

My father was a big man. He always seemed physically big and strong, especially to me as a small boy. But more importantly, he always had big ideas and saw the big picture. He was a ‘big tree in the forest’ and when a big tree falls the view changes forever

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My father was adventurous and courageous, both in travelling to the far flung corners of the world and in grasping and exploring new ideas and in trying to develop businesses and ventures to exploit them; often against overwhelming odds or entrenched opposition

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My father loved ideas. He loved new ideas and loved to think them through and to discuss them with others. In this my father was always an innovator and a young man at heart, with a young man’s enthusiasm and clarity of purpose. As an architect he became far more interested in, and made his business in, the organisation and provision of the data and information that goes into buildings; rather than in designing and constructing buildings himself. He produced award winning publications for the building industry, but used the guiding architectural principal of “form follows function” even in this

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My father was a principled man. He led his personal and professional life by carefully thought through and strongly held principles, both moral, social and professional. He did his best to pass these on to others. He believed passionately in the old English liberties and the virtues of the common law

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Although my father had high principles and standards; he was a tolerant man. He never swore or lost his temper. He was equable and unflappable. Although he was hurt when others did not live up to his expectations or principles, he never held grudges, even against those who had injured him. He was able to let go of life's frustrations and disappointments and to move on. He was not bitter. There was nothing mean or coarse in his nature. He tolerated fools gladly and was always prepared to politely explain to them their errors. Unfortunately this was not always appreciated

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My father was individualistic; sometimes to the point of eccentricity. He had a strong personal style. He always said that fashion caught him up. He devised unique ways of tying his shoe laces or a stock. He made traditional mahogany gunwales for his new state-of-the art

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fibre glass boat. Despite his individualistic nature, he always engaged with all those he had contact with, and would strike up a conversation with everyone he met. He was always polite, had ‘no side’ and was interested in what everyone did and what everyone thought

My father never condescended to people. However, he was never afraid to be contentious. He used to quote his own Baptist grandmother “Dare to be a Daniel”. This was the case whether he was talking politics or history. Just before Christmas we attended a Society for Nautical Research dinner with him on HMS Victory at which he drove a famous but increasingly bibulous professor of naval history to near apoplexy by calmly and soberly advancing a contrary view on the sinking of the French fleet in 1940

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My father was one of the 20 per cent of people who do things rather than one of the 80 per cent who try to stop them. Throughout his life, if he saw that something needed doing he would help to the best of his ability and resources. He was generous with time and money. He used to say that there was nothing that was not his job to do if it needed doing. His response was always imaginative, effective and direct. Those who were there will not forget the sight of him

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carrying little old ladies to safety during the 1968 floods in Thames Ditton ; especially as he had striped off his trousers to do so. When he was in Nigeria as a young architect constructing The Independence Building it was he who helped to carry the dead bodies of asphyxiated workers out of the building, after a tragedy that he had repeatedly warned could happen. As a good officer he led from the front

My father was intensely loyal and dutiful to his family, friends, community and profession. He was humane and practical and his commitment to clients and staff was unwavering. When I worked as partnership secretary during my gap year I complained to him one evening about what I saw as “slackness” on the part of the receptionist. His response was “How long are you going to be working here? Six months? She is a good worker and she is pacing herself. This is her permanent job.” He was a good manager and friend because he understood other people’s motivations even if he did not always approve of their actions

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My father was a practical man, and good craftsmanship mattered to him. He could turn his hand to anything, and was a very skilled and careful joiner and cabinet maker. In this as in everything he did he

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brought to bear his full intellect, patience and attention to detail.

This could be frustrating to the more ‘slap dash’ among us.

However, he always managed to communicate and pass on his ‘can do’ attitude to those who worked with him. He always said that quality of work and a high standard of professional conduct were the best advertisement

My father taught us all to drive. We learned on his beloved Series 2 landrover. If we could drive that we could drive anything and, he said, a big vehicle taught courtesy. He made me drive up a one way alley between high walls and then told me to turn round. I protested, tearfully, but he said, don't abdicate. The width is greater than the vehicle is long, you can turn it. I got it round. The sense of achievement and real understanding was terrific. He always explained things and could always demonstrate them

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My father was a stoic. He faced success and failure and treated both these imposters just the same. He was also physically stoical. Though he hated the decline into relative ill-health and infirmity with increasing age, he never complained and applied his intellect and

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inquiring mind to deal with each health problem as it arose

My father was a self-contained and controlled man who never asked for comfort or support. He was an only child. His mother suffered from serious mental illness from when he was still a schoolboy. He sometimes found the noise and contention of a large family, some of whom were of rather more explosive temperament than he was, difficult and could respond by sulking. He could reduce the temperature in a room if he wanted to. There was a reverse side to the medal. But he never walked by a problem. He was strong-minded and commanding, warm hearted and emotional but not sentimental and I never saw him shed a tear although I know he could in private. A handshake could be the limit of his physical affection to his sons and grandsons but we knew what that conveyed

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My father loved his family and friends and inspired love in return.

At the age of 19 he fell in love with my mother Gay Holtby at the Hull School of Art and Architecture, and married her before she was 21. He had fallen in love not only with my mother, but with a whole way of life in the Yorkshire countryside. He admired the farmer's

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independence and skill., and on marrying her he acquired and loved, an extended family and friends different from those he had in Hull. He was loved in return. For 55 years My mother loved him with all her heart, all her soul, all her mind and all her strength. . We all strived to please him, and in return, by instruction and example, he passed on to us all, children and grandchildren, feelings of self worth and self confidence and an outward facing attitude to the world. My father will be missed by all who knew him, but his memory and the good that he did lives on

My father loved his country. He loved its landscape, he loved its history, he loved its traditions and its liberties and institutions. He exemplified the great paradox that it is only out of deep respect, knowledge and understanding of history, craft and tradition that can come true innovation. He was profoundly influenced as an officer with the Royal Engineers and was fortunate to have been posted to the Survey Squadron where he learned land surveying, printing and map making. Being a Sapper was important to him. It was in the Army that he realised that he could achieve anything he wanted to. The RE motto “Ubique” meaning everywhere could have been his own. He delighted in the countryside,

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rural people and traditions. Hunting was a very important part of his life as were his terrier dogs. He delighted in the City of London School and the City itself. He was very proud to be a name at Lloyds and devastated by its fall, not because of the financial loss but because of the betrayal of trust. He delighted in Cambridge University. He delighted in the Middle Temple and in my decision to become a barrister and liked nothing better than analysing my cases over breakfast. He was proud to have his own Member of Parliament in his son-in-law, whose ear he bent constantly about how the state of the nation could best be remedied

But perhaps there is one aspect of my father, little known but nonetheless important for all that, which sums him up. He was brought up in Hull in a Yorkshire tradition of church and chapel and was confirmed into the Church of England probably at Hull Grammar School. He had always known that his Hutton grandfather had come from the Moravian community in Fulneck near Leeds to Hull and he had visited his great aunts there. But he did not really know who or what Moravians were until he started to research his own ancestors. He truly felt that he had found a key. He and I went to services in Fulneck and in Muswell Hill. You will be unsurprised to hear that he offered to digitise the amazing

missionary archive at Church House which included Hutton ancestors of his as missionaries to the Eskimo people. He discovered James Hutton who was a friend of George III and the childhood friend of John and Charles Wesley and who inspired and encouraged them in what became a revolution in the Church of England. As the son of a Jacobite non-juring Anglican priest who was the Wesleys' housemaster at Westminster School, James Hutton could not follow them to Oxford because of the Test Acts but became a stationer instead. Hutton Street off Fleet Street is named after him. When he met the Moravians he formed a community in Fetter Lane. The Moravians were and are Pre-Lutheran reformed catholics, Episcopalian but without a career priesthood. They were immensely active in the anti-slavery movement. They were missionaries but as doctors, teachers, carpenters, seamen, tailors, whatever their craft or profession was. It was the Word governing the way you lived that mattered. As a Moravian you are non-sectarian. You never preach you set an example. All are equally valuable members of the community. It was they who had "Love Feasts" of tea and cake in church; they who founded schools and scholarships wherever they went. They were never out of communion with the Church of England. They call themselves "the yeast in the bread" believing that everyone can do good whoever or

wherever they are, starting today. They are moderate people, my father used to describe them as drinking Methodists. He himself used to take half a tea spoon of sugar in his tea because to have none would be excessive. My father firmly believed that this was who he was and who he would be. He was a faithful Christian throughout his pilgrimage. Last week, on his desk we found a letter from the Clerk to the Chapel Royal at Hampton Court Palace granting him a parking permit “ad infinitum”. May it be so