

My Grandad - A Eulogy by grandson Sean Green

My Grandad was called Philip George Hudson but most called him Phil.

My Grandad was just a boy in the Second World War and was arrested for stealing ammo from an army dump - his dad was fined £1-10 shilling

My Grandad watched German bombers fly over Kent and Spitfires in dog fights with their fighter escorts.

My Grandad joined the navy and travelled the world, he had the stories, photos and tattoos to prove it.

My Grandad took me to his work; I sat next to him as he delivered Fullman car batteries in his blue Comma Van.

My Grandad taught me how to fish for Sea Bass, how to catch Roach using a pole and where to dig for the best Ragworm bait.

My Grandad took us to Southsea Common where we would always find coins in the grass (it was years before we realised he flicked them there).

My Grandad taught me how to grip his prized Ping Putter, he gave me my first golf clubs and he insisted I carry his around the Goodwood Course.

My Grandad taught me how to shoot rats at night using his big torch and his BSA air rifle.

My Grandad could tell a good story, liked a rude joke and could belch so loud it startled his dog.

My Grandad had many friends, but golfers and dogs always seem to have a special place in his heart.

My Grandad always had a prickly beard, always had a big smile towards us, and always wanted another cup of tea.

My Grandad came to our aid in our darkest days; he was only just a phone call away, and for that I will be forever grateful.

My Grandad was one of a kind and deeply loved by many people.

My Grandad has now died, and will be sorely missed.

But I think we are all the richer for knowing My Grandad, and I for one thank God for his life.