

Memories of Richard “Lummers” Lumley

Whilst I have seen very little of Richard in recent years, I have many fond memories of him dating back to 1988, so let's start there.

I first met Richard when we both worked at Gordon Fanshawe & Partners as it was then called, me fresh out of Polytechnic (which underlines how long ago it was), and Richard with a few years of experience under his belt. What struck me about Richard was that he was a calm, fairly quiet, considerate man, and one who was always willing to help others. It was a time when the IT age was in its infancy, and whilst many of us stuck to our old outdated ways of doing things, Richard embraced this new technology. Of course it wasn't long before we all had to learn new skills, and it was only down to Richard's unwavering patience in telling me umpteen times how to do even the most basic task, that I managed to cope with the brave new world.

It didn't take Richard and I long to realise that we shared another a passion – for beer. Many a time after work we'd enjoy a beer or three (and truth be told probably a few too many extended Friday lunchtimes). Our regular haunts included the Three Compasses, The Mitre, The Viaduct Tavern, The Sir Christopher Hatton, The City of Yorke, and many, many more. Much of the time we'd probably talk a load of rubbish, but I know that if I ever had a problem bothering me, be it work or personal, Richard would always listen patiently and then give me good sound considered advice – for that I will always owe Richard a huge debt of gratitude.

Of course, a good beer has to be followed by a good curry, another Lummers specialist subject, and many's the night we'd be sat in the Raj at Farringdon eating a Madras before dashing off for the last train home. But I also recall Richard being rather adept at cooking a curry – I don't think anyone had ever made me onion bhaji's and a curry from the raw ingredients before, a man of many talents.

Speaking of talents, Richard was a very able golfer, and I will cherish a week's golfing holiday the two of us took up to his native Newcastle. Again, Richard was a much better golfer than I would ever be, but he was always willing to spend time helping me improve my game. I will never forget the two rounds we played in a day around Bamburgh Castle golf course – by some way the most enjoyable rounds of my entire golfing career.

My other golfing memory of Richard was on the first hole at Deangate Ridge, a 350 yard par 4. Once the group in front had played their second shots, Richard and I played what for me seemed decent shots. We walked up and I played my second, but still no sign of Richard's ball. We got to the green and there was Richard's ball 5 feet from the pin. His apology to the four in front was met with “Don't worry fantastic shot”. They watched agog from the second tee as I holed a 50 foot putt for birdie and Richard tapped in for an Eagle. I'd really like to leave the story there, but for balance I must admit that it's rather fortunate that nobody saw our tee shots off the second tee!

Whilst my specific memories of Richard are many, the way I will always remember him is that calm, quiet, thoughtful, considerate and very helpful friend who always gave me great advice.

Have a pint up there for me Richard.

David Wright