

TRIBUTE FOR GRANDAD

WRITTEN AND READ BY
PATRICK AND JAMIE CHINERY

Grandad was a very caring and loving figure in our lives for as long as I can remember. Engaging us from an early age with his genius sense of humour that shaped us to look at the world from the lighter side of things is something that we carry with us closely to this day. He was also always taking videos to chronicle our early family life, as we rediscovered when browsing pink rabbits whilst writing this. He captured some of our funniest moments on camera, such as when we first saw the Trooper on his driveway, or the famous “airplane” clip – memories that will be cherished for years to come. He even encouraged our creative side by helping us build our very own Space Modulator, or filming our own version of “Cold Feet” when Mum & Dad went to Hong Kong on a mission to find a lampshade. In fact, there are so many memories and lessons that we learned from him that if we went over them all it would be difficult to contain - so instead we’re going to keep it on the shorter side, as I think we all know that Grandad, or David to many of you, would want us to skip the words and get to the part where we all drink Guinness.

Grandad was a man who had a navy story for every occasion, much to our delight when we were younger. Whether it was regaling us with the tale of when he fell asleep on the train and woke up in Castle Cary, much to Grandma’s displeasure, or when he and some friends wrote a message in toilet paper for some visiting Australians on the hill opposite Dartmouth Naval College, there was always something to share with us around the table. It was one of our favourite memories of going over to see Grandma and Grandad for Sunday roast.

Which leads right onto another huge part of our lives that has been guided under his influence – food. Grandad was a legendary cook, and all our family and friends know this – his Sunday roast is something of a gold standard of roast dinners, and serves as a skill that I strive to master for my own family one day. From the cheesiest cauliflower cheese to the rich, crunchy roast potatoes, there is nothing on that table that wouldn’t somehow find a home in our bellies – even expanding our culinary horizons by convincing very young versions of us to try gammon for the first time by telling us it was pink chicken!

But his prowess wasn’t just limited to Sunday roasts, no. When summer came around and the sun graced us (a rarity in our youth), Grandad would fire up the barbie and serve up a delicious range of summer food in an attempt to satiate the appetites of his growing young grandchildren – and then he would bring out the star of the meal: halloumi – there was always room for halloumi. It’s thanks to Grandad that halloumi is, and will most likely remain, the best cheese I can think of: tasty, salty, at its peak when barbecued – the people’s cheese.

And we can’t talk about Grandad’s food without mentioning the most alcoholic fruit cake this side the equator, which I’m convinced contains a bottle of rum per cake. You could get drunk off the fumes of that cake, which may be why he kept making them – although after the years in the Navy, his tolerance for rum most definitely was unflappable. I (PJ) foolishly decided to try and drink Grandad under the table last time we were in Dartmouth, and all I can say is that one of us woke up with a strong hangover and the other told a Navy tale over breakfast.

We also learned a lot about the internet and technology through Grandad. He was always happy to let us play on his computer from an early age, it’s one of the reasons that I can’t think of Toy Story 2 and not cast my mind back to when he would set us up on his computer and then go about his afternoon knowing that we were happily occupied and out of trouble. When I got to

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the age of buying things online, he introduced me to the world of eBay and was always on hand to offer his expert advice on the world of bidding and winning auctions - a tool that helped Grandad make sure that he was not one to be left behind in the technical evolution that's boomed of late.

Last year, I asked Grandad for a quote from Alice in Wonderland, to which He said,

"I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night.
And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

"I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs;
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of hansom-cabs.
And that's the way" (he gave a wink)
"By which I get my wealth --
And very gladly will I drink
Your Honor's noble health."

I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth,
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health"