

Jayne and I joined the club on the same day - 24th June, 1999, to be precise - and as newcomers, were put to play each other.

I remember, in a room full of strangers, how comfortable it was being opposite a fellow ex-Brit who immediately started chatting away as if we'd known each other for years. She soon had me giggling... Jayne-with-a-'y' could be outrageous...She was also quite a stunner, actually, and once showed me photos of herself in the sixties - phew!

She never pretended to be anything she wasn't. She was a thoroughly pragmatic softie. Only Jayne could convince me to try that vile-tasting 'health' concoction she started flogging (I managed it for 3 days before giving up). And forget about quick phone calls - usually a minimum of 45 minutes, leaving you reeling with an incredible amount of information, observations, advice and plain ol' gossip - often about people you'd never heard of, but you got sucked in just the same...

For my part, I know it'll take a long time for me to stop looking round the room on a Thursday evening and wondering 'where's Jayne' ...?