I speak for my sisters, Ann and Carol, as well as myself when I say our father had a rich and fulfilled life. One lived in full communion with God and with total dedication to his family, friends and the vocation to which he felt called and professed for 70 years.

**We were privileged to have him as our father.**

*On behalf of the whole family I want to thank you for joining with us today to celebrate his life and service as we say our farewells to him*

**He was devoted to our mother, Iris,** who as many of you know passed away in 2006. **They were without doubt ‘a team’** not only as man and wife, as our mother and father but in their whole Christian life together. **They lived and provided an instructional and caring** **ministry within the Methodist Church**. Although she passed away nearly 9 years ago, **I know with certainty** she has continued to ‘accompany him’ on his life journey and that his fervent wish and steadfast belief was that he would be and I am sure is now re united with her.

 ‘Praise My Soul the King of Heaven’ was the opening hymn of their wedding ceremony 65 years ago, last month and heralded a wonderful life and ministry together.

**Their love began and matured at an early age and both their families** **lived close by each other and had staunch Methodist** **traditions.** In the last few years, I have traced the ancestry of both families and from that research, talks with Dad and through coming into possession of their writings and letters to each other I have really appreciated how deep and profound that relationship was. And although today we celebrate his life no part of it can be truly recounted without sharing it with her and the recalling the influence and affection of one to the other.

**Dad was a man of many talents.** Influenced greatly by his father and strong Methodist family he and his brother Alan attended theological college and entered the ministry. A ministry, that in his case, following ordination and probation led him to Portland – **where I first** **met him** - some time ago and since then have watched through the years those talents grow and be enjoyed.

Most of you will know of his love of books. On retirement in 1988 we pruned his library but bookshops and the onset of Amazon were too much for us. I’m not sure which of Mum or Dad should be awarded the accumulation medal Dad for books over the last few months we have gifted or sent to charity some 2500 or mum for written or cut out recipes.

**One thing is sure, Dad learned not only from books, literature and poems of the famous** but from the people he met and the experiences he enjoyed or endured. I recall his accounts of going out mackerel fishing with a well known Portlander **Skylark Durston**. Befriending the Portland **Borstall boys** and many ‘lifer’s or other offenders in Leicester Prison both undertaken in chaplaincy roles. In Northampton he was chaplain of the St Andrews Psychiatric hospital. One role as Boys Brigade chaplain they never managed to get him to undertake was to sleep under canvas - but he was more experienced at that than they knew having slept in hammocks and tents in India whilst with the RAF in 1944.

He has been a great comforter, confidant to many. We shared him with everyone else - **as he saw his ministry -not as a job-** **but as calling – and there is a difference**.

**But there was plenty of time for my sisters and me and for his** **passions in life.** We will remember fondly all the happy times and his characteristics.

 - He revelled in our achievements and gave support and encouragement.

 - His obsession with butchers shops and buying meat, with gadgets and tools.

 - Never being able to pass bookshops, his love of football.

 - Against all general medical opinion – particularly as a diabetic - his love of full salted butter, Turkish delight, fudge, and chocolate. Shortbread biscuits were essential when my brother in law Mark’s father called in to watch football on TV - though I have to say despite all these treats - he was always a meat, potatoes and two veg man.

Foreign foods, a curry, a Chinese, anything not recognisable and even Methodist Sit Down teas - had to be delicately encouraged.

**Although born into a world void of technology** - as we know it - he embraced the computer and latterly used it to full advantage. He was a **painter, a model maker, dolls house builder** and derived from his father’s engineering background he was a **competent lathe** **operator**. He **played the piano** competently, was a **fairly knowledgeable gardener** and gave a passable performance as Friar Tuck once in a pantomime. **All in all a good all rounder**

**His scope and depth of reading was immense**. It was often never possible to sit down, use a table or even use the bathroom without finding or moving a book. His flair for colourful descriptions that enabled creation of imagination in one’s mind, in his sermons was I believe both **inspiring and captivating** and stemmed from his love and understanding of poetry. **As a preacher he had a natural eloquence** and a **fascinating power of illustration**. His powerful convictions often surfaced in the tones and expressions as he delivered his sermons – often with the occasional **wake up thump** on the pulpit. What he believed to be true he proclaimed and to grace and adorn his message he expended all the gifts with which nature had endowed him.

**INDEED HIS whole life was as he often described it ‘A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY**

A voyage when there were moments which **T S Elliott** described as **IN AND OUT OF TIME**

* Moments in which he saw ‘all things new’
* Moments when his vision was lifted from short horizons to eternal perspectives
* Moments when he reached out and touched **the mystery of life**

**NOW FOR HIM THAT MYSTERY HAS BEEN REVEALED**

**In the presence of the Blessed Trinity**

**No longer does he see though darkened glass – BUT FACE TO FACE**

**No longer does he know in part – FOR ALL WILL HAVE BEEN MADE KNOWN TO HIM**

**For DAD there is no longer mystery – And we should rejoice and give God the glory.**

***So never can it be said he did not enjoy and create a rich tapestry of life around him and our family unit.***

He and his brother, Alan, shared a bedroom for much of their early years in their crowded but loving home and above the bed written on a cheap plywood plaque was an inscription which in my mind befits his epitaph

*‘****Play the game***

***For when the one great scorer comes to write against your name***

***He asks - not that you - won or lost***

***But how you played the game’***

Dad played the game of life, long, well with great love and dedication, compassion and **an unshakeable faith**. We will all miss him but will cherish his love and memory **and trust with his steadfast** **certainty** that he has met his Lord and Saviour, is at peace and reunited with Iris - and those he loved.

Eulogy

Cuttings Poems Prayers

Coloured marker pens made multi coloured books

Power of description

Stubborn and forthright

Historical record stamps prices photos events obituaries and a never ending supply of recipes

This was their life He truly missed her over the last 9 years but despite that vacuum he absorbed his time painting modelling football

Needed things doing instantly was in no was a procrastinator