

My dearest Lovely Lady Lindsay

My heart aches with your passing so suddenly. What a wonderful life partner you have been. You have enriched my life beyond all imagining.

When we were first introduced by Gavin McCrone with a view to working together, neither of us was too keen as we had a rather negative view of each other in the office. But, one Sunday afternoon sometime in autumn 1991 we saw beyond the office and realised that, beneath our two exteriors, was something worth cultivating between us.

You joined me in Manor Place, but it was not our home and we moved to Duddingston Village: a scene of such richness in making our first home together and making so many friends. Tim predicted that 'she will get you to Musselburgh you know dad'. How right he was. What a joy it has been to create a home for all of our families and friends. It perfectly fits the saying that "you can take a girl out of Musselburgh" which I did, "but you cannot take Musselburgh out of the girl"!

And my goodness how rich those almost thirty years have been, as the greatest friends and confidants and as lovers of each other to the greatest depths imaginable. Giving each other a bosie when we needed closeness and comfort was our everyday norm.

You were deeply loved by all your family and friends because of your care and concern for others, never putting yourself first and being modest in the extreme. You have always been full of common sense and good judgment in all you have done. Those qualities coupled with your intelligence and insights of people and life meant there were countless occasions when friends said "well Lindsay tell us what you think" because they knew you would provide a different perspective.

Your modesty meant that even those close to you did not see all of your great strengths and characteristics. Remember that you have proved yourself an excellent researcher in your forays into eighteenth and nineteenth century history of the Hall family. And I can assure that your book will be published. You were an excellent wordsmith and writer, punctilious on grammar unlike your husband whom you had to teach some of the rudiments. And you proved to a whiz at crosswords as part of your therapy; you'll remember how we would look at each other in astonishment and then burst out laughing when you came out with an extraordinary answer to some obscure clue.

Our walls are graced with your artistic works much to your apparent embarrassment, but everyone else's joy. Pencil sketches of birds and other animals from Tanzania and from around our shores are in Dalry and in my study evoking memories of many travels and excursions. A beautiful embroidery of poppies and harebells, we only rediscovered recently, is now in the dining room. And the piece de resistance is the amazing embroidery of fuchsias, poppies, morning glory, roses, daffodils, holly and tulips which I am looking at as I write these lines. Such talent and determination to complete, and modesty not to display your efforts; three of your all-pervading traits.

You more than proved your worth as an administrator in government and later in charities. No mere pen pusher, but calm, wise, and collegiate. You kept aberrant folk in line, most especially Magnus and Roger at Scottish Natural Heritage. You admirably demonstrated your ability as Gavin McCrone's Personal Secretary, secretary to the Scottish Natural Heritage Board and Management Team, leader of the Homelessness Team and secretary to the top management team of the Scottish Office. Your leadership of the homelessness team proved groundbreaking by the simple fact of making connections between peoples past and futures that others in their silos had never connected. Not to mention running Duddingston Village with great aplomb, keeping everyone onside with a resilience and a doughty spirit that overcame challenges. And your ability to turn a view or an event into some

poetic lines was well recognised by all who heard the lines you recited at family gatherings and on our travels. Here's just one to remind you. It's called Village Girls: a celebration, a murmuration, a conflagration of village girls. A conspiracy, a covey, a gaggle of good neighbours. A chattering, a clutch, a confusion of kindness. A reflection, a gratefulness, a fondness for all.

Over 11 years of National Trust for Scotland cruises you were the perfect host: listening to tales of life and tales of woe, organising Captain's Table dinners, gently dealing with prickly bachelors and dominating spinsters, and always making sure that those who returned after a bereavement were cared for.

You have been the veritable heart of the family making sure that all of the Mansons and Halls were kept in touch. And you embraced C and Tim as your own to the extent that the label 'wicked stepmother' was banished by them from our lexicon. You adored your niece and nephews and they you. Taking time out of work to help Felicity when they were younger just showed what a committed family person you always were. And the grandchildren's views are epitomised by Ollie the oldest when he said, "she was an amazing person and a serious fighter; she will be forever in my heart".

Many have said that your greatest attribute was keep me in order. As Tim once said to me "dad thank god for Lindsay". Indeed, since your death many have asked who is going to sort me out now? You were calm when I was flighty, you were measured when I was argumentative, you were optimistic when I was pessimistic: so, sense and reason always reigned in our wonderful partnership.

We have met and shared each other's families, such as hosting the century old New Year's Day party. Together, we have met each other's friends and have had the good fortune to meet and make so many others. We have travelled widely, you keeping notebooks recording people and feelings and me, more prosaically, recording the rocks and scenery. We have travelled with many good friends near and far. And in Iceland and in Galloway we have found whole communities of warmth and affection, as I read in the many tributes to you that have poured in. How fortunate to have been your travelling companion, enhancing my life immeasurably.

You bore your last almost 6 years of secondary breast cancer with incredible fortitude and a determination to live life with the close family and our wonderful friends. An uncommon, and unfortunately untreatable, secondary cancer – leptomeningeal, only diagnosed 10 days before you died, had spread around the brain and took you away from us. We were both so grateful for the expertise and the kindly care of the Edinburgh Cancer Centre staff, most especially Dr Alison Stillie and more recently Dr Larry Hayward, and the specialist nurses, especially Mary Raphael and Evelyn Telford. And the care that the staff in the Department of Clinical Neurosciences in 2015 and just recently has been both professional and caring.

My heart aches with your mortal passing. But I do not say farewell, as I know you will be with me forever.

Roger