

Amy: To introduce me!

When I started thinking what to write for this speech my mind went blank..... but eventually..... I thought how would Dad have made a speech, and these words came to mind:

Witty, charismatic, intelligent, poetic, precise, elegant, eloquent, short and sweet.....and then I realised I had described my Dad. You may however be wondering where short and sweet come into it, ...well.... you could put short in front of temper and that would solve that one and sweet, I'm still working on that one.

His way with words was incredible, his knowledge... extensive and an unbelievable memory. An example of his amazing memory was his endearing recital of the Walrus and the Carpenter which was one of my favourites and his execution of it was enchanting, I could have listened to it over and over again.....which was lucky as he would, recite it over and over again

This is how I remember Dad

He was famous for giving wild and generous parties which he orchestrated and hosted to perfection, as most of you will also remember.

He use to share with me such wonderful and interesting anecdotes of which he had many..... he was a brilliant story teller I wish I could remember them!.....but even if I could they wouldn't be the same. The epic!! intricacies of the family history was a favourite of his! and I would sit listening to him dutifully! whilst the plans for the rest of my day.... slowly slipped away.

This is how I remember Dad

Of course it is harder..... to forget the stories that involved me. Naming Boopa, the elephant that he kept in St Lucia, is one of these. One fine sunny morning we were in London with Dad when he suddenly hailed a black cab and said to the driver 'Would you be so kind to take us to Brighton please!' Well you can imagine the look on the drivers face!! And with that, Dad Barbara Amy and I got into the taxi and headed off to Brighton. Whilst we were in the taxi Dad then said 'I've just bought an elephant and was wondering what we should call her!'we thought he was joking but in fact he was being quite serious, so with the meter clicking away! we began calling out names. I can't remember my suggestions but I am sure Dumbo would have been one of them..... then whilst passing a hospital Amy said.. Boopa!!. And that was it! We arrived in Brighton and had a wonderful day and then the stunned taxi driver took us back home.

This is how I remember Dad.

The time when he decided he needed a fast car and bought a black jaguar. The speed at which he drove it from London to Norfolk and back was terrifying, and he wasn't the most reassuring driver particularly when he would nod off to sleep, Luckily..... we had Barbara..... who would clap her hands very loudly waking him up for a few minutes until!..... he nodded off..... Again (end low). This went on for most of the journey.

This is how I remember Dad.

Dad organised incredible family holidays.....he really! showed us the world! One of my favourite holiday stories was the time when we were travelling all around America. Dad had hired a Winnebago for this,..... Being a passenger with Dad at the wheel of this thing!.... was hair-raising to say the least! His speciality was the frequent screeching halts for the next un-miss-able photo opportunity. Anyway the story took place in San Francisco when Dad parked the Winnebago illegally..... as usual.. and went into a fancy dress shop, to stock up on his costumes for future entertainments. We were told to wait in the Winnebago to watch out for any cops.....and yes it wasn't long before one appeared and knocked on the window..... mum wound the window down.... looking a picture of innocence, whilst Christopher ran into the shop to get dad..... The next image we see is Dad coming casually out of the shop wearing a tutu with fake boobs a fake bottom and waving a wand, he walks straight up to the policeman and says " What seems to be the problem, officer!" The cop was speechless!

This is how I remember Dad

All these stories and so many more are how I will remember Dad. He gave me a colourful and enhancing life.....what other child at school had a pet elephant!! He also enhanced and inspired other people's lives as I am often told.

So I want to thank you Dad and let us here today celebrate his life and I will now end this speech with the last few words that he ended his speech on my wedding day..... "On these occasions there is always an up followed by a down:.... Up with your glasses and down with the champagne".