

I don't know what it is about our postal service. My invite to Michael Jackson's funeral has still not arrived. It must be lying in a sorting office along with my premium bond cheque and the film contract from Quentin Tarantino. The electricity bills never fail though.

Have you given any thought to your own funeral? You can arrange it yourself, you know. Everything from the guest list and the cars to the type of coffin and what will be sung at the service. I think it's a marvellous idea and would save a lot of trouble for your family once you are gone. It also ensures that you get what you really want, be it a top of the range hardwood luxury model or an eco-friendly cardboard job with your favourite flower hand painted on the side.

I haven't got around to arranging my own funeral, as like most of us, I like to think that I've plenty time yet. In case anything does happen before I've got the arrangements in place, let me put it on record that I am not keen on these 'celebrations of life' that you hear about where everybody is encouraged to wear the deceased's favourite colour or football top. When I go, I want black clothing and a lot of misery. As the, I hope many, guests get slowly drunk into the evening, there will be no room for amusing anecdotes and laughter. The conversation must get gradually more morose until the entire party is consumed with grief at my passing.

There is of course a decision to be made about burial or cremation. I don't have any religious reasons to choose one or the other, so I suppose it is just down to personal preference and/or cost. Before Inverness had its own, those Highlanders who preferred it used to travel to a crematorium in Glasgow near my childhood home. Maybe making that journey back would be a nice circular finish to my life. They could scatter my ashes in my early stomping ground of Pollock Estate. A lot more convenient but considerably less exotic than my husband's desire to be scattered in the Chimanimani mountains, between Zimbabwe and Mozambique, where he played as a child. I wonder if they will build a Graceland-style monument to mark my final resting place?

I went to visit a friend's grave in a beautiful wee private cemetery in the west. One of the children in our party wandered off, and a few minutes later came screaming over a hill waving one of those wooden crosses they use to mark graves until they settle enough for a headstone. She was using it as some sort of Claymore and yelling about how there can only be one. Needless to say she had no idea where she took it from, and we searched for a long time to find its home, but ultimately had to make a guess. If the keepers of that grave can read this, I am most heartily sorry. She was too young to know she was in place of sorrow, being of the age that everywhere is a playground.

Woodland, which this was, is a lovely place for a cemetery. It shelters the graves and made for lots of little private areas rather than the open rows that are needed where there is less space. It strikes me as a good use for some of the community owned planted areas that we are creating now with native trees. All the planting is long term, and I like the eco-friendly feel to burying our dead beneath what will become ancient trees. And a lot less obtrusive than the commercial planting or windmills that are sometimes needed to keep woodlands viable.

Luckily I have no need to fake my death to escape the pressures of fame and as such there will be no conspiracy theories after I have gone. I met Elvis after his death, just outside Spean Bridge where he was working undercover for British Aluminium. I think I may pop back to see if Michael Jackson has moved in; that should make up for not getting to his funeral service. I'll let you know if I find him.