

A Tribute to Frank Seager

... given by his son - in - law.

First of all Frank would have wanted me to thank you all for coming here today - although I think he would have swapped this occasion for a club night or a bingo evening. I doubt whether in his wildest dreams he would have believed so many people would honour him in this way, so thank you.

What will we all miss about Frank? Will it be his helpfulness? Will it be his energy and drive? Will it be his sense of humour? Will it be his winning smile or his will to win? Well of course, it will be all of these things and more!

Can we learn anything from Frank's life? It may be surprising to some that as a young man, Frank was shy and lacked confidence but as he aged he realised you could speak your mind and be open with people and still retain their respect and friendship. I know he wished he'd learnt this earlier in his life.

We recently discovered in some old documents that Frank started work at 13 and we know that 67 years later he was still going strong, delivering newspapers - I only hope I have such energy if I ever reach that age. In between Frank was never happier than working on an engine - be it an aeroplane, motorcycle or car. In later years, he turned his attention to woodworking - who will ever forget the trolley he made for his pressure washer! Whatever he did, he was precise and meticulous and gave it everything!

He loved music and was keen to master a

musical instrument - in his youth he played the clarinet but more recently turned his attention to learning the organ. He would have been proud of his great- grandchildren's tribute today! Frank was a great fan of big band music and you could guarantee that he and Ethel would always be first on the dance floor.

Frank adored his family - his daughters, his grandchildren, his great- grandchildren and of course his wife Ethel, who he considered the most wonderful person in the world. And of course, he was mad about sport - football, bowls, badminton to name but a few. Bill Shankley, the old Liverpool manager once said "Football is not a matter of life or death, it's far more important than that." A view I'm sure to which Frank subscribed! Frank played football until his mid 50's and being born in Islington north London, adored the Arsenal. He followed their every move so it was concerning to us all that Frank's fight for life was beginning to wane when he didn't seem interested in Arsenal losing their F.A.Cup semi final or their Champions League quarter final recently.

Frank wasn't a particularly spiritual person, unless Famous Grouse counts but I think Frank felt he was unlikely to recover fully and so chose to break free of his damaged earthly body.

So today, let's not be sad for Frank but be pleased that he is now free again to run on the football pitches and walk on the bowls greens in a better place.