

Jane Hunter McGilp  
(nee Walker)



**12<sup>th</sup> January 1933 – 16<sup>th</sup> August 2020**

We have been deeply touched by all the messages of sympathy we have received since our mum, Jane, died on 16<sup>th</sup> August.

As many of you will know, her health had deteriorated in the last 6 months having enjoyed a very full and active 86 years.

Due to COVID restrictions we were unable to have a full celebration of mums life, as she would have wished. That said, we feel that her funeral, held on Thursday 27<sup>th</sup>, was a fitting tribute to her life.

The Funeral cortege started at her new home at 208 Eldon Street. Despite only being there for 2 years she loved her flat, her view, her neighbours and the great community spirit that had quickly developed at Eldon Street. It was lovely to see so many of mums neighbours and friends there to wave her goodbye – thank you !

From there we drove up Fox Street, past the Newton Street play park where many of mum's old neighbours, friends and representatives of the Burns club had congregated.

The burial was held at Knocksnairhill cemetery. With Covid restrictions in place we were limited to 20 people at the graveside. We were joined by close family and friends and we feel it was service Mum would have appreciated.

The service was conducted by Rev David Burt. The rain held off for the entire service and we were fortunate to have a piper, courtesy of the Greenock Burns Club. Dad is also buried at the cemetery and, as you will see from the attached photo it is a fitting final resting place with a magnificent view over the Clyde !

In true fashion, Mum left specific instructions including a Eulogy in her own words ( in case we missed anything ! ) , which was read beautifully by her granddaughter Charlotte and a poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson which Robin recited. Both are attached.

Best wishes.

John and Robin McGilp.

Caroline, Cameron, Charlotte McGilp

## **Jane McGilp ---nee Walker - in her own words**

"I was born on 12<sup>th</sup> January 1933 in Port Glasgow, 5 years after my sister Anne. I arrived into the depths of depression, with most of the shipyards closed. At that time, my father, Robert, was lucky to get a job with Britannic Insurance. Things changed dramatically when the war came and shipbuilding boomed again. I was sent to stay with my Aunt Nancy in Kilmacolm during the worst of the bombing, although I still came back to school on the bus each day. My parents were both very busy, on duty most nights during the worst of the Blitz, my father, an Air Raid Warden and Mother, Chrissie, with the Red Cross and WVS. Fortunately, nobody in our family died during the war and life continued on afterwards. We had rationing but apart from not having sweets, it didn't affect me.

During my school years, I attended Chapelton School, Port Glasgow High and then Greenock High. Dad was a singer in a concert party and one of my aunts was a pianist so we always had lots of singing at family parties. This formed a lasting love of singing and performing and I was in Choirs and Dramatic Clubs in school and Girl Guides.

At 17, I was accepted for Nurse Training at Glasgow Western Infirmary - this meant old-school discipline, lots of hard work and studying – and also lots of fun ! We saw every new film that came to Glasgow thanks to free tickets to morning showings to which we went after a nightshift instead of going to bed. Many of the friends I made from both nursing and school have lasted a lifetime. I then did my midwifery training in Bridgeton, Glasgow delivering babies in set-in beds. The housing conditions there in the 1950's were appalling but the people were the best - so wonderfully kind and generous.

In 1956 I went to New Zealand as we had distant family there. The journey out on "Captain Hobson" gave me a life long love of ships and sailing. I had a great time in New Zealand skiing, sailing and making new friends. Some are still around, including, Trudy who I looked after in Auckland Hospital aged 3 and reconnected with years later.

I returned to Scotland in 1959 and went to work at the old Larkfield Hospital. It was there that I met Harry McGilp again and we married in 1961. We set up house at 54 Fox Street - home for 56 years. The first new arrival there was not Robin but Harry's Father - aged 80 – who then stayed with us for 18 years. Robin was born in 1964 and John 2 years later. This all meant a busy, busy life. In these days Harry had evening surgeries and was on call at night and weekends. The phone had to be manned at all times and my Mother was a huge help to us - baby sitting, grandpa sitting, phone sitting. Friends did too. Numerous old aunties around Scotland needed visiting and occasional wee holidays at Fox Street. With all this going on, I still managed to have an active life outside the house.

I was always involved with the Church- I sang in the Choir, performed in the shows we put on, did the flowers and was President of the Young Wives. I was also on The Lifeboat Committee and when Community Councils came into being I served on the Greenock West council. I take great delight in seeing children playing in the playpark in Newton Street. With my dear friend Audrey Goudie we eventually convinced the town Council that we needed a playpark rather than another block of flats – it was a long hard battle!!!. As one of the first women members of Greenock Burns Club I served as secretary and, in 1990-91, as the 2<sup>nd</sup> Lady President following the redoubtable Mabel Irving.

We had a wonderful lot of friends - many were Harry's fishing pals. We all enjoyed dances, parties (often fancy dress) and picnics together. Family holidays were taken in Ayrshire when the boys were young - and the unforgettable Easter week at Crieff Hydro where we met up with a gang of friends each year. Holidays changed after the boys grew up and moved away. Our yearly pilgrimage to North Uist with the Fultons, Tosh's, Sutherlands and Glennys plus a few others was legendary. After retirement Harry and I were able to make the most of our love of travel - over 30 years we went round the world (a few times over) visiting our dream destinations.

I've had a long and happy life. Born to caring parents, I had a long happy marriage (54 years) to a loving husband.

I have a wonderful family in Robin and John, daughter in law, Caroline my 2 grand-children, Cameron and Charlotte and a host of friends here and abroad.

I never had to see my husband or sons go to war. We had no money worries, a lovely home and garden, and great neighbours. Through my work in the Church and Community I hope I helped to make things a bit better for people.

I travelled widely and saw many of the wonders of this world but was always happy to come home to this little corner of it. I'm grateful to everyone who contributed to this life and helped me to enjoy it so much - Thanks to you all!

Jane McGilp"

**From a note she also left -**

*“Dear Harry, Robin and John,  
No doubt one of you will be arranging my funeral! I would like this poem to be read,  
preferably by one of you. As you know I love the sea and sunsets so this seemed  
appropriate - I know it is old fashioned but it is the sort of poetry that I like. Thank  
you,  
Love  
Jane”*

### **Crossing the Bar**

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness or farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

**Alfred, Lord Tennyson**





If wished, donations can be made to British Red Cross or the RNLI.

We would like to give special thanks to Regent Medical Practice, staff at Inverclyde Royal Hospital, Bagatelle Care Home, Inverclyde Home Care, Rev David Burt and PB Wright and Co Undertakers.

Most of all we would like to thank you for the friendship, love and laughs you shared with Jane over her life.