

Dad's kindness and big heart was ever present.

When we needed that support as children's dreams he would engage on a magnificent scale.

Jackie with her horse and her determination to save for her horse equipment was rewarded with a surprise, when asked if she could collect Dad's brief case from his car, she found a new saddle not the brief case.

Paul with his amazingly fast Go kart because he was passionate about driving and wanted to go everywhere at alarming speed, ruining some of Mum's bushes in the garden as he tore passed, Dad was ever supportive.

Ian's train set in the loft, it was no ordinary train set, it was eventually craned out through the roof when the roof was renewed.

These big dreams of children were nurtured on magnificent scale by Dad and taught us to have big dreams and with hardwork from us towards those dreams Dad would support us so we could strive for our dreams to become real because these were his dreams too.

His other dreams were Cricket and music, he loved cricket and would talk for hours with any cricket fan, when Ben started to play cricket they would share their dreams of playing at Lords Cricket ground and share their passion and enthusiasm for each other and the game.

His music is present here with us today as a memory of how he would blast the house with classical and opera music played at teenager level. It might not have been what we wanted to listen to but it gave us mood of how music could be important and can be very loud and proud whatever you play in life

He was also very supportive of the grandchildren in all their dreams too, Alice in her nursing on the Island, despite leaving the lights on around his house numerous times.

Harriet and Ben in their life choices as young adults, Chloe and Jensen too. He would always ask and be interested in how Georgina and Alec were getting on at school and home too with great compassion towards their little struggles.

Alice's first memory of Grandpa was when he and Nanny lived in Suffolk, he was captain of the cooked breakfast bacon, grilling it to perfection on his oddly garage located gas grill.

He was also king of the Sunday Roast carving and would find the best first cut pieces of meat from the roasted joint, handing them pre dinner to any hungry looking grandchild, much to the disapproving onlook of the adults.

Then in 2002 they arrived in Alderney and showed the whole family how to engage with the newly acquainted locals in Alderney, with their crazy August week of spectaculars, ridiculous outfits, crazy raft building and old style events on the Braye beach, town and quarries. We will never forget Alderney and this is where Dad's spirit will rest in our hearts.

The last few years of Grandpa were being cared for by Alice and the selfless concern we all wished to give to him came through her,.

Thank you Alice. Then his final months and days we were all there for him giving him the sending off he asked for and the amazing care from the Alderney community working at the Connaught, the Hospital and porter staff.

Everyone cared for him to allow him to pass on peacefully.

Thank you All

Music: ROMEO & JULIET FANTASY OVERTURE

Eulogy

By Paul Rae

Grandson Ben is saddened he can't be here today as he is currently on overseas duty with His Majestys service but donates the flowers as his emotional presence, his thoughts are close with us despite the distance

I have fond memories at the dining table brushing
Grandad's hair with cutlery
He had so much patience even when I would be
chit chatting absolute nonsense.

Mornings at Les Arbres would be a breakfast of dreams.
Crispy streaky bacon, endless toast, Jams, cereals and Golden butter
but before the madness would proceed I would sneak upstairs early to
see if Nanny and Grandad were awake.
If you were lucky you would be greeted with a
Jammie dodger and tea.

Grandad I know you enjoyed the extra summer we
shared together. Even when I made you eat fish fingers
and macaroni cheese. A true gentleman is how anybody on the island
described you to me. You'd also show your cheeky side sometimes as
well. I am forever grateful for the stories, advice and creativity you
shared with me.
I was always in awe of your work in the Theatre and I will miss you
sincerely.
Love Harriet.

Grandad's Poem

By Harriet

My childhood was filled with daft raft races
Jumping into the sea
And a special place, I called half home
Alderney.

And island unspoilt by many
It was Grandad's home for him and Nanny.

Words from friends

Alan Bermingham

Robin Rae was a man of many talents - Engineer, Draughtsman, Owner/ Manager of a successful company, Rae Stage, Manufacturing, TV and stage rigging systems and, was an extremely good friend.

Robin was responsible for the development of the Self Climbing Hoist which was a simple concept. Prior to the Self Climbing Hoist major TV Companies needed a 2 meter space above the studio to rig the motors ETC, for a suspension system like a trapeze on which the Luminaires were rigged E.G. BBC television 1960s in London. Robin's self climbing hoist simply included the hoist motor on the hoist. This avoided the need for a 2 meter space above and allowed the hoist and motor to be lowered to the studio floor for rigging and maintenance E.G. TV-AM.

It was always a pleasure to work with Robin, and to visit Robin and Myrtle on the island of Alderney. I have fond memories of sailing trips when Robin loaned me his bright yellow Seat car. With four large crew squeezed in, the windscreen wipers and washers were uncontrollable as we set off for a tour of the island.

Robin was very interested in cricket, acting as umpire for many years. We often talked cricket, Robin's knowledge of the game and the rules were second to none.

With the glorious silver bushy beard, he had an aura of well being. In Decemeber 2022 he had to visit the hospital and Guernsey, while at a bus stop waiting, a young mother with a flock of school children approached bound for school and became very excited on seeing Robin in his bright red trousers, as their mother explained to Robin "They think you are Santa Claus!!!"

Thank you Robin for being Robin