

# Obituaries Prior 2013

[David Kirchin](#)

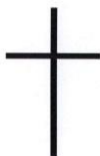
[Captain David Lumb](#)

[Howard \(Howie\) Pool](#)

[Commodore MVN Bradford CBE, RD\\*\\*, RNR.](#)

## Commodore MVN Bradford CBE, RD\*\*, RNR.

St. Stephen's Church  
Barbourne



Service of Celebration and Thanksgiving  
for the Life of

**Commodore Michael Verney Nigel Bradford**  
CBE, RD\*\*, Royal Naval Reserve

*31<sup>st</sup> May 1931 - 14<sup>th</sup> June 2011*

Officiant: Canon Stuart Currie

Monday 27<sup>th</sup> June 2011  
at 1.30 pm

### Order of Service

#### Opening Sentences and Prayer

##### Hymn:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our songs shall rise to thee;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,  
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All thy work shall praise thy Name in earth and sky and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

#### Reading

Mike/Sammy, as we remember him...

#### The Prayers

##### Hymn:

Eternal Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep:  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

O ruler of the earth and sky  
Be with our airmen when they fly:  
And keep them in thy loving care  
From all the perils of the air.  
O let our cry come up to thee  
For those who fly o'er land and sea.

O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:  
And ever let there rise to thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

#### The Commendation

#### The Blessing

**Music On Departure** .....The Band of the Royal Marines School of Music,  
Conducted by Lt Col John Ware RM, who was with Michael in the South Atlantic



The Family will now proceed to Bromyard Cemetery  
for the private Interment.

They thank you for your kind messages of  
condolence and support today.

Donations in memory of Michael  
for Parkinson's UK  
may be left on a collection plate here at the Church  
or sent to E J Gumery & Son, Funeral Directors,  
68/70 Ombersley Road, Worcester WR3 7EU.

Eulogy - Brian Williams Ret Inspector of Police

Mike

On my honour I will do my best to do my duty to God, my country, and the queen. To help other people at all times and to obey the scout law if ever there was a scout who lived that oath and a few more that was Mike and it was through scouting how I met the man, fate, I often wonder inter county camps and competitions Gilwell and of course the jamborees especially Paris 1946 the friendship continued and there was always talk of my love for the sea, Mike knew where he was going. I had no idea but the police service was a thought and Mike did all the encouraging. My future was sealed and what stories we exchanged over the years. Mike's career led him to the training ship and me to national service and becoming a copper fate intervened and I was posted to my first and still loved station - Bromyard - and guess what? The man, - Mike was walking along the high street Bromyard just home on leave at Rowden we kept in touch and in 1968 promoted to Worcester and yes fate again, as Mike and Pat were living in Worcester when he was not at sea he was helping Pat and those other wonderful people of the RNLI raising funds for those in peril on the seas. My choir was privileged to help now and then he was always an inspiration following my career with avid interest. I wear one particular medal in memory of Mike. I know he had a hand in the reason I wear it with such pride.

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### **Eulogy - Commodore Ian Gibb.**

Mike - or Sammy as he was rather better known to his many friends and colleagues in P&O - was "the great communicator" - he was the receiver and distributor of all knowledge about the family that was P&O. Should anyone want to learn the latest it was to Sammy that they would turn, and with whom they, in turn, would share their acquired news. In all our retirements this was the source of "keeping together" and many's the time one of our daughters would call me to the phone to advise that "the old seadog" wished to speak to me. I remember Mike for his many kindnesses, one of the first of which was in the very early 60s shortly after Canberra had returned from her maiden voyage, that he invited me a junior colleague, together with my sister and cousin over from NZ, to be his guests in Southampton to show us around this remarkable ship, of which he was very proud - having had a hand in her successful entry into service. Little did he know then how much the ship was to mean to us in our careers ahead. We sailed together several times during the next 30 years and our professional and personal relationships blossomed. He was a stickler for the correct way of doing things and in this we shared a common goal for the good of the P&O company. Woe betide the transgressors - they didn't last long under his command. I remember clearly that he was the first to congratulate me when, aboard Pacific Princess in 1975, I was advised of my promotion to staff captain. He ensured that the party that followed the advice from JPAM, was an excellent and memorable one - in my cabin and at my expense!! I was a willing host. As the years progressed we found ourselves together many times on our favourite ship "Canberra" and as was the pattern

At that time I used to relieve him as captain when he proceeded on leave. Many of you here today will know his love for aircraft, flying and the VHF set. From my point of view it was sometimes something of a nightmare as, when attempting to "take over the ship" during a busy Southampton turn-round day, the captain's cabin was filled with a cacophony of sound from many different VHF sources and radio bands. I have difficulty in multi-tasking and my priority on these occasions was to absorb all that concerned Canberra and her passengers and crew. The fact that Eastleigh airport conning tower and all entering and departing aircraft were being monitored in my hearing made it quite difficult and eventually I had, for sanity, to tell him to "turn the bloody thing off"!! He did thankfully his flying hobby meant a lot to him and he gained much enjoyment from it, sometimes to my despair, as for example when he had set up an hour or so aloft from Charlotte Amalie in St Thomas. We'd been scheduled a visit by the US Coastguard for a fire and boat drill inspection, and were then faced with an unexpected and simultaneous visit from a horror called Mr Yashuk of US public health service. Mike, believing that I could cope - as deputy captain - with both inspections, took off with a smile on his face and the next thing I heard from him - at about 3000ft - was that he was looking down on us, we looked very fine, and oh, how was the inspection going? My reply would not be repeatable in circumstances such as these. To conclude, we passed Coastguard, but as ever didn't public health but

with Yashuk as inspector we never did!! There are legions of stories about MVNB - he had a long and illustrious career, a warm and supportive family, but above all a devoted and incredible wife for whom these last few months have been painful and exhausting. Mike - Sammy - is now at rest but looking down on us – possibly from 3000ft - enjoying our company and friendship. Goodbye old friend.

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### **Eulogy - Commodore Tony Barrett.**

Michael began his career with P & O in 1948, a year before I did. Although we had heard stories about each other across the inevitable seafarer's grapevine, we did not meet until January 1956 when, as Probationary Sub-Lieutenant's RNR we found ourselves together on our first RN course, devised to give us a broad testing in naval disciplines and procedures, and to see if we were suitable for retention in the Service.

I can report that we both passed and thus the "probationary" prefix to our rank was removed. Naval pay for Sub Lieutenants in those days was miniscule and I was, therefore, somewhat miffed to discover that the newly married Michael qualified in those days for a marriage allowance, which albeit modest, put him in a much higher income bracket than his bachelor colleagues. It says something about our Company at that time that on our course of 12, five were P & O Officers and two were Orient Line, so inevitably our other five course members were forever teasing about our snooty habits.

Michael and I got to know each very well in the close confines of naval classrooms, drill halls and wardrooms and it was there that, 55 years ago, I met his young bride Pat for the first time.

Ian has given us the story of his progression to the heights of P & O command and Mike and I kept in touch as we moved from ship to ship combining this with regular seagoing Royal Naval appointments. It was, therefore, with the greatest of pleasure that our paths crossed in 1959 when he was promoted First Officer of STRATHAIRD where I was then the resident Second Officer, and thus we sailed together for six months.

At that time there was a rather interesting incident on the occasion when STRATHAIRD was in Melbourne with a visiting RN Destroyer. Links were formed and social visits arranged.

On one occasion our female officers were invited to drinks and lunch in the warship's Wardroom. It must have become a very relaxed party because it was subsequently reported that our ladies had made up an Apple Pie bed for the Commanding Officer who was not on board at that time! That might have been the end of it, but by one of nature's cruel tricks, some six months later, I was appointed to that very Ship for training — I kept my mouth firmly shut!

Michael's P & O reputation for sound professionalism and reliability was carried forward into his Naval Reserve service.

After his initial training he moved straight into a seagoing appointment to the minesweeper HMS BOSSINGTON where he took the role of resident trainer to many junior RNR Officers and Ratings from shore-based divisions who had not had the opportunity of early sea time in their own tenders.

Further afloat appointments followed in HMS TORQUAY and later in FINIS VIRAGO where he was for some time 1st Lieutenant under the Command of Lieutenant Commander Nick Hunt. Nick subsequently rose to be an Admiral and C in C Fleet and they kept in touch.

As Michael rose through the ranks in P & O, so too did his parallel Naval career. He forged close links with his local training establishment HMS CAMBRIA. There he was able to provide very real assistance on one occasion by taking the position of Navigating Officer in HMS ST. DAVID for a transatlantic passage. He later commented that he did not feel that he had been of much use as he was sea sick

most of the **Error! Filename not specified.**time! I can attest personally to the difference in the motion of a tiny warship to that of a large stately cruise liner.

He was promoted to Captain RNR in 1977 and was one of the first of the List 1 professional seafarers to pursue active links with his shore employed Reserve colleagues.

Some of you may recall that there were two Naval Reserves in WW2. The RNR were professional seafarers and the RNVR who were recruited from shore-based employment. This was brought to an end in the 1950's, but the differences remained for many years. The old story has it that the RNR were sailors trying to be gentlemen and the RNVR were gentlemen trying to be sailors. Quite inaccurately, it was also said that Royal Naval Officers failed to be either!

The two threads of Michael's career brought together with advantage into combined focus in 1982 when he was selected to be part of the small military advance party to join P & O CANBERRA in Gibraltar on her return to the UK from a cruise. This was in order to confidentially brief and prepare the Ship for her imminent role under Government requisition, to the Naval Task Force for the Falkland's war. He was then appointed Second in Command of CANBERRA and worked tirelessly very closely with Captain Dennis Scott-Masson and the senior Officers of the embarked forces to ensure complete integration of the Ship into the ultimately successful amphibious operation.

His promotion to Commodore RNR followed and as I have already mentioned he had become one of the first to work closely for the integration of the Lists of Reservists and also for a closer amalgamation with our parent Service.

He made it his task to visit every RNR shore-based establishment and worked closely and in harmony with his colleague Commodore John Wightman. He achieved all this in his leave periods from command of P & O Ships.

I must give special thanks here to Pat for her forbearance in supporting him over these busy years. He always said he had a treasure of a wife and I must add my praise to her for the quite marvellous way that she has always been there alongside him. A bonus was the opportunity to accompany him at sea over his many years in command. The staunch and loving care she dedicated to his welfare throughout his illness was very, very special.

Michael's service to his country and to the Navy was recognised in 1987 with the award of the Military CBE.

He was proud that their son Nigel joined the RNR and was also delighted when his daughter-in-law Christine, also a distinguished RNR Officer, took command of the Mersey Division in 2002. We have kept in touch, particularly over his last few years and I know that his illness never affected his interest or continued mental involvement in the affairs of his old Company or of the Naval Service.

He combined his considerable leadership qualities to two very demanding complimentary careers and it will be remembered as his Memorial that he did so with style and complete success.

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## **Eulogy - Nigel Bradford**

For Dad

The Last time I stood here I was informing a young couple that there was no room for them at the inn. All the other boys and girls had a Mummy and a Daddy watching them but I was a bit of a trend setter. I only had a Mum. But that didn't matter to me. Because I knew dad was safe and sound on the "Big

White Ship" and would be home, sometime, to make sure Mummy was "doing a proper job of bringing me up". (Her Words!)

Not only that but when he did get home it would be Christmas all over again and no one else at school had two Christmases.

Sometimes Dad didn't go to sea in a big white ship but a Grey one or even a black and buff one. I liked the grey ones best. They had guns on them. But the black and buff ones had their advantages too, because Mum and I could go with him. Thus it was that I was deprived of watching the 1966 World Cup final on TV. (Something I have been trying to compensate for ever since!) We were all on SOUDAN as she entered Antwerp and it was my job to run up to the bridge with score updates from the radio.

When Dad was home of course he was home all day, other Dads weren't, so that was great. Of course there was a downside to this. As after a few days he would grow restless and embark on all sorts of projects. I will never forget his painting rig of choice, a white boiler suit and cap cover, without a cap. I was always enrolled as his mate for all these projects. Something else I have been over compensating for ever since.

As I grew older and was sent away to Malvern I had posters of Dad's ships on my wall. No one else had posters of their Dad's office, or surgery, or Bank on their walls.

Though throughout my childhood, though I, became aware that Dad had a hidden passion. That of flying. We often went to air shows and had a visit or two to Shobdon Aerodrome in his native Herefordshire.

So my path was set from an early age. I knew he was proud of me when I was awarded an RN Flying Scholarship and gained my PPL before leaving school. But I didn't quite appreciate that he might just be a little jealous. But it was with pride that I followed in Dad's footsteps to sea. A decision helped by the Navy offering me flying training and the RAF offering me a career in catering.

As a Midshipman I was able to go to sea in ORIANA. Dad wasn't there but DR Mayner was keeping an eye out for me. It was during that time that I began to understand how highly regarded Dad was by the people that knew and sailed with him. As many of the crew would tell me what they thought of him as soon as they knew who I was. Though, I was left in no doubt that their opinions of him as a Captain might be different if anything stopped him from having his daily gin and tonic. But Dad was clearly held in high regard by the people that mattered, his crew.

A couple of years later Dad broke a big promise that he had first made to Mum and then latterly to me as I grew older. He had always promised us that if War broke out he would be ok because he would be in a grey ship. Well War broke out and he ended up in the "Big White Ship" of my childhood, soon to become the Nation's "Great White Whale". But we forgave him because he was safe. Others can recount the story of the conflict. But I cannot begin to describe the pride I felt as I flew a light aircraft out of Culdrose and made several low passes over CANBERRA as she slowly steamed past the Lizard, Dad clearly waving to me from the bridge. And I'm certain there were some splendid gestures from hundreds of Royal Marines. I also felt a little mischievous pride on that day as I was asked to hold off by the Nimrod that got there before me.

"CY remain clear as we make our welcome to the Great White Whale." "Wilco, but please hurry up because I want to wave hello to my Dad" Exit one of Her Britannic Majesty's Air force's finest at full chat not to be seen again that day.

Dad then cleared me in for my series of passes.

Many of you will not be surprised to know that this was not the last time that Dad was to talk to an aeroplane on a hand held radio.

My pride was increased tenfold the next morning as Dad drove CANBERRA home into Southampton as the nation celebrated and everyone else seemed to be on tv.

Having just come through the largest Naval Conflict of the latter half of the last century Dad thought it was time to succumb to his hidden passion and learn to fly. As he had financed my flying instructor's rating it seemed only right and proper that I should teach him. If any of you here have taught your Children to drive or sail, you have no idea how hard a task mine was.

Dad was a model student. He read everything and therefor knew more than I did. And it soon became clear where I had got my natural flying skills from. But thankfully he did as he was told despite all that and obtained his PPL. Not only that but he went on to prove that he was far better than me by getting PPLs in the USA, Canada and Australia. This allowed him to use successive big white ships to take him to airfields all over the world.

Retirement came too early for Dad. But at least he had his flying and not long after he had his grandchildren too. He was very proud of Charlotte and Nick and delighted in his role as baby sitter in chief as they grew up. What with my flying and both Christine and myself being in the RNR these opportunities came thick and fast. He truly believed that it his grandchildren were so good that he wished he'd had them first.

Dad continued to fly for many years. Flying at least once a week from Shobdon to places all over the UK and a couple of times over to France. I know Mum used to worry about him but I didn't. He'd been well taught. Finally in 1 June 2006 he commanded his last flight. True to form it was his decision to stop. He knew when he could not carry on. I did take him up and let him fly a few times after that but was not enjoying it and that is the best time to give up.

But Dad strove on for a few years. He still had his grandchildren and a change in Aviation Duty Free rules meant that he still had a supply of proper gin in clear bottles.

His final years were spent fighting his illness with fortitude and dignity. His strong will and single-mindedness that he had shown all his life never faded. But his time in hospital was a trial too much. The Doctors and Staff never gave up on him, but by then he was not enjoying it.

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## Howard (Howie) Pool



IN LOVING MEMORY  
of



### Howard James Poole (Howie)

(Dearly loved Husband of Sandra, much loved Dad of Vicki  
and a good friend of many)

who passed peacefully away

on 17th June, 2003

Aged 52 Years

*To hear your voice, to see your smile,  
To sit and talk with you awhile;  
To be together in the same old way  
Would be our dearest wish today.*

St. Peter and St. Paul's Church, Chatteris,  
Thursday, 26th June, 2003, at 1.45 p.m.

Followed by Cremation at Cambridge Crematorium.

#### HYMN

Eternal Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep:  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at thy word,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid the storm didst sleep:  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

O holy spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the waters dark and rude,  
And bid their angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace:  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:  
Thus evermore shall rise to thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

#### 23rd PSALM (Crimond)

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green : He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by:

My soul He doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make,  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

*The family would like you to know how much they  
have appreciated your presence with them today and for  
your kind thoughts during their time of sorrow.*

*Donations in memory of Howard will be for the Cancer  
Research Fund and Macmillan Nurses and may be made  
at the Service or sent to J. H. Landin & Son, Funeral  
Services, 72 High Street, Chatteris. PE16 6NN.*

## Captain David Lumb

### *A Life Remembered*



**Peter David Lumb**

1st February 1937 - 15th April 2007

Friday 27th April 2007, 2.30 pm

Bluntisham Baptist Chapel

### TRIBUTES

READING by Simon Lumb - 16

### PRAYERS

#### **HYMN - *Eternal Father, Strong To Save***

Eternal Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee,  
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,  
And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst the storm didst sleep;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the waters dark and rude,  
And bid their angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

### BLESSING

### WELCOME AND PRAYER

#### **HYMN - *Lord of all Hopefulness***

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,  
be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,  
be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,  
your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,  
be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

READING by Hazel Lumb

ADDRESS Revd Nick Hudson

It's going to be hard for you  
About the biggest test,  
All your faith is needed  
As your loved one goes to rest.

The one who has now left you  
Is free at last from pain,  
They've returned to where they started  
Back in God's house again.

You'll meet with them again one day  
On this you can be sure,  
We all meet up with those we love  
When we walk through God's door.

Funeral arrangements entrusted to Dennis Easton Funeral Service,  
The Lodge, 1 Broad Leas, St. Ives, Cambs PE27 5PU  
Telephone: 01480 463019

David Kirchin

*A Service of Thanksgiving  
for the Life of*



*David Kirchin*

*Landican Crematorium  
Thursday 1st September 2011*

**Psalm 23**

**Memories of David**

**Reading**

*1 John Chapter 4, verses 17-12*

**Prayers**

**Commendation**

**Committal**

*"You cannot see or touch me,  
but I am standing next to you.  
Your tears can only hurt me,  
your sadness makes me blue.  
Be brave and show a smiling face,  
let not your grief show through.  
I love you from a different place,  
yet I'm standing next to you."*

*Service conducted by Canon Anne Samuels*

**Welcome**

**Hymn**

*"Eternal Father, Strong to Save"*

Eternal father, strong to save,  
whose arm hath bound the restless wave  
who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
its own appointed limits keep:  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
for those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard  
and hushed their raging at thy word,  
who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
and calm amid the storm didst sleep:  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
for those in peril on the sea.

O holy Spirit, who didst brood  
upon the waters dark and rude,  
and bid their angry tumult cease,  
and give, for wild confusion, peace:  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
for those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,  
our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
from rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
protect them wheresoe'er they go:  
thus evermore shall rise to thee



*Maureen, Carolyn and Andrew would like to thank you most  
sincerely for your attendance here today, and for all your kind  
messages of sympathy, letters and cards received at this sad time.*

*You are cordially invited to join the family at The RiverHill Hotel  
for light refreshments after the service.*

*Donations in memory of David may be sent in aid of*

**R.N.L.I**

*c/o*

*Charles Stephens Funeral Directors*

*215 Bebington Road*

*Rock Ferry, Wirral*

*CH42 4QA*