

Lucian was born in Ceylon in 1936. His father was Assistant Director of Food Supplies for the Government. His maternal grandfather was the first Ceylonese head of the Ceylon Tobacco Company; you will remember that Lucian himself got through a good deal of tobacco in his pipe! There were mangos, coconuts and bananas growing in the garden, and the Indian Ocean was at the end of the street. Lucian's one sibling, our Aunt Clodagh, had a distinguished career at the Chemistry Institute in Colombo.

One day, when Lucian was fifteen, his uncle stopped the car and asked him if he'd like to drive the rest of the way. Lucian said 'yes' and he went on to pass his driving test without ever having had a lesson. He'd simply watched intently what other drivers had done. The same extraordinary skills of observation and assimilation were used a few years later when he watched Boris Ord and David Willcocks at King's; that was his only preparation for running the choir at St Michael's. It's quite remarkable that here he ran one of the best choirs in the country, at the age of 23, without ever having been organ scholar or Assistant anywhere.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Lucian's biggest influence at school was the Chaplain, Roy Yin, who had previously been Chaplain at King's, Cambridge. Roy persuaded Lucian's parents to move him to a different piano teacher. The teacher told Roy she had no space for another pupil. But Roy refused to leave her house until she agreed to teach Lucian - so she eventually agreed! A few years later Lucian won two gold medals for piano.

One day, as he was sitting at the back of the School Chapel, a senior boy called Fernando walked over to Lucian and said "I'm the organist. I'll be moving on to university soon and I need someone to take over." Fernando then gave Lucian some lessons and gave him a copy of the Organ Primer by John Stainer, first Organist of St Michael's.

At Roy Yin's suggestion, Lucian took a boat to Tilbury Docks at the age of 18 in order to audition at the Royal College of Music. He passed, despite never having played a pipe organ until a few days before the audition when he arrived in England. He didn't know how to use the stop knobs, so one of the examiners operated them. His two teachers at the R.C.M. were Ralph Downes and Herbert Howells.

Whilst in London Lucian played the organ at a church in Chelsea. It was there that he first met Jane. He found it very difficult to get to talk to her, but he eventually got the chance at a church party. Mummy was leaning against a wall talking to a young man. Her shoe became uncomfortable so she slipped it off. Dadda was sitting close by on the

floor; when no one was looking he picked up the shoe and put it behind him. So she couldn't leave without speaking to him...

After two years in London he read Music at King's College, Cambridge. He had a very happy and inspiring time there, during the final years of Boris Ord's glorious tenure and the start of David Willcocks' time. David recommended that Lucian be considered when St Michael's was looking for a new Organist.

Lucian started at St Michael's a week after the Cambridge May Ball in 1959. He always spoke of what a superb set of trebles he inherited when Kenneth Beard moved to Southwell. The Nethsingha years at St Michael's were a very special and happy time; those radio broadcasts and the 'Sing joyfully' LP still seem musically miraculous over half a century later. The 1963 BBC programme 'Love came down at Christmas' is one of my favourites. The most important event of Lucian's life was his marriage to Jane in 1965. Frederick and Anthony have spoken wonderfully about these years, so my purpose now is to give a bit of context regarding Lucian's life before and after Tenbury.

Lucian went on to be Organist of Exeter Cathedral for eighty terms from 1973 to 1999. He conducted the Exeter Musical Society for many years, rehearsing the chorus on Monday evenings and the orchestra on Tuesday evenings. He was Diocesan Organ Advisor and he also travelled round the diocese working with church choirs, preparing them for the annual Diocesan Choral Festivals. Alison was born in the year we moved to Exeter. She studied Theology at Nottingham, having been a pupil of our mother who was Head of RE at The Maynard School. Alison now has a fantastic career managing some of the world's top instrumentalists and orchestral conductors.

Lucian had returned to Ceylon to visit his family in 1957. His next visit was not until 1977. On that occasion there was a huge family group at the airport to meet us. One man came forward from the group. Dadda was wracking his brains to work out which of his uncles it was. In the nick of time he realised it was his father, who he hadn't seen for 20 years.

Lucian built a wonderful choir in Exeter. I was fortunate to be a treble there, but I suspect we weren't quite as good as the St Michael's boys! The acoustic in Exeter is different to Tenbury, so a different musical sound-world was necessary. Lucian assembled an amazing back row in Exeter, including 6 basses! He engendered an extraordinary loyalty amongst the Lay Vicars - they stayed for several decades, but they were complemented by a constant stream of outstanding choral scholars, many of whom went on to be directors, soloists, or singers in choirs like Westminster Abbey, St Paul's and the Tallis Scholars. He nurtured remarkable warmth, humour and camaraderie in the group.

You may recall Lucian's fine organ playing at St Michael's. There were many Radio 3 broadcasts of his recitals and he played in the prestigious recital series at the Royal Festival Hall. It saddened me that he didn't play the organ so much in his later years in Exeter. A similar thing is true of his orchestral conducting - after he conducted Beethoven's 9th symphony with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra the players were keen for him to conduct them again, but he declined. He decided that the best way to serve the liturgy was to devote himself single-mindedly to the choir.

Lucian retired from Exeter in 1999 and our parents moved to Cambridge. They were then able to be much closer to Alison in Walthamstow. Eight years later Lucy and I moved to Cambridge with our children, Emily, Peter and Helena. In retirement Lucian was not actively involved in music-making but he loved being able to attend Evensong in King's and other places. Our parents loved visits from Mummy's former pupils and Dadda's former choir members. Retirement also saw them doing a great deal of travelling including visits to Kingston, Ontario where Mummy had been born. Dadda also spent a great deal of time tending their beautiful garden. Sadly Mummy died in 2015, a few months before their Golden Wedding Anniversary. We worried about how Dadda would cope after Mummy died, and he missed her every day, but in fact he had a wonderfully full and varied life in his final years. Doubtless he was mirroring the resilience and independence he had shown as an 18 year-old coming almost half-way round the world in 1954.

We're very fortunate that Dadda was so well-cared for in the hospice, and that Alison and I were able to be with him throughout his time there despite the pandemic. Those who knew Dadda's conducting will remember the extraordinary beauty and expressiveness of his hands, and the unique poetry that his gestures created. A single finger could communicate powerfully, in the manner of his great mentor Boris Ord from his student days. Similarly, in the hospice, as speech got more difficult - he would express all his wishes very clearly with his hands (in a way that was impossible to ignore!)

We're so grateful to St Michael's for having been brave enough to appoint our father. For a man of his skin-colour to make a career in the rather conservative and 'establishment' world of Cathedral music would be most unusual even now, half a century on. But perhaps it's not so surprising; Dadda's R.C.M. end of year report from Herbert Howells simply said "He is one of my most musical pupils".

Alison, Lucy and I are so grateful for all you have given us today; thank you.

