

David writes:

This seems an appropriate place to say goodbye to my Dad; we are only a few hundred yards from Castle Lane in Garstang where he moved 60 years ago with a wife and two young children with the aim of building a new life in Garstang.

He, and my Mum worked very hard over the next 20 years to turn a Brick skeleton in the middle of a building site into a comfortable home environment for all of us. But at the same time, he never forgot his wider family doing what he could to help and support his ailing parents and maintain contact with his sisters – mainly, I think because he still enjoyed teasing them.

Twenty years later, the home was established, the children were moving on and he became more involved with the Church and the local community. He then discovered a different family – a family of friends whose company he enjoyed enormously – on and off the golf course.

Fifteen years later he received the news that he was to become a Grandfather and so begin what proved to be his final and possibly greatest family role – that of ‘Granddad’ and Great-Granddad.

He really was a wonderful Granddad. He was able to see his grandchildren frequently through their visits to Ashkirk and his visits to Altrincham and Berkhamsted and of course fairly frequent family holidays; in fact, all of his Grandchildren studied extensively at the ‘Colin Swarbrick Academy of Sandcastle Building’.

He knew them all collectively and individually – Matthew, Rebecca, Kate, Andrew and Richard. He watched them grow, followed their progress with interest and always had time for them. I am sure that they will all have fond memories of Granddad and I hope that when they think about him and all he meant to them they remember how much they meant to him.

It is ironic to think that 15 years ago he would now have been looking forward to Bank Holiday Monday. Some or all of the family would be coming to Ashkirk, he would have been planning the barbecue, harvesting the first root of New Potatoes, walking to the Cross on Monday morning for the crowning of the Queen, exchanging banter with any friends he met on the High Street and going to the Church Inn with those of the family old enough for a quick pint. But the Children’s Festival is cancelled and the Church Inn has disappeared so, maybe the timing is appropriate to.

My Dad – a family man who always tried to do the right thing and always had my Mum there to tell him when he didn’t.

So - a family man
Son/Brother/Husband/Father/Uncle/Grandfather/Great-Grandfather

FROM ALL OF US
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING - ETERNAL REST

Michael writes:

While David has mentioned that this is the appropriate place to say goodbye, I would like to mention that today is an especially appropriate day to say goodbye, if you bear with me, I'll explain:

Mum and dad's courtship had a slow and steady build up as it was interrupted firstly by mum being away in Manchester at teacher training college from 1947 to 49. The first photo of them together, on the inside front cover of the order of service, was taken on the Isle of Man in August 1948, when dad was only 18 and mum 19. The other photo of the two of them, on the last page, was at Knott End in summer 1949. We can see they made the best of the summer holidays. The second interruption was Dad's National Service from 1950 to 1952, but on the positive side he always said he got plenty of practice in that most useful of life skills – peeling potatoes.

After these two interruptions they were married on 21st May 1953, so today is the 68th anniversary of their wedding.

Since that day 68 years ago they have had far too many memories to share with you. I am sure you all have your own special memories of dad, whether as a parishioner, golfer, friend, uncle or grandad.

Although in the last couple of years dad wasn't in the best of health, we have to remember he did live a very full and very happy life.

On behalf of Mum, David, myself and all our families, we appreciate you all being here with us to share our sadness but also to remember him with happy memories.

REST IN PEACE DAD,
GONE FROM US, BUT NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN