

Timothy George Plumptre 1945-2023

Timothy George Plumptre, a much-loved resident of Ansty died on 16th October 2023, aged 78, following a catastrophic fall at his home.

Tim's funeral service took place at St Peter's Church in the nearby parish of Swallowcliffe on November 6th. This venue was chosen to accommodate the huge number of friends and relatives who arrived to bid their final farewell. This would not have been possible in the tiny parish church of St James' in Ansty.

On a perfect autumn day, the thoughtful service was conducted by the Reverend Canon David Durston. During the service Tim's children Tamsin and Peter recounted fond memories of their father, whilst Tim's longstanding friend Nick Hughes told tales of their friendship which began as teenagers in Devon in the early 1960s, including travelling around Spain during their gap year – a country for which Tim retained a great affinity and to which he returned regularly with his family and friends.

Tim went on to study modern languages at King's College, London and became a fluent speaker in three foreign languages, which prompted him to pursue a career in banking. As an employee of BOLSA, Lloyds Bank International and finally The Bank of Nova Scotia he worked in the northeast of Brazil, London, Pittsburgh, New York, Hong Kong, Mexico City, Paris, Madrid and finally Toronto - his last job involved extensive travel to Central and South America.

In later life, Tim retired to Ansty with his second wife Caroline. Typical of the man he quickly became a much-loved character throughout the village and beyond. He was witty, well informed, kindly, and well-meaning and occasionally could be quite irascible! His knowledge of UK

and global history was masterful, and he always had an interesting anecdote or a story to tell. A true raconteur in every respect.

Tim (along with his wife Caroline) gave his time and energy freely for several local community causes: driving local outpatients to hospital or to other venues; helping a local green energy organisation with their funding – using his banking skills - along with chairing various meetings and being a treasurer for several local institutions.

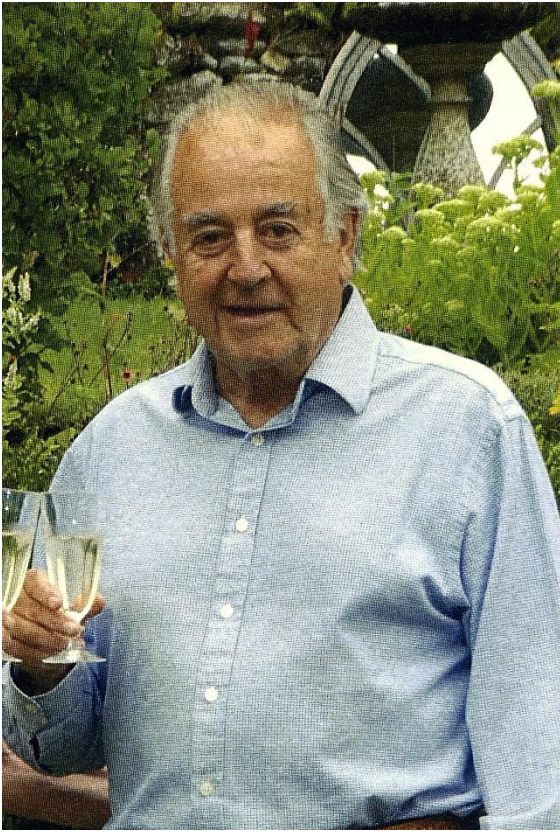
At home (or away) he could be the perfect 'mine-host' with impeccable manners and knowledge of good food and wine (including cheeses!) He never allowed anybody's wine glass to become empty! In retirement Tim was always looking at ways to maintain and improve his home by doing it himself. If a tree fell somewhere locally, he would seek permission and then be out there with his chainsaw cutting the wood up into logs ready to store. Nothing went to waste!

In Ansty, people will always remember Tim out on his regular circular walk through the local fields with their terrier-cross Rocket, later to be joined by a delightful, lively Spanish stray named Mungo!

In more recent years, Tim was not so well and unable to walk with the same energy and purpose that he used to. However, he lost none of his 'joie de vivre' and he was still doing jobs around his home right until the end.

Tim could articulate with consummate ease and his wry sense of humour never failed to draw a smile. It was a privilege to know him, and his family, friends and the Ansty community will sorely feel the void he has left.

We are all enriched for having known him.



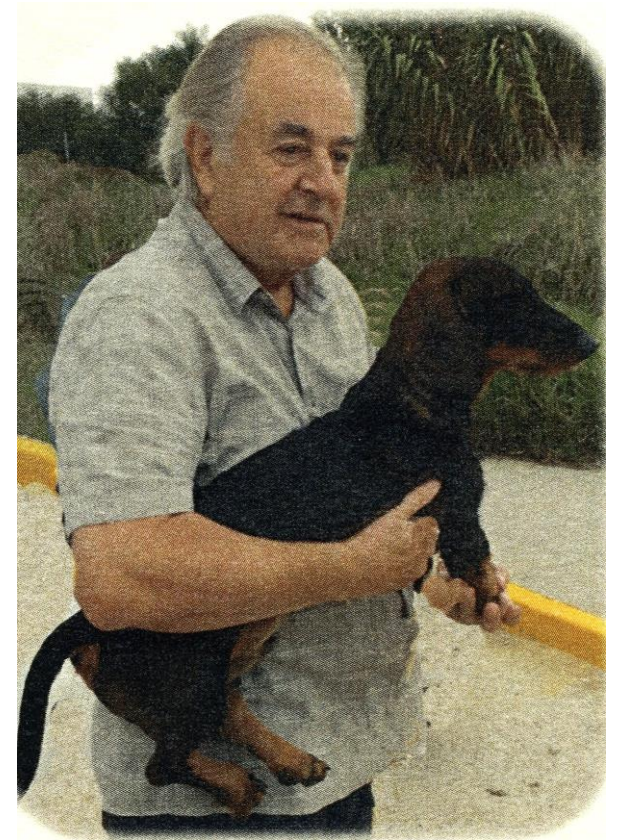
To Tim

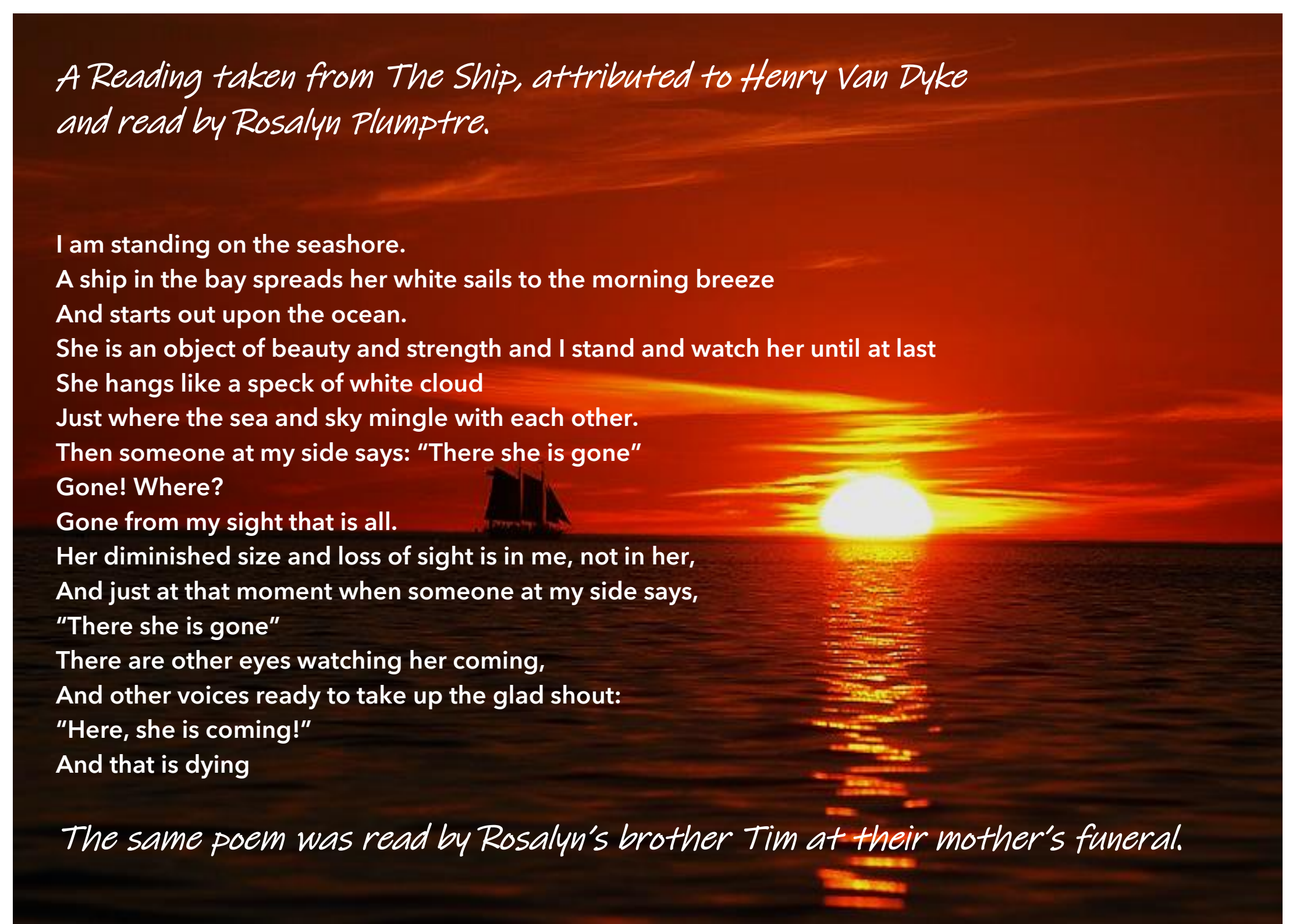
By Harry Glass

Tim Plumptre was the sweetest chap –
He's tottered off now for a nap
In heaven's dress code: white pyjamas
DO NOT GO NAKED INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT
So, pop these on, let's do this right

One of life's eternal charmers –
Smiles and chortles he disarmed us
His curiosity never sated:
RAGE RAGE AGAINST TAKING LIFE FOR GRANTED
How his anecdotes enchanted

By his friends and family highly feted
So, we say to Tim a belated
Cheerio, such nice pyjamas!
AND DO NOT GO GENTLY WITHOUT A GOOD GLASS OF WINE
A Chilean red will do just fine



A sunset over the ocean with a small sailboat on the horizon. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a long, shimmering reflection on the water. The sky is a mix of orange, red, and yellow. The sailboat is a small, dark silhouette with two masts and sails.

*A Reading taken from The Ship, attributed to Henry Van Dyke
and read by Rosalyn Plumptre.*

I am standing on the seashore.
A ship in the bay spreads her white sails to the morning breeze
And starts out upon the ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until at last
She hangs like a speck of white cloud
Just where the sea and sky mingle with each other.
Then someone at my side says: "There she is gone"
Gone! Where?
Gone from my sight that is all.
Her diminished size and loss of sight is in me, not in her,
And just at that moment when someone at my side says,
"There she is gone"
There are other eyes watching her coming,
And other voices ready to take up the glad shout:
"Here, she is coming!"
And that is dying

The same poem was read by Rosalyn's brother Tim at their mother's funeral.

