

# THE LIFE OF MARJORIE JOAN JOCKEL nee ADAMS

2<sup>nd</sup> January 1917 – 12<sup>th</sup> January 2010

Marjorie was born on the 2<sup>nd</sup> January 1917, to her parents Kathleen and Frank Adams in Acton. Her mother told her, that she was born on the day of the Silvertown Explosion. This was an explosives factory, which blew up causing many casualties in an area of the East End of London. This however wasn't true, with research we found out that it happened on the 19<sup>th</sup> January 1917, in fact a few days after her birth. Still it was always a good story. She was christened, confirmed and was married in St Stephens church in Ealing. Her father was the organist of St Stephens and Marjorie was very proud of this. She loved her parents and was always sad that her father had lost one of his legs in the war but it amazed her that he could still walk around "Squires" the music shop in Ealing where he was the manager.



She was a big sister, firstly to Roland, then to Robert. Robert had a twin called Molly who sadly died at birth. Another brother, Frankie sadly died at a young age. So there were just the three of them, Marjorie, Roland and Robert known as Bob. She said they always teased her, singing, "Marjorie Joan sat on the throne" but she still loved her little brothers.

She had a happy childhood in Ealing and attended Drayton Manor School and was a Girl Guide at St Barnabas Church, Pitshanger Lane. She learnt two poems at school that she remembered and could still recite until a few years ago. One was "Upon Westminster Bridge" that Stewart, Marjorie's grandson has just read and the other was Kew in Lilac Time by Alfred Noyes. She said that the highlight of the year in Pitshanger Lane was the Rose Queen Ceremony, which I think still takes place today. One year she was voted a Princess and dressed in white and

carrying a bouquet, she proudly walked behind the "Rose Queen". Marjorie often spoke of the time as a child, when she was taken to an uncle's toy factory and told to choose whatever she wanted. She chose a bluebird costume, which she took home to dress up in. She also enjoyed visiting Aunt Kate's large house in Highgate but was scared of the tiger and monkey skins that hung on the walls. There were iron railings at the side of a path to the house and her uncle would put wrapped pieces of butterscotch on these railings. As a child, Marjorie, thought that the fairies put them there for her but with age realised it was her uncle. She was always in good health apart from catching scarlet fever as a child and having to spend time in isolation in Clayponds Hospital

After leaving school she went to work at Sanders Department Store (now Marks & Spencer) in Ealing Broadway, She followed in the footsteps of her Auntie Dot who had also worked there. She said that she enjoyed her work, in the millinery department, apart from the rats that lived in the cellars. The assistants would throw a shoe down the steps to frighten the rats. She would walk home every lunch time, a good mile, to eat a hot lunch prepared by her mum. With just enough time to eat the meal she then walked back to work. During the war she volunteered for night watch, this entailed looking out for German bombers. She would cycle to South Ealing and back home again through the churchyard late at night. Getting up for work again the following morning was never a problem

Marjorie met and married her husband Donald Edward Jockel on the 23<sup>rd</sup> August 1941 at 2.15pm in St Stephens's Church. As newlyweds they lived in rented houses in Pitshanger Lane for a few years until they found 52 Brookbank Avenue Hanwell where mum lived for 64 years until her death. Marjorie and Donald known to many as Jock had three children, Richard and Barbara and then Pat a few years later. She was very proud of all their achievements whatever they were. She always said that she was lucky to have such a good and caring daughter in law Maureen and son in law Alan and really did value all that they did for her. She had ten grandchildren and thirteen great grandchildren and in her own way, was very proud of them all.

She tended her gardens with loving care and in later years was frustrated because she was unable to do this anymore. She was always fiercely independent, very proud and found her situation difficult to cope with in her later years. She loved plants, flowers, birds and animals especially cats. Marjorie was an avid reader and must have read nearly all the books in the Ealing libraries over the many years that she was a member. Until the end she was reading her books.

Marjorie worked in the evenings for a while at the Lyons sweet factory in Greenford. She would smuggle a sweet home in her pocket for us. In later years she worked in a sweet shop and chemist shop in Hanwell and enjoyed chatting to the locals.

Marjorie was a blood donor until she had to retire from the service and received a gold brooch for her longstanding commitment. She would wear this on her coat with pride.

She attended Holy Cross Church for many years and especially loved the old church that we sit in today. She enjoyed helping out at Lunch Club and all the fun and laughter that went with that. Many of the cards that we have received talked of her willingness to help at many of the church occasions and this she did with enthusiasm.

Marjorie always said that she wasn't a leader in life but a follower. As a follower, she followed a good and decent way of life.

God bless you Marjorie Joan Jockel and may you rest in peace. You will be remembered by friends and family.

Kath Kingsbury,

