Throughout this whole experience, countless people have told me how amazing my Granny was. How kind and selfless and caring towards everyone who knew her. I have always known how lucky I was to have a Grandma like mine, but it’s only now I realise how lucky I am to have so many lovely memories and experiences shared with such a wonderful lady who was loved by so many.

My Granny wasn’t just a huge part of my life and my family, she was a massive part of the community I’ve grown up in. One of the first things I would tell people about where I live was how lucky I was to only be a few minutes away from my Granny. If someone in the village didn’t know who me and Ellie were, we would just say that we were Pam Webb’s Granddaughters, and most people would know who we were. Granny got both of us involved in village productions, and walks, and helped our community in so many other ways.

So many people aren’t as fortunate as me. They grow up hardly seeing their Grandparents at all, yet I have had the privilege to see her every week, sometimes almost every day.

Just as she was an important part of my life, I am so grateful to know how much Ellie, Sebby and I meant to her. To know how much you mean to someone is a very special feeling. There wasn’t a single day where Granny didn’t think about her Grandchildren. Anytime she went on holiday she would bring something back. She would always record films and shows she thought that me and Ellie might enjoy. She always cut out book lists from her newspaper if she thought it would interest me.

Every Sunday she would come and see me when I work at the ferry. When I first told her that I would be learning to drive a boat, she teared up at the idea of me following suit of Granddad and being on the water. She would never fail to tell me how proud she was of everything I do. Every small achievement in school. Every school report or certificate she would love to see. She loved to see all the artwork the Ellie produced. She always loved to know what we were getting up to. Granny cherished the Sundays where she would FaceTime Chewy in Vietnam, and got to see what Sebby was doing, and the drawings he had done, and the sports he had played. She also took an interest in my progress in English. She loved to read my essays and always asked about my teachers and what I was learning about. One of the things that me and Granny shared was a huge passion for reading. We would recommend books to each other, swap them, and talk about them together, and I eventually joined Granny’s book club, because of her. I did a lot of things because of my Granny- I learned at an early age to love reading, and most importantly, Granny helped inspire me to want to be a teacher. She always put other people before herself.

Always offering to pick me and Ellie up or to look after us. Always wanting to help where she could. I have so many happy memories with Granny. I made my first ever cake with Granny, it’s her Victoria sponge recipe which I still use now, as well as her technique for licking the cake batter out of the bowl. She gave me my first ever sip of wine, quite a few years before she probably should have. Every morning in the summer after our swim, we would go back to seascape, have a hot shower, a cup of tea, and then we would do the crossword together, with minimal looking up of the answers on the internet. I will never forget the many happy days and nights passed staying at the studio, watching the sun go down on the balcony, glass of wine in hand.

When we were younger Granny would read us bedtime stories from a big book of collective children’s stories. I loved when she read the cops and robbers to me, Ellie, and Sebby. Her favourite from the book was Babar the elephant. She used to get so upset when Babar had to leave the old woman, but it was still her absolute favourite. I remember whenever it was time to read Dr Zeus’s ‘Fox in Socks’ it was suddenly my turn to read the many pages of tongue twisters. Granny would always be amazed that I could finish it without stuttering. There were a few more things us kids could do which amazed Granny, like our ability to sit cross legged on the floor, or my ability to use her printer to actually print things out. I don’t mean to stereotype older people, but Granny really was the kind to phone up her Grandchildren whenever she couldn’t work out her phone or iPad. I would sometimes question if her and Harry, aka Inspector Gadget, really were siblings. She would always compliment my practicality whenever I managed to fix a problem for her. Once her hoover wasn’t working, and she was complaining that she would have to buy a new one, and I showed her that she could take the hoover apart and push out the years’ worth of hair and dust that she’d been collecting, and then I put her hoover back together again and she was completely amazed and called me an absolute brick.

During the summers when we were a bit younger and Sebby was back from Vietnam, Granny would give us her purse and let us walk down to the ice cream van and buy ourselves an ice cream. One day, Granny didn’t have any cash, and so she sent us down with her credit card. For whatever reason the contactless wasn’t working, and so I went back to Granny. She could see that we all really wanted an ice cream, so moments later I emerged from the house with her card and her pin number written on my hand, and I was only about 10, and having a credit card was a very big deal so I was probably shouting about it for everyone to hear. What could go wrong?

For those of you who don’t know, my Granny was slightly chaotic. She left her car unlocked, usually with the keys still in the ignition, and didn’t believe in locking her front door ever. She was usually late to most things, and unless it was written down on her calendar, Granny would probably forget about it. She did however, have a very strict morning routine, part of which meant her reading her poem of the day from a book which was given to her by Ellie for Christmas. I would like to now read the poem which Granny would have woken up to this morning.