

PETER BARWICK 1933 --- 2009

I first met Peter in 1965 when he & Mary were newly married just like my wife Christine & I were. Christine is Peter's cousin & we went to visit them in Greenford at Peter's parents house, Norman & Lily. Our friendship grew over the years and as young couples we enjoyed each others company particularly going to social events & particularly the pub accompanied by his brother Norman & Kay.

All our lives followed similar paths especially with the addition of children. Christine were living in a first floor flat in Ladbroke Grove when Peter & Mary bought a maisonette in Ferrymead Gardens with a garden which we did not have & unselfishly they invited Christine to visit them on Fridays for the day which was marvellous for Christine & our daughter Tanya, both of them enjoying the friendship & the freedom. Peter would arrive home from work & never objected to his space being invaded. He was a great family man & enjoyed the company of the children.

Peter started out his working life by taking an apprenticeship as a carpenter which he completed & then served two years National Service in the Royal Ordnance Corps as an artificer. Sometimes this involved the disposal of unexploded shells, hand grenade & live ammunition. One a weekend leave he produced one of these hand grenades in the pub with his mates which caused consternation until he showed them that it was harmless practice grenade.

He started his working life with Whitalls under the guidance of his father who was a site agent for the company. He progressed up the ladder with Whitalls becoming one of it's senior foremen. It was whilst doing a job for Lucas as general foreman he met Mary , courted her & married her.

They eventually had two children Karen & Ian. & Peter showed what a great husband & dad during the course of the children's growing up period. Sadly tragedy struck with the untimely death of his beloved Karen. Fortunately she left him two lovely grandchildren which he adored . He was, is only to be expected of such a loving & devoted father never to recover from Karen's death. His & Karen's wish has come true, they are now together.

I remember when Karen was a baby in her carrycot Christine & I going to visit them in Ferrymead Gardens only to find Mary on her own. On enquiring where Karen was we were told they had a domestic & Peter had gone with Karen to his mother's house up the road. When I went to see him he informed me that if I had come to take Karen home I should think again. Only after Karen started to cry with hunger was the baby brought home & peace declared. He & I adjourned to the pub.

Because he & I worked in the construction business we had quite a bit in common & we agreed to discuss issues the best place was the . After Christine & I had moved to High Wycombe we would visit Peter & Mary in Greenford usually on a Saturday. Peter his brother Norman & I would go into Notting Hill Gate which was my old stamping ground for a few pints. On one of these evenings we were on our way home with me driving as it was my turn

When Peter who had been complaining about drinking a bad pint suddenly said stop the car I'm going to be sick. Immediately I stopped the car, Peter was hanging out of the door doing what he had to do, when we realised we were outside the main entrance to Wormwood Scrubs prison. A hasty retreat was beaten & everyone was

sworn to secrecy. Fortunately this was in the days before CCTV cameras. We laughed about it many times after.

Peter as I've referred to before was a great family man with strong family values. He was also a man of great integrity & good values in all aspects of his life. He also was a great gardener. He enjoyed showing us his achievements particularly to Christine who better understood more about the intricacies of growing flowers & vegetables than I did. He enjoyed a good laugh & whenever I met him he wanted to know the latest jokes.

Sadly the last months of his life were not the best for him or his family. They were, as was his whole life blessed by the eternal love & care of his beloved Mary, not forgetting the love & affection his son Ian, his daughter – in law Sally ,son-in-law Geoff & his adored grandchildren.

Peter Barwick was without doubt a good man I, like all of you here today, were privileged to know him & I have been honoured to have been allowed say these few words today about a true friend.

Eulogy by Pat Giblin

