

FUNERAL CEREMONY AND CELEBRATION OF Colin B Greenwell's LIFE - Friday 28th February 2020
Eulogy given by Colin's and Anne's daughters (Laura and Leona)

Laura:

Our dad was kind, practical, generous, warm, sociable but above all, helpful. He was always looking for a challenge, an adventure or an issue he could get stuck into and help to solve. Throughout his life he surrounded himself with people and was never happier than when he was getting involved in a project to help someone else.

As a civil engineer, his practical and project skills were often where he could make the most difference – whether it was tiling walls, building patios, fixing cars or laying flooring he couldn't help but dive in. His greatest adventure was the house he built with mum. He poured his energy and love into creating a home they could enjoy together which suits and reflects them both. We will miss him reminding us of all the tiny details with endless pride. He was also a dedicated blood donor and earned his gold award for blood donation before proudly continuing as a platelet donor - knowing his actions would go on to benefit others.

Dad was a family man and believed in hard work. He strove to build a comfortable life for my mum, my sister and I while providing us with experiences and skills that made us who we are. He supported us and joined in with as many of our interests as he could - at our swimming club, he found a role as a race official and a coach (although making announcements in broad Glaswegian proved difficult for his English audience). He even joined us in learning to play piano but his Grade 1 exam proved too scary so he just played for fun after that!

He included us all into his love of sailing by taking us on flotilla holidays in the Med - even allowing Leona and I to bring our friends Louise and Liz one year. Needless to say, that proved to be altogether too many L's on one boat, so with his usual twinkly eyes he allocated nicknames that resulted in us hoisting him to the top of the mast and tying off the rope. All of this he took in the best possible humour.

He bought us the horses, Goldie and Jeremy, built their stables and ended up loving them as his own friends. He also loved the little things – a good lasagne, ice-cream and always having warm feet, to name a few.

Turn to Page 2

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Leona:

Our dad was a proud Scot. He would take any opportunity to wear his kilt – including the infamous St George's day dinner in Southampton, where he quickly became the focus of attention during the celebrations of all things English. Again he exercised his great humour and vast bonhomie as he laughed and bantered his way through the evening.

Outside the family, dad was a people-person. He had a thousand friends. He built relationships easily in each of the many different places we lived around the UK. We often spent the school holidays hiking, sailing or camping with others. This was something dad continued to do – whether adventuring round New Zealand, skiing in Europe or canal barging in the UK he surrounded himself with people he loved and could laugh and enjoy life with. This was dad at his finest – relaxed, at ease, often regaling everyone with stories and giggling infectiously.

Dad always joked that he was destined to spend his life surrounded by women, and with a wife, two daughters and four granddaughters this was certainly realised. We played many games as a family – and dad's competitive streak clearly rubbed off – there's a reason Monopoly is still banned...!! He was a devoted and immensely proud granddad and loved taking all the girls to their various activities and revelling in their achievements.

But my dad's greatest love was my mum. After getting together at university he still played with motorbikes in a nod to his tearaway years, but he focussed his life on making her happy. He showed this in subtle ways – he would answer questions from mum's perspective simply because he wanted to put her first. He would insist on having the whatever type of tea she was drinking and would make the effort to remember things she liked in order to surprise her with them later. Following their retirement, they travelled extensively and took up skiing ... together! And they were planning to continue adventuring for the next twenty years and more. My dad's last word was 'wife' and hers was the last face he recognised – it is only fitting for a couple that were together for 46 years and shared so much.

My dad is sailing. He is off on another adventure. He has just passed beyond the horizon on which we can see him. However he is with all those he loved who sailed before him. And when we sail, he will be ready to regale us with anecdotes and ask how the golf club is doing. Until then, we will celebrate all he gave us and will strive to follow his lead, to get the fundamentals right, to help and support others, to love generously, to build for the future. And we will miss him.