A daughter's tribute

As my parent, the infuriating thing about Lynn was that she was often right and the other infuriating thing was that she was sometimes wrong. She was very persuasive and it was hard at times to tell.

She was a scholar and an artist, she had a glittering career, and she had a kind and generous heart.

She had a brilliant mind, a fierce intelligence and a vulnerability that made her attractive and inspired loyalty and friendship in others.

She was a forceful personality, she was brave, she had courage, determination and vision.

I have sometimes thought about what I'd say at Lynn's funeral. Now that it's time it's harder than I'd imagined. I want to share some things with you, because Lynn wanted to share her story. We both believed in being open and honest, that talking of difficulties is more helpful than hiding them.

It seems to me, the golden thread of her story is about unconditional Love – the conclusion being, Lynn and I agreed on this, that Love conquers all. "Duw, Cariad yw"

Hers was a tale of two halves,

He kept a secret for the first half of it, and lived in fear, lest he should forfeit the love he craved. Keeping that secret came at a price, made him unhappy and angry and also made him difficult to live with.

He wrote about it, that as a young adolescent schoolboy he was troubled not by thoughts of sexual orientation, but of feminine identity – dreaming that he was a girl. Those thoughts became a guilty secret. Fear of disaster prevented Lynn confiding in anyone and he had no words to describe them. So they were pushed to the deeper recesses of his consciousness.

Lynn got on with academic life at school, sport, debating, acting.

Here are the memories of Colin Bagnall, Lynn's lifelong friend;

At the end of the fifth year, playing tennis in the days of idleness after O Levels, Lynn and I became, in the parlance of the time, 'best friends'.

What I liked about him were his warm, robust, radical opinions, his combative intelligence and intellectual adventurousness, his honesty and sense of humour and liveliness. He was good at sport, bright in class, a great arguer and a stimulating challenger of convention – a force to be reckoned with and a powerful friend to have.

I found, though, that there was a more vulnerable side to him. He was not as secure as he seemed and needed to talk about his concerns about himself, the impression he made on other people, his standing with the masters and other boys, his friends and foes and

girlfriends, with a warm response to their virtues and a righteous indignation over their shortcomings.

We spent hours in each other's company, working and chatting in the sixth-form study rooms and the Art Room and, when we were allowed out of school, on innumerable walks in the countryside, talking, talking, talking – with Lynn, who had a good voice, occasionally regaling the Surrey countryside with David of the White Rock and other Welsh songs. He was, of course, steeped in the language, culture and history of Wales and loved talking about these.

Lynn was a star pupil and highly respected by the School, both for his personality and his achievements. He left his mark on the School in many ways. He was a dormitory prefect, a winner of the top academic prize (his name in gold letters is displayed to this day) and colours for swimming and rugby, was Secretary of the Debating Society, a leading light of the Literary and Dramatic Society, left School with a State Scholarship, and was a fine actor and the best artist of his generation. His painting of the School Lodge, donated by John Mathias, hangs today outside the headmaster's study.

We loved A level Latin with Tony Horwood and Lynn would have liked, I am sure, the classical reference with which I will close:

They told me, Hera-clitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

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Studying Architecture in Liverpool he rediscovered a friendship with Pat Evans, a distant cousin as it happens, who was clever and shared the same background and interests, and in his third year in university they became parents.

Huw was born on December 9th 1958; Lynn was 20, Pat 24.
two years later, the day before Huw's second birthday, I was born.

Though fundamentally a confident extrovert personality Lynn's secret was a burden, and took its toll.

Family life continued, with ups and downs.
Sitting miserably on Brighton's pebble beach in the late 60's, watching families potter around in small boats, Lynn determined that as a family we wouldn't be spectators of others' adventures, but participants in life and that he would redouble his efforts to give his children fulfilling experiences in childhood. This led him to think about sailing as a family pastime and to buy the first of several boats. Lynn admitted later to making these decisions alone with little regard to Mum's feelings on the matter.

Sailing became the focus of family activity and adventurous holidays, we spent most weekends in Lawrenny on the Cleddau in Pembrokshire and were part of a lively and convivial community of assorted sailors and caravanners, including Hubert and Jean Jenkins and their two children.

For Lynn, sailing offshore became a very important activity. It took him away from shore-side preoccupations and stress and became a way of life which lasted into her late seventies.

The sudden death of Lynn's mother in 1977 marked the beginning of a spiral of unhappiness. In Lynn's words

"I began to consciously yearn to 'be myself' and to break free from the constrictions that I had allowed to dictate my life as a responsible professional male and family man."

He suffered a series of frightening panic attacks, and in 1982 he finally revealed the secret that had been so troubling. Pat was the first living soul to whom he confided and despite the shock, was kind and supportive. So began a cataclysmic 3-year period during which he came to learn the truth about his nature, and we, his wife and children were confronted by its implications.
Lynn researched the literature on his condition with determination.
After a great deal of help and support from people he met, and the whole process of transition, Lynn made his decision, and re-commenced her life as a female.

It's ok, it gets better from here! Let's hear about her new life.
And for those worrying about Pat, she remarried, and continues her own passions and interests.

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This is a letter from Irma which is all about friendship and fun

Lynn and I met over 20 years ago, when we were both at a low ebb for different reasons. I needed to get over a divorce and Lynn needed to come to terms with a different form of life. I had to learn all the masculine things, such as putting up a fence in the back garden and Lynn needed to concentrate on the feminine ones. Both of us had lots of baggage but somehow there was a bond of empathy and genuine liking that seemed to connect us and we just took it from there.

Lynn made so many brave decisions and was in the forefront whenever there was something that needed to be said or done.

Despite the obvious peculiarities and unusual situation, somehow we managed to have a great time wherever we went and learned to appreciate each other's little peculiarities.

I thoroughly enjoyed Lynn's Welsh qualities, a song in her heart and a love of rugby in her nature and all her other skills such as being able to handle a yacht competently and sail to France or Ireland or Scotland. Lynn's intellectual confidence made it easy to travel and it felt just natural to talk to anyone who crossed our path in a charming sort of way.

I have never known a person like Lynn who would talk to children with the same respect and friendliness as she did with grown-ups. At one time we found ourselves in Berlin at New Year's Eve and ended up at a table with children of different ages. We had a wonderful time

together and enjoyed the festivities also through the eyes of the children and the children just adored Lynn.

Lynn wanted Sam to have a story to tell when he entered university and encouraged a trip on the Soren Larson. That is the kind of spirit I will always associate with Lynn. She did the same thing when she and Xenia arranged to meet in Patagonia after our trip to Argentina had come to an end. She simply hired a car and drove back over the Andes and met Xenia at a pre-arranged spot. She made all the necessary phone calls in her newly learned Spanish language.

We had long conversations about every aspect of the human condition, usually over a good dinner and a fine bottle of wine. I am so glad and thankful to know a friend like Lynn and I am aware that over the past 20 years my whole family adored her as well. Lynn always managed to bring out the best in people, she had the ability to uplift and operate close to the "Zeitgeist".

In love and peace, Irma and family

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Andrew Campbell Smith – originally from Circle 33 and Sailing on SeaScamp

I worked with Lynn, Ingrid, Andie and Howard back in the Circle days and we went on to become good friends and had many sailing adventures. She was such an important person in my life, both professionally and personally. She gave me work opportunities, guidance and mentorship, that really helped shape my career. I routinely quote Lynn and continue to follow her example of giving people a chance, a safe place to try new things, and flourish, sometimes to get them wrong and to learn but to always move forward. We sailed round Brittany and the Scottish isles, the photo I've sent is of her and me on Seascamp in France the day I learned I was going to become a father for the first time. You can see the joy in our faces. I was enormously fond of her. I have a very vivid memory of being on Seascamp and watching Lynn and Olwen together and hoping that I'd have that relationship with my own children one day, my two are now grown up and away but I hope I do and I am very thankful for having had Lynn in my life, to guide and encourage. I shall miss her a great deal.

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Coming home to Lynn meant being closer to family in Wales.
Coming home is also how Lynn described her relationship with the Quakers
This is a tribute from the Quakers from Jane Harries

A celebration of her life as a Quaker and Friend

Lynn will be remembered fondly at all levels of Quaker life – locally,
Wales-wide and across Britain Yearly Meeting. She brought to Quakers
a rich mix of spirituality, including Welsh non-conformity and some

experience of meditative practice. She had also read widely and pondered on the significance of things, and this brought a depth to her contributions. She will also be remembered for her plain speaking and forthrightness – qualities for which Quakers have a high regard. Her friend Maryse talked about always being able to count on her honest and sensible opinion. When Maryse told Lynn that she was going to move back to her native Netherlands, Lynn replied: 'What do you want to go back there for? They have no mountains and they drive on the wrong side of the road!'

Lynn first found Friends in North London when she was transitioning as a transgender person. Lynn became an experienced and seasoned Friend, giving of her skills and expertise at all levels of Quaker life, including trusteeship, treasurership and to Quaker housing charities. One Friend remembers her – as assistant clerk then treasurer of Meeting of Friends in Wales - as 'being one of those firm rocks that held things together.' She was unstinting and dedicated in her service.

This didn't mean, however, that this service was unjoyful. As one Friend remarked: 'We had much fun and deep conversation in the process.'

Lynn's Welshness was extremely important to her. One Friend remembers her breaking down when singing the 23 rd Psalm in Welsh during a Meeting for Worship. She had strong links with various parts of Wales, including Carno and the South Wales valleys. These weren't always immediately apparent however. I only recently found out that she was one of the architects of the Aberfan memorial and garden.

Her passion for architecture was also obvious. A Friend remembers taking her to afternoon tea in an old jeweller's shop in Merthyr Tydfil and then ending up doing a complete round tour of the sites of iconic or notorious building developments she knew of but had not seen. Her architectural watchword seemed to be elegant sufficiency -Quakerly in its understatement and functionality.

Above all, Lynn was capable of great warmth and friendship, with strong values of humanity and compassion. Bridgend Friends were privileged a few years ago when she shared some of her life story with us – memorable, moving and funny in equal measure. Some Friends also had experience of sailing with her – another of her passions. She will be greatly missed. We remember her with great fondness, and hold her family in the Light at this time.

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Sea Fever by John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

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You heard in Irma's letter about the trip to Argentina, Lynn's friend Heather Powell was another travelling companion,
and here's Xenia, Lynn's Grandaughter to tell us of their adventure

I just wanted to say a few words to introduce a song I know Lynn enjoyed listening to.

Lynn and I travelled in Welsh Patagonia in 2009 for about two weeks. She'd rented a car and we visited old mills, train stations, villages and forests. We had one CD - the Buena Vista Social Club - which we'd picked up at the start of our journey in a petrol station. We played it over and over in the car, and Lynn told me stories of when she was a boy, who had dreamt of faraway South American lands where mythical "Welsh Cowboys" roamed.

We rode horses with Gauchos in Esquel, which Lynn enjoyed so much. For me it felt like witnessing a kind of "Life's Pursuit" fulfilled. On this trip I learned more about the many layers of Lynn. I was a teenager and unwise to the challenges she had overcome in life. It wasn't always easy travelling together, we are both a bit headstrong! She needed a quadruple heart bypass shortly after landing back in the UK, which I hope wasn't my fault.

I feel so indescribably lucky to have had Lynn as a force in my life. She was a completely devoted grandparent and never shy to bubble over with joy at our accomplishments. She made us know that she loved us so much. I'll leave you with this song which was one of her favourites from the album, and brings back the memories of the long roads in Welsh Patagonia.

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Lynn's mental health continued to cause concern. Particularly difficult traumatic events would bring about sleeplessness and trigger manic episodes. Huw's death in 2005 was one such episode. The stress of moving back to Rhiwbina to the Garden Village another. A particularly despicable internet scam defrauding her bank account in 2017 lead to a very late-in-life diagnosis of Bi-polar disorder. Gradual cognitive decline emerged. Her own awareness of this decline, Lynn was always one step ahead in life planning, led to her decision to move to Ty Enfys care home as a residential 'inmate' as she called it in September 2020, where she made an immediate impact. But her decline was rapid, a fall led

to a hip fracture and she moved to nursing care. All of her grandchildren, Elwyn and Annick were able to visit. It became clear that Lynn was also suffering from deteriorating dementia.

Even so, we found ways of connecting, with a shared song and always a hug, and I have moments that I and she cherished which I wrote down after visits.

She died in familiar surroundings in Ty Enfys, comfortable, cared for, aware that she was loved unconditionally on the 11th of February 2022.