

England

New Year to mid-February 2015



This visit to England started from California as we had spent Christmas with Christopher, Cyndi and Samantha. We had met them in San Francisco for the weekend before spending the Holiday with them in Sacramento. Hence, our flights to England began from San Francisco after spending the night of December 25 in a hotel near the airport.

After a lovely time with our California family (despite it being somewhat disrupted by the theft of passports, laptop and other items—see the Christmas Journal) we found that our flight itinerary had been changed significantly, so we were quite relieved to actually arrive in England and get to the flat in Ilkley on the morning of December 27.

We were soon settled in, however, and began our usual routine for a visit to Ilkley—walks, local (almost daily) shopping, visits with family and friends and, of course, some great meals at our favorite restaurants. Consequently, frequent readers of our journals will recognize a striking similarity to those written about previous winter (and summer) visits to Ilkley. Hence, daily entries are terse and often sound like a broken record—but that is our “home away from home” routine while staying in Northern England for extended periods.

Nevertheless, it was good to see virtually all of our family and many of our friends and to be warmly welcomed in our local eating establishments as well as by our apartment neighbors. The weather was generally cooperative and rarely caused us to change any part of our routine. There was snow, mostly confined to the higher elevations which made the whole valley look beautiful, and it seemed cold. The temperature didn't vary much outside the range of 30 to 40F but the damp and the winds often made it feel much colder. We heard that the winter in Ohio was surprisingly mild and snow-free..... But that changed immediately on our return in mid-February!

Our seven weeks in Ilkley flew by and we had a great vacation and thoroughly enjoyed our relaxing stay.

England, December 2014 to February 2015

Friday December 26

We were up shortly before 6am and caught the 6:40 hotel shuttle bus to the airport. A final check of the Delta website indicated all was well but I had also received a somewhat confusing and cryptic e-mail from KLM airlines indicating that our expected morning flight from Amsterdam to Leeds-Bradford had been changed to a late EVENING flight on the 27th. We decided to let Delta tell us what the story was at the airport. They confirmed the change but had no explanation as to why, but the very helpful agent set about seeking better alternatives. After a number of routings were checked and presented to us (each with pros and cons) we ultimately decided on a SFO-JFK-LHR-MAN journey, which was on Delta and in Business Class all the way, except for the final leg to Manchester which would have to be in Economy on British Airways. We decided we could accept a one hour flight in Coach!

We still had the issue of getting to Ilkley (train and taxi were possibilities) and of contacting our niece Joanne who had kindly planned to pick us up at our arranged destination of Leeds-Bradford. We needed her to meet us as our keys to the Ilkley flat had also been stolen with my computer bag! A quick couple of e-mails explained the situation before we had to board our flight to New York on the first leg of our revised itinerary. We had a three hour layover at JFK so we hoped to make some more definitive arrangements from there. Meanwhile, we settled down for an uneventful flight across the country in the comfort of Business Class.

The flight over the Atlantic and the subsequent terminal transfer at Heathrow airport went quite smoothly and, although it was a relatively short flight from New York, we both managed some sleep. The British Airways flight arrived in Manchester on time and, after picking up our bags, we walked to the train station. I had bought our tickets online during our layover at Heathrow so all we had to do was go to a self-service kiosk and we were on our way on the 10:30 train to Leeds. This was a little late arriving but sufficient to cause us to miss our best connection, so we had almost 30 minutes to wait for the next train to Ilkley.

We had a cup of coffee, contacted Robert with the revised arrival time and he was on the platform to greet us when we arrived in Ilkley at 2:30. He drove us to the flat and, after checking that we did indeed have spare keys inside, left us to settle in. We unpacked and then found a hamper filled with goodies, a fridge full of cheeses and other essentials – all courtesy of Joanne and Robert. It was very thoughtful of them and very much appreciated.

The rest of the day was spent in the flat before we walked down to the new Quinta restaurant on Wells Road, where we had a very pleasant meal and were greeted as old friends by the proprietor, who had been manager at Martha and Vincent's a year ago. We caught a taxi back home, retired immediately and slept until 10 the next morning.

Sunday December 28 (48 years since we immigrated to the US)

We were already too late to go to church when we awoke so we eventually walked down to Caffe Nero and did a minimal shop. We then spent the rest of the day at home (I did a short walk) until going to Piccolino for dinner.

Monday December 29

It was another late morning with breakfast at home. Later I walked "the long way" to Caffe Nero and met Molly there for coffee after she had completed her shopping. We ate at home this evening.

Tuesday December 30

I had some shopping to do in Keighley, so after breakfast at home I set off on my first moorland walk of this trip. It was still cold and very slippery on the way up Keighley Road and it seemed to take me forever, but I still managed to cover the six miles in a little over two hours. I shopped for light bulbs at B&Q and for printer ink at Curry's and then got the bus back to Ilkley where I met Molly for coffee.

Tonight we had a very pleasant evening with Joanne and Robert, dining at Monkman's. We continue to be amazed at how much they seem to enjoy our company and at the "welcome back" we always get at the local restaurants.

Wednesday December 31 (New Year's Eve)

Once again we were up quite late and had breakfast at home. Molly and I met for coffee after I had done a short walk and then we were home until Keith and Zena joined us. We had a dinner reservation at Martha and Vincent (The Farsyde having closed rather suddenly in November!) and had an excellent meal with good



service and, of course, a very enjoyable chat with our friends. Dinner was finished around 11 pm so we got a taxi back to the flat, where we had a New Year's toast and watched a rather impressive display of fireworks from several venues in Ilkley. We retired around 12:30.

Thursday January 1, 2015

Keith and Zena were walking over Ilkley Moor back home after spending the night with us so we got up for breakfast soon after nine. They then set off home in overcast – but not yet rainy – weather and I left about an hour later for a four mile walk around Ilkley. Molly and I then spent the rest of the day at home and had dinner in – making a good start on the cheeses that Robert and Joanne had kindly left for us. We watched a little TV and then retired about 10pm – me with a hot toddy in an attempt to attack a cold which was now in full flood!

Friday January 2

I felt considerably better after a good night's sleep. We had breakfast and a little before 10:30, Keith came round to drive me to Leeds-Bradford airport to pick up our rental car. We had been without since our arrival last Saturday as rates for the Holiday Week were exorbitant. The pickup went smoothly, I returned to Ilkley and Molly and I immediately drove into town to do a Tesco "big shop" and have a coffee before returning home for the rest of the day, once again eating in.

Saturday January 3

We drove down into Ilkley for breakfast at Caffè Nero and did our "big" Tesco shop. I then went for a five mile walk around Ilkley and we went for dinner at Aagrah at 8pm.

Sunday January 4

We had a light breakfast at home before driving to Eldwick for 11:30. Here we met Keith and Zena's daughter and son-in-law as well as their two teenage children before being joined by Bill and Ann Barker. They are friends we made on our Russia cruise in June and Keith and Zena had invited them over from Wetherby so the six of us could share a meal at the Busfeild Arms. We were at the pub for about 2 hours for a very leisurely meal and then returned to Keith and Zena's for coffee – and lots more talk. It was amazing how many people we knew in common so we all had a trip down memory lane. Before we knew it, it was after six so we headed back to the flat after a great reunion and a very pleasant six hours together.



Monday January 5

This was another day spent almost entirely at home with time out for a walk (to Keighley again) and coffee.

Tuesday January 6

We walked down to Ilkley, had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then caught the 10:10 train to Leeds. Here we connected to the London train and arrived at King's Cross around 1:30. An hour later, after two Underground rides, we were at Mark and Melissa's home in Wimbledon Park.

We spent the afternoon with them and their 17 month old daughter Isabella – who is a beautiful, bright and lovable redhead – and had a very enjoyable meal at a local Italian restaurant. We stayed overnight in their huge and extremely posh home and then had another four hours the next morning with the three of them.



Isabella



Mark and Melissa's Beautiful London Home

Wednesday January 7

We had breakfast with Mark and Melissa and Isabella and had another few hours in their home before leaving for our return journey to Ilkley. This went smoothly and we were back home soon after 4:30pm.

We had dinner at Monkman's.

Thursday January 8

Molly's brother Robert arrived from London at 12:30 and her sister Frances and her husband Alan arrived from Worcester around 3:30. They were all to stay the night before we drove together to the funeral of Fran, Molly and Robert's uncle Brian, who had died suddenly just before Christmas. Despite the somber reason for the get-together we had a very pleasant evening of chatting and a good dinner at Emporio Italia.

Friday January 9

The five of us left Ilkley in Alan's SUV about 11am and drove to Darlington where Brian was to be cremated. The Humanist service was exactly 30 minutes in length but the lady who led it and read the eulogy (attached as an Appendix) did a wonderful job of recapping Brian's life – and revealing things that his family had previously not known. The service was followed by a reception at the Streethead Inn in Bishopdale which Brian and his partner Peter had run for a dozen years before Brian's health caused him to retire. They still lived in the village and we have visited both the Inn and their current home on several occasions. Peter seemed to be holding up well throughout the whole afternoon and Brian's sister Jean and her husband and son were planning to stay with him overnight. Again, notwithstanding the reason for the reunion, it was nice for Fran, Molly and Robert (as well as Alan and I) to see family whom we have not seen in several years.

We drove back to Ilkley in a torrential downpour and gale force winds and then spent the rest of the evening snacking on cheese and wine – and listening to the wind.

Saturday January 10

Fran and Alan left for home about 11 but Robert was planning to stay with us for a few more days. I went for a walk and met Robert and Molly in town for a coffee and then we

spent the rest of the afternoon in the flat.

Robert—at home in the Ilkley Flat

Around 6:15, Dorothy and David arrived at the flat, we chatted for a while and then went for dinner at Martha and Vincent in Ilkley. It was a good meal (although the menu was somewhat limited) and we had a very lively conversation. It was 10pm before we said goodnight.

Sunday January 11

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then drove Robert to the local Roman Catholic Church while we went to St Margaret's. We met up again for a coffee before driving to Pateley Bridge for a late lunch at the café near the river. It was an overcast day with periods of rain but we enjoyed the drive through the Dales and returned via Burnsall, Embsay and Skipton.

We stayed home then until 8pm when we drove for another good meal at Quinta on Wells Road.

Monday January 12

This was a stay-at-home day, although I did manage a short walk and met Robert and Molly for coffee afterwards. We ate at home tonight.



Tuesday January 13

Today was the day that Robert left for home. We had breakfast at home, he packed and soon after 11 we went for coffee before seeing him off on his train to Leeds at 12:10.

I went for a walk over the Moor in the afternoon; it was very windy on top and quite cool but a pleasant walk nevertheless. Molly and I had dinner at Piccolino.

Wednesday January 14

We had breakfast at home and then I set off on a longer walk – this time via Keighley Road to Morton and then on the canal bank to Bingley, stopping for coffee at the Five Rise Locks Café. I took the train back to Ben Rhydding and then walked home for a total of over eight miles. I was very tired and we stayed home for the rest of the day.

Thursday January 15

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero, did some Tesco shopping and then I set off on another walk. I walked via Ben Rhydding to Middleton and back via Victoria Avenue – over 6 ½ miles in all. My reward was dinner with Molly at Monkman's.

Friday January 16

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero again and then drove to Skipton for a walk around the market. It was very cold and damp with occasional snow showers so we were pleased to get back in the car and drive home via Morton.

There was a brief but very heavy snowstorm in the early afternoon but then it brightened up considerably so I went for a very short walk down to the river and back. We stayed home for the rest of the day.

Saturday January 17

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero again and then I went for another walk around Ilkley. There were brief periods of heavy snow but the only real accumulations were on the tops of the surrounding hills. We stayed home for the rest of the day until dinner at Emporio Italia at 8:30pm.

Sunday January 18

We had breakfast at home and were leaving for church when we were met by Rosemary who indicated that the driveway was very slick. Indeed, when we went out of the garage, there was a car that had slid into the fence – and the driver wasn't even in it. We stayed home and were able to venture out for coffee much later in the day when a little sun and some salt had made the approach more manageable.

We had dinner at home.

Monday January 19

We left about 9 and drove to Harrogate where we did a good deal of shopping (spending our M&S gift cards), had coffee with Joanne and then drove home. I went for a relatively short walk in the afternoon and we had dinner at Panache.

Tuesday January 20

We had breakfast at home and then I set out on a walk past White Wells to the Cow and Calf. It was extremely treacherous in places and everyone I met commented on the icy conditions and were taking it very slowly and carefully. Once I reached the road beyond the Cow and Calf, the walk down into Ben Rhydding and then to Ilkley was fine.

I met Molly for coffee, she did her shopping and I walked back via the park and Victoria Avenue. We then stayed home for the rest of the day and evening.

Wednesday January 21

We had breakfast at home and then drove into Ilkley on a snowy morning for Molly's 10am hairdresser appointment. I walked via the park while she was getting her hair done and we met up for coffee afterwards before returning home.

It continued to snow – although the roads remained clear – but I ventured out for a slightly longer walk in the early afternoon. It snowed the whole way but with the temperature slightly above freezing, only the grass and some sidewalks saw any accumulation. There was probably close to two inches in spots at the higher elevations.

We had dinner tonight at Bistro Saigon.

Thursday January 22

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then met Joanne at the flat. She had come over to join me in a walk, although the fog was quite dense and there was a good covering of snow on the hills after yesterday's precipitation. Nevertheless we ventured up past White wells and climbed the "steps" on to the Moor. By now the fog was quite dense (50 yards visibility) and there was at least three or more inches of snow, both of which made finding and staying with the path somewhat difficult. I will admit to more than one occasion when I thought we might be better turning around, but we continued with care and eventually reached the cairn at the top of the moor. From there it was an easier route to follow, although the last half mile down the steepest section of Keighley Road was quite slippery.

Molly and I drove into Ilkley for coffee in the afternoon and then spent the rest of the day and evening at home.

Caffè Nero, Ilkley. Our home away from home!



Friday January 23

We had breakfast at home and then I went for an almost 5 mile walk around Ilkley while Molly spent time in town doing her shopping.

Around 6:15 we drove to Dunkswick from where we drove with Joanne and Robert to meet Amanda and Chris and Dorothy and David for dinner at the Punch Bowl Inn in Mar-ton-cum-Grafton. We had a very pleasant three hours catching up with each other's news and it was after 11 before we got back to Ilkley.

Saturday January 24

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero again and then I walked over to Keighley. Molly did her shopping and we met back at the flat after I returned home by bus.

Tonight we ate at Quinta.

Sunday January 25

We went to church and then to Caffè Nero. I went for a short walk in the afternoon but other than that we relaxed at home for the rest of the day and had a very nice lamb meal in the evening.

Monday January 26

Rachel the decorator arrived at 9am to start work on the master bedroom ceiling following a leak which occurred during our visit last January. We let her in and then left for breakfast in Skipton followed by a stroll through the market (surprisingly few stalls today) and a drive home via the moors. I had a walk in the afternoon and then we stayed home for the rest of the day.

Tuesday January 27

Today was another "stay at home" with the usual shopping trip (Molly) and walk (Bob) followed by a nice evening meal at Monkman's.

Wednesday January 28

There was snow on and off throughout the day so a good time to stay in Ilkley. We ate at home.

Thursday January 29

There was more snow today – sometimes heavy, sometimes more like a light rain, and even periods of sunshine. Joanne and I managed a walk from Saltaire to Bingley and back without getting caught in any of the squalls but we were a little concerned about the state of the roads for our evening trip to Rudding Park. However, things turned out well and we met Dorothy and David there after driving via Addingham to pick up Linda. It was a very pleasant three hour meal and a good chat and the roads were still clear when we drove home.

Friday January 30

We did our usual walks and shopping trip today and about 6:30 Keith and Zena picked us up and drove into Ilkley for our dinner at Quinta. We had a good meal, they returned to the flat for coffee and we arranged the dates for our planned short trip together to celebrate both our fiftieth wedding anniversaries in June.

Saturday January 31

We drove to Skipton again to meet Cat (our favorite barista at the Ilkley Caffè Nero until she left last summer) for a coffee. We spent about 2 hours with her, catching up on her life and telling her of our travels.

I had a short walk in the afternoon and then we stayed home for the rest of the day.

Sunday February 1

We went to church this morning and then to Caffè Nero for coffee. I had a walk around Ilkley on a sunny but cold afternoon and we went to dinner at Piccolino.

Monday February 2

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then did our usual shopping and walking expeditions. Other than that we stayed home all day.

Tuesday February 3

After breakfast I drove to Bingley and did the Altar lane, St Ives Estate walk. The hill was still quite icy in places but the walk was very nice and a pleasant change from staying in Ilkley. Tonight we ate at Monkman's.

Wednesday February 4

We had breakfast at home and then drove to Skipton to meet Keith and Eileen. We had a coffee at their new flat, which is actually very close to the house in which they had lived on the opposite side of the canal. We then drove to Kirkby Lonsdale where we met Roy and had



a very leisurely (almost three hours) lunch at the Sun Inn. It was nice to catch up on each other's lives and it was a beautiful clear day. We had some great views of snow-covered Ingleborough as we drove home.

Tonight we went for a “light” Tapas meal at La Casita – but, as usual, we got one dish too many.

Thursday February 5

Breakfast at Caffe Nero again and then I took the train to Guiseley from where I walked to Shipley via Esholt (“Emmerdale”). It was another cool and relatively bright day and another pleasant walk. About five we left for Ripon where we met Dorothy and David and joined them at a Thai restaurant in town. As we left, we were just in time to view the “Setting of the Watch” in the market square at which the horn blower signals that the city is secure for another night. This is a tradition that has been maintained without interruption since 866.

We had tea at Dorothy and David’s and it was after 11pm before we left for home.

Friday February 6

We had breakfast at home and then drove to Skipton and Keighley to do a little shopping. I had a walk around town in the afternoon and at 6:45, Joanne and Robert picked us up and we went to the Devonshire Arms for dinner. We all had the eight course tasting menu, followed by coffee in the lounge. It was delicious meal in elegant surroundings and with excellent company.

Saturday February 7

We had breakfast at Caffe Nero and I had a short walk later in the morning. Mid-afternoon we went into town again for coffee. It was by now a sunny and milder afternoon and the town was very crowded, as it has been on the two previous Saturdays.

Tonight we ate at Emporio Italia.

Sunday February 8 (Molly’s Birthday)



We ate at home and then went to church, which we followed with a visit to Caffe Nero. We stayed home for the rest of the day except for a short walk that I took into town, primarily to see a parade by the Air Force Cadets. There was little in the way of publicity but it appeared that they were presenting their colors at All Saints Church. I was surprised at their numbers – I would guess over 100 were marching.

RAF Cadets on parade and the mayor taking the salute



at Monkman’s.

Monday February 9

We had breakfast at Caffe Nero and then I went for a walk and Molly did her usual shopping and library visit. My walk was the longest of the trip –just over 10 miles in which I went via White Wells to the Cairn and then to Keighley Gate before descending into Keighley. I caught the bus back to Ilkley, getting off before the town center to walk by the river and then up Brooke Street to Cowpasture and home.

Tonight we ate at Quinta.

Tuesday February 10

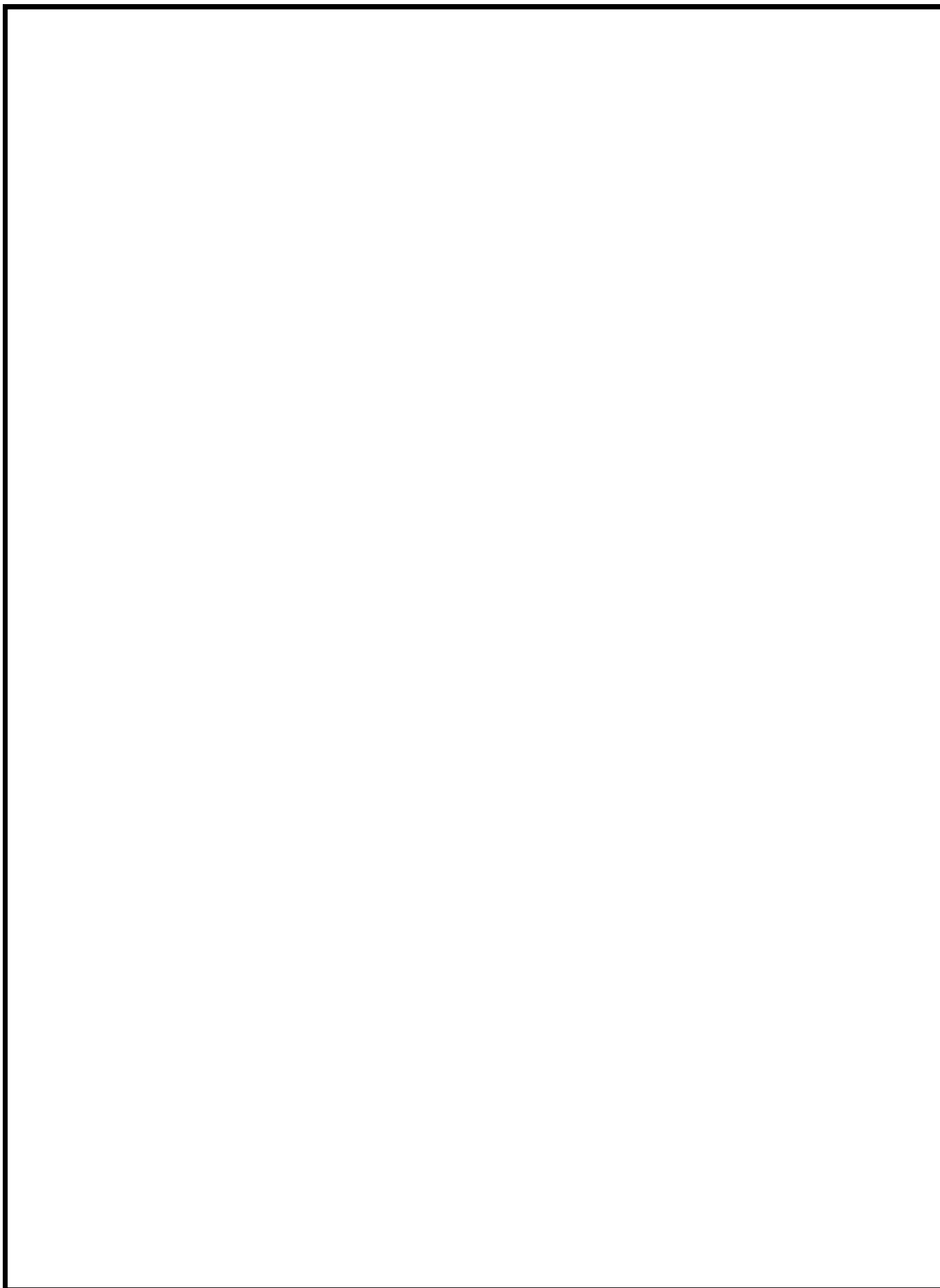
We had breakfast at home and then we started our preparations for leaving tomorrow. I managed a walk around Ilkley and Molly made her final trip to the library and we had our final dinner for this trip

Wednesday February 11

We had breakfast at Caffe Nero and then returned to the flat to pack, do the final washing and get ready for leaving. We were all done (including a very short walk for me) by about 1:30pm so we left then for Manchester. We arrived at the airport Hilton around 4pm and had our usual pre-departure dinner at the plough and Flail before I returned the rental car and we turned in.

Thursday February 12

We were up about 7 and took the shuttle to the airport for our 9:20 flight to Amsterdam. We had breakfast on this short flight, had about an hour layover and then had lunch and a snack on the transatlantic flight to Detroit. Here we had several hours before our final leg back to Cincinnati. Here we were met by Elizabeth who drove us home after another very pleasant and relaxing visit to England.



Funeral Ceremony for Brian White

Darlington Crematorium

1-15 pm Friday 9th January 2015

music; 'Chorus Hebrew Slaves' Verdi

We meet here today to pay tribute to Brian White in this celebration of his life and to express simply and quietly our gratitude for having shared that life by bidding farewell with respect, dignity and love.

My name is Jan Mole and I have been asked to conduct this Humanist funeral ceremony. A Humanist funeral is not just a final goodbye, it is a sharing in the celebration of a life of the unique personality that cannot be replaced. Whilst this is not a religious ceremony, for those of you who wish to pray we will have some moments later in the ceremony.

Today we join with Brian's partner, Peter; sister Jean with Jack; nephew, John and his son Christopher; Brian's Nieces, Fran and Molly with their partners and nephew, Robert; members of Peter's family and with other family and friends, to say farewell to Brian.

Unable to be here today are those of Brian's family who live abroad and his other nephew Richard.

Grief is a very personal matter for those who suffer the loss of someone close to them, and Brian's death leaves us with much sadness. But, as human beings, we are all concerned, directly or indirectly, with the life and death of any individual.

No one of us is independent and separate and though some links are stronger than others, each of us is joined by those links of kinship, love, friendship, by living in the same neighbourhood, or simply by our own common humanity.

This human link is very powerful, we all know how an unexpected smile from someone can lift our spirits, but we may never know how the smallest of our actions, a word or a smile, has begun a chain of events that can travel around the world touching many more lives, or how our words and actions have become the thoughts and actions of others. They are then passed on again and in this way can go on forever, surely this is immortality. No one should be afraid of death itself. All that has life has its beginning and end, and its significance lies in our experiences and achievements in that span of time. Its permanence lies in the memories of those who have known us.

Earlier this week I spent some time with Peter and he shared his and others' memories of Brian. So, together we will recall his life with affection and some smiles and perhaps help some of you here today to remember forgotten times with him.

Brian was born on the 1st August 1934 in Sheffield and was one of Walter and Clara's five children, Jean, Doreen, Derek, Alan and Brian.

He left school at fifteen and worked as a booking clerk for British Rail for three years before doing his national Service with the Royal Army Ordnance Corp having, as he described it, a cushy job for two years, looking after war surplus equipment. During his time he rose to the rank of sergeant.

After he came out of the army, he worked for a short period at Hadfields, a steel company and he also developed an interest in ballet and joined the ballet club in Sheffield where he later met, Barbara Hutchinson and although she was ten years his junior, they became friends.

Brian was spotted by Anton Dolin from Festival ballet and he went to train at Arts Educational in London and then joined the Festival Ballet and also occasionally worked for the Royal Ballet. At about the same time, Barbara joined the Royal Ballet and Brian was tasked to keep an eye on her, by her parents, whereby she came to describe him as her big brother; something she would continue to do until her death a couple of years ago.

They always kept in touch, even after Barbara joined The Netherlands ballet and married a Dutchman. Brian was godfather to her two sons, Emile and Michael, (who are here today).

His dancing career included Summer Festivals at Hintlesham and stage managing Spanish dancer, Lutez and her troupe. He was obliged to give up dancing in 1960, when moonlighting as a dancer in cabaret he injured his knee. The period when he was involved in the ballet was one of the major influences in his life and his stories from that period served him well socially.

Towards the end of his dancing career, Brian had worked in Madrid for about six months, which was the beginning of his appreciation of Spain which continued throughout his life. He regularly visited John Bradley, another friend from Sheffield who lived in Torremolinos, and also the Canary Isles. About ten years ago, Brian, with Peter, rediscovered Madrid and they enjoyed frequent visits, the last in October this year.

When he returned to Sheffield, he worked for various steel companies as a production planner for 25 years becoming senior planner for Thrybergh Bar Mill in 1982. In 1985 he took voluntary redundancy and did a one year hotel and catering course at Sheffield Polytechnic.

In the meantime he had maintained his interest in the stage by becoming involved in producing and directing for amateur musical societies in the Sheffield area. He also did part time work as a barman/relief manager for friends in the pub trade.

In 1983 Brian was seriously ill with hepatitis and shortly afterwards he met Peter who was at a crossroads as far as his own career was concerned. After Brian left British Steel, they agreed to go into business together buying the Street Head Inn in Newbiggin in the Yorkshire Dales in July 1987 which they successfully ran together for nearly ten years.

Brian was a cigar, chain smoker for most of the time they were in the pub. He needed a heart bypass in 1994 and afterwards suffered a stroke as a complication whereby he was unable to return to maximum effectiveness and so they decided to leave the Inn in 1996 and move into a house in the village.

While Peter soon found other employment, they agreed Brian should retire due to his impaired health.

When a friend was taken ill and required the services of the GNAA to take her to hospital, Brian and Peter decided to give a party to celebrate Brian's 70th birthday and ask the guests to make a donation to the charity. What started as a one off, became an annual event and Brian and Peter were able to raise £13000 over the years. In fact, Brian himself became beneficiary of the service when he suffered another stroke in 2010 and was airlifted himself to JC hospital, returning home just in time for the party that year.

Brian had another short spell in hospital just before he and Peter, had their Civil partnership ceremony last year, which they followed with a few days holiday in Northumbria, an area they had only recently discovered.

Since Brian's 2010 stroke Peter had always been concerned as to whether or not Brian was fit enough to travel by plane and whether or not they would get him back home safely. However, he loved his regular jaunts to Spain and took what was to be his final trip there, last October.

Whilst physically not so good, thankfully Brian retained his mental faculties until the end.

He used to lament that after the passing of some of the Dales characters like Bill Chapman, Charlie Lancaster and Ted Drake that there were no more characters left. Maybe, what he didn't realise was that he was one of those characters himself as is evident in the messages of condolence Peter has received.

From various friends they included the following words;

'I will always remember him turning up one day, wearing a T shirt that said, 'Of course I'm a genius, I'm from Yorkshire'

'A real character he will be greatly missed'

'Outspoken, honest and generous of spirit, not forgetting his unique brand of confrontational hospitality; one of a kind'.

'Loveable old B.. and will be greatly missed'.

Some years ago, Brian was somehow cajoled into being Santa Claus for the village party and was encouraged in his unique grumpy interpretation by Colin, who urged the children to shout really loudly because then, he said, 'Santa will turn round and give you a wave'. However, Brian can't have been that unhappy about it as he played the role most years from 97 to 2012.

Dogs were a large part of his life, over the years; but they had to be a black Labrador whereby he earned the nickname Brian Blackdog

Vegging out in front of Holby City on the TV became an enjoyable pastime and woe betide anyone who might knock on the door and disturb him!

Brian and Peter had many friends in the village and Peter has been very moved and grateful for the kindness and concern shown to him since Brian's death by so many people, particularly Meriel and Barbara, and Pat who has provided the floral display on the coffin.

Brian touched many lives and as well as friends from his time as a landlord or a dancer there are those who go back to his earliest working days in Hadfields.

Tony and Peggy who knew Brian, his mother and his siblings and are very saddened by the death of a dear friend.

Barbara Hutchinson's daughter in law, Annet sent the following words;

'We have recollected memories over Christmas and we laughed at many of them. To the children he was a funny man, they liked the way he was joking and the swearing was of course cool in their eyes. A very special man. A best friend for Barbara who we still miss a lot too'.

From his nephew John Daniels

"He had a heart as big as a bucket; he would do anything for you."

With these tributes in mind; Peter thought these words appropriate.

'Great friends are like stars, they are still there even when you can't see them'

Brian was probably more poorly than he would admit to. Certainly he had had Angina which had been getting progressively worse from about nine months ago and in the last year he reviewed his will and he and Peter became Civil partners at the registry office in Leyburn, in July, with a small number of family and friends in attendance. After his holiday in October in Spain, he went to see his family in Sheffield the week before Xmas. He passed away peacefully at home, in his own bed as he would have wished. I would like now to read a poem by Nicholas Evans for Peter.

If I be the first of us to die,

Let grief not blacken long your sky.

Be bold yet modest in your grieving.

There is a change but not a leaving.

For just as death is part of life,

The dead live on forever in the living.

And all the gathered riches of our journey,

The moments shared, the mysteries explored,

The steady layering of intimacy stored,

The things that made us laugh or weep or sing,

*The joy of sunlit snow or first unfurling of the spring,
The wordless language of look and touch,
The knowing,
Each giving and each taking,
These are not flowers that fade,
Nor trees that fall and crumble,
Nor are they stone,
For even stone cannot the wind and rain withstand
And mighty mountain peaks in time reduce to sand.
What we were, we are.
What we had, we have.
A conjoined past imperishably present.
So when you walk the woods where once we walked together
And scan in vain the dappled bank beside you for my shadow,
Or pause where we always did upon the hill to gaze across the land,
And spotting something, reach by habit for my hand,
And finding none, feel sorrow start to steal upon you,
Be still.
Close your eyes.
Breathe.
Listen for my footfall in your heart.
I am not gone but merely walk within you.*

While thoughts of Brian are in our minds we will have a few moments of reflection wherein you can remember Brian as you knew him best and those of you with a religious belief may like to use this time for your personal and private prayers.

REFLECTION *Music: 'Smile' Johnny Mathis*

Now we come to the most solemn moment in our parting, please stand if you are able, for our last farewell.

COMMITTAL-close curtains

We have been remembering with much love the life of Brian which has now ended.

Here in this last act, in sorrow but without fear, in love and appreciation, we commit Brian's body to its natural end.

You rejoice that he lived

You're glad that you saw his face

You took delight in his friendship

You treasure that you walked life with him

You cherish the memory of his words

His achievements, his character, his qualities

With love you leave him in peace

With respect you bid him farewell

close curtains

Please be seated for a few more moments

I hope that you have been comforted by your presence here today, in sharing your thoughts and feelings for Brian with others who knew and loved him. Peter would like to invite everyone to join him in The Street Head Inn after the ceremony, to continue this celebration of Brian's life.

As we leave there will be an opportunity to make a donation to the GNAA should you wish to.

No one is truly dead as long as they are remembered, so hold on to Brian in your hearts. Talk about him often, repeat the sayings he used and enjoy your memories of him as we have today. Our final piece of music is from the last act of the ballet Giselle.

It was one of Brian's many stories as to how he was intrigued by the way, the ballerina, in the last moments of this ballet, dropped gracefully backwards into her tomb in the final scene. He discovered that there was a large burly scot, lying on the stage, but hidden from the view of the audience who, with arms at the ready would catch and lower her, as she gracefully fluttered down. .

Now, let us go quietly with our thoughts and live in peace and harmony with one another.

music; 'music from Giselle, final scene'



