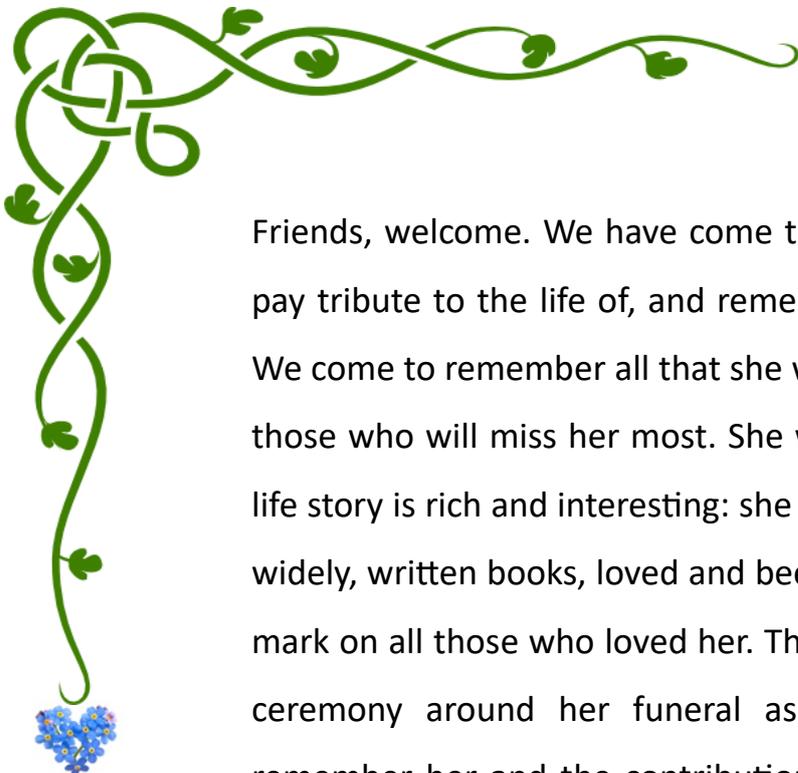




Funeral Service for Adrienne Lewis
Perth Crematorium
Wednesday 3rd February 2021, 2pm

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Friends, welcome. We have come together both here and online to pay tribute to the life of, and remember with love, Adrienne Lewis. We come to remember all that she was to each of us, and to support those who will miss her most. She was an incredible woman whose life story is rich and interesting: she has served her country, travelled widely, written books, loved and been loved and has left an indelible mark on all those who loved her. Though she herself wanted as little ceremony around her funeral as possible, today we pause to remember her and the contribution she has made to the lives she has touched.

EULOGY

Adrienne Elizabeth Hill was born on the 20th October 1937 in Bristol, daughter of James, who was in the Merchant Navy, and Queenie, her mum, and sister to Alan.

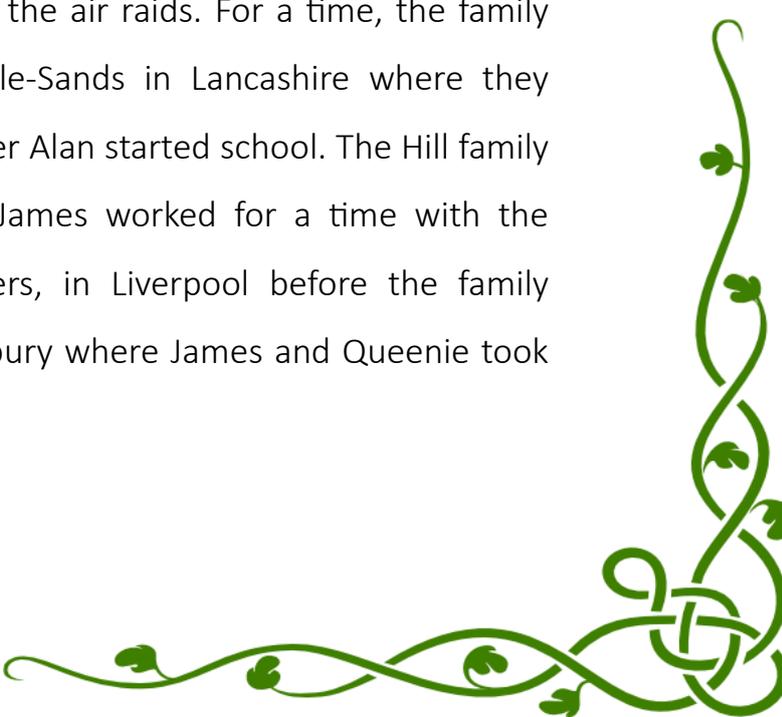
Alan remembers a childhood affected of course by the war and recalls how their house was bombed out – windows smashed and the building damaged during one of the air raids. For a time, the family were evacuated out to Bolton-le-Sands in Lancashire where they stayed with a family until just after Alan started school. The Hill family moved to Shropshire and dad James worked for a time with the Rootes Group, car manufacturers, in Liverpool before the family moved again, this time to Shawbury where James and Queenie took

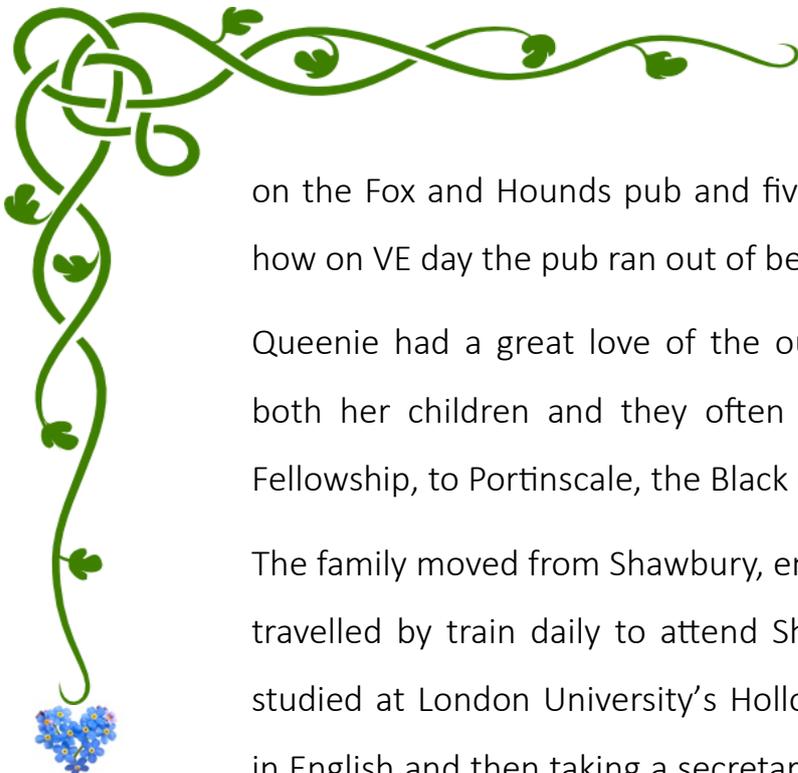
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on the Fox and Hounds pub and five acres of land. Alan remembers how on VE day the pub ran out of beer!

Queenie had a great love of the outdoors which she passed on to both her children and they often went on trips with the Holiday Fellowship, to Portinscale, the Black Mountains and the Lake District.

The family moved from Shawbury, ending up in Whitchurch. Adrienne travelled by train daily to attend Shrewsbury High School and then studied at London University's Holloway College, gaining her degree in English and then taking a secretarial course which led her to taking a job for a year in London as a secretary. Throughout her teens, Adrienne volunteered as a staff member for Holiday Fellowship, honing her orienteering, and mountaineering skills, climbing almost all of the peaks in the Lake District and developing her sense of independence in various places, but especially in Ballachullish where she fell in love with Scotland.

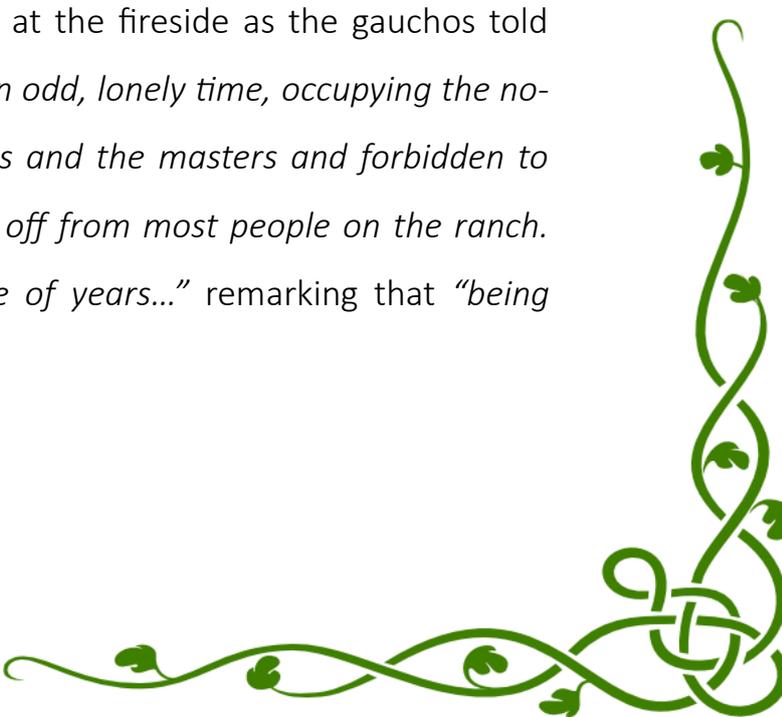
Adrienne was interviewed in The Herald in 1996 and described how, in her early twenties she took a job as governess to a wealthy ranch owner's family in Brazil, enjoying riding the family's horses on the plains, or sitting in the evenings at the fireside as the gauchos told stories. The article described "*..an odd, lonely time, occupying the no-man's land between the servants and the masters and forbidden to talk in Portuguese ... cutting her off from most people on the ranch. And yet she stayed for a couple of years...*" remarking that "*being*

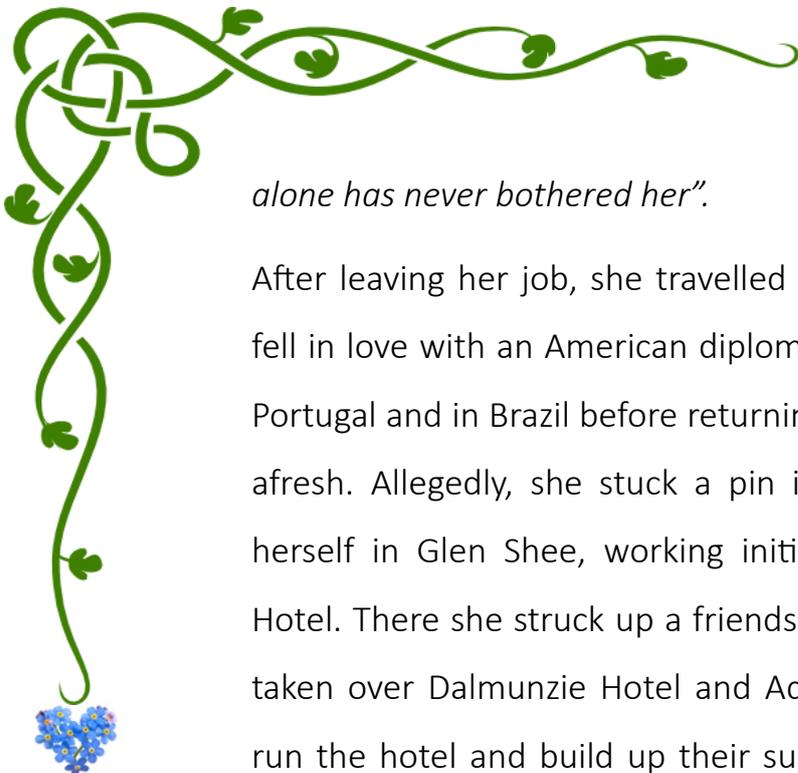
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alone has never bothered her”.

After leaving her job, she travelled in Brazil and America where she fell in love with an American diplomat, she taught English in Finland, Portugal and in Brazil before returning to Scotland, single and starting afresh. Allegedly, she stuck a pin in the map and made a life for herself in Glen Shee, working initially at the Spittal of Glen Shee Hotel. There she struck up a friendship with Dennis Winton who had taken over Dalmunzie Hotel and Adrienne joined him there to help run the hotel and build up their successful business. To the Winton children, she became part of the family and a very dear friend, and their friendships have lasted over decades. She was inspiring, independent, dedicated and determined; she loved to solve problems and faced obstacles on her own.

Adrienne was devastated when a fire destroyed Dalmunzie in 1974. She remembered: *“I lost everything I owned. I lost my books; that was a tremendous cut across one’s reading life. I lost all those friends and companions. After the fire I tended to have nightmares and wake up, and the books weren’t there, whereas if you wake up normally you can read a book. But they weren’t there.*

“Friends began to send things they thought I’d want, and the first things that arrived were the Oxford Book of Quotations and a Shakespeare, not clothes.

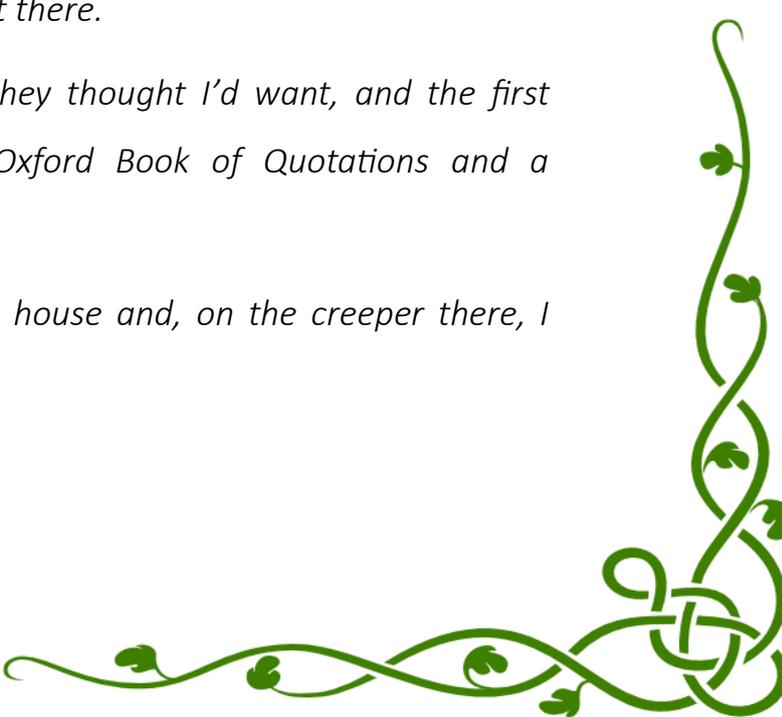
“I walked along the front of the house and, on the creeper there, I

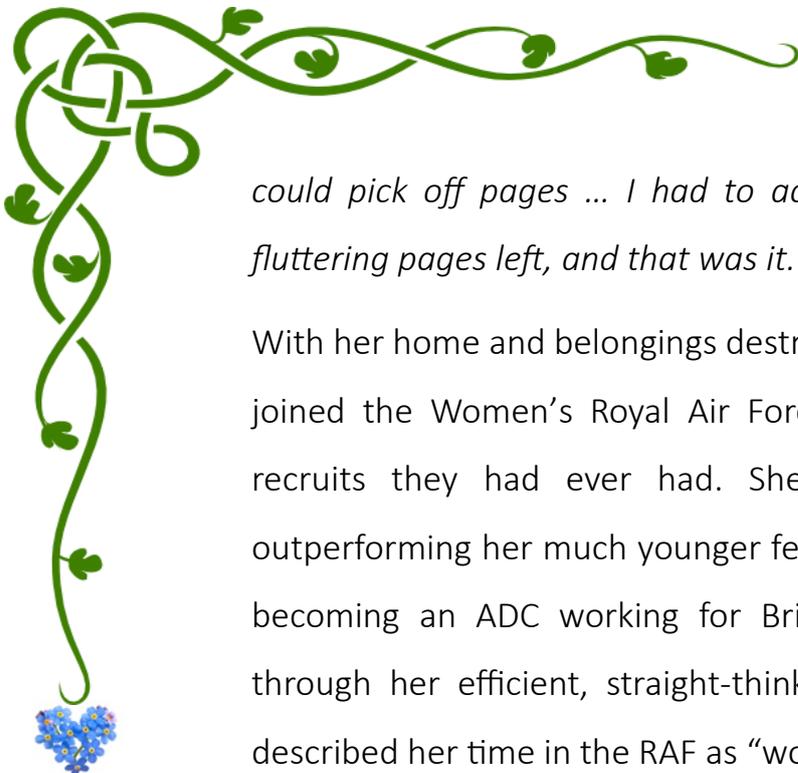
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could pick off pages ... I had to accept that there were just these fluttering pages left, and that was it."

With her home and belongings destroyed, and her job with them, she joined the Women's Royal Air Force as one of the oldest female recruits they had ever had. She excelled in physical training, outperforming her much younger fellow recruits and quickly rising to becoming an ADC working for Brigadiers who she kept in order through her efficient, straight-thinking and fearless approach. She described her time in the RAF as "wonderful".

Alan tells me Adrienne remembered helping with the organisation prior to a visit by the Queen and, in the rehearsal, assumed the role of Her Majesty, taking much glee in running her colleagues ragged with requests to look at this, or explore that, or asking questions.

Whilst in the RAF she married Pat Lewis, and together they bought two cottages at Hillside in Bridge of Cally. When he was offered and accepted a commission to the Middle East, Adrienne didn't want to go, and the couple separated. She left the RAF having attained the rank of Flight Lieutenant and returned to start again once more in Perthshire, living in the cottages at Bridge of Cally.

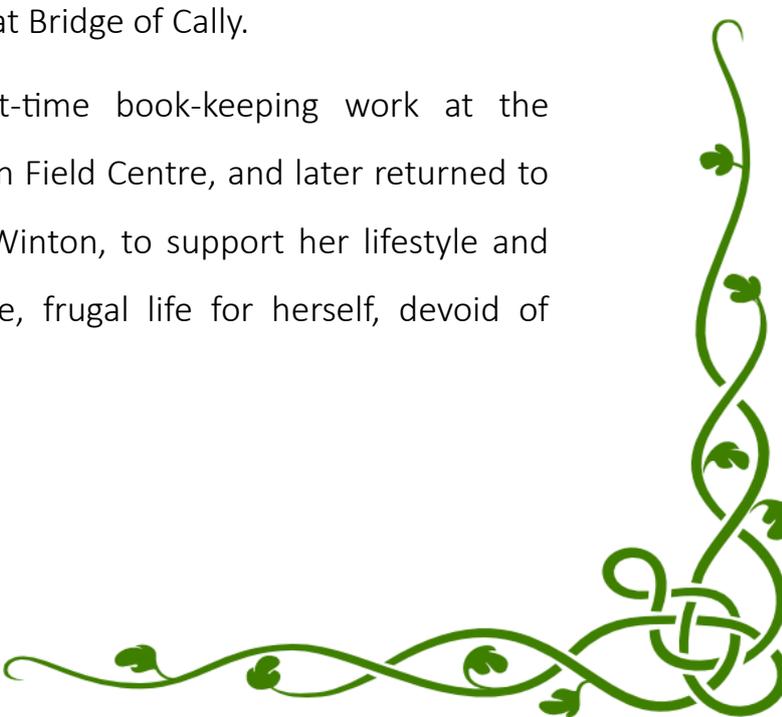
Over the years she took part-time book-keeping work at the Blackwater Inn and the Kindrogan Field Centre, and later returned to Dalmunzie for Alex and Simon Winton, to support her lifestyle and her writing. She chose a simple, frugal life for herself, devoid of

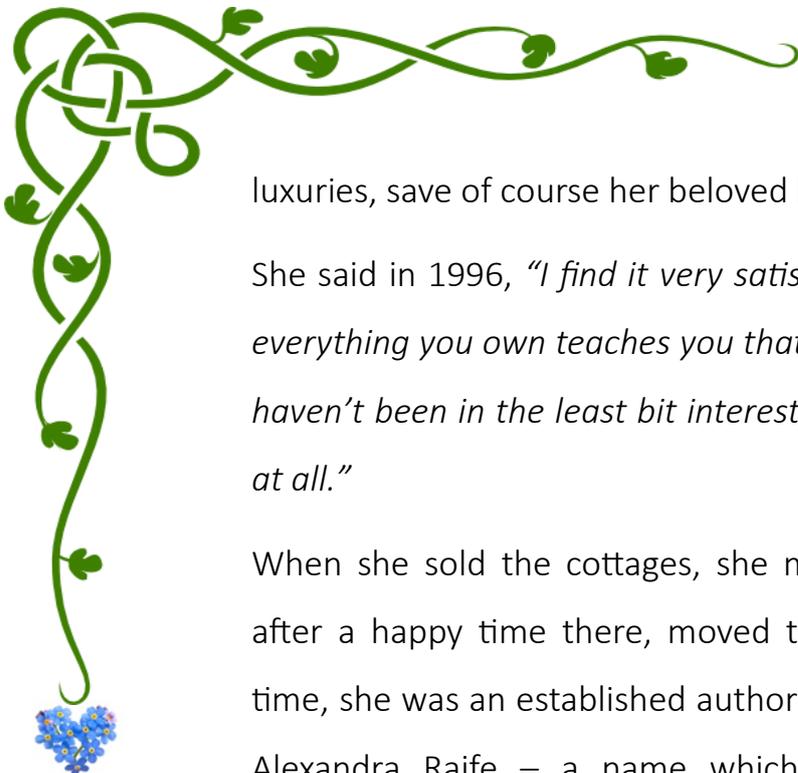
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luxuries, save of course her beloved books.

She said in 1996, *"I find it very satisfying to live simply. I think losing everything you own teaches you that possessions don't matter at all, I haven't been in the least bit interested since then in owning anything at all."*

When she sold the cottages, she moved to Merklands to live, and after a happy time there, moved to Caladh at Kirkmichael. By this time, she was an established author published under the pseudonym Alexandra Raife – a name which, in a lovely tribute to them, combined her niece and nephew's names. Her books were set in Scotland and revolved around family and estate life, drawing perhaps on her own experiences and woven through with her imagination.

Of her daily routine she said: *"...I go for long walks and the characters take shape. People here are quite used to me walking around talking to myself. They just shake their heads and carry on fencing, or whatever."*

"I start at four in the morning, and I write for a long time ... after a few years I realised it was nine hours, and it was quite a lot longer than an ordinary working day. And then I go for a walk. But I have to start writing straight away. If I get up it's gone. I have to go out and saw logs, or something".

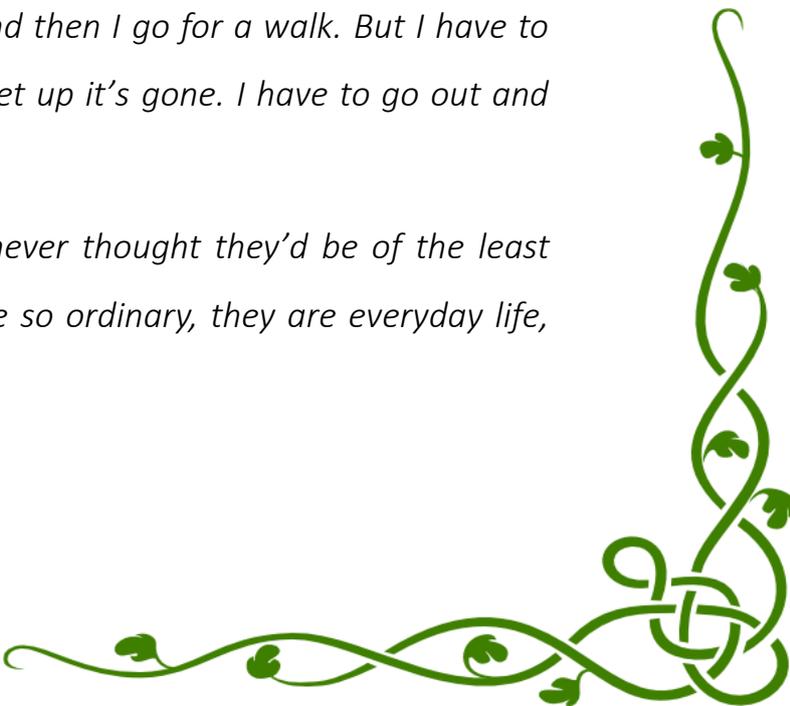
Adrienne said of her books: *"I never thought they'd be of the least interest to anyone. To me they're so ordinary, they are everyday life,*

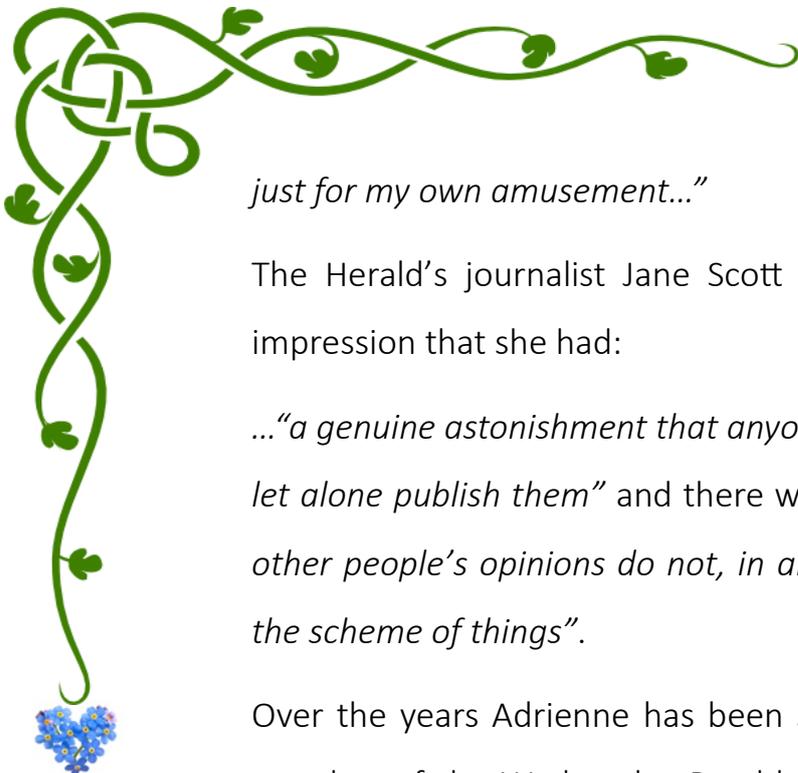
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just for my own amusement..."

The Herald's journalist Jane Scott said Adrienne left her with the impression that she had:

..."a genuine astonishment that anyone would want to read her books, let alone publish them" and there was "possibly, the merest hint that other people's opinions do not, in any case, play a significant part in the scheme of things".

Over the years Adrienne has been Secretary at the Golf Club and a member of the Wednesday Ramblers Group, enjoying the company of others. She sought out company when she fancied, and was a very interesting conversationalist with a dry sense of humour, telling stories which were captivating and funny. People warmed to her easily, but Adrienne was always happy to return to her quiet life. She loved adventure, whether with a group or on her own, and was never happier than when she was in the fresh air with the sky above her and the wind in her face, says Steph. Her love of the mountains is, perhaps summed up in a quotation from Gwen Moffat's book "Space below my feet" which reads:

"Life was the sound of crampons scrunching on snow, the lights of the refuge coming up, and Life was the power and the glory of all the mountains I had ever climbed - as I walked along the frontier in the moonlight".

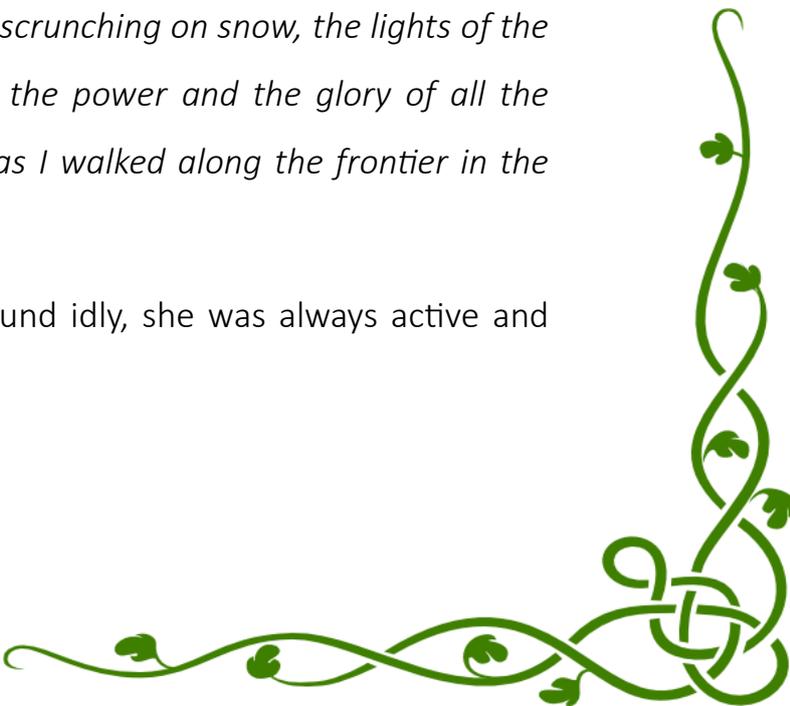
Adrienne was not one to sit around idly, she was always active and

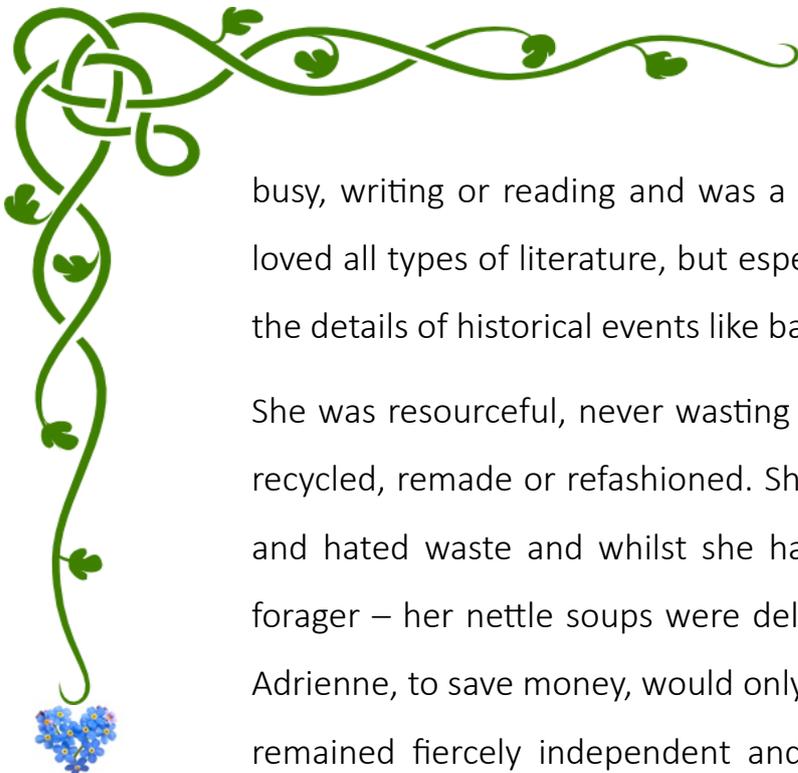
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busy, writing or reading and was a regular visitor to the library. She loved all types of literature, but especially true stories and revelled in the details of historical events like battles and biographies.

She was resourceful, never wasting anything which could be reused, recycled, remade or refashioned. She didn't spend money frivolously and hated waste and whilst she hated cooking, she was an expert forager – her nettle soups were delicious. Steph was telling me that Adrienne, to save money, would only heat one room in the house and remained fiercely independent and always resourceful despite the increasing difficulties which come with age. Steph tells me that she always found a way to cope - so if the usual way of doing something didn't work, she found a different way, adapting to new circumstances.

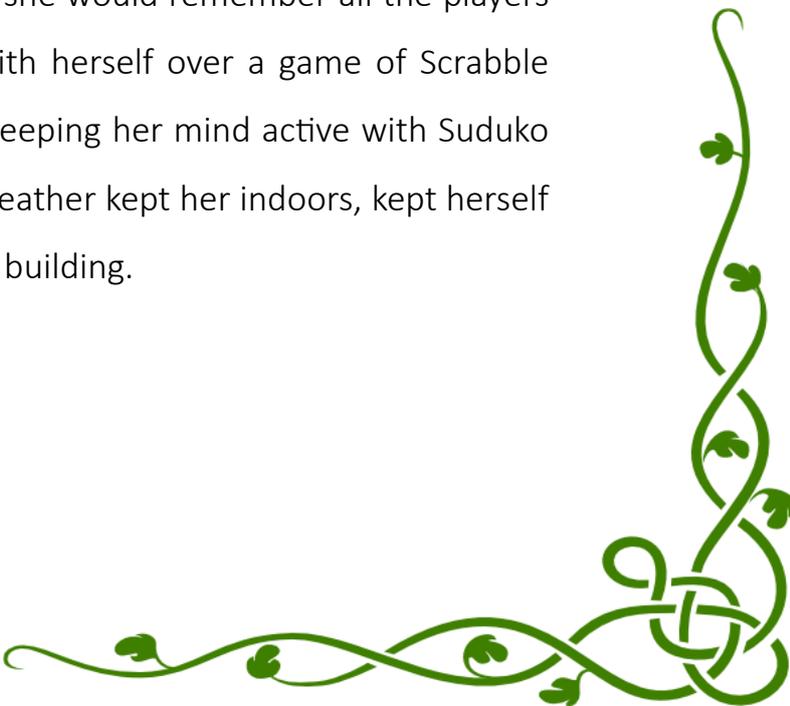
About three years ago, Adrienne made the decision to retire down to Ericht Court in Blairgowrie, enjoying new walks and talking to everyone she met with interest and a smile. She was an avid watcher of Six Nations rugby, Wimbledon and cricket, and although not a sportswoman in this way she thoroughly enjoyed watching folk at the top of their sports. What's more she would remember all the players names! She liked to compete with herself over a game of Scrabble during the ad breaks on the tv, keeping her mind active with Suduko and crosswords and, when the weather kept her indoors, kept herself fit by climbing all the stairs in the building.

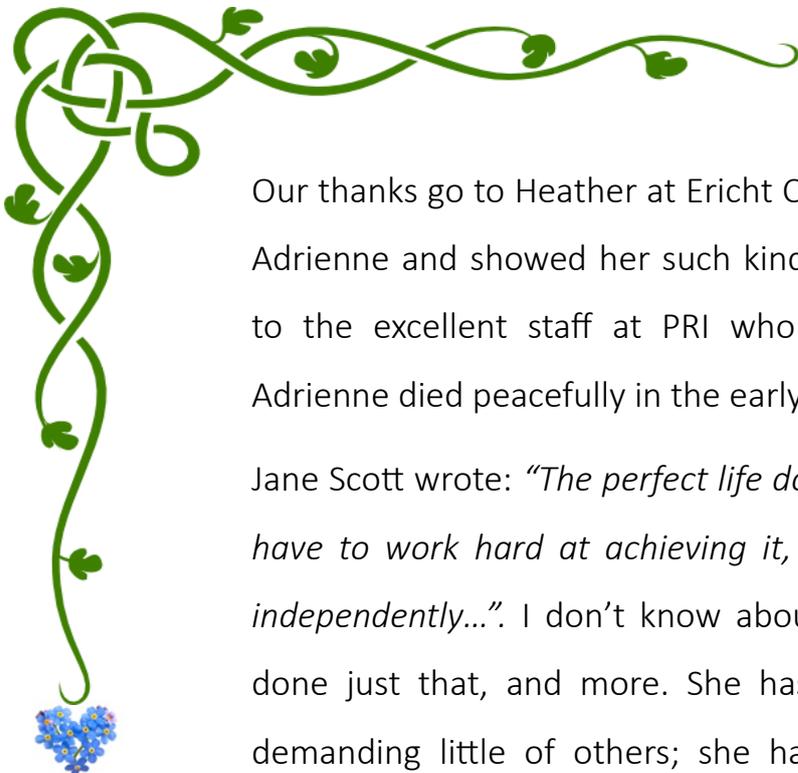
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Our thanks go to Heather at Ericht Court who took such great care of Adrienne and showed her such kindness in her time there, and also to the excellent staff at PRI who tended her in her last hours. Adrienne died peacefully in the early hours of January the 19th.

Jane Scott wrote: *“The perfect life does not fall into your lap, and you have to work hard at achieving it, especially if you intend to do it independently...”*. I don't know about you, but I think Adrienne has done just that, and more. She has lived a full life, loving others, demanding little of others; she has been a loyal companion and friend, an inspiration to others.

Jennifer remembers Adrienne, writing: *“Adrie has been part of the Winton family for over fifty years.*

“You can't help getting older but you don't have to get old.” Adrie certainly didn't. She always seemed young at heart and enjoyed everything she did.

Adrie knew what she wanted from life and, despite some difficult times, made sure it happened.

Adrie will be so greatly missed by all the family and friends.”

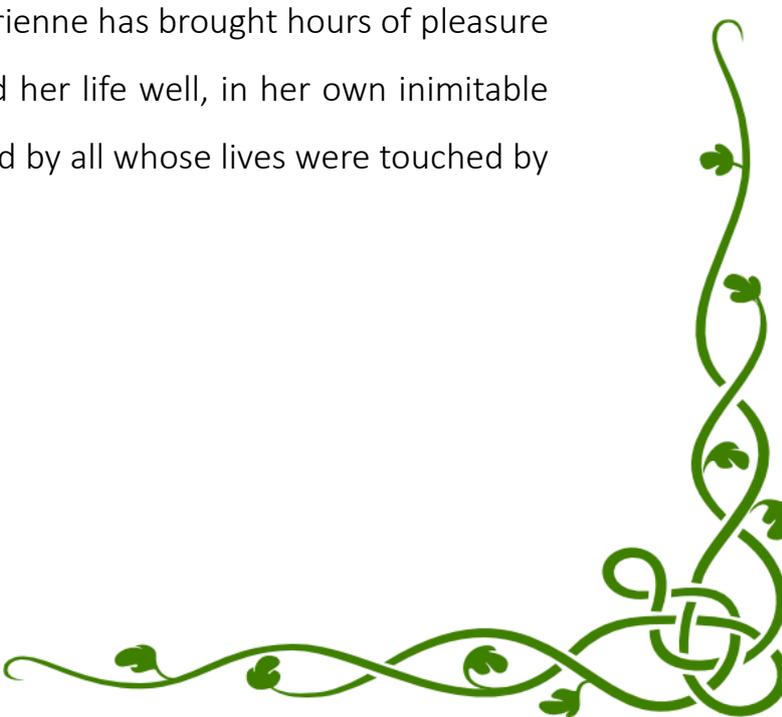
Through the books she wrote Adrienne has brought hours of pleasure to so many people. She has lived her life well, in her own inimitable style and she will be sorely missed by all whose lives were touched by knowing her.

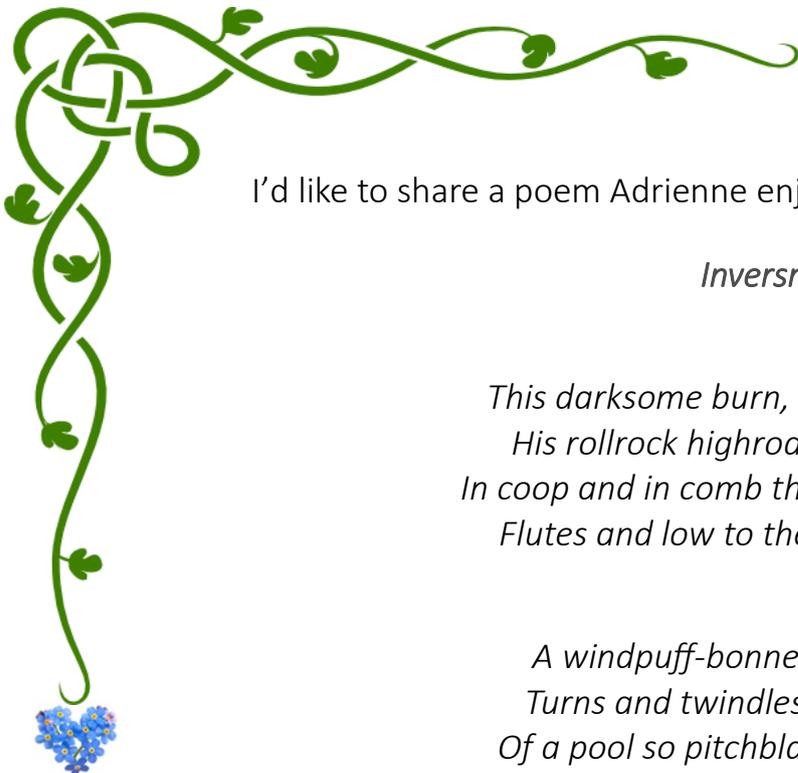
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I'd like to share a poem Adrienne enjoyed:

Inversnaid

*This darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollrock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.*

*A windpuff-bonnet of fáwn-fróth
Turns and twindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitchblack, féll-frówning,
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.*

*Degged with dew, dappled with dew
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through,
Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,
And the beadbony ash that sits over the burn.*

*What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.*

TIME FOR REFLECTION:

Let's take a moment to pause in silent prayer or with your own private memories of Adrienne as you knew her best:

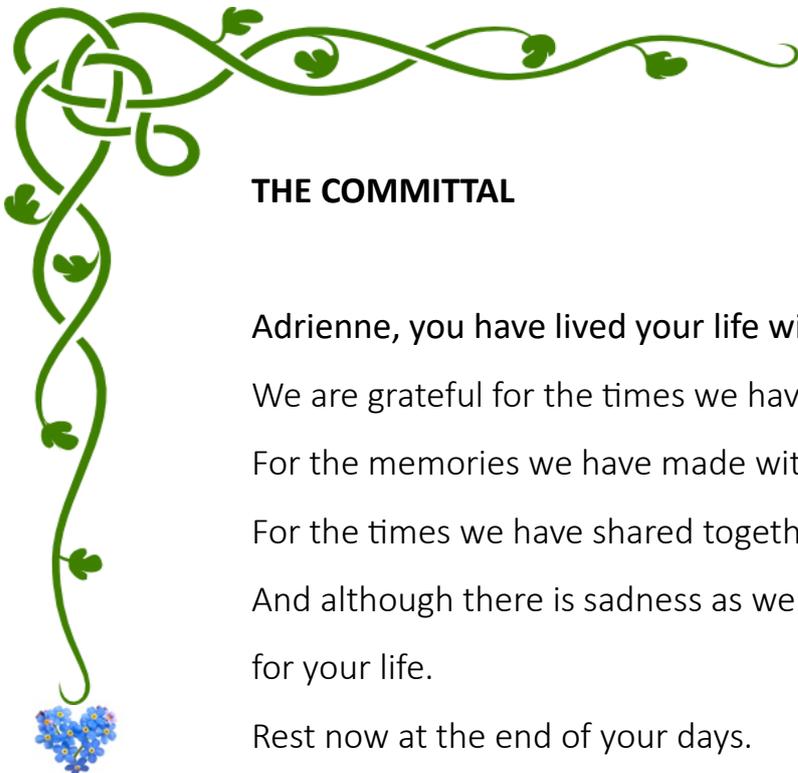
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THE COMMITTAL

Adrienne, you have lived your life with love.

We are grateful for the times we have had with you,

For the memories we have made with you,

For the times we have shared together.

And although there is sadness as we say goodbye, there is gratitude for your life.

Rest now at the end of your days.

Rest in the hearts and minds of all those who knew and loved you, as we, with love, let you go in peace.

I'd like to share another poem, this time by Mabeel Easley. Perhaps the words will stay with you as you remember Adrienne and all that she has been to each of you:

Miss me but let me go

*When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no tears in a gloom-filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?*

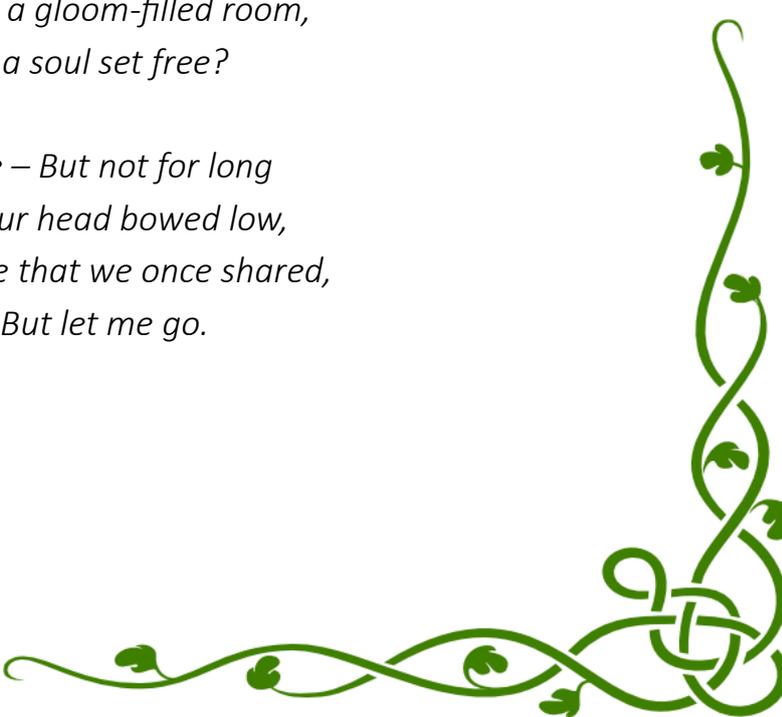
*Miss me a little – But not for long
And not with your head bowed low,
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me – But let me go.*

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*For this is a journey we all must take,
And each must go alone,
It's all a part of the Master's plan
A step on the road to home.*

*When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to your friends that we know,
And bury your sorrows in doing good works,
Miss me – But let me go*

And, as you go back out into the world from this place, and this time,
in the words of an old blessing:

*May the sun bring you new energy every day.
May the moon softly restore you by night,
May the rain wash away your worries,
May the breeze blow new strength into your being,
And, like Adrienne, may you walk gently through the world
And know its beauty all the days of your life.*

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