



Freya (Granddaughter):

Memory: Grandmas homemade jams were my favourite!

Memory: We used to go berry picking with her by her allotment

Memory: She was so glamorous, even her slippers had heels!

Memory: She gifted us with individual unique presents that she thought we would like

Bridget (Daughter)

Phrase Daughter to Jean: Can you hear me mother!

Phrase Daughter: Hellooooo? Hellooooo? (not this is what Claire and Bridget would say when entering Grandmas house to avoid scaring her as she didn't always have her hearing aids in)

Phrase Jean: Can I help? Phrase Daughter Jokingly: Yes mum, mow the lawn please.

Phrase Jean: Where is the cat?

Phrase Jean: Molly, Molly, I mean Poppy Poppy.

Phrase Jean: is the cat in

Phrase Jean: I can't find the cat!

Phrase Jean: I'm NOT wearing flat shoes!

Memory: looking glam ever though she's only gardening today!

Memory: She never had a bad word to say about anyone.

Memory: She loved her family.

Memory: She always laid the table for breakfast, even though she was on her own.

Memory: always tea made in a pot + drank out of cup + saucer

Memory: She loved to be the centre of attention.

Memory: Her nickname at the hospital by the Nurses was The Dutchess.

Memory: I took mum away for a very expensive weekend in the Cotswolds. We visited a shop and she bought her good friend some earrings for a present. She spent a long time choosing them. Later that evening, she proudly showed me what she bought.....a pair of cufflinks

Memory: When we were teenagers, we were in every sports team going so she spent a great deal of time ferrying us around after school.

Memory: She had a nursery school when we were small kids.

Claire (Daughter)

Phrase Jean: shall I get out and walk?

Memory: You always dressed well, matching shoes, handbag and necklace.

Memory: I remember the 60's Jean, orange trouser suit, orange platforms and Orange Chiffon scarf round your hair bun.

Memory: never saw her lose her temper.

Memory: she didn't swear, shout or slam the door.

Memory: She's so sweet

Memory: dropping the baby down the concrete stairs. (Tim.)

Memory: splitting her trousers when saving Tim from falling off the bed

Memory: apple crumble - yum yum!

Tim (Grandson):

Memory: I remember her bananas and custard with brown sugar.

Memory: I remember going to the park and feeding the ducks when I was small.

Memory: I remember love of silly games with the whole family, like making a pretend advert for badger planks (badger was a dog that ate saw dust and pooped our wooden planks).

Nichola (Daughter in law)

Memory: The knicker game....when the children were small and staying at grandma's, they decided to make a game up called "hide the knickers!" Grandma was busy cooking in the kitchen while they took it in turns to hide the knickers and then look for them. I think Christy was there too. Carys ingeniously decided to push them through the letter box so that they were waving in the wind for all to see from The Green! We always laugh at how horrified grandma would have been had she'd realised!

Memory: long multi-course dinner parties in the garden,

Memory: cats, cats and more cats,

Memory: the smell of Elnett hairspray,

Memory: the tap, tap, tap of the walking sticks,

Memory: meals with many of the ingredients substituted so that they resembled nothing like the original recipe.

Memory: On many occasions we would arrive at grandma's to find a very large meal on the table, despite having warned her we were eating beforehand.

[Intro]

"Can you hear me, Mother?"

"Helloooo...?"

Helloooo...?"

[Verse 1 - From Your Children]

We'd let ourselves in,
And call from down the hall,

"Helloooo...?"

Helloooo...?"

Waiting for your call.

"Can I help?" you'd always ask,
Before we'd even speak.

"Yes Mum... mow the lawn!" we'd laugh,
Knowing what you'd think.

"I'm NOT wearing flat shoes!"

You'd proudly make it known.
The roses weren't the only things
That flourished round your home.

"Where is the cat?"

"Molly..."

"No... Poppy!"

Somehow all those little things

Still make us smile today.
The breakfast table always laid,
Though only you were there.
A teapot, cup and saucer—
Everything with care.
One get well card said "Duchess Jean,"
The nurses laughed with glee.
From that day on throughout the ward...
"The Duchess" you would be.

[Chorus]

Helloooo...? Helloooo...?
We still can hear that call.
In every jar of homemade jam,
In pictures on the wall.
Helloooo...? Helloooo...?
Your love still leads us through,
The world's a little brighter
Because it once had you.

[Verse 2 - From Your Grandchildren]
We wandered through the berry rows,
With baskets in our hands.

You turned them into jars of jam—
The finest in the land.
Bananas, custard, brown sugar,
Always tasted right.
The simplest things became a feast
Whenever you were by.
You'd garden dressed in elegance,
High heels upon the lawn.
As though a film star had appeared
One sunny summer morn.
Each present wrapped so carefully,
Chosen just for me.
You somehow knew us better
Than we knew ourselves could be.
We fed the ducks together,
When I was small and shy.
And every walk beside your hand
Still brings a smile nearby.
We loved our daft made-up games,
Each one more absurd.
"Badger Planks" became a classic...
The funniest we'd heard.

[Chorus]

Helloooo...? Helloooo...?
We still can hear that call.
In every jar of homemade jam,
In pictures on the wall.
Helloooo...? Helloooo...?
Your love still leads us through,
The world's a little brighter
Because it once had you.

[Bridge]

Remember the Cotswolds?
The shopping trip?
The present chosen with such care?
You searched for hours...
Couldn't wait to show us...
A pair of cufflinks!
"Helloooo...?
Helloooo...?"
Apple crumble...
"Yum yum!"
The smell of Elnett in the air.

Cats...
Cats...
And even more cats.
"Helloooo...?
Helloooo...?"

Enough dinner for twice the guests,
Though we'd already eaten.
Recipes with "little changes"
That became something completely different.
"Helloooo...?
Helloooo...?"

Hide the knickers...Through the letterbox!
Grandma never knew...Thank goodness!

[Verse 3 - From Your Friends]
Matching shoes and handbag,
A necklace catching light.
You made an ordinary Tuesday
Feel like Saturday night.
Orange scarf around your bun,
Platforms, bright and bold,
You dressed each day so beautifully,

With glamour never old.
You never raised your voice in anger.
Never slammed a door.
You left each room a happier place
Than it had been before.
You gave your love so freely,
Whether family, friend or child.
A nursery full of little lives,
Each one made to smile.
You loved to be the centre stage,
Yet never sought applause.
People simply gathered near...
Because of who you was.

[Final Chorus]

Helloooo...? Helloooo...?
We still can hear that call.
In every jar of homemade jam,
In pictures on the wall.
Helloooo...? Helloooo...?
Your love still leads us through,
The world's a little brighter
Because it once had you.

Helloooo...? Helloooo...?

If only once again,
We could walk through that front door
And hear your voice within.
We'll think of tea in china cups,
Of gardens dressed in bloom,
Of cats with names all muddled up,
And laughter filled each room.
We'll think of jam and Sunday lunch,
Of high heels on the grass.
We'll think of all the love you gave,
Too precious now to pass.
The little things that made you Jean
Will never fade away...
Helloooo...? Helloooo...?

Our Duchess...

Our Mum...

Our Grandma...

Our Jean.