

A celebration of life Ronald Delwyn O'Dare

28 August 1937 – 2 March 2018

2.00 pm, 27 March 2018, Cardiff and Vale Crematorium

a personal goodbye

Humanist
Ceremonies

Ron was very proud of his Irish ancestry, often saying that he may have been born in Cardiff, but he was Irish, and he wanted that reflected in today's ceremony. He wanted two of his favourite pieces of music played today, Raglan Road which we started with and Carrickfergus.

Craig told me that a few weeks ago he dreamt that his father was singing Carrickfergus to him and woke to find a message from Shaun (who was with his dad when he passed) telling him Dad had died. So, this is a very special song and we are going to listen to it now sung by Paddy Riley.

Carrickfergus – Paddy Riley

While always proud of his Irish roots, in his later life Ron became interested in his ancestry and he found out that his great grandfather moved to England in the late 1800s and that his grandfather was born in Chard in Somerset. His own father, Jack was the first Welsh born O'Dare, and Ron himself was born in Cardiff on the 20th of August 1937.

He grew up in Ely with his mum and dad, Eveline and Jack, and his six brothers and sisters. They used to go camping over Sully when Ron was a teenager, and this was a passion that would last his lifetime. His father was a very keen gardener and this rubbed off on Ron and became another lifelong interest.

There may not have been much money, but they grew up as a close family who have remained close. Mark and Shaun told me how they spent a lot of time as they grew up visiting their aunts, uncles and cousins. Ron is survived by his brothers Wally and Kenny and sister Nancy who have spent many hours with him in the nursing home.

When he left school Ron went to sea, working on deep sea trawlers and later joining the merchant Navy. In these roles he travelled all over the world. He loved the sea and always wanted to be near it, be it fishing, camping or just having a cuppa in the morning looking out at the sea, that's where he was always happiest.

He met Pauline in the 1962 when he was working as a bouncer in a club in Charles Street. He approached Pauline and struck up a conversation. Her friends warned her that he was already in a relationship, but she decided to ignore them and five months later they were married in September 1962.

They first lived in Pentrebane Rd in Fairwater with Pauline's mother and father. Her father was also a keen gardener and with the two of them working in the garden there was always lots of veg for the house.

They moved to their first home as a couple, which was a caravan in Fonmon, when Ron started work as a stoker in RAF St Athan, and it was here that Mark was born in 1965. Craig came along two years later and Shaun three years after that. Shortly after Shaun was born they moved to a caravan sites in St Athan and then in 1972, to their house at Glebeland Place, St Athan, a house with a large garden, which was to be Ron's home until June of last year.

Ron was a hard worker and was never out of work, having jobs on the RAF site and then at Aberthaw, he also did odd jobs to earn a bit of extra money for the family. He was a good provider and an excellent father, who would do anything he could for his boys. He was also very good with his hands and could turn his hand to anything.

When Craig had saved up Action Man stars for ages in order to get the free Action Man Sentry Hut, he was bitterly disappointed upon its arrival to find it to be a flimsy cardboard affair. Ron seeing how upset he was took the

cardboard hut out to the shed, took it apart and used it as a template to make one of wood, which he gave to Craig the next morning.

He also enjoyed passing on his knowledge and skills to his boys. He taught them carpentry by giving them free run of the tool shed and power tools and then showed them how to use anything they were interested in. He loved the outdoors and taught the boys how to fish and shoot. Working as he does in Afghanistan, Craig commented that there isn't a day when he doesn't use some of the skills his father first taught him.

I mentioned his love of camping earlier and this was something that he loved to do. He bought a big six berth frame tent and made a trailer for the car from angle iron and wood so that the whole family could go on camping holidays. They loved to see people's faces when they saw five people and an Alsatian dog climbing out of their three-wheeler Robin Reliant Supervan.

Ron only ever owned three wheelers cars and vans because he only ever held a motorcycle license. But that isn't to say he didn't drive larger vehicles, while working at Aberthaw he drove all types of vehicles on the site and sometimes off it, so it wasn't unusual for him to turn up outside the house driving a cement truck.

Craig remembered watching cowboy films with his father and the wild west became a lifelong fascination for Ron. He was particularly interested in American Indians and his room was decorated with many items from Native American culture.

In the late 70s and early 80s Ron or perhaps I should say "Tugboat," became very involved with CB radio. The rest of the family shared his passion, Pauline's handle was "Miss Muffett"; Mark was "Nasty Pasty;" Shaun "Warlock" and Craig "Boomerang".

They developed a big circle of friends in the Rhoose Breakers Club and across the wider area including the other side of the Bristol Channel, friends who they would often visit. Ron became the chairman of the Breakers and Pauline the treasurer.

Ron had a CB rig that could be moved from the house and attached to a ground plate he had made from a biscuit tin lid, which was in the Reliant. The large aerial on the roof and the PA system he had put under bonnet of the car meant he could broadcast anywhere provided he could stay out of the way of the Post Office, who were always looking for the then illegal CB breakers.

Ron's life changed on New Year's Eve 1980. He was in the street with friends and family celebrating the New Year when he was hit by a car and seriously injured. As result he was disabled from then on and required a walking stick.

All our lives are complicated and relationships often the most complex part and in 1986 Ron and Pauline split up. Ron stayed in Glebeland Place but once the boys left home he bought himself a two-man tent and started to spend a lot of his time in the summer camping at the Marconi site in Lavernock.

As time went by he upgraded his tent and spent more time at the site with his many friends until he was there from Spring until September. He enjoyed a good social life at the camp site and became an integral part of camp life. When he got older the owner of the site, who by now had installed him as the site Warden, built him a hard standing and Ron got a caravan.

His children and grandchildren would often visit him there as would his brothers and sisters, friends from Ely and he had a large circle of friends made up of residents and visitors to the site and their families. At Christmas he would receive cards from campers from all over the UK and Europe.

About eleven years ago Mark and Shaun took Ron on holiday to Ireland, with a crew member down as Craig had been admitted to hospital with appendicitis shortly before the trip. They flew to Dublin, it was the first time Ron had ever flown and took a large boat up the Shannon; fishing, negotiating locks, being directed by Ron, crashing into things and laughing.

The thing that sticks in their mind most is how much they laughed during that trip, often because of something Ron said or did; making fun of some German boaters they met or when he accidentally caught one of the German's lines with his own, pulled the rod out of the German's hand and then pretended he had done intentionally, as a joke.

He had a great sense of humour which he kept even in recent years after a series of mini strokes which left him unable to take care of himself. He had to move into a Nursing Home, but he would still wind people up, pretending he'd forgotten someone's name and then winking at the other people in the room.