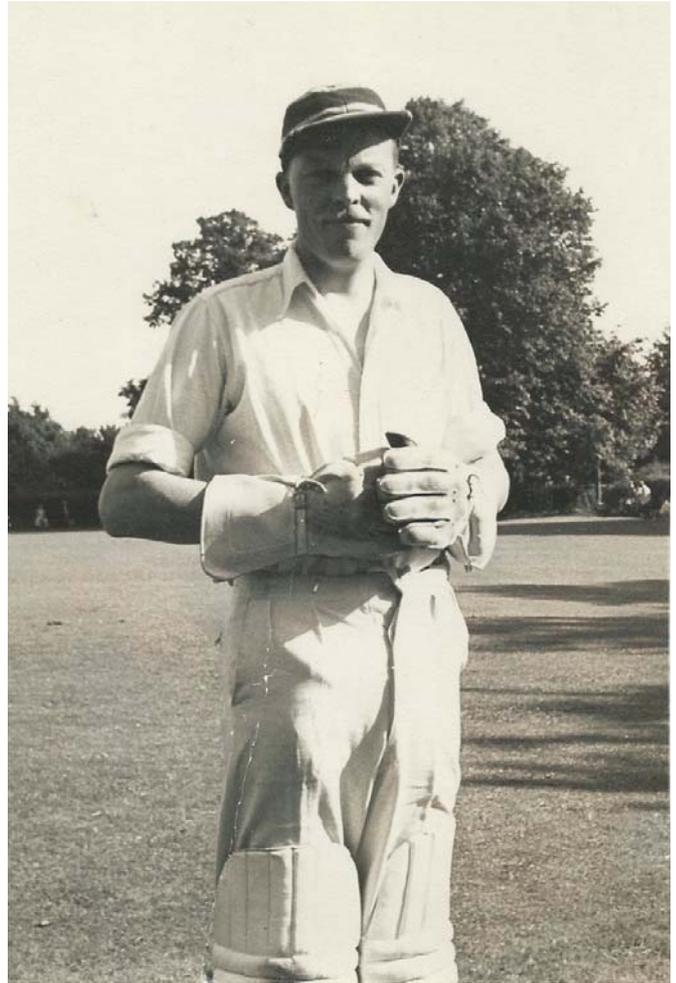


Derek Kemp CC, RIP (1928 - 2015)



On behalf of the family, I write to tell you that after a very long, exciting, glamorous and blessed life, my legendary father died suddenly and painlessly on Wednesday, 18th November 2015. He had been happily chatting (flirting?) with one of the nurses when he said "Mmm, I feel a bit odd, I'll just sit down" and by the time he did, he was unconscious and never recovered. He was the kindest, most supportive, generous and funniest of men, who loved and adored every member of his family, and his many friends, equally and without favour. We were beyond blessed to have him.

He literally switched off from a pulmonary embolism aggravated by coronary artery atheroma; he always said he wanted to burn out after a decent innings, not rust out, nothing left on the warranty, and so he did. His last three and a half years were happy, peaceful and content, and I thank God that he went when he did, because his illness was beginning to progress to the distressing symptoms of dementia.

Dad used to say that he loved extravagance but hated waste, and he wanted any funereal tribute to be a donation to a good cause and not a floral tribute.

After the service, Elie and I invited those present to join us at The Golden Fleece. It serves proper beer, and Dad would have loved it, and it would not surprise me in the least if it was one of his old haunts, from back in the day.

*Nigel Kemp
5th December 2015*