

My memories of Richard are filled with so much fondness. I spent so many happy times with Richard which almost always involved beer (he seldom turned up anywhere without a four-pack of McEwan's Export) and/or music and, for a few years from 1993 to 1996, rugby.

I remember that on one occasion our team (Rotaract Buccaneers) played David's school Old Boys team and they were both playing on the wing (Richard was quite fast back then). However, David slipped past Richard to score a try and afterwards Richard said "if I'd known it was David, I'd have tried harder to tackle him!" As Richard was a few years older than David and I we always used to tease him about being an old man and on one occasion we thought his age was against him. We had decided to walk the South Downs Way (from Eastbourne to the north Kent coast) over the August Bank Holiday weekend. It's about 85-90 miles and we did it carrying fairly full rucksacks on what, at the time, turned out to be one of the hottest days on record. We walked 32 miles on the first day and David twisted his knee half a mile from the pub we were eating at that night and was going to have to pull out (he'd done it before in the Venture Scouts so had nothing to prove) but Richard and I needed to keep going (to be honest I didn't want to - I was aching badly and had a couple of blisters but couldn't show weakness in front of the guys!). However, as we were sitting eating, Richard suddenly jumped up clutching every bit of his body and he had cramp in almost every muscle. We mocked him for being an old man (he was late 20s!) but I was glad that it meant we decided to cancel the rest of the walk.

Richard was always keen and willing to help out with the many mad things we did in Rotaract and volunteered to go in goal at one conference I was running where, as part of an icebreaker, three-legged teams had to take 5 penalties to . It sounded like a great idea beforehand but it meant Richard had to try to save over 1,000 penalties in about an hour...I think it nearly broke him!

On a good few occasions, I ended up singing accompanying Richard on his electric guitar – the most memorable being when we went down to his folks in Devon and performed at his sister's school...I remember he played Pink Floyd's "We Don't Need No Education" and then "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain" – his sister Mary was not happy with me as I used to sing "yee hah" at the end of most lines and after that, all the kids started doing it!

I could go on with other memories of Richard but those are some that always come to mind when I think of him.

Steve Williams