

A celebration of the life of

# Professor David Glyn Vaughan OBE

23<sup>rd</sup> October 1962 – 9<sup>th</sup> February 2023

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*a personal goodbye*

Humanist  
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David supplied not just lengthy, detailed conversation – but also the manuscript of his sixty-thousand-word unpublished memoir. Impeccably written.

Some of you may have recognised the theme tune of The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy as you came in. You might like to know that the filename of David’s memoirs was ‘The Book’. And it puts Arthur Dent’s adventures in the shade.

This is how The Book begins. David says:

I was born in 1962, when my parents were living in Tobruk, on the Mediterranean coast off Libya.

My dad was working for the UK Meteorological Office, and at that time every RAF station around the world had a small meteorological office attached.

Tobruk was an attractive place for my parents. It offered much scope for fun and a good life, in the compound, on the beach, and on the water.

After several years of trying, my parents had by this time given up hope of starting a family.

Indeed, they had been advised against it.

At 34, Mum was already considered too old to be having a first child. Nonetheless, she became pregnant in Tobruk.

As she came to term, the doctor in Tobruk was more than a little concerned and advised that she give birth close to more sophisticated medical facilities. She was flown, with some urgency, to Nicosia in Cyprus. Later, my Dad would tell of how she was taken the fifty-odd miles in an army ambulance with motorcycle escort, to the collection of prefabricated bungalows that constituted the new hospital at RAF Akrotiri.

I arrived after a protracted labour, while Dad was still in Tobruk – not present at the birth, not even on the same continent!

And that was the singular start of David Vaughan.

Leaping forward, he found himself at the end of his finals at Churchill with no plans beyond a vague interest in BAS.

He writes in his memoirs:

I remembered getting a big envelope from BAS through the post of annual reports and recruitment information and being intrigued by the fact that most posts involved a 30-month deployment to Antarctica.

David discovered that BAS headquarters were a short mile away from the college. Jumped on his bike. And ended up being interviewed by Dr Chris Doake.

He applied for a job.

He didn’t get it.

He did a Masters at Durham. And applied again. And was offered a three-year contract.

He prepared for his Antarctic sojourn with a pint with his friend Chris. David says:

Chris is one of the most empathic people I ever met, and his ability to see into people was scary. He smiled at me as he questioned my motivation for going to the Antarctic. Only half teasing, he told me, 'You'll be completely out of your depth at BAS. You're going to be surrounded by serious people who are completely into being explorers – you're only doing it so when you come home, you'll get laid.'

Let's see how that panned out. Here's Professor Dame Jane Francis, Director of the British Antarctic Survey (by video):

### **Professor Dame Jane Francis**

Hello. I'm Jane Francis and I'm absolutely delighted to be able to join this celebration of David's life albeit as a recording. I knew David during his time as Director of Science in BAS. He was a fantastic director. The one thing I always remember that people said about David in that role was that he was just kind. He was a really kind person and he supported so many people, supported their careers, helped them with their decisions, helped them with their proposals. He was just a wonderful person to work with. He became a great friend of mine and he taught me all about ice, all about glaciers and all about the Antarctica and the history of BAS. When I think of David two images come to mind. So, David was leader in the IPCC – the intergovernmental panel for climate change reports. And these were very long meetings. He used to tell me hundreds of people used to meet in a room for hours and hours. They used to do many overnights. He once showed me this photograph of a big room full of people. David was at the front asleep on his arms on the bench and everybody was looking at him laughing. And that really summed up David's role in IPCC. And the other picture that I remember, because David was really good at having fun was this one here – and if you can see here this is a picture of two funny dressed fellows. So, a few years ago the directors at BAS used to dress up to serve everybody else at the Christmas dinner. So, we've got here, dressed as a very strange elf was Simon Garrett who was director of operations. Here's David, completely masked up, dressed as Halley VI. How wonderful was that. And in best Blue Peter style he's made the Halley VI module out of corrugated card and old cups and here's the white ice sheet underneath. It's absolutely brilliant. And it's still in BAS kept as a memento of his great invention. And a good memento of David's good sense of humour. So, I'm really delighted that we are all celebrating David's life today. And I'm sure he'll be remembered in the history of BAS and in all our hearts for a very long time.

Following up what Dame Francis has said, Doctor Ted Scambos, a Senior Research Scientist at the Earth Science and Observation Center at the University of Colorado has sent this eulogy from Boulder.

He's asked me to read it on his behalf. He says:

**Ted Scambos:**

David Vaughan was a science leader in every sense of the word. He was among the very first to write about the effects of climate change on Antarctica's ice sheet, and recognized early on that remote sensing would transform polar science. His research reached across nearly every aspect of Antarctica climate and ice — new geophysical tools, studies of crevasse bridging, new analyses of climate trends, new compilations of key data sets.

But what makes David really exceptional was his ability to mentor and lead other scientists. He guided the careers of many young scientists, sometimes shaping their highest-cited works. As the Director of Science for BAS's impressive Antarctic research staff, he was involved — not just watching but truly involved — in many of BAS's major results of the past decade.

His leadership in science and in field work is shown by his important contributions to the IPCC, and in creating and working with the teams that built the BEDMAP compilations, accumulation re-assessments, the AGASEA aerogeophysical mapping, and on the International Thwaites Glacier Collaboration, the largest joint Antarctic research effort between the US and UK since 1947. For the Thwaites Project, David engaged an entire nation's ice sheet community and helped lay out the basic plan that led to the US joining the effort.

He is also known throughout the polar science world, and many media outlets, for his ability to relate climate change and Antarctic research, colorfully and memorably with humor and insight. David truly enjoyed his life, his colleagues, his polar adventures, and telling the stories that came from his work.

David really could tell stories from his work. He was a great communicator.

To help with some of those stories here's a friend and colleague of forty year's standing. Andy Smith please...

**Andy Smith:**

Like my fellow speakers today, I'm here to talk about David.

But I want to make sure I say the things I want to say about David, rather than what the outside world might think we ought to say.

David was a gifted scientist and an exceptional communicator; he was an inspirational and dedicated mentor; and one of the best and most-natural leaders that I've ever come across.

But more than this.

As well as a close colleague, for 40 years David was my friend.

And I'm so pleased that I grew out of my own youthful naivety while there was still ample time for me to value and to appreciate just how much that friendship means to me.

I can't talk about David without mentioning Antarctica.

Antarctica was the glue that brought us all together in the first place, and the thread that wound around everything we did.

And I will miss the conversations with David about glaciology, about the ice sheets and their importance, about the good times - and the tough times, and about the ridiculous kaleidoscope of characters and people and stories that we amassed over the years.

But I'll miss more than this, because David himself was so much more than this. Here's just a few examples:

I will miss the times I spent in the pub with David.

In a conversation over a couple of quiet beers in an evening with David, you never knew, at the start of that conversation, quite where it would take you and where it would end up. Any conversation with David was always an adventure in itself.

I will miss the times I spent running in the mountains with David.

At some point he picked up the nickname "Stumpy". I don't know its origins, but for fell-running it was a good one.

For most of the time we spent together in the mountains, David was fitter, faster and stronger than me.

But normally, quite unfairly I would finish our runs ahead of him. Because the thing about fell-running is that the final section is normally downhill, where David's short, stumpy legs were always a harsh disadvantage, right at the end of the day.

I will miss David's creativity and his ability to take on and excel at anything that took his fancy.

So, out of the blue, he's got a vintage Norton motorbike that he's maintaining and riding around for a few years.

And out of the blue one day he says to me "Andy, I've been doing a little bit of leatherwork".

It turns out that what David meant by "a little bit of leatherwork", was things like this:

This amazing blue whale's tail that David made and gave to me as a present.

This is a treasured possession of course, but it's also a thing of real beauty and skill ... but in David's own humble words "just a little bit of leatherwork"

So that's just a few of the many things that I'll miss about David.

And I spent a long time, a very long time, trying to draw them all together and to summarise them succinctly.

And I was getting nowhere, until I realised that actually it's quite simple. And it goes back to something I said earlier.

I'll miss so many things about David, but for 40 years he was my friend, and the simple thing is, I think I just miss my friend.

You'll remember what Ted Scambos said about David and the Thwaites Glacier Project. Here's a sample of David's ability to communicate what the project revealed (by video):

**David Vaughan:**

Thwaites and its surrounding glaciers have the potential to raise the sea level by several metres around the world. But Thwaites in particular is the glacier that we believe once it has gone into a retreat phase then that will become irreversible and essentially will just continue to add to sea level rise for decades to centuries. Around our coasts in the developed countries we have significant cities many of which are vulnerable to coastal flooding – big storm surges. And those big storm surges as sea level rises will become more frequent and the extreme ones will become more and more damaging. We need to plan how to improve the sea defences for those coastal cities. And then we need to think about not the coastal cities but the coastal communities that are perhaps more vulnerable and not able to protect themselves in that same way with massive investments in their sea defences. So, we need to think about a whole variety of adaptive responses to sea level rise some of which will be to build the sea wall higher. Some of them may well be requiring relocation. Some of them may be protecting natural ecosystems around the planet which can support and survive a certain rate of sea level rise but won't be able to survive the really rapid sea level rise that we could see if areas like Thwaites glacier start to contribute much more rapidly

David trying not to scare the bejesus out of us.

Now let's head for the South Atlantic, for a live link to Ralph Stevens, captain of the RRS Sir David Attenborough, whom I think has just docked in the Falklands. Ralph are you there? (by Starlink/Zoom)

**Captain Ralph Stevens - RRS Sir David Attenborough:**

I first worked with David on the board of the New Polar Research Vessel Project which spawned the RRS Sir David Attenborough or Boaty McBoatface as it is sometimes known. David's keen input into the project has left a lasting legacy on the RRS Sir David Attenborough that will enrich the scientific endeavours of the most advanced research vessel ever built in Britain.

David was the driving force in the development of the Digital Twin of the RRS Sir David Attenborough, using cutting edge artificial intelligence and computer modelling to develop cutting edge route planning systems for the SDA. This virtual model will help us improve efficiency going forward.

Without David's enthusiastic input into the development and construction of the SDA, I have no doubt that we would not be in the position we are today, having just completed a very successful scientific polar water trial.

## David Wattam Head of Polar Operations

Echoing Ralph's words, while David was at BAS a long time, he was far from stuck in the old ways of working. He always championed and was welcoming of original and innovative ways of thinking.

He helped forge a strong working relationship between the operational teams and the science community, drawing on his extensive knowledge and experience of life in the Antarctic.

He understood the challenges and limitations of polar field work and was always willing to make time to discuss how best to deliver a specific project. He did it all with huge passion and we will miss his insight, guidance and great humour.

Sophie Trent is a close family friend of David and Jacqui's. She has a poem for David. Sophie please...

**Sophie Trent:**

### A Poem for David

Giants walk among us, with  
Huge ideas and magnificent minds,  
Speaking thoughtful words of wisdom  
In gentle tones, graciously, one of a kind.  
They raise the bar a little higher  
Whenever they are near,  
Filling the space with generosity,  
Every word you want to hear.  
Because when you walk with giants,  
You can't help but want to be true  
To push yourself to be better  
To always see things through.  
I have walked with a giant,  
If you knew him you'll know what I mean.  
He's left his mark, in all our hearts  
High hopes and a sky full of dreams.

Now it's the turn of Jacqui's friend Nikki Cullis. Nikki ...

**Nikki Cullis:**

I first met David in a pub, here in Cambridge, 21 years ago.

Jacqui had told me she had met someone special, and wanted to introduce us.....words a girl slightly dreads when her best friend meets a new significant other in their life. Would it change the dynamics? Would it change our friendship? But there was no need to worry, David did nothing other than enhance our friendship. It was like an acorn had been planted within our relationship. He grew amongst us, becoming a strong mighty oak that offered support, and friendship, and love.

During Jacqui and David's relationship, David became like a brother to me. I admired him, he was so knowledgeable about all the things we shared as interests and always had thoughtful input into whatever we did together. It became a running joke that when I went to visit Jacqui (who lives a few hours away from me), David and I would disappear off to do some form of sport together, and Jacqui joked whether it was him or her I'd come to see.

We cycled together a lot. For a while it became a tradition that we would cycle on New Year's Day, we would pedal through the villages and country lanes, both feeling a little smug that whilst most people were in bed nursing hangovers, we were enjoying the quiet roads. Years ago, David taught me about "marginal gains", and how not to free-wheel but to pedal round a corner. Ever since then I have always done my 'David corners' and always think of him when I'm on a bike!

He was never anything other than supportive and encouraging when we ran together. Even though he was far better than me, I never felt pressured, or belittled running with him, we would go at my pace, never competitive or uncomfortable, or left behind.

Over time, David became a life mentor for me. Even in the last few weeks of his life, he had advice to give me. I was concerned about a race I was entering; that it was too hilly, and his advice was simple, honest and effective. "Just walk" he said. Don't compare yourself to others, go at your pace and learn to accept others passing you by, maybe you'll catch them later. But run your own race. And so he taught me ABOUT much more than a race, he taught me about life as well.

We loved the same type of music. We would often introduce each other to new artists, and discuss lyrics together. But David certainly didn't share Jacqui's and my love of singing to Meatloaf at the top of our voices after a few glasses of wine!

Jacqui, David and I had many ski holidays together, and it became another tradition that David and I would take one extra, last run down the mountain, after everyone else was heading home. We shared a childish glee in being the last person back up on the chairlift, as much as we enjoyed the quiet route back down towards an après ski beer.

In 2021, David asked me to do a 3-day hike over the Brecon Beacons with just our dogs and a tent. He wanted one last adventure. The weather couldn't have been kinder to us, David planned a route, and we spent 3 glorious days with just us, and our dogs. I'll never forget our joy at pitching our tent high up on the mountain, after a very hot climb, in a spot David picked with an amazing view down the valley. Laying our sleeping bags on a huge springy bed of heather, we were so excited to go to bed at 7 o'clock!!



We walked admiring nature, often not needing to talk. And when Jacqui came to meet us at the end, we all swam in the river together, making memories that make life and friendship so special.

After his diagnosis, David and I talked about meditation. I wondered if it was something that might help him on his journey. And, as usual, it was something he was already doing, in his own way. He told me that his leatherwork was his form of meditation.....each stitch carefully considered. His leatherwork was far more than a hobby, it was homage to the local craftsmanship of Northamptonshire, and I really admired and respected his gratitude to the animal that had donated its hide. He not only had an amazing talent and skill, but a passion that produced beautiful items for Jacqui and his friends.

Jacqui and David's love for each other was clear to everyone. I was honoured to be Jacqui's Best Woman at their wedding. It was such a beautiful day, and being the animal lovers they both are, their horses were present at the reception. So it is very fitting that David's beloved dog, Havoc, is here with us today.

David was a mighty oak that got cut down too early. But, like a mighty oak leaving behind boughs of beautiful wood, his memory and words will always be cherished and remembered.

Time for another friend's memories. Chris Aworth.

**Chris Aworth:**

I think not many knew even half of what David packed into 60 years : In no particular order: glaciologist, cook (the best paella this side of Barcelona), academic, sailor, ditch-clearer, horse rider (not just a hack and a canter to the ford in Alderton but also the Okavango delta in Botswana chased by elephants – although Jacqui may have been the prime mover of that one!), camper, swimmer, cyclist (as in Iron man challenges, not a little pedal round to the shops), countryman, leather-worker, author. I make this list for the sole purpose of being able to say this – with David most people only saw the tip of the iceberg. Apologies – somebody had to do it!

Flaw However, I do have to correct an impression that might have formed in your mind today. David was not a paragon of virtue, contrary to what you have heard and will hear from others today. He had a flaw in his character – I am sorry to have to tell you: David did not like cricket. He told me once that he had never been to a professional cricket match and apart from a few unfortunate encounters with the great game at school, he had barely been on nodding terms with it ever since. So, I took him to a game – The Ashes against Australia no less. Apart from some interesting cloud formations over the Oval that day, he found it quite a long day. He was clearly bored senseless. But of course, he was far too polite to say so. As true Brits, we tacitly agreed never to speak of such a shameful state of affairs again – and we never did.

A couple of rather contrasting examples of David's sense of humour

JFest. At JFest only last July, which many of you were no doubt at, and which was planned with total thoroughness (of course) by David, few will forget his rendering of the old Right Said Fred hit using his own lyrics, and entitled "I'm Too Sexy for my Tumour".

David's workshop in the garden was converted into a pub for the evening, which David named Ye Olde Leather Bottle, and indeed he had made a beautiful leather container, which was hung in pride of place above the door. Most people, I think, thought it was merely a nod towards his prowess with that material, but few of those present were aware that those in the medical trade, know the type of cancer David was fighting, by that name. A typically gentle but also typically sharp, piece of gallows humour.

Puffball. Of all my many lasting memories of David, one that stays with me most strongly - displaying the boy within the man - became known as the Great Puffball Incident. A few of us were walking across the fields in the evening heading towards a curry in the next village, as we had done several times before. David of course had planned it to coincide with the full moon, and it was as clear as day. David, equally of course, was navigating - probably by the stars. At one point, he spotted a giant puffball by the path and in an instant, the august and learned Professor Vaughan O...B...E, picked it up and booted it into the sky, reminiscent of a footballer hoofing a clearing kick into Row Z of the stands. The thing burst to smithereens of course.

Afterwards David, whilst admitting to feeling slightly ashamed of not being able to resist the urge, claimed that this was a very good way to help disperse the spores - but he said it with a glint in his eye, or at least there was a glint in the one that was looking roughly in my direction!

Passion. As has been said already, David wore his learning very lightly and quietly - to the point where if you did not know of his eminence in his field, you would never have guessed at the depth of his knowledge. I am in no position to make any kind of comment on that side of things - others today have/will do that much better than I ever could. However, some of my most fondly remembered times were with David and a few friends over supper. Late in the evening, possibly assisted by a glass or two, David could sometimes be persuaded to speak about his work. And then the passion would come shining through. Not I think the passion of the campaigner with a cause or a politician's desire to change things. His passion was for the science itself. I think David's belief was that knowledge was a good thing in itself and his job was to equip the world with more of it; and that the way to change the world was through solid facts, immune to political machinations, and to give us all an ever-deeper understanding of what is actually happening.

Some of this knowledge went into a memoir, the first draft of which he somehow managed to finish before he died. Talking with him about it, he found deep parallels between the subject matter of his science, global warming and so on, and his own life dedicated to it. I really hope that we all have a chance to read it in full; and with others, I would love it, if we are able to get it published, so that we can. It will contain much wisdom.

At another level, he acted as an expert consultant on a children's book on the Antarctic – I know he really enjoyed helping the author, but of course the science still had to be right. He was however, ever so slightly miffed (David's version of livid!) when a grave error crept through - the fuel used in a lamp was given as kerosene when of course everyone knows it should have been paraffin – I may have that the wrong way round of course.

Integrity Apart from being a great and true friend, the David I knew was someone who possessed that rare quality of real integrity in greater measure than anyone else I knew. His sincerity was always understated, but it was the hallmark of everything he did. And he did a lot!

Going even further back into the past we have another friend of David's. Andrew Jennings...

### **Andrew Jennings:**

My name is Andrew Jennings. I met David when we were 16 year olds and kept in touch over the years, sometimes infrequently as men do but we kept in touch and despite our nomadic lifestyles we did cross paths throughout his life and it was always a fine occasion. I'd like to reminisce on some of the early years being around David after we first met hoping you get a sense of his qualities and how he seemed to lift the whole atmosphere to another level when he was around with his endless enthusiasm and energy.

David Glyn Vaughan, rather unimaginatively introduced with a nickname Frankie, first came into my life at the start of summer in 1979. His father Garrick, a meteorologist attached to the Met Office, was moving to a new assignment in Plymouth and, like my family a few years earlier, the Vaughans had fallen in love with the River Yealm and the charming hamlets of Newton Ferrers and Noss Mayo in South Devon. We were both due to start as freshmen at Ivybridge 6<sup>th</sup> form college in the autumn term and at the suggestion of the headmaster, David's parents contacted my Mum and Dad and asked if David could come and stay with us for the summer and start of autumn term whilst they were in the process of procuring a house in the villages.

So from June 1979, I temporarily acquired a slightly older, better looking and way smarter brother who instantly became the family favourite especially as far as my two sisters were concerned. His nick name quickly changed to the equally yukky Dishy Dave thanks to his rugged Welsh looks, cool controlled manner and sense of fun.

We shared the downstairs flat of my parents' house on a hillside overlooking the creek in Noss Mayo. As the guest he got the bedroom, I had the sofa in the living room. I took it as my job to introduce him to the life in the villages and help him settle in. Not that this was really necessary as David was naturally effusive and inquisitive and quickly caught up to where I was in the varied local adolescent group pecking order.

My memories are a bit blurred by a mass of activity that he suddenly introduced into the lives of myself and my family and everyone else he met. I remember every day since he arrived come rain or shine we were swimming in the sea, during term after school we raced each other down to the sea and splashed in, me initially striving to string more than 5 strokes of front crawl together without drowning, David, already a keen swimmer meanwhile was mastering butterfly. If my memory serves me correctly we were still swimming daily until my elder sisters' birthday on the 2<sup>nd</sup> December and the last swim that year was a long Boxing Day swim the length of the creek.

Regularly we ran the 10K cliff path trying to beat each other, my longer legs frustrating him most of the time even up to the last time we did this same route in 2021, while in Devon celebrating my mother's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday.

At school David was a clear academic mile above the rest of his classmates, he would not rest until he completely understood his subjects and his diligence paid off with his results and progression to these hallowed walls that surround us and beyond. I partnered him in practical Physics and I remember the weeks we spent trying to replicate Millikan's oil-drop experiment (to find the electric charge on an electron), he was tenacious to the extreme and wouldn't let us give up, continuing to drag me along for the ride. There was also considerable play time in the 6<sup>th</sup> form common room, David was popular, a raconteur, a theorist but also a juggler, table tennis player and a prog rock fan (not sure about the latter to be honest).

Between a group of non-soccer loving youths and a tolerant PE teacher we re-started a dormant school rugby team, while we didn't get too far up the local school leagues people wanted to play the game to be part of the group. Incidentally, David's propensity to dislocate his shoulder in unfortunate situations also originated from the school rugby pitch, and I carry a scar under my chin for tackling his boot with my head as he sprinted clear with the ball.

The peer group on the River Yealm were all accomplished sailors. Sailing was a huge part of community life and David came with the essential skills and a green Mirror dinghy to slot right in.

Whilst he was up against some skilled local opposition probably bristling at the prospect of teaching the new kid a few tricks, what set David apart was not necessarily the racing results he achieved but his approach to the challenge. He studied the river, he made his own tidal gauge to work out the river tidal curves so he could optimize the routes he was sailing. He begged his mother Mary to get a more advanced swing needle sewing machine so he could design and make his own sails. I am sure many people present will have recognised this approach in other work activities and hobbies throughout his life, incidentally if you met his Dad, Garrick this is where innovation and attention to detail came from. His shrewdness and dedication came from his delightful Mum Mary.

While drafting this I recalled a sailing trip David and I did. We were part of a crew of 4 delivering a yacht from Falmouth to Gibraltar, the yacht was apparently owned by Charles Letts of Letts Diaries fame, so when we volunteered we both thought it would be a good trip in a fine comfortable craft. David and I were on night watch together during what turned out to be seven foul nights crossing the Bay of Biscay, the waves and spray hit the portholes of the yacht and leaked straight through so it was soaking everything down below, we lived all the time in our wet weather gear and ate spam from a can till

we arrived in Northern Spain days after we planned. Despite everything spirits were still high due to his enthusiasm and his joy at being close to the elements however uncomfortable this was. Similarly, we also took part in the school team for the Ten Tors walks on Dartmoor and spent many a winter night under canvas in isolated spots on practice walks prior to the main event, I'm sure he used these experiences elsewhere during his career.

This is mostly from just 3-4 months in 1979 of co-habiting and 2 years of schooling. Following these heady days, I started my travels working overseas. David and others dispersed to education and careers elsewhere but as a group we all met fairly frequently usually around boats, beaches and bars in South Devon during holidays and time off, always slipping seamlessly back into the friendly banter that typified our youth. Even as recently as April last year a decent representative crowd of us met and it was like not a day had gone by since we were last together.

David started scaling the ladder of academic achievement and scientific prowess. In June 2005 on Jacqui and David's wedding day I made reference to our David Glyn Vaughan's presence in the top ten of a Google search. At the time we laughed at the fact that the spaces were filled by photographers, hair stylists, novelists etc. I have recently repeated the exercise and it is a testament to David's achievements that he comfortably occupies the top 10.

There is no doubt in my mind and many, many others what a fine person David was and what a huge loss he is to us all.

We're almost at the end of David's memorial. But before we finish – a final word from Jacqui. Jacqui please...

**Jacqui Vaughan:**

Thank you everyone for coming, it means a lot to me and to David. The support I have received from so many people since David died has been overwhelming and all the messages and stories I have heard about David have made an extremely difficult time more bearable.

I want to say a special thank you to my dearest friends Nikki and Vicki for staying with David and me in the last days of David's life, it brought him comfort to know I was being look after. I would also like to thank Athena, who has put so much work into making today happen so smoothly

There is so much I could say about David but I'm not going to except, it was a privilege to know him, a privilege to look after him. Each one of you had a precious part of David, but I was lucky enough to have had the biggest part. He was MY husband and I am so proud to have been his wife.