

Hello Dave,  
Susan Lindfors forwarded your email to me to let me get the sad news. I am really sorry to hear about Miranda. I feel with you. Even though we've only met twice - as far as I remember - Miranda and you will always be in my memory as two of the most heartly people with the best hospitality I've found while on the road with Eric Taylor.  
Not only did you give us a great home away from home but also allowed me to fry a big steak in your house, where there has never been meat before. I'll forever remember that dinner and your place (without a towel rack in the bathroom!). Eric has put together this great story on his website, where I am "Farts the carnivorous road manager". Miranda will be in my memory for that story and for the person she was, meeting twice was enough to tell that.  
Much love and all the best for you!  
Mr Jones

We were away when we heard the brutal and unbelievable news that Miranda had died. It was only two days before her funeral and we were so sad that we were unable to be there to share in the memories of all the people who loved her so much. It was therefore hugely comforting, but extremely sad, to be able to read the memories of so many people who knew her from different walks of life. We would like to add a couple of our own special memories but feel so sad that we cannot share them again with Miranda.

One of our memories, which we think epitomises Miranda and her kind, tolerant, calm but 'full of fun' nature, goes back to probably the early 80's. Sheila had just given birth to either Joe or Patrick (we can't remember which one!) when out of the blue Miranda phoned. She was desperately trying to find somebody to go with her and a friend (Andy Peters in his Land Rover?) to a Van Morrison gig in Leicester. This was pretty surprising, as we recall that Miranda couldn't stand Van Morrison. This request was prompted by the fact that Dave and a mate (Andy Taylor?), who were meant to be going with Andy Peters, had gone off windsurfing to Rutland Water. The wind had suddenly sprung up after a fairly still period and they either couldn't (or couldn't bear) to leave the water. Rather than leave Andy Peters in the lurch, Miranda took it upon herself to organise a substitute party and so Ian was collected in the Land Rover and went off with them (Some of this story may have faded in the mists of time and Dave may wish to correct some of the details; but the gist of it is imprinted upon our brains forever!). So sad Sheila was indisposed, as she has since become a great fan of Van the Man and regrets to this day that she was unable to go.

So typical of Miranda, though, was her patience, tolerance and determination to get this sorted; not to mention of course her desire not to waste the cost of two tickets. We were also touched by her ability to laugh about the whole thing, despite the fact that she was probably feeling just a wee bit pissed off!

Sheila would also like to share memories of what became over the years a very special annual ritual with Miranda, which involved meeting just before Christmas to divvy up cracker making materials. We both used to love to fill our own crackers and used to deal with a wonderful little company in Cornwall, which sadly closed down last year. We therefore had to purchase massive supplies to ensure that we didn't run out, but were quite worried that the snaps were in particularly short supply. We toyed with the idea of trying to make our own whilst sitting at the kitchen table with a little

supply of gunpowder; but thought better of it in case we were arrested as elderly terrorists! We giggled so much at this idea!

We shall so miss you Miranda, your kindness, your tolerance and your wicked sense of humour.

With much love,  
Sheila and Ian

Dave

I have so many very fond memories of Miranda that it is just so difficult to encapsulate them.

I could go on about what a supportive , perceptive , thoughtful and indeed thought - provoking colleague she was for me over 25 years in a variety of roles.

However I want especially to remember her total friendship, her loyalty , her compassion , her calling of what was right or wrong , her gentle blowing away of bluster , her sharing of problems - and of many car journeys to and from work , the walks round the lake putting the world to rights -or trying to ! -, her ability to put work and life's difficulties in perspective and her sheer joy in her family and her interest in mine.

Of course we did not agree on all things but it helped that we agreed on most - eventually !

I will remember her with such fond gratitude and for just being Miranda.

With love to you all  
Mike

Hi Dave, Sam, Hugh and Will

Thank you for such a lovely service this afternoon. So lovely to have it in the beautiful church – how light, bright and airy it felt, even when the rain was bucketing down outside – without having any religion

It was no surprise to see the church so packed, and to hear so much about her village life. Yes, even though we loved her and enjoyed working with her, we knew how low down her priority list work was, even when she was still in SB, and certainly after she moved from there!

It was so impressive that the boys all stood up to talk about their mum, such a hard task in the circumstances. She would have been so proud (while probably not claiming any credit). I had a quiet smile about how well turned out you all were, having had a few conversations with her, around weddings and other formal occasions, about the hard work of assembling you all in formal attire of any sort, as it wasn't what any of you liked.

Please will you post news of the Crete developments on your web pages, as we will have no way of knowing how things there turn out, and how the boys' lives develop, now that she won't be lunching with us at work after her dental checkups?

I will miss her and grieve for her early death, remembering her birthday tomorrow. Thinking of you all in the difficult times ahead, and wishing you all the best, in continuing the fun of the life you've had with her, which I feel sure she would have wanted you to do.

Valerie

To Dave and the boys

It was an excellent tribute to Miranda today. Well done all of you, she would have been very proud of you.

My story about Miranda shows her love of the village, her care for people, her competence, her ability to cut through bureaucracy and her determination to get something done.....so here goes.

Wymeswold is a small village with a brook running through the middle. This has the somewhat grandiose name of the River Mantle. It is a three feet wide trickle for most of the year. About 11 years ago just before Easter it began to rain hard and steadily. I awoke to find water lapping at the edge of our front garden. Overnight the Mantle had become a real river which was 110 feet wide where I live on Brook Street.

Miraculously no one was flooded but the whole experience left a big impression on me and in particular I kept a careful watch on a grid where the river dives underground which had become blocked by debris from the flood water, making it much worse.

A couple of years ago the river was quite high. There was now a box above the grid which displayed a phone number to ring if we were concerned. Even though it was only 7 – 00 am on a Saturday morning I did so in hope and was surprised when it was answered promptly, even more so when I found out I was talking to an elderly lady of 85 in a two storey warden-controlled residence in Loughborough. She told me she was well looked after and her son came regularly. I apologised profusely for getting the number wrong, returned to the grid, wrote the number down, went home and tried again. “ Hello” she said” How nice to talk to you again” Although her number had been on the grid box for many years mine was thankfully the first call she had received about floods in Wymeswold.

The not so funny side of this error was the thought of a very old lady using stairs in the middle of the night to answer the phone so I rang Charnwood Borough Council to get the situation fixed quickly. Everyone was helpful and understanding but as the weeks went by, I realised it was no one's responsibility and I was getting the Charnwood run-around. Who did I know who had the determination and knowledge to get action? Brainwave! Miranda – - it was sorted in a few days.

Yours,

Phil Davies

Dear Dave, Sam, Hugh and Will,

Just a short note to say Miranda would have loved it today, she would have been so proud of you all, it was very special for both Richard and myself to witness the love you shared with her,

Our thoughts are with you.

Richard and Sharon Pitman

Dear Dave,

I bumped into Trevor Spencer this morning in Beeston High Road and learnt of Miranda's death. I was really shocked, and want to tell you (and your boys) how sorry I was to hear about it. I have been reading the blog which Trevor pointed me to.

I never actually worked in the same library as Miranda, but I always felt she was a very good colleague, and someone who was really worth while.

I am so glad you included a photograph of her along with the account of her passing away. It must have been a dreadful shock for you all. I feel lucky to have known her, she was a really lovely person!

With deepest condolences,

Robin. (used to work in Main Library)

Dave and the boys,

Very, very sad to hear of Miranda's death. We were in Scotland when the news reached me but I had hoped to get to the memorial or at least to the pub on Friday to show our respect for such a special lady but traffic jams on the A1 scuppered that plan. I hope many of her many friends were able to make it to give you support at what must be a very difficult time. I have hardly seen Miranda in the last 10 years after having shared almost every coffee and lunch time with her in the common room at SB for over 20 years. Despite that, every time we met since in such exotic places as the East Leake Co-op it was always a pleasure to chat and catch up on SB events or her family's latest adventures.

I have hardly stopped thinking about Miranda since I heard the sad news and about her various stories over the years. The funniest ones mostly involved you and the boys and your various (ad)ventures but I genuinely cannot recall details. Keep having the adventures.

I am not seeking an invite to any 'memorial for those who could not make the first one' but do wish you and the boys the strength to get on with your lives without Miranda. She will not be forgotten.

Jim Craigon (and family)

Hi Dave,

Haven't really known what to write since I heard the news. Apart from Christmas cards we haven't been the best at contact over the last 20 or 30 years but I was shocked at the sad news about Miranda and 'youth flows thicker than water'. I spent more time with Miranda in my thoughts than over the past few days than over that 20 year gap. Anyway I wanted to be there to say goodbye and offer support (wholly unnecessary!). Your boys are men and a credit to you and Miranda. I had no idea that Miranda was so vibrant and well regarded in the community. She truly went out on a high and had a tremendous send off. No bloody consolation but it couldn't have been better.

So, I crept off quietly home, still not catching up on that lost time but the water's long under the bridge. The family and friends were keeping you busy and I hope that continues for the weeks and months ahead.

I can't imagine your sense of loss or offer any practical help but for what its worth, you're in my thoughts.

Love and best wishes

Nydge.

Dear Dave and family

I was very sorry to learn the sad news about Miranda; we "worked" together on various library committees at Sutton Bonington and University Park for a number of years. "Worked" seems a bit pretentious, since she tolerated my rather clueless efforts at chairing such meetings, writing minutes and reporting to school boards etc with great good humour and much laughter, knowing full well that she could run everything perfectly standing on her head without the intervention of bumbling academics. She was always laughing and smiling and that's how I am sure everybody will remember her.

With much sympathy

Ron Bardsley

Hello Dave, you probably don't recognise me but it's Karen who used to live at The Old Chapel on Wysall Lane. I still keep in touch with Jay and Jeannie and it was them who rang and told me about Miranda as they guessed correctly that I didn't know what had happened. I don't really know where to start other than to say how so sorry I am as Miranda was quite a character and there must be a big hole in your life now she's gone.

There are many memories I have of Miranda - both at work at the University and in Wymeswold. There are two things that stick in my mind about Miranda. The first was when I was trying to 'go vegetarian' during the foot and mouth crisis. I asked Miranda about what she cooked and she invited me around to your house to look at a few books. What I hadn't realised was just how many books she had and was overwhelmed! In the end she picked a few out and brought them round to the Chapel and gave me words of encouragement!

Another thing which sticks in my mind is driving out of the village to work. I used to hate following Miranda as (i hope you don't mind me saying this) Miranda was a slow and cautious driver (in my opinion) and me being always late just made it doubly difficult if I had a 'slow' journey to work! That didn't happen very often I hasten to add.

I also remember going to a Cajun do in the village hall and I think you had organised it so the guys who did it were staying at your house so Miranda was entertaining - what a joy. ....and I could go on but I'm finding it very difficult to see the keys with blurred vision.....