



OLD BRIGHTONIANS
BRIGHTON COLLEGE

RICHARD W LEWIS

1939–2014

Brighton College Junior School 1947-1954
Chichester 1954-1959



Richard was always great fun-witty, well informed and a brilliant raconteur as well as a very talented all round sportsman. He was modest, loyal with a real flair for enduring friendships.

Hal Haden

Richard was supremely talented: a superb sportsman, particularly cricket, rugby and squash. He was also intelligent, extraordinarily well informed on world affairs and a witty raconteur. In spite of spending most of his life in the US, he worked hard to keep his UK relationships alive and his English (not Welsh) accent. His passing is mourned by many to whom he was a loyal and valued friend.

Dale Vargas (Harrow and Sussex Young Amateurs)

A remarkable schoolboy cricketer who had the best hand eye coordination I came across. His agile footwork to spinners was wonderful to behold and in five years of combat he never offered me a stumping chance.

Chris Saunders (Captain of Lancing College and the Sussex Young Amateurs)

A Service in Thanksgiving for the Life of Richard W Lewis

5th October 1939 – 15th March 2014

Brighton College Chapel
Saturday, 11th April, 2015
11.00am

Service led by the Chaplain, Father Robert Easton



Order of Service

Hymn

Guide me, Oh thou great redeemer

John Hughes (1873–1932)

Please Stand

Guide me, O thou great redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the firey cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams (1717–1791)

Translated by Peter Williams (1727–1796)



Reading

1 Thessalonians 4: 13–18

Read by Katie Lewis, Richard's niece

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.



Eulogy

By Wyndham Lewis and Christian Lewis, Richard's sons



Reading

A Child's Christmas in Wales

Read by Jonathan Lewis, Richard's nephew

It was on the afternoon of the day of Christmas Eve, and I was in Mrs. Prothero's garden, waiting for cats, with her son Jim. It was snowing. It was always snowing at Christmas. December, in my memory, is white as Lapland, although there were no reindeers.

But there were cats. Patient, cold and callous, our hands wrapped in socks, we waited to snowball the cats. Sleek and long as jaguars and horrible-whiskered, spitting and snarling, they would slide and sidle over the white back-garden walls, and the lynx-eyed hunters, Jim and I, fur-capped and moccasined trappers from Hudson Bay, off Mumbles Road, would hurl our deadly snowballs at the green of their eyes.

The wise cats never appeared. We were so still, Eskimo-footed arctic marksmen in the muffling silence of the eternal snows—eternal, ever since Wednesday—that we never heard Mrs. Prothero's first cry from her igloo at the bottom of the garden. Or, if we heard it at all, it was, to us, like the far-off challenge of our enemy and prey, the neighbour's polar cat. But soon the voice grew louder. "Fire!" cried Mrs. Prothero, and she beat the dinner-gong.

And we ran down the garden, with the snowballs in our arms, towards the house; and smoke, indeed, was pouring out of the dining-room, and the gong was bombilating, and Mrs. Prothero was announcing ruin like a town crier in Pompeii. This was better than all the cats in Wales standing on the wall in a row. We bounded into the house, laden with snowballs, and stopped at the open door of the smoke-filled room.

Something was burning all right; perhaps it was Mr. Prothero, who always slept there after midday dinner with a newspaper over his face. But he was standing in the middle of the room, saying, "A fine Christmas!" and smacking at the smoke with a slipper.

"Call the fire brigade," cried Mrs. Prothero as she beat the gong. "They won't be here," said Mr. Prothero, "it's Christmas."

There was no fire to be seen, only clouds of smoke and Mr. Prothero standing in the middle of them, waving his slipper as though he were conducting.

"Do something," he said.

Dylan Thomas (1914–1953)

Hymn

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

C. Hubert H. Parry (1848–1918)

Please Stand

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm.

John G Whittier (1807–1892)

Reading

Revelation 21:1–4

Read by Rachel Mansson, Richard's Goddaughter

Then I saw “a new heaven and a new earth,” for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and there was no longer any sea. I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride beautifully dressed for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, “Look! God’s dwelling place is now among the people, and he will dwell with them. They will be his people, and God himself will be with them and be their God. He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.”



Chaplain

The Intercessions

Chaplain

The Commendation

Sussex Young Amateurs 1957



Hymn

Lord of all hopefulness

Traditional Irish Melody

Please Stand

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Jan Struther (1901–1953)

Relatives, friends and family are welcome to join us in the Hordern Room to raise a toast to Richard and then afterwards in Scott's Café for lunch.

Richard W Lewis

Old Brightonians and Friends Reminisce

A truly talented and inspirational all-round sportsman. Great company and a devil on the slip cradle.

Chris Bagnall (Chichester 1955-1960)

I remember Richard playing two or three innings that were inspirational. At 16 and 17 he was an amazingly destructive batsman and what fun, impish humour and high intelligence. We were lucky to have such company in those days.

Tony Beadles

I have many memories of Richard going back to childhood days. I was so pleased that I was able to see him last summer when he came to England, and we were able to chat at the Australia game at Sussex CC.

Nick Betteridge (Durnford 1956-1961)

How very sad to hear the news of Richard. I have not seen him for quite some time but have happy memories of him in my Brighton days and also when I stayed with him and Annie in South Bend, Indiana in 1965. He will be greatly missed by all of his friends and family.

Peter Biddle

Very sorry to hear the news. Very sad, especially after John died so young.

Chris Bidwell

I have a memory of Richard as a school prefect being asked to go up to Durnford House to catch myself and Brian Piepenstock smoking! Being a gentleman and a fellow 1st XV player he sent a fag to Durnford to advise us of his impending visit! Well done Richard!

Harry Bourne (Durnford 1954-1958)

Richard was in Chichester House throughout my tenure there from 1954 to 1959, though a year ahead. That was a big gulf in the rigid hierarchical structure that seemed to apply in those days but he was always someone to admire and emulate, both for his integrity and as a sportsman. I then disappeared off to Sandhurst and cut most of my links with Brighton College until a couple of years ago. Sadly our paths never subsequently crossed.

Ken Brown (Chichester 1954-1959)

Ever since the Junior School I had admiration for Richard's sporting prowess and later I remember his way with words in Geoff Lees' English classes. Although we lost touch on leaving the College, Richard went to the US and I went to France, it gave me a nasty shock when I heard of his demise. My thoughts and prayers will be with his family on a day that although sad will, I hope, be a celebration of Richard's full and successful life.

Chris Davison (BCJS/Aldrich/Bristol 1952-1959)

Richard and I played in the first XV for two years – Richard at scrum half and me as fly half. The first season when I was relatively junior at fifteen and when Richard was particularly kind fostering my performance against the onslaught of their wing forwards and groans from our own back-row by somehow catching all my badly passed balls. In the second season Richard was Captain of Rugger, and I think Captain of Cricket, and by then we were a very capable pair in the team which achieved an undefeated season because by now Richard had developed a thrilling skill in taking those wayward passes with little more than a grimace. When he left his Captaincy passed to me when his example prevailed to complete another successful season. His elegance on and off the field, his wit, charm, intelligence and bountiful athleticism were an inspiration to all of us and has remained with me since those wonderful years.

Guy Edwards (Durnford 1957-1960)

Richard was not only an excellent raconteur, but also a good actor. There is however one incident that he would not like to remember.

A Shakespearian production at the college and at the end of the play Richard had to stab one of his fellow actors. On the fateful occasion he actually stabbed his colleague rather than the “blood bag”. At the curtain call Richard and the cast took their bows but poor Stephen Cockburn was being rushed to A & E at the Royal Sussex Hospital.

David Evans and Stephen Cockburn (BCJS 1946-1953, Leconfield/School 1953-1958)

I was very sorry to learn of the death of Richard Lewis. I last saw him in a bar in Western Road and we enjoyed a pint together. He was one of the people I remember best from the old dinner dance days at the Deadly Dudley in Hove. It is very sad that both he and John are no longer with us. He was one of the people that I would very much like to have seen again.

David Glynn (from Hong Kong)

Very sorry to hear the news. I shall inform my Mother & Sister.

Roger Green (School 1959-1964)

I played for two years for Lancing College in our annual cricket match against Brighton College. They were always keenly contested and the one person who we always wanted to get out early was Richard. On both occasions we failed. My only consolation was I managed to score a few runs against his bowling – but I knew who was the winner!

Colin Herbert (Lancing College)

What a charmer he was! We all kept our girlfriends well away from him. He looked so well at the photo you sent of the Dinner Party – Sussex Young (now not so young) Amateurs.

Robert Jagger

I remember Richard very well. I was in the same years as Richard from 1950 to 1957. I was in a number of teams with him (Cricket, soccer, rugby and athletics). He excelled at each of these sports especially cricket. I do not have an anecdote but do remember when he was caught red handed at some mischief he would say nothing, try to look innocent and then just smile. It seemed to work! Very best to all who attend especially Richard's family.

David Laing (Aldrich 1951-1957)

I will remember Richard as an imposing left handed batsman with a real love of the game in every sense.

Ted Lewis (Eastbourne College and the Sussex Young Amateurs)



Richard and I were contemporaries in Chichester House for the last three years of our time at Brighton College. I transferred to the College in 1956, unusually at the age of 15, after my previous school closed its boarding facilities. Richard, of course was already an “old timer”, known to all, a sporting star, and very popular with boys and staff alike. In those circumstances it would have been understandable if he had taken little notice of the odd newcomer but I remember that, on the contrary, he immediately extended the hand of friendship and made me feel very welcome in the House and College. Our friendship continued until we left school after A-levels, even though we studied different subjects and, apart from rugby, played different sports. I particularly remember Richard inviting me to accompany him on occasional “town leaves” to have afternoon tea with his mother at the Lewis’s elegant house in Hove. He probably never fully appreciated how much these brief moments of civilisation meant to me! Young men do not discuss such things – at least not in my day! My own family lived in North London so I saw little of them in term time. Although I enjoyed my time in College, it did not cater in the late 1950’s for the finer things in life like tea and cake served from china cups and plates in graceful drawing rooms. Our lives went in different directions after leaving Brighton and, sadly, we lost touch with one another in later years. My memory of Richard is however still fresh in my mind.

**Professor Roger Mason
(Chichester 1956-1959)**

Many thanks for letting us know of the very sad parting of Richard. He was a good friend and a wonderful cricketer and I feel privileged to have played with him at Brighton College in the 50's. May he rest in peace.

Tony Merrifield (Hampden 1953-1958)

I remember Richard as Head of Chichester in my very first term (the summer term) at College. He was an excellent cricketer and I know my Father played against him on a number of occasions. We both send our best wishes to all the Lewis Family and thank them for their invitation – have a great day.

**Dr Peter Philips
(Chichester 1959-1962) and
Stanley Ian Philips
(Chichester 1934-1939)**

Richard really was one of the most talented all round sportsmen. In particular I shall always remember my cricketing days with him – and he made one of the two best hundreds I've seen by a schoolboy (the other by Brian Parsons v MCC – 1953). Thank you for fond memories, always in the sunshine Richard.

**Derek Pickering
(BCJS 1959-1953, Leconfield 1953-1958))**

What a lovely person Richard was quite apart from his exceptional sporting abilities. We all have fond memories of him and his warm but cheeky smile will stay with us.

Graham Reid

Lancing v. Brighton 1st XI Cricket matches were always keenly contested affairs and in his final year at the College Richard came out to bat at Number 4 after Lancing had claimed two early wickets. As Wicketkeeper and Captain it was my custom to welcome new batsmen to the crease. Richard and I knew each other well and I felt it would be fun to set him a challenge when our promising young leg spinner came on to bowl.

My challenge was that in his second over Richard would try to hit him for straight sixes over mid on and mid off. Richard readily accepted and by the fourth ball he had done just that – the fifth ball was a long hop and Richard dispatched it over mid wicket for another six! “Sorry about that”, he said to me “but he will need to pitch them up if I am going to get it over long on and long off again”!

Chris Saunders (Lancing College)



I had the honour to play in the Rugby 1st XV in 1958. Richard was an inspiring Captain and indeed was a great sportsman in all sports that involved a ball of any size or shape! He beat me at Fives and at Squash. I am relieved that I did not have to play against him in Cricket or Rugby!

For several years after I left the College I played Rugby for the Old Brightonians and I remember Richard turning up to play for us at The Honourable Artillery Company. We were well trounced that day and I never saw him again. I don't think he was very impressed with our standard of Rugby! I am very honoured to have known him and very sad at his death.

Howard Small (Aldrich 1956-1958)



Sadly, I shall not be able to attend the service, but I have one abiding memory of Richard. He was an outstanding cricketer, so, as a very young boy, he was enlisted into the Old Brightonians side, short of players on this occasion, for the annual match against the Old Tonbridgians. Our opponents contained many very good cricketers and the match was always hard-fought. A regular member of the OTs was John Knott, a former first-class player who represented Kent on 136 occasions and who ran Tonbridge cricket for twenty years while caring for a house at the school. Richard bowled slow left-arm spinners, and he was in the middle of a spell when John Knott came in to bat. The thought of his youth competing with the experience of John Knott led many of us to doubt the wisdom of asking him to continue, and it seemed that John Knott had made up his mind how to deal with this young pretender! I cannot remember if it was his first ball but, early in his innings, when Richard offered one of his slow looping deliveries, John sailed down the wicket, intending to despatch the ball for six over the long off boundary. He did not realise that Richard was able to impart enormous spin to the ball; he failed to get to the pitch of the ball and was left stranded far down the pitch, having overbalanced and fallen to the ground. "Stumped Smith, bowled Lewis!" Sadly, the Old Brightonians' good manners did not extend to being able to conceal the wide grins which this picture caused!

Gordon Smith (Bristol 1946-1952)

How incredibly sad. Richard was such a great fellow and always delightful company. What a talented sportsman he was and I so enjoyed seeing him when he was over here last year. He will be sorely missed by all of us.

Chris Snell

Yes very sad news but it was nice to spend some time with him last summer at Hove. Oesophageal cancer is singularly unpleasant so I suppose one way of looking at it is that he was spared all that misery – but very hard for all his family. Like Ian White, John was my particular buddy at St Wilfred's i.e. pre Brighton, and we always enjoyed each other's company and the battle royals on school cricket fields! I never really saw Richard play but obviously he was very special.

Ian Thwaites

I remember Richard beating me at squash one time without letting me get a single point, this when I was 15! I am not sure I ever played again. On another occasion he almost convinced me that he was the heir to the Duke of Devonshire, or was it another dukedom – this on the basis of a plate hanging on Granny Culley's wall!! He was a wonderful and convincing storyteller.

Carolyn Webb (nee Pascoe)



So very very sad. John was my oldest friend at Brighton and Richard such a larger than life character. I am here in Abu Dhabi with Robert Skidelsky (also a contemporary of Richard and John in Chichester house) at a board meeting of our schools here. Robert reminded me that Richard's father and John both died of the same type of cancer now we have lost Richard to this too. The final parting of a generation of a wonderfully gifted family, whom many of us knew from the very early days of our lives. Almost unbelievable is my final thought. It seems only a few weeks ago that we were discussing what on earth A) England were up to in Australia and B) what on earth BC were up to in Abu Dhabi. Life will never quite be the same again.

Ian White
(Hampden/Chichester 1955–1960)



I cannot say that Richard was a close friend but I knew him well enough. This was mainly through rugby as I suspect that we were about the same age and played in the same teams i.e. Colts etc. until we were both in the 1st XV. I captained for the season 1957–1958. I am going to send you a team photograph which shows him sitting on my left, which indicates that he was a player of merit. I think his position was fly half. The two sitting on my right, both also sadly dead, were the hooker and left prop, I was the right prop. We were a formidable front row and as a 1st XV one of the most successful ones of that period. So Richard was in fact an all-rounder as he was also a good cricketer.

My other connection with Richard was during the time of Elvis Presley's popularity. I believe that Richard played the guitar and we did a little act with me as Elvis swinging my hips and body and Richard strummed on the guitar. It was not a great success but we got a few laughs.

Due to me living in Norway I am afraid I will not be attending Richards Commemoration but my thoughts will be with you all.

Michael Sean Wright
(Chichester 1953-1958)





RICHARD W LEWIS

1939–2014

*Richard and I were great friends for over 60 years.
In his later years Richard would phone me on
a regular basis. Each call had 30 plus minutes of
wicked humour and amazing detailed reminiscences.
I shall never forget those moments.*

David Evans (Kings Canterbury)



BRIGHTON
COLLEGE

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