



*In Loving
Memory of*

Robert (Bob) William Goddard

12th June 1945 - 9th August 2021

*Friday 10th September 2021 at 11.30 am
St Lawrence's Church, Gotham*

Order of Service

Entrance Music

True Love Ways
Buddy Holly

Welcome

Eulogy

by Carol Goddard

Music

All The Way
Celine Dion and Frank Sinatra

Tributes

from the grandchildren

Tributes

FOR BOB

Bob would have grown up with the buses and would have at times had to pass through the garage yard. The house he grew up in backed on to the right of the main workshop – what was called the Orchard. So Bob would have known Arthur and Arthur's father from a very young age and built up a rapport with them from that age. It was a natural progression that Bob eventually got a job in the garage with people he knew, and who knew him.

So on leaving school, Bob joined South Notts and served an apprenticeship in the body shop under the tutelage and supervision of Arthur Dabell. In a career lasting 50 years, Bob would have worked on a variety of vehicles, including wooden framed single deck/coaches, to metal and fibreglass double deckers. There were also the “adaptations” - the snow plough and tree lopper vehicles were both originally double deckers that Bob helped adapt so that they were suitable for their new purpose. He may even have worked on some of the old steam engines belonging to CT Dabell that were stored in the yard.

Coach building covers many aspects, and Bob learned every one, and became an expert in his field: from repairs, replacement, panel beating, metal folding, welding and braising, to learning the intricacies of painting. How a vehicle looked from the outside was important, and to ensure the vehicles looked as good as possible, the paintwork had to be right. And Bob learned to paint vehicles by hand, using brushes. The phrase “Preparation is the Key” was the one that everyone in the body shop was familiar with. Masking off, sanding down, undercoat. Sand down again, another layer of undercoat. Only when there were no blemishes and the final sanding had been cleaned down would the top coat be applied. But before that, the paint had to be prepared, to the right consistency, and sieved through fine mesh so that there were no bits in the paint. And paint brushes had to be looked after: no bristles required, thank you! Achieving a mirror finish was the aim. And all the meticulous preparation would ensure the colours would stay good for several years.

As bus design and bus bodies changed and evolved, and different materials were used for building the buses, Bob quickly learned to adapt, learning new skills that enabled him to make use of the new techniques that were needed to meet the high safety and maintenance standards that were essential in passenger transport vehicles.

Bob worked alongside Arthur in the body shop for around 18 years, during which time Glen Neill and Gary James also joined as apprentices, whom Bob helped to teach the skills he had learned from Arthur. Over the years, Bob honed his skills to a high degree. He became a highly respected master at his craft. A respect that was achieved by sheer hard work, dedication and hands on experience, and all without the need of a university degree.

And this respect continued throughout his career. In total Bob worked for 50 years at South Notts/NCT, and was awarded for his long service. He was present to celebrate key milestones in both companies and masterminded the painting of the Diamond Jubilee Bus (1986) and the 80th Birthday Bus (2006). When NCT acquired South Notts in 1991, Bob stayed and worked at the Gotham depot, but occasionally worked at other NCT locations. He was very well regarded by all his fellow workers, who remarked of his outstanding ability and skill in bus painting ... the old fashioned way with a paint brush.

William Shakespeare wrote that:

“A friend is one that knows you as you are, understands where you have been, accepts what you have become, and still gently allows you to grow.”

It is also true that “Friends become our chosen family.” This sums up well the friendship between Bob and Arthur. In fact, Arthur and his wife Jean thought very highly of Bob, and was loved and respected by them, and regarded rather as a big brother to Julie and Sarah. He was always smiling, always cheerful. Gentle, kind and consistent. And very talented. He will be missed by so many.

We still have a number of engineers here (NCT) that remember Bob, in particular his skill level and pride in his work. He was certainly a skilled, traditional coach builder and people remember him hand painting buses to achieve a finish equally comparable to that of a resprayed bus today!

He was a popular and well respected member of the team.



Drawn for Bob by the late Ernie Walker (drawn in black biro)

Bob's Sporting Career

Straight from school, Bob joined Gotham Cricket Club. In those days the club had no second 11 or League Cricket, but played every Saturday and Sunday. It was on a Sunday afternoon on the Victoria Embankment that Bob scored his first 100, little did we know then that this would lead to him becoming a very fine cricketer, and he went on to score many more runs for the club. Bob also became a good bowler. Bob was a captain's dream when he became Captain. The club had a crop of young players and it was through Bob's coaching skills that they became good players and went on to win all the Honours that they did for the club.

Bob held a record for 5 years in the Save and Prosper South Nott's Village League,
scoring 145 runs not out. The record was beaten in July 1988 in a match between Keyworth II and Sutton Bonnington by Kevin Hitchcock, the then Chelsea goalkeeper who had stood in last minute for the team.

Bob did some umpiring as well when he finished playing, and then when he retired he took over as groundsman for a couple of seasons. He could be seen there most days preparing the wicket. Visiting teams and Gotham players would comment about how good the wicket was. A job he loved doing and it was during this time that he became ill, but still managed to be there most Saturdays to watch the match. Never had a bad word to say about anybody and Gotham Cricket Club have a lot to thank Bob for – A true gentleman and a true legend.

Bob was also a good footballer and when he was 12, 13 years old, the locals would meet up Gotham Rec for a kick around, often using coats for goal posts. And when organising the teams Bob was always the first to be picked – why is that, you may ask? (from one of the other players.) Well, it was because he was the best footballer, that's why.

He went on to play for Gotham Colts and Gotham United in the days of no wing backs or midfield players. He played left half in a cup final once against Porchester and was involved in a head on battle with one of the opposition, they both spent the night in hospital. It wasn't until the next day that he found out they had won the cup. Bob said "Football was an easy game – it's the players that make it hard"

To prove his all-round sporting skills, Bob was also a fine squash player. He was an immensely talented sportsman. Bob's advice today to any youngster would be to "play while you can – you will have plenty of time to watch it later when you can't." There weren't many times when we were out and about that we wouldn't walk into someone that would recognise Bob that had a connection with sport.

I would ask "Football, cricket or squash?"



**Words are never enough but are sometimes necessary –
Taken from the many cards and messages received.**

Bob was a kind loving man who undoubtedly worshipped you

Treasure your memories

Gotham has lost one of its finest

You have lost a very good man and us a very good friend

One of the village's nicest, and talented sportsman

Bob was a very special man and we are grateful to have been part of the journey

Bob will always have a special place in the heart of our family.

We have fond memories of a dear friend and colleague

A gentle soul and a gentleman, a rare quality in this day and age.

I will miss you Sir

Bob taught me some stuff as opening bat for Gotham, always had time for me. The word legend is used too much but locally he was deffo one in my eyes

Bob was always good company and will be missed by the Saturday Night Crowd at the Plough

You were a wonderful loving and devoted couple

Bob was a captain's dream, a real turn to Guy, a great club man. Spent his entire career with GVCC – privileged to call you a great friend

No words, always here for you

Uncle Bob was one in a million

A lovely lad – (Monk's Lane resident)

*Always a positive man with a great insight to the game.
Very welcoming when I joined GVCC many years ago*

Bob will always be remembered with affection

A good friend of many years since we grew up together on Monk's Lane

We will miss seeing Bob working in the garden, and getting his tips over
the fence

*Bob was a great bloke as well as a great cricketer, it was a pleasure
to be on the same field as him, the term legend is used very loosely these
days but Bob certainly was*

Bob was such a lovely man – we will miss the little chats at the garden gate

*Please keep your happy love and memories of you and "My Bob",
he was a gem*

Bob – one of life's gentlemen – we couldn't have wished for a
better neighbour

A gentleman – may he now be at peace

The loss of your dear Bob and a lovely husband –
love and prayers are with you

*Bob was such a lovely man, we will miss seeing him in the street,
pottering in his garden and having a chat*

In the 40 years that I've known him, I can't recall a single time
he didn't come across as a great human being

One of the nicest blokes I've had the privilege to meet

Bob will always be with you – he brought love and happiness
into your lives.

*A really good friend of my Dad's and myself, they shared many
a story together (the late Barry Prettyjohn)*

Bob had a big influence on my cricket career

*Great man – it was a privilege to know him and work with him, always
had a dry sense of humour. I'll always remember him as a real gentleman*

Rainbows always follow the storm, and we will make it through
this together

*Great man to work with, you will never hear anything bad said about
Bob. He was really good to me when I first started at South Notts and
I won't forget that*

A great man and insightful cricketer

*I first met Bob in 1956 when we both started Harry Carlton School as
11 year olds. I then played football for Gotham with him, he was a good left half
and could read a game pretty well. I remember once he banged heads with an
opponent and both spent the night at the Old General*

Heaven certainly gained an Angel

BOB GODDARD

When I first sat down to write this memorial my immediate thoughts went beyond Bob as an immensely talented sportsman - that he was undoubtedly.

Instead, I thought about his integrity of character and the kind, generous, and above all immensely humble man that was Bob.

I knew Bob for almost fifty years and when I think of him today, I think back not to the hundreds he scored for Gotham Cricket Club, nor to any of the wickets he took or matches he won for us, but instead to two seemingly insignificant acts of kindness he showed me. These acts have lived long in my own memory, and I want to share them because to me personally they speak volumes to Bob as an exceptional person—someone with only the best of human qualities.

I first started playing cricket for Gotham in 1974. As a young 14-year-old, entering what at the time was a game dominated by adult men, Bob - the Club Captain - took me under his wing. Money was a scarce commodity in the Anderson household of the 70s. While this was not an issue for matches played at home, where I could skip the customary but costly after match drink, when we played away, I couldn't so easily avoid the trip to the pub. On these occasions, Bob never failed to ensure I wasn't left out. At away games he would, without fail, buy me a shandy from his own pocket after the match. This generosity meant that I could be part of the team, and crucially feel like I belonged as a youngster. Bob was there, behind the scenes, taking a gentle leadership and instilling an ethos of togetherness in his players.

My experience of the generous Bob was not unique, Bob was endlessly encouraging youngsters to take up the game. His attitude of care towards these younger players was always hugely generous. His one motivation was to ensure we enjoyed our cricket - he would guarantee we each got a bat or a bowl. I would in the decades to come captain Gotham myself, and for many years coach our club's youngsters. I can say now that I relied heavily, still then, on my many memories of Bob's handling of me and other young players from the 70s. I only hope I was able to live up to the exceptional example he set all those years before.

My second memory of Bob dates to nearly two decades later at the beginning of the 1990s. After spending some time away from the village, I had recently returned with my wife Kerrie and our new-born son Ross. I had just set up my own decorating business and the only transport Kerrie and I owned was my two-seater painter's van. This meant that we couldn't safely go out as a family with no seat for Ross. Upon hearing this and without hesitation, Bob offered to help. Bringing his experience from working at the Gotham Bus Depot to the task, he managed to weld a baby seat securely into the rear of my van. We were on the road as a family - thanks to Bob. When I enquired how much I owed Bob for fixing the seat, in parallel with the shandies all those years previous and so typical of Bob, there was no charge.

When I first heard of Bob's sad death a few weeks ago, these were the memories that came to my mind immediately. They encapsulate what Bob meant to me, and the impact his character had on our village and its people far beyond runs and wickets. Bob was kind, generous, and above all humble—he had the best of human characters in abundance.

Danny Anderson



Reflection Music

End Of The Line
The Traveling Wilburys

Bible Reading

John, Chapter 14: verses 1-6

Address

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.

As We Leave the Church

Would everyone please join together in a round of
applause in celebration of Bob's life.

*The committal will now follow at Wilford Hill
for close family and friends.*

*You are invited to join the family afterwards
at the Sun Inn, Gotham.*



The family would like to thank everyone
for their kind words and support at this sad time.

Donations in memory of William for
Nottingham City Hospital, Haematology Department
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of



A.W. LYMN

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