

The Sunlight On The Garden



Memories of Trevor from Old Caistorians

The Sunlight On The Garden

by Louis MacNiece

The sunlight on the garden
Hardens and grows cold,
We cannot cage the minute
Within its nets of gold,
When all is told
We cannot beg for pardon.

Our freedom as free lances
Advances towards its end;
The earth compels, upon it
Sonnets and birds descend;
And soon, my friend,
We shall have no time for dances.

The sky was good for flying
Defying the church bells
And every evil iron
Siren and what it tells:
The earth compels,
We are dying, Egypt, dying.

And not expecting pardon,
Hardened in heart anew,
But glad to have sat under
Thunder and rain with you,
And grateful too
For sunlight on the garden.



Each email is a little parcel of love and respect, some almost of reverence for Trevor. I hope that in your very difficult and sad situation they are like a soothing balm and a comfort.

Few people get to influence the lives – really influence the lives – of others as much as does a teacher. And a Headteacher has that capacity to influence far, far more. Very few people can have used this opportunity more effectively to show kindness, compassion and wisdom than has Trevor.

I am glad that he, and you, have had the opportunity to experience a little of how much he has meant to so many, via our School's efforts. But this flow of emails is just a small sample of a deep well of affection and gratitude that exists for Trevor. And I would like to add my own appreciation and respect and gratitude to that quickly growing collection, too. Please read this email to Trevor.

It will be a huge privilege to speak about him, when the time comes. In the meantime, we are seeking permission from your correspondents to publish their words on our website, so that all can see how Trevor is remembered.



I was so sad to hear that Trevor is so unwell. I have to say the days at Caistor Grammar School were the most enjoyable and amazing school days anyone could wish for. The CGS community was such a special one to belong to, it was a family not just a school.

I remember my very first day there as clear as a bell, with my box pleated skirt on and new school bag. I was feeling worried about the fact I didn't know anyone, other than a few I met on induction day, and the minute I walked through those gates Nicola Hopper greeted me with a huge grin and a "hiya!" I felt a part of CGS.

From there it continued our teachers were amazing, lessons were fun, days on the terraces in both summer and winter, singing in the church, running around the wonky games field and spending hours in the art room all with my best friends - who are still some of my best friends now.

Mr Foulkes, or Trev as you were fondly known, was always visible, always relaxed and seemingly enjoying life as our head, why wouldn't you at such a great school? Even after some of the fun and mischief we got up to you always said hello and was so friendly and approachable. We loved Trev!

I am now an Art teacher and prior to making that decision (a bit later in life!) I came back to CGS to spend time with my Art teacher Mrs Wish. This reaffirmed my ideal of how great it was at Caistor Grammar and maybe this was what I wanted to do...

So for shaping my life and laying such good foundations for me I would like to thank you Mr. Foulkes for everything, it really does mean the world.



My thoughts are with the Foulkes and staff at CGS at what must be a heartbreaking time. I have always carried with me fond memories of the staff and school since I left in 1997. Trev was always kind, helpful and playful whenever we saw him on the terraces and I couldn't have had a better role model to shape me into the teacher I am today. I hope everyone finds the strength they need.



I attended Caistor Grammar from 1988 to 1993 (I think) and was definitely one of your more rebellious students, flouting every rule I could get away with! Most days I would arrive with no equipment, books or pens and never wore the correct uniform. This must have been quite an annoyance for the staff as on my final day at Caistor 'Trev' called me into his office and made me remove my Doc Martens and wear his shoes which were about 5 sizes too big he also made me wear one of his shirts which was obviously also way too big! (he did leave the room at this point!) This made my friends laugh uncontrollably and a few of them still recount the story to me and there is also a photo that sometimes comes out! I am amazed I did not fall over in what essentially felt like clown shoes!

I was never concerned about my education and I left Caistor with a few GCSEs but this was much less than I was capable of. I have now been married 16 years and have 3 fantastic, clever, headstrong children and Trev might be pleased to know that over the last 5 years I passed my BA Hons in social science with a first and I have just passed an MSc in social work with a merit. I currently work as a social worker for North Lincs council and deal with some of the most vulnerable children in our society.

I look back at my time at the Grammar school with some fondness and although I was a constant source of stress for most teachers and Trev, I wouldn't change those days at all. It may have taken me an extra 20 years but the grounding I got from Caistor has helped me achieve later in life and I am so proud of my qualifications and finally have a fantastic career. My children have been supportive and it has taught them a valuable lesson watching the hard work and commitment studying takes.

Thank you for lending me your shoes and shirt Trev! I hope this gives you a bit of a giggle!



I saw the message about Mr Foulkes's health on the school website and I wanted to send my sympathies to him, to Estelle and his family.

I remember Mr Foulkes as a very visible headmaster and he dealt with me kindly and humanely when I wobbled slightly on the rails in the fifth form. Estelle was later one of my teachers when I moved to Franklin and I felt always took an interest in me as a former Caistor Grammar pupil.

I hope Mr Foulkes is being well looked after and his family get some comfort from knowing how well loved he was by so many who knew him at the school.



For dear dear Trevor. I just want to say a huge thank you for everything you have done for my son and myself. You helped him to develop into a man of sound principles and values. You quite simply 'understood'. God bless you.



I've heard the news about Mr Foulkes and would just like to pass on my wishes to him after passing my 12+ exam with him in 1993 to now running UK drinks business down in London so huge thanks to him and for his support for my admittance to the school.



I wanted to write to share my lasting memory of Mr Foulkes, an inspirational and warm hearted head teacher. It's such a small daft story, but has stuck with me over the past 25 years and still makes me smile!

I was in my second year at Caistor Grammar and was leaving the gates at the end of the day in my new striped puffa coat, when Mr Foulkes tapped me on the shoulder and said "very nice coat, it's in school colours too". Words can't express how proud I felt walking to the bus that night!

I still have the aforementioned coat to this day! It doesn't fit and has seen much better days, but it reminds me of Mr Foulkes and my time at Caistor Grammar. Only the other week when we were having a clear out, my husband said I ought to throw it out but I cannot bring myself to!



I was saddened to hear of Mr Foulkes' worsening health. I was very fond of him during my first 4 years at CGS. When I saw the notice I thought I'd recall some memories. One of my memories is of him constantly calling me Caroline but correcting anyone else who did! I never minded as I'm very used to it. Another is one Saturday morning my brother had to attend Saturday morning detention, presumably for being lazy and not completing homework. Anyway, what was meant to be a punishment did not turn out to be as Mr Foulkes brought heaters to the library to keep him warm and hot drinks! I think that sums up what a kindhearted man he was!

Please pass on my best wishes to him and Estelle and let them know that we are thinking of them.



I have very fond memories of Mr Foulkes and my time at Caistor Grammar School in general where I attended between 1985 and 1991. Perhaps he will recall my sister M too? I think he was impressed and distressed in equal measure by her distinctly non-regulation pink hair!

I have more happy memories of my time at school under Mr Foulkes tenure than I could possibly recount in this email but school plays, summers on the terraces, creating the pond and helping conceive the sixth form committee are just a few of them.

I consider myself extremely lucky to have had the privilege of studying at Caistor Grammar School and I owe my career and a large part of my happiness to the care and support I received there. I now live in Australia with a wonderful wife and two beautiful young children.

Please do convey my sincere affection and best wishes to Mr Foulkes.



My time at CGS included Mr Foulkes retirement and your own new era. I took my 11+ later than others and turned up with my parents on a day when no one seemed to be around. We found a gentleman who was picking up litter in the school grounds and, assuming this was the caretaker, we asked for directions. It turned out that the gentleman (as indeed he was) was the school headmaster. I have since learned the enormous importance of humility in leaders and Mr Foulkes embodied that. His passion and care

for CGS and its pupils were such that if litter needed picking up in the school grounds then no man was too important to do so.

At 11 or 12 I presented Mr Foulkes with a typed report, of which I was very proud, entitled "Vegetarianism at Caistor Grammer School" - he refused to read it until I identified my error on the title page (no spell checker on my typewriter then). However, once I did just that he respectfully read and questioned me on the contents and I felt valued and respected where many others (probably myself included) would have shooed away a precocious child.

Some years later, during my university years and some years after Mr Foulkes' retirement, I bumped into him in People's Park very early one morning, and he remembered me and stopped to chat and ask about university. I wasn't a star pupil, I most often bumped into Mr Foulkes whilst stood in the corridor having been sent out of a German or French lesson (not sure why it always seemed to be language lessons), but he always made me feel valued.

I am now the mother of a 5 and 3 year old and I run my own business employing 24 care staff supporting people with dementia. Thanks to my time at CGS I know what great holistic education is and I will be seeking the same for my children - although sadly no Grammar schools in Nottinghamshire. Thanks to Mr Foulkes I endeavour to treat those that work for me and those we care for as the unique, valuable people they are and I understand the value of humility - if I expect others to do things then they are certainly things that I am always willing to roll up my sleeves and do myself.

I am just leaving for a Christmas get together with some friends from church and we will be praying for Mr Foulkes and yourself and CGS this evening.



My days at CGS are something very special to me and as I said, helped me to become the person I am.

One aspect I intentionally left out was a speech that Trevor made at an old Castorians' funeral. I am comfortable to share it with Trevor, his family and you.

Trevor gave a moving speech at M's funeral that included a phrase about still waters running deep and often could be quiet but full of hazards.

That phrase had stayed with me and came to me on many occasions.

Like Trevor has done with me, I am sure Trevor has helped people in many ways that he may have never known.

I will always hold him in high esteem.



Sorry to hear about Trevor. Please pass on my best wishes. I will always remember the day I got the job at CGS ... He walked out of the staff room back door, looked down on the candidates sitting on the bench on a hot day and announced in best presenter style 'today the sun is shining on... Mr Loveday'. I had six great years at CGS that I look back on with real pleasure although I have learned much on my travels and know that actually I could have been a far more effective teacher and leader... And if I knew then what I know now...!!



I was a pupil at Caistor Grammar School from 1994 - 1999 so only had a short time with Mr Foulkes. He was such a kind headmaster, knew the names of every student, knew who they were related to, even when we had just started in year 7. My dad worked away and came to what meetings/ evenings he could and the one thing he always said was that he loved the way Mr Foulkes talked and the morals etc that he had. My dad has always said how he could have listened to Mr Foulkes talk for ages. He just managed to draw his audience in, no matter what the topic.

Although I spent so little time with him he certainly made an impression on me and my family.

Thinking of you at this difficult time. I will never forget you, what a lovely headmaster you were, Mr Foulkes. So sorry to hear of your illness. Wishing you peace and strength.



I first met Trevor in early summer 1995 when he gave me an interview for a part time secretarial position at CGS. He gave me the job, which I enjoyed a great deal and ended up staying until 1996. Trevor was very kind to me and helped me settle into a work routine after maternity leave. I am an old Caistorian myself and have a fond affection for the school and everyone connected to it. My thoughts go out to Trevor and his family.



I was very sorry to hear that Mr Foulkes is so unwell. I have very fond memories of him, and appreciate the opportunity to share some thoughts with you.

Firstly I would like to say that on reflection I greatly value his ability to combine an outward appearance of eccentricity with a genuine flair for leadership. Mr Foulkes always appeared to know the name of every pupil, and something about them, which I consider to be a great skill. The Caistor Grammar School I joined was an environment which fostered academic achievement, respect, and personal growth. In my adult life I have experienced bullying and discrimination at work. In contrast, school was always a happy, safe and supportive environment for me. This is something for which both Mr Foulkes and yourself will always have my utmost respect and gratitude.

Secondly, on a far lighter note, I recall that when he came to retire I learnt that Mr Foulkes had once been the owner of a Lotus Elan, and as a car lover this further earned him my eternal envy and respect.



Mr Foulkes was headmaster in the year I was Head Boy. He had a tough act to follow, coming after the retirement of Mr Michelle.

Whilst I did not always agree with his views, particularly in the dismantling of competitive sport in a school that was ludicrously successful given its size, he did support the sixth formers against the staff for the newly refurbished sixth form common room - completed by the students, and then demanded by the staff as their common room. The Head Girl and I were delegated to go see Trevor and suggest the common room stayed with the sixth form or we would barricade ourselves in, stage a sit in and go on strike(!). He admired our principles and the common room remained with the sixth form. The panic-bought sit in supplies lasted a few days!!

I failed my A levels and stayed on for a year of retakes. I have a photograph of a bearded me accepting the Headmaster's prize from Trevor in the old school hall. A senior teacher took me to Mr Foulkes's office asking him to make me shave - Trevor replied - much to her disgust - that he thought it looked quite charming!

After 25 years in the software industry I am back in the most rewarding profession I have experienced. I am a secondary school Biology teacher in a large mixed Academy in Berkshire. I have many fond memories of CGS and try and instil values I learnt there in my students.

Thank you Trevor for setting me on this road. God bless you and all your achievements.



Sorry to hear about Trevor. Please send on my best wishes.



It's a rare teacher that can command respect without using fear or aggression yet Trevor managed to do that. I have definite memories of him as a kind man yet not one you would cross, a remarkable combination and one that has stuck with me. He led my example in that respect and that's how I've always tried to lead, all due to the impression Trevor's leadership left on me.

I bumped into him in Grimsby one day, about two years after leaving school and he stopped me and asked me how my life was going and was genuinely interested in what I was up to. He even remembered my name. It still impresses me to this day because I was a nobody at school that never stood out in anything I did and yet he still remembered my name!

So sorry to hear he's not well and suffering from cancer. I hope it all ends peacefully for him and his family recover from the grief without too much turmoil.



I have just come across your announcement about Mr Trevor Foulkes.

I was one of his pupils in his 'A' (and 'S') level English classes at Watford Grammar School for Boys in 1968-69.

I have always remembered him with great fondness and affection; as one does with a truly gifted and inspirational teacher. He equipped me through his teaching with a lifelong interest in English literature and language. I shall always remember his positive influence.

I am so sorry to hear about his illness.



So sorry to hear you are not well.

I've never forgotten how you encouraged me to stay on an extra year and helped me get into medical school.

I've now been a GP for over 16 years – I'm so glad you saw the potential in me!



It has been many years since I left CGS (1997 in fact) but I read today the sad news about Mr Foulkes being gravely ill.

I just wanted to add my name to the many that will no doubt be expressing their sorrow this week. Although I wasn't a pupil all that long under his stewardship of the school, I will fondly remember him for being the personification of my early memories of CGS and for being so welcoming to us first years in 1993 at a time when we felt completely overawed about our step up to secondary level.

I hope his last days are as comfortable as possible and that his family take great comfort from a life full of kindness, purpose and achievement.



I will of course never be able to refer to you simply by your first name as you were my Headmaster!

I remember vividly when you came in 1981 and I am sure, sadly, you will remember me as I certainly caused you no end of pain and angst ultimately getting around half of Upper 6 suspended for the final days in 1984.

You came in with modern take on views and so much so I am sure you know your nickname was initially 'Red Trev' as we of course believed anything progressive to be on the left side...

I to this day thank you for bringing in a subject called General Studies which has made me seek awareness of life that is going around me and not just to be insular.

I have had a mixed life to say the least, but stability and sense is in place now and would you believe I have settled down with a Caistorian; a girl who was much brighter than I ever was but the common bond that is CGS has worked well for us and we have a wonderful relationship.

I will not dwell on your illness; the news was horrific and sadly a disease that has impacted both my wife and I very closely.

I sincerely hope that the plethora of good will messages will at least put a smile on your face and names you will hear from that maybe you have not heard in 30 plus years!!

I wish you and your family the very very best.



I know it's been 30 years since my time at CGS but I'd like to make you aware how much you have actually influenced my progression and my career.

I have entered a career in Education and after working in schools I am now a curriculum leader for sport in an FE college. Obviously as you mature and progress in life the influences of significant others mould you into the person and professional that you become. I'd just like to thank you for the positive influence you've had on my career. Now as a teacher, I try to emulate many of the characteristics I have learned from yourself and other teachers at CGS. Most importantly I learned from you the ability to empathise challenging students with a great skill, rationalising their behaviour in such a manner that commands respect and authority but in a friendly and calm manner.

On reflection of my early years at CGS (where I admit I was no angel!!), you were the focal point of the school. A man of such wise words with an endearing eccentricity that made you loved and respected by all pupils in the school. There are many, many people thinking of you and wishing you well at this time and we hope you keep fighting and stay strong. Thank you for everything Sir, one of life's true gentlemen. With all love and respect I sincerely thank you.



I spent many happy years at CGS. I think one of my overriding memories of Mr Foulkes is that he knew everyone's name. This really stays with me as I have a terrible memory for names and I so admire those who remember them. Mr Foulkes really was at the top level for this however - I clearly recall assemblies when he would randomly pick out a student and always call them by their first name - no small achievement when faced with nearly 400 students. It what was gave CGS such a warm feel.

I also remember him stopping me in the corridor to congratulate me on an essay I had written and it made me so proud.

Finally, I recall him allowing me to use his office to be on a TV phone-in one morning!

Mr Foulkes - thank you for being a memorable and inspiring headmaster.



I am ashamed not to have written to you before as I have been meaning to for a number of years. You may remember that I was a pupil at CGS from 1985 to 1992. I'm now so very happily married and fortunate to hold a

senior position at Santander UK and living in London. There are two aspects of my upbringing that I have to thank for the blessings and good fortune I have had in life - my wonderful parents and my exceptional schooling.

I still remember the wonderfully kind reference you wrote for me when I applied to join the Barclays Bank Graduate training scheme. In fact I still have a copy safely tucked away. This act of kindness did, I am sure, help me start the career I am how fortunate enough to enjoy. But much more than that my education at CGS has stood me in good stead for life and I could not be more grateful for it. The academic experience, and culture, under your leadership at the school pushed, drove, and challenged me. Without this, or at another school, I know I could not possibly have achieved the grades I did at GCSE or A-Level, and hence are directly responsible for where I am now.

When I started secondary school I was a shy and retiring child. The wider education, not of a scholarly bent, but of a ethos and direction in life, stood me in even better stead. With the exposure you gave me to public speaking (I remember you personally asking me to read in Christmas services) helped build my confidence, and the fact I was encouraged to play a sport I was not totally incompetent at (hockey) helped me develop a confidence and belief that has held me in even better stead. I achieved a reasonable (not great!), degree in Physics at the University of York, but more than that the upbringing and confidence given to me at CGS was in a huge way responsible for my sporting endeavours at university and my sabbatical year as President of the Athletic Union. And the stern, but gentle words, you delivered to me along with my detention for fighting with Stephen Doyle by the library still ring in my memory and were a useful guide and correction.

I just wanted to write and thank you from the bottom of my heart. CGS was an exceptional experience for me. And you were an exceptional headmaster. I doubt you will truly realise it but the impact you have had on hundreds, no thousands, of lives leaves such a mark on Caistor, Lincolnshire, and the country.



I am terribly sorry to hear of Mr Foulkes' condition. During my three years at CGS (1984-87), his kind and caring headship was always a source of comfort, and I know that my parents also held him in high regard. One of my most powerful memories is of an English lesson when he stepped in to fill a staff shortage. It was probably in the First Year, and the poet whom we analysed may well have been Tennyson, but what I remember most distinctly is that when nobody in the class could define the sense of 'pensive', he encouraged us to think of how French might inform our

understanding. This little pedagogical pointer introduced me to the delights of etymology generally, and more specifically to the relationship between French and English – a fascination which has contributed very directly to the path that my life and career have taken.

Please convey my warmest thoughts and heartfelt thanks to him for this inspiration.



I've just been reading the sad news about Trevor. I was a pupil between 1976 & 1982, and although I only had my sixth form with Trevor, he made a big impact on my life and that of the school. Please let him and his wife know that I am thinking of him.



My most vivid memory of you is when we came to visit Caistor with a view to our daughter starting there when she was 13, you took us round the school and every child we met you knew their name, that told me a lot, and that is why we chose your school. After a couple of terms of home sickness, she loved it. Thank you for giving her a good start in life, she is now a teacher herself.



My brother and I were pupils at Caistor grammar as you arrived at the school and my father was a governor. On several occasions I came to see you about things which were causing me issues and each time you made time for me and listened to what I was saying and why I was saying it and always gave me reassurance that you would act on what I had said (and you did).

My father, who died many years ago, also had great respect for you. Apologies for any punctuation errors but my 1 year old son is fighting nap time in the room next door! One thing I have learnt is that it is important to know how to use grammar correctly but sometimes it's more important to just get something that can be understood and is sent with feeling down on paper quickly!

Thank you for having a positive influence on my formative years.



I joined Caistor Grammar in 1992, and will never forget how friendly and kind Mr Foulkes was from the start. Always humble, always helpful and always held in the highest regard by his pupils. He wrote on my report, "Still waters run deep." At school I was generally quiet, well behaved and hard working, a pupil a teacher could easily overlook, but Mr Foulkes didn't. He saw the potential in me, and I have never, ever forgotten that.

I also recall seeing Mr Foulkes in Freshney Place supporting the Cruse Bereavement charity, after he had left the school. He remembered me and I was impressed that he still chose to do good works, when he could so easily have sat back.

His example is precious to me.



I am saddened to hear of Mr Foulkes' poor health and I would like to take the opportunity to express my gratitude to him for being an exceptional headmaster.

Mr Foulkes' commitment to his role and unwavering focus on values, as well as high educational standards, forged Caistor Grammar into the outstanding school it continues to be today.



I was a pupil at Caistor Grammar between 1994 and 2001 after my family and I relocated to the area. Although not knowing Mr Foulkes for a long period of time before he left the school, the memory of his warm smile, kind nature and genuine love for the school has always been etched on my memory.



I have extremely fond memories of Mr Foulkes. He seemed to only see our potential and an exciting future ahead of us, with absolutely no prejudice! CGS offers the opportunity for children from low-income backgrounds such as myself to access a middle-class education and lifestyle: I didn't realise this when I was eleven, but this is both a wonderful opportunity and a rather disorientating transition at times. I am sure you remember that I found it challenging sometimes, and I have only just found out over the past year (studying for a PGCE-HETL) just how statistically unusual it is for children from these backgrounds to excel academically. I think all the staff at CGS

have a unique and challenging job in that respect: an education is one thing, but it is another to inspire students to use it! I remember Mr Foulkes was particularly sensitive to the needs of students, concerned about our welfare at school and even after we moved on: it felt as though we had a friend and ally in him. A friend and I happened to meet him in Grimsby some years later, and were delighted that he still recognised us and asked how we were doing!



Our school years are our most important and I always had the utmost respect for the way you ran Caistor Grammar. I did on occasions push boundaries but the way you dealt with any issues was without doubt fair. I have nothing but good memories of you.



As a former Treasurer of the PTA I knew Trevor pretty well but it was as a parent that I have a fond memory. Our son had 'earned' a Saturday morning detention, for what misdemeanor I cannot recall. I guess it was probably quite a minor transgression by today's standards! On the Saturday morning Steven duly presented himself to the library to serve his punishment (it was a very cold winter day) and started to complete his allotted task. He told us that Trevor was constantly in and out of the room bringing an electric heater, hot drink and biscuits. This struck a chord that has remained with him. This is the essence of Trevor, a deeply caring, kind and Christian man. He will not be forgotten.



It is great of sadness that I hear of your news but very happy to have the opportunity to pass on my sincere thanks and gratitude for all that you, and CGS did for me to set me up for the big wide world. I often, even now, think very fondly of the life at CGS, even the first day I came for a visit and entered your office as a small shy boy. Quite a scary moment, which almost instantly melted away after your warm welcome and ultimately led to a deep found respect and admiration, for the father figure of many a boarding student far from home. And thanks to the person who led a team that opened up the world for me in particular, literally as I found my career take me to places such as Australia, France, The Netherlands, USA to name a few, and this all started in a little piece in Lincolnshire. I am sure there are

many people who would share these experiences, whatever walk of life they took. I wish you much peace and happiness.



I am very saddened to hear that Mr Foulkes is very unwell. Please send my love, thoughts and prayers to his family and close friends at this very difficult time. He was a wonderful head throughout my time at Caistor.



We would like to send a message to Trevor Foulkes. We remember him warmly. He is the most humanitarian headteacher we worked with. Someone who always had the best interests of the students at heart. Our 2 daughters enjoyed being at C G S and the grounding his school gave them has undoubtedly helped them in their careers.



We will always remember your warmth and encouragement for our two children, and how you always knew every child and every parent. We took the decision to move to Lincolnshire from Hampshire specifically because of the educational opportunity you could offer them. Their godparents, couldn't speak highly enough of CGS.

Helen joined CGS just after her 12th birthday in May 1993, having spent two terms as a boarder in Surrey. She became a boarder under the watchful eye of Max Jackson and Ailsa Wish and then after a while became a day pupil. Having unfortunately developed adult onset epilepsy in her mid-20s, she's now a very successful legal secretary, working 4 days a week in Lincoln.

Michael, with your encouragement, passed his entrance test at the same time as Helen despite being 2.5 years her junior. You were prepared to take him at that age, but also agreed with us that another year of social development would benefit him so he went to Brigg prep for a year and came to you at 10. He never found schooling easy and has recently determined himself that he almost certainly has Aspergers - that would answer many questions. He went on to John Leggott for 6th form as it offered wider A level choice and then did Software Engineering at Durham. He now has a successful career in Sheffield and is married with a stepdaughter.



Trevor knows now, if he ever doubted it, how much he is loved, revered, remembered; how many lives he has touched and profoundly influenced. What more can a person wish for! His has been a life very well lived. We will all try to do this achievement justice when the time comes. I am so pleased that he has heard all the these messages of goodwill and love. Please read this to him.



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