There are many aspects to the game of Bridge and I would just like to mention one of them; the friendships we form and find at the Bridge table. I have been very lucky with such friendships and one of them was with Breda McPhillips. One Wednesday evening as I was playing Bridge at her table she asked was anyone available for the following Wednesday? As it happened, I was, and from there on we became great friends.

She would arrive to Bridge like a model having spent half the day resting and the other half getting ready. She had back issues as a result of a very bad fall. She was on medication for her condition and would always request a North/South position on account of it. Because she looked so glamourous it was hard to see this and even harder when she popped the handbag under her arm and trotted out for the cigarette. God love her but she loved those cigarettes, and you couldn’t dare mention them! If she was really desperate she might leave you in four hearts when four spades would be a better contract but she’d come back to the table all smiles, saying I just had to have that cigarette!

She was great at playing the cards. She would play them so carefully and would always hold her last card to her chest, the opposition would be discarding away and then she’d drop something small like a two of clubs and win the last trick!

She was kind, generous, stylish, had a great eye for colour, she absolutely loved a good time and would go anywhere at the drop of a hat!

Her family were very important to her, and I don’t think I was ever in her company that she didn’t mention Jim, Clare or Gordon but I think they were all moved to the second division when her grandson Jack arrived!

I can’t believe that I was walking with her on the 5th January and by the 27th January she had passed away I will miss her but I am very glad that I was free on that first Wednesday when she was looking for a partner.

As Dheis go raibh a hanam dilis.