capital for John and me, her brothers. Her generosity in providing a bed or a floor, feeding us and sometimes taking us to a concert or the cinema was an inspiration and it was not only we who were the grateful recipients of her hospitality

As well as the British Film institute and politics, Liz also enjoyed walking and getting lost in the south of England, particularly with her good friend Sheryl. This walking led to walking weekends in France and eventually to Liz considering early retirement and a permanent move to France. She spent several extended holidays exploring many different towns and villages in France and in Italy until she found her dream location, - Uzes

Liz loved books. She was an avid reader of fiction and non-fiction and her living room is lined with full bookshelves. She had a great curiosity about the world and, in our weekly conversations, I knew I had a reliably keen listener to any facts and theories that I would introduce into our conversations.

Those long conversations were a highlight of my weeks and we talked and laughed and set the world to rights.

Liz never had children but we often say she would have been a wonderful mother. Her nephews and nieces were certainly charmed by her, loved the presents she sent them and thoroughly enjoyed their holidays at her houses first in London and then later in Uzes.

Liz had always downplayed the impact of the blood condition she had had for many years. She was always a very independent person and was never one to publicise her difficulties, preferring to carry the burden alone. The worsening of her condition coincided with Covid which meant we were not able to clearly see the deterioration.

The unexpectedness of her passing has been hard to bear and her house when we arrived looked like she had just popped out to do some shopping and would re-appear through the door in a very short time.

Unfortunately she will not be coming back but I hope we can all treasure our memories of a very generous warm interesting and loving person and one who it has been my immense pleasure to know for all my life

So, Liz, goodbye, thank you for everything and I completely forgive you for force-feeding me those awful crusts of toast