

Remembering
Christina Crawford Hermann
1925 – 2020



Christine will be laid to rest on Thursday 16 April at North Dalnottar Cemetery, on the lower slopes of the Kilpatrick Hills overlooking the Clyde estuary, beside her adored parents, Martha and Tom Anderson.

The funeral will be conducted by the Reverend Kirstin Freeman, Rector of All Saints' Episcopal Church, Bearsden. Kirstin ministered faithfully to Christine, and people from All Saints' showed her great kindness in recent years where she was very much part of the church family.

It is a great sadness that we who loved Christine - her friends and family - are not permitted to travel or gather together to celebrate her life, and mourn her passing. This is a sad fact of the restrictions which affect so much our lives in the time of Coronavirus. But we can still remember our dear friend, aunt and great aunt with love and thank God for all that she meant to each of us.

Christine – known as Chrissie by the family or latterly CC (our daughter Alison’s pet name for her), was a bright and sunny presence who was always ready to have fun. Smiler was an apt nickname in childhood, but you were left in no doubt if she disliked something - such as Girl Guides in Chrissie’s case: she was delighted to be thrown out for being cheeky.

Oscar was the love of Chrissie’s life and they seemed to live an exciting glamorous life: dinner parties; driving to Greece and Spain, and eating continental food in the 50s & 60s when no one holidayed abroad or ate adventurously.

Chrissie was very always creative - sewing, crochet, painting, decorating, but was notably successful with flower arranging.

This ranged from competing at Chelsea Flower Show and arranging flowers at St Paul’s Cathedral for a Royal Wedding, to church flowers or elaborate arrangements at home. Chrissie always threw herself into things with great enthusiasm.



There are so many stories - but we all recognise the person at the centre of them. We would have shared those reminiscences had we been able to be together, but here are just a few of them:

Like the time at my grandparents’ house in Largs when she wanted to go to the beach but found I had no swimsuit. While granny was out Chrissie rummaged in a trunk, found some old curtains and quickly made a swimsuit for me - aged 7. Granny was furious that the curtain had been chopped up, just as Grandpa got in a rage when Chrissie cut the heads off his best garden roses to fill sandwiches for afternoon tea.

Chrissie’s lifelong love of fashion never left her. She loved attending charity fashion shows at Ambers in Amersham - it became a family girls’ regular outing. Many years ago, her sister Margaret complained jealously: “I can’t believe my sister’s husband gives her a dress allowance!” to which Uncle Oscar replied: “If I didn’t she would spend all the housekeeping on dresses!”

Oscar loved things to be “just right” and had an eye for detail. Chrissie was bound to be found out after bumping his car one day when out with best friend Dorothy, despite charming the garage mechanic into fixing it on the spot. But “Hawkeye Hermann” missed nothing!

Or when she was rescued by Michael Portillo (yes really) after she climbed onto a castle parapet at a Conservative Party do: "Jump into my arms!" he said when she couldn't get down!

Chrissie loved a party, especially if it meant getting dressed up. She enjoyed two 90th birthday parties looking fabulous, and was delighted to be at Iain and Jess's wedding in 2018.

Oscar's early death in 1981 was the great sadness of Chrissie's life. She built new friendships and tried lots of new things- learning German, playing the harp and travelling. The lifelong friendships with people like Dorothy and Willie or Moira and Dick became even more important at this time.



Chrissie gave her time unstintingly when close family were ill: Aunt Peggy, brother Bobby and her dad – who also lived to be 94. She became very much part of our family, like an honorary granny to Alison and Iain and came to stay frequently. She loved a "flitting", moving house ten times since Oscar's death – but perhaps she could never settle after that.



Recently, Chrissie was affected by dementia. She became worryingly vulnerable and unlike her old self, but her indomitable and independent spirit never left her. Thankfully she received great compassionate care from staff at Queen Elizabeth University Hospital Glasgow where she spent her final weeks. They helped her to be much happier. When Alison and I saw her a few weeks ago she was back to her cheery self, making up funny rhymes about her favourite nurse on the ward. After a major stroke, she slipped away very peacefully.

When told that Chrissie's life had drawn to an end, people of course expressed sorrow, and the kind words and condolences are much appreciated. There have also been many comments such as: "She was a one-off" or, "There are so many hilarious stories about Chrissie and she could always make me laugh!" or, "We always had such fun." These remarks sum up the feelings of many.

We should smile when we think of Chrissie, and be thankful for her long and happy life, for a peaceful end; for everything we meant to her and she to us, and for the times we shared together. I hope at some point to have a memorial event and I will be in touch when this might be possible.

With kindest regards,

Katrina

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