

BROS NEWSLETTER

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JUNE 2007

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1 BROS meeting.

The annual meeting of BROS will take place at 5pm for 5.30pm on Thursday 13th September, 2007 at the Lou Paradou Club. There will be a small charge for the refreshments.

2 Paul Richardson

It is with great sadness I report that Paul Richardson died on 28th April, 2007. On the 31st March 2007 Paul was involved in an accident when he slipped on a grass bank as he was crossing the road and fell into the path of a passing car from which he received serious injuries. I understand that he was making some recovery when he was hit by an infection and died in hospital on 28th April, 2007.

Paul's funeral was held at 1.45 pm on Thursday 17th May, 2007 at the beautiful old church of St Margaret at Rottingdean. Dot and I attended along with about 40 other mourners. His son Clive gave the eulogy, a copy of which is attached. The service was followed by cremation and a wake at Paul and Helen's house.

Many members will remember Paul for his work at Canebieres and the help which he gave to those who needed assistance. After he left the Bank of England Canebieres became the main feature of his life. Dot and I were very grateful for his help when we rented, then with our purchase and problems with an insurance claim. When ever we asked for his help or advice he always gave it. When he sold at Canebieres he was greatly missed. Our thoughts are with Helen and he family.

Joan Sadd

Sadly Joan Sadd is very seriously ill following her cancer operation on Wednesday 21st March 2007 following which there were very serious complications and further cancerous problems have since arisen. Joan is now at home with Macmillan Nurses visiting daily to help Joan and Derek. We wish Derek and his family well at this very difficult time.

Bob West. robert.west4@tesco.net We expect to be at Canebieres from 19th June to 16th July.

Eulogy for Paul Richardson 1917- 2007

Paul was born in 1917 in a small village in North Wales. When he was 8 he went as a boarder to St Chads Prep School into the care of his new headmaster Duncan Payne. DN as he was known was the finest of Christian men and the sense of decency and morality that he instilled into all his boys influenced Paul throughout his life. They remained friends forever.

At 13 Paul was entered for Wrekin College. He had backing from the Officers Association but the generous grant did not cover all the fees. So his new Headmaster Maxie Gordon made an appeal and the parents of one of the boys who had won a scholarship offered to give up their own son's scholarship and transfer it to Paul instead. Such kindness.

After Wrekin he spent three happy years teaching at St Peters Court in Kent and in 1938 he joined the Bank of England only to sign up for the army a few weeks later when the Munich crisis broke.

When war finally arrived, he found himself in the hold of a ship in Scapa Flow bound for Norway and the first British action of the war. This was May 1940 and they were listening to Vera Lynn on one radio and Lord Haw Haw on the other. Lord Haw Haw was politely explaining that they knew all about the British plans, that their cover was blown and that they were waiting for them on the other side. That's if they got passed the U boats.

Well they did get through. They landed at Anglesnes, hundreds of men guns equipment etc only to find out that some clot (Dad's word) had forgotten to bring the b..... ammunition!

Paul immediately fired off a letter to his Father.

Dear Daddy the letter began.

I'm in Norway. Please get on to our MP as soon as you can. I want him to raise questions in Parliament. Why have we landed all these men and equipment without ammunition?

lectures on a wide range of subjects: Industry, Coalmining, India, and he carried this on throughout his life and he was jolly good at it too!

By the way he thought his last audience the best. A small group from St Margarets Rottingdean who he found enchanting. He confided to me ... "with kids like these this country has nothing to worry about".

As well as lecturing he ran a sizeable market garden selling to local greengrocers. Tomatoes, Runner Beans, Sprouts, endless lettuces, marrows nurtured like babies, Cauliflowers. He created a blue Rose and won prizes for his Crysanthemums.

He never stopped. And then there was Barbara. Nothing better demonstrates the caring side of Paul's nature than his and Helen's thirty year relationship with this very special person. Barbara was the daughter of neighbours who lived in Crawley. Barbara's Mother had asked Paul and Helen to take care of Barbara and look after her considerable legacy on her behalf. She couldn't do this herself since she had Downs Syndrome and Mum and Dad readily agreed to take on this big responsibility. Over the years Dad administered her affairs, produced her accounts, visited her often and had her to stay for long holidays. All this was completely unpaid, done out of a sense of love and duty. Barbara absolutely adored Paul and she reached a very old age. One night, at the exact moment she died in hospital Dad awoke. He had seen her in a dream. She was standing at the bottom of his bed and simply said to him "Thank you".

Paul's proudest achievement was in helping to save his beloved Canebieres. His hill top home in the South of France; but if you want to know more about that you will have to read his book.

Today we are very sad, but we are also proud. Proud that he was the head of our family. Thankful for such a long and happy life. We loved him very much indeed. His qualities as a Father to Suzie and me are beyond words. He achieved a lot in his life with Helen at his side. However he couldn't have done any of it without her.

I wish to pay tribute to the Doctors and nurses of The Royal Sussex County Hospital. They fought for his life as hard as he did and he was overwhelmed

by their kindness. Thank you also to the people of Rottingdean. Such kindness.

It is true that my Father suffered dreadfully from the effects of the accident but I know he will not mind any of it, if, as a result of it, that appalling crossing at the corner of Chailey Avenue is made safe. Next time it could be a child. So I promise now. That crossing will be dealt with.

Back in 1944 one of his superior officers described Paul Richardson as safe pair of hands. Dad really liked that. To continue the cricketing analogy I don't really think Dad was 'out' at all, inasmuch that old age didn't claim him. I think the Great Umpire in Heaven could agree to this, and that his score for his wonderful innings will be given as "89, not out" and that's simply the best score you can have.

Given by his son Clive, at St Margaret's Church, Rottingdean. 17/5/07