

David's Funeral Address – 26<sup>th</sup> March 2009

Good Morning – I am David's youngest stepdaughter Janet. I would like to begin the address today by reading some words composed by David's dear friend Dr June Hargreaves.....

*David Hoyle was a man of many parts. His range of interests varied from his admiration of traditional craft skills ( reflecting his own working life ) , to art (influenced by his education); to architecture, history, music, cricket; and he was always willing to give voluntary support to those who shared his many interests.*

*These interests were not superficial, for he studied them in some detail and could converse about them with experts in their respective fields of knowledge.*

*His travelling on holidays had helped to broaden these interests and wherever he visited he researched the places and noted the items worthy of a special visit.*

*It is little surprise that he made friends connected to this broad range of subjects, and some of those people have remained good friends which had often started from a casual acquaintance.*

*It is impossible to identify any one of his interests which gave him the greatest satisfaction. His long association with the Choir was special, not only for the music but also for the camaraderie.*

*In his retirement he gained enormous pleasure from visiting and composing Yorkshire views which he translated into iconic paintings. These were much admired by many of his friends, but also by virtual strangers who commissioned him to paint special views or subjects. His paintings will be displayed in the homes of many people here today and will continue to be treasured for many years ahead.*

*David's influence, as a friend and an artist was enormous.*

*Above all, David had tremendous inner strength. Anyone who knew of the personal traumas which he endured must be deeply moved by the way he faced these with great sadness but without bitterness.*

*We are here today to pay our respects to a very special person who will be remembered for years ahead. His love of Cowling and Yorkshire will long be remembered by the many friends whose lives he touched and influenced in so many different ways.*

Those words remind us of the breadth of David's interests and the depth to which he pursued them. He had a keen interest in everything but particularly a passion for the arts, painting, music, poetry, architecture and of course the art of conversation.

June talked about David's influence on the people around him and I would like to share with you some ways in which David influenced the life of our family.

But first let me pay our respects to two of the most important people in David's life who, tragically, pre-deceased him. David's sons Richard and Stephen.

Richard, from my memory was a passionate, intelligent man who looked a lot like his father. The complicated and sometimes heartbreakingly strained relationship between David and Richard was, I am sure, a source of pain for both of them. But now and then there were moments of joy and they would both burst out laughing at a ridiculous statement the other had uttered and argue with wit and good humour.

Stephen was a warm hearted, quietly humourous, intelligent man who shared some of his Dad's interests. Both of them connected through their love of the Nelson Arion Choir and David was very proud of Stephen's achievements. Both men were an important part of David's life and he loved and cared deeply about their

wellbeing and happiness. I would like to take a moment today to remember them and respect their place in the tapestry of David's life.

David entered our lives about 29 years ago, I was 15 years old, Susan was 17 and Margaret was 19. It all began with a broken chair and a flasher.

David was introduced to Vera by friends after she had mentioned that she had a chair that needed mending. I don't know what happened on their first meeting but I have first hand knowledge of the second incident with the flasher. One Saturday night long ago, Vera had long retired to bed, Susan and Margaret were out galavanting, I was sat watching a Hammer Horror Film with Peter Cushing trying his best to scare me out of my wits, there was a flash of a yellow jersey at our front door. There was no knock, just a persistent presence through the patterned glass panel. I became very uncomfortable and ran upstairs to wake Mum. She came downstairs and confronted the man through a closed door but no response was forthcoming. 'Right' she said and marched into the kitchen and filled a mug full of cold water, she very bravely opened the door to find a man flashing something much more inappropriate than his yellow jersey. She threw the cup of water on him and called the police. The police came, the constable was about 12 years old and couldn't help smiling broadly when he asked my Mum to describe the man and all she could remember was that he had bushy eyebrows. Big dos and little dos the constable advised that she had the glass panel in the door removed and replaced with wood. Out came the joiner.... he walked in with his signature blue overalls, his pencil and ruler in his pocket and took, I thought, a jolly long time fixing the problem.

I don't remember David leaving after that. My memories are of him coming over and eating lunch with us and talking endlessly, to me! I was a very willing gooseberry. I was a teenager full of angst and on the cusp of forming strong political affiliations, I longed to join CND, David and I talked and he argued why I shouldn't. He shared his experiences with me of some of his war time horrors. We talked about politics and poetry. He was interested in what I was doing at school. I was smitten with his easy and raucous laugh, his booming voice, he was smitten with my Mum.

David transitioned very easily into the world of 4 females. One of his most famous and noted decisions was to put a lock on the bathroom door. In the years to come I learned that David was a warm, big hearted, empathetic but sometimes, by his own admission, awkward parent. He was a marvellous source of fashion advice and fancy dress equipment, we borrowed his work overalls for fancy dress, dress shirts for that new romantic look and wait for it, his cotton long johns which were matched with one of his Vera-knitted and Vera-shrunk in the wash Arran sweaters for a look that has not since come back into fashion (and hopefully never will). I have memories of him visiting many of my accommodations in the red light district in Nottingham while I was a student, he would worry about the plumbing arrangements and built me the desk which I studied at for 4 years.

As we moved through the years, Margaret, Susan and I had children which were an endless source of joy to David. Grandchildren are that second chance without the intense responsibility of parenting and David embraced it with enthusiasm, energy and joy. David was Grandad Bang Bang, Grandad David or just Grandad. He painted with the children, he read to them, he sang to them. He bounced them on his knee, he let them pull his nose hairs and play with his wood working tools and war medals. He made them cocktails of Ribena, lemonade and ice cream, they made these horrible concoctions, in secret, in the kitchen at Bank House, all you could hear was David bellowing 'ohh that's too much' referring to the amount of ribena he had just poured and the children squealing with delight saying 'More Grandad, more'. He leaves Jessica, Katie, Holly, Laura, Yiota and Harry behind with wonderful childhood memories of a warm loving Grandad. David also leaves Paul, Mick and Mick as passed and present sons in law and joins Harry. I have a fantasy that Harry will meet him wherever they are with a warm hug and take him to Vera.

David had so many facets which you could choose from which enabled you to enjoy his company and love him.

- His blue twinkling eyes
- His compliments of Vera
- His dry wit
- His love of the Yorkshire dialect
- His ability to cry and say he loved you
- His encouraging words in any situation
- His elderberry and rhubarb wine

There were societies and organisations that David enjoyed throughout the years

- Royal British Legion
- Cowling Cricket Club
- Cowling Moonrakers
- The Parish Council
- The Probus Society
- Nelson Arion Choir
- And many others

It wouldn't be right to end this address without talking about David and Vera specifically. Their relationship was one of tremendous love, liberation, warmth and caring. While we were looking through some of Mum's letters we found a letter written to Vera from David. He expresses his deep and abiding love for her and he makes a comment regarding his painting which refers to '(my) rediscovery of the joy and fulfilment of drawing and painting again because of your help and love'. I think this sums it up, their relationship was one of mutual love, tolerance and understanding and growth. They both flourished as a result of meeting and falling in love with each other. This positive, loving environment had a big influence on myself, Margaret and Susan and our children and that positive influence will live on through everyone who knew David.

Thank You for listening. I would like to invite Susan and Margaret to stand and talk to you now.