Marion was born in Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales. She took great pride in being Welsh and her lilting, almost musical, accent never left her.

She attended Cyfarthfa Castle School in Merthyr, where she excelled at English and Poetry, achieving the Bard's Chair at the Eisteddfod one year.

A lifelong career in teaching followed. She mainly taught English and Drama, with Literature her specialism, particularly the works of William Shakespeare. She had a natural ability to bring these works to life for her pupils, inspiring many of them to embrace the rich literature.

Marion had a passion for the theatre and a gift for direction. This began during her time at Brycbox in New Malden, and carried through to Neston, where her involvement with the Players led to enduring and treasured friendships.

Through her talent for teaching and direction, she was able to bring out the very best in young people, many of whom cite her influence and belief in their abilities as inspirational.

As any self-respecting Welsh person would agree, music was in her soul. She loved musical theatre and films and the songs within them. A particular party piece was her rendition of ‘Can’t Help Loving ‘Dat Man’ from Showboat. Woe betide anyone who dared to try and sing along while she was in full flow!

Marion was the consummate hostess – her home was open house to all and there were many enjoyable days and evenings around her table. As her very good friend Cliff said recently, the old Welsh song ‘We’ll keep a welcome in the hillsides’ was so appropriate for her because there was always a very warm welcome in her home. She especially loved cards evenings and the annual Christingle celebration, in later years held at Carrie’s house, which always included Marion’s unique, some may say priceless, piano accompaniments to favourite carols. She absolutely insisted that the menfolk stand in one room and the ladies in another and strictly adhere to the verses she wished each group to sing. This and the mismatched lyric sheets inevitably led to much confusion and hilarity.

Family and friends all fondly remember the many quirks and eccentricities that made her unique. Her legendary collection of unicorns, for example – at the last count upwards of 120 were dotted around Bethany in one form or another.

She was, by her own admission, a truly terrible driver. Having taken about 9 tests before passing, she would only ever admit to three. Many friends over the years would make reference to the ‘Milkfloat Incident’ – she scraped the side of her husband’s brand new company car along the side of said milkfloat, whilst steering through a gap that the QE2 would have had no problem traversing. Speaking to an old friend of Marion’s this week, Carrie was amazed to hear that even that story takes a ‘back seat’ to the time she nearly reversed merrily into the side of a glider parked on the school playing field. It took four people shouting and waving their arms frantically to avert disaster.

Marion had an incredible gift for words; her love of the richness and diversity of the English language was in her DNA. She adored reading, the challenge of quizzes and crosswords and always chose beautiful and apt quotes to insert into cards and letters. In bizarre contrast to this, she had her own version of Malapropism. A typical example recently is when she was praising the cuisine at Kri Kri and made special mention of the ‘fried scorpions.’ After some intense research, it transpired that she was actually referring to whitebait. An older story involves the time she tutored the children in the cast of Indiana Jones at Elstree Studios. She loved to retell the tale, always saying how lovely it had been to meet ‘that nice Harrison Forbes.’

Marion had enormous inner strength, which was particularly important in later years when her mobility became more limited and she was in a lot of pain. Her eyes stayed sparkly and she spoke more of what she had, than what she didn’t.

She was also one of the most generous souls imaginable; she gave freely and often, whether with her time, her lovely words, her support or her listening ear. This extended not just to family and friends, but to strangers by way of her donations to numerous charities.

Above all else, the most important thing in Marion’s life was her role as Mum and Grandma. She made many sacrifices to provide for her daughters and grandchildren, but took immense pride and pleasure in their achievements. They were her very favourite topic of conversation and were at the top of her daily prayers list. Many times they suspected that when good things came to pass, it was because ‘she’d had a word upstairs.’

It’s because of her abiding faith that her family can take comfort in knowing she is now where she wanted to go next. While they will all miss her beyond words, she will be in their hearts and minds forever.