

Seamusrousdon's Weblog

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Memories of Seamus

November 8, 2007

this space is dedicated to Seamus memories. Please leave your own thoughts and stories.

Entry Filed under: [Seamus Memories](#). .

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- 1.  seamusrousdon | November 8, 2007 at 6:45 pm

To those of you who do not know -: Seamus Fulcher (aka David) died at 7.30 am on Saturday 3rd November 2007. He died instantaneously with no time for pain and fear. He died from Heart Failure as a result of severe heart disease. Left ventricular hypertrophy was the diagnosis after the autopsy. Seamus had been being cleared as a foster carer - for the last 9 years he was cleared as a 'significant other' - my assistant. But now that he lived here permanently he was cleared in his own right as a Foster Carer. As part of that process he had a thorough medical and was declared 'fit as they come' by our GP. His heart disease was probably inherited and would not have been improved by lifestyle changes.

The Coroner who investigated his death was able to access CCTV footage showing Seamus leaving Sloane Sq tube station at 7.11am, striding forth in his usual way. At 7.12 he collapsed, totally and finally, no time even to buckle. He was immediately unconscious and numerous passers by came to his aid. They removed his rucksack, gave him mouth to mouth resuscitation and heart massage. The police arrived at 7.30 while he was being put in an ambulance while they continued to try and help him. He was pronounced dead at 7.50am. The Police woman first on the scene told me that it was how she would like any member of her family to die, it was completely instantaneous and without pain or fear.

In addition I know that he was very happy that day. It was my 50th Birthday Party and Seamus was looking forward to spending time with all our close family and friends. He was justifiably proud of his reputation at Harrods and he was on his way to The Parade. The sun was shining

and he was very happy.

- 2. Jane | November 8, 2007 at 6:50 pm

Just a little Seamus memory. Many, many years ago, Seamus knew that I loved the song 'The Autumn Leaves'. Anyone else might have bought me a record or a tape or even sung the song themselves, but in typical Seamus fashion, he came staggering round to my house with a wind up gramophone and a 78 of Yves Montand, singing it in French.

I have this up in my work room and still listen to it often. Today it is very poignant.

- 3. Jonny | November 8, 2007 at 8:07 pm

So many good memories of Seamus - here are some random ones that have just popped into my mind.

The only chords I know on the guitar he taught me, the only tunes as well really.

We built some gardens together years ago - well I'd get the job and then need help and get Seamus along. He'd be a great help and know lots of stuff I didn't - plus loads of stuff you'd rather he didn't tell you like how to hold a hammer! Seamus always knew best.

I once took him to a film audition, helped him carry all his instruments to Soho- and I mean ALL his instruments, guitars, all sorts of stringed things, bass drum, bass pedals even. When we got there he was very nervous as we waited in the queue of 100s of performers, all musicians and buskers, and he said he only wanted to take in his guitar. I convinced him to take in the lot, and helped him do it when his time came, then withdrew from the audition room.

Through the door I could hear him going through every single instrument, with no-stop Seamus banter and jokes and all kinds of music - a real turn that obviously blew them away as he got the job in the face of stiff competition and was delighted, and probably delightful in the film. I just wish I could remember what it was called.

Ah such a twinkler, that's how I'll remember him. I wish my children could have met him.

- 4. Julia Doyle | November 8, 2007 at 10:07 pm

I want to say how much I miss Seamus. He made his way into my heart uncharacteristically quietly. He shall have music where ever he goes, music was a major connection between us. Also we shared the odd habit of reading recipes with relish. He was a great cook and quite a

foodie. I will always be grateful that he met us and our daughter Holly ,who was one of the last people to see him at our house where he stayed for his Harrods gig. Uncle Seamus spent his last evening telling her how he met and fell in love with Caroline. He also mentioned a juicy skip down the road where he had spotted some goodies. He was a great member of the family and will be sorely missed

● 5. Nick Lubran | November 8, 2007 at 11:58 pm

he played things
with strings
we loved him for his ears
tho he played with his fingers
partly he brought gladness because he loved caroline
and she loved him and he became family
and also because he was himself
he was some times santa claus
and if he had a riendeer or an elf
he would have told them jokes and stories and
kept them warm and fed
now he's on another journey
i don't think of him as dead
the spark that lived in his heart
taking a path
a mystery not easily said
somehow conected to him being easily loved

● 6. Rory Campbell | November 9, 2007 at 1:38 am

I came to Amsterdam for the first time aged 19 in April 1978 and stayed with Seamus he was living in a top-floor-attic- flat in an old house near the Heineken brewery, he was my guide , my protector and my big-bro while i was here he showed me a strange frantic strumming style on the nylon-string guitar too that i emulate to this day! we sat and talked in his room with the sound of trams rattling past far below seeping through his too -high -to look through windows i was spellbound !! He impressed me then with his command of the dutch language after only a short stay there. I went off to seek my fortune in Germany from there but got very lonely and freaked-out ended up back in Kingston only to return shortly after to Amsterdam by which time Seamus had moved on to Switserland and christmas 1979 i met up with him again in Richmond to find that he spoke Switser-deutch [swiss-german] after having lived there too! Thanks to Weed i have spoken to him several times down the years on the phone and recently quite regularly up untill only last week! oh yes, almost forgot , first time i met him i was a 15 year old runaway sleeping on his floor in number 7 grosvenor road he was good to me then too! he played some wicked 'electrical' guitar for me using the amp on in an old radiogram!

- **7.** Jane | November 9, 2007 at 8:35 am

The film was Sammy and Rosa Got Laid - and he makes a brief appearance as a busker in the underground

- **8.** Mary Sayer | November 9, 2007 at 10:24 am

Some initial memories of Seamus: my first true love.

Handsome, sweet, kind, creative, vivacious, anarchic and hilarious. (and hopelessly unreliable and disorganised!)

Such a fantastic soul mate, Seamus could make me laugh like no-one else. He had an immensely contagious free spirit with no real malice, and a supreme lust for life which enriched my life for many years.

During those years, Seamus was very much part of our family, and my mother (who died in '78) was particularly fond of him. He used to do a fantastic impression of her coming into a room and looking for her glasses - under the piles of crap in our house; and had the whole family crying with laughter.

When Seamus and I lived in a horsebox on a farm in Wales, he was completely at home riding around on the cows, entertaining hoardes of kids (and adults come to that!) and skinning rabbits – yet another facet of Seamus which reflected his extraordinary capacity for going full-belt at whatever life had to throw at him.

Of course, he was deeply creative and taught me everything I knew on the guitar.

Although I completely lost touch with Seamus, I often think of him, and what an unusual and optimistic person he was - and how profoundly he has influenced me – for the better.

- **9.** Diana Greene | November 9, 2007 at 2:04 pm

I am the mother of Jonny and Jane. Seamus had often stayed with us but when I got the message about the film audition he was living in Hammersmith. I had no way of getting in touch and was so worried he would miss it. All morning I just willed him to turn up and as I walked through Twickenham there he was, coming towards me.

- **10.** Diana Greene | November 9, 2007 at 4:08 pm

In the film Sammie and Rosie Get Laid, Seamus also recorded the click track.

- **11.** Sam, Jackie, Max and Sonny | November 9, 2007 at 4:24 pm

In the short time we knew Seamus he taught us how to; be acrobats, smoke freshly caught fish, rear pigs, climb down the cliff, play numerous strange instruments, be clowns and various other fantastic things. We bet that he crammed more into his life than most people could if they had 150 years. Really sorry that you've gone, but thanks for the laughs. Love to Caroline.

- **12.** Jane | November 9, 2007 at 8:29 pm

Hoping to play something for Seamus at the funeral I decided to go to my guitarist friend for a quick bit of coaching. He asked me about the funeral, who it was etc.

I told him that Seamus was on his way to Harrods to be Father Christmas.

'But we go to Harrods to see Father Christmas every year' He said. Then he showed me a photo that I THINK was Seamus - hard to tell under the costume. Then he told me some jokes Father Christmas had told about special keys to get into the house and I just knew it was Seamus.

Rod (the guitarist) told me that after they had been in his little girl said to him

'Dad - was that magic?'

- **13.** Linda and Larry | November 9, 2007 at 11:03 pm

Our memories of Seamus are of some-one who had both a "city" side and a real country side. He embraced Cliff Cottage life with verve and enthusiasm carrying out projects for building pig pens, fencing for deer protection and all manner of other things. He was always the entertainer at heart, with a story to tell here and there, a big twinkle in his eye, and ready to help cook up a storm in Caroline's little kitchen at Cliff Cottage for party or dinner guests or offer support in difficult times. Caroline, we so mourn your loss and will remember Seamus with the friendship and affection he showed to us.

- **14.** [Weed](#) | November 10, 2007 at 2:20 am

my first meeting with Seamus was in the back room of L'Auberge coffe bar in Richmond in 1968 (he'd just travelled up from St Ives) — it was about that time he started playing guitar (10 years later i first heard him sing and was amazed) — for the next five years we shared

rooms and places on and off in London and then in Leeds — through Seamus i moved onto Eel Pie Island — and though Seamus i moved into Grosvenor Rd — he never failed to surprise me with his creativity and talents, and the enthusiasm he devoted to them — he was consistently generous, going out of his way to find things that he thought others would enjoy — he had the ability to engage with complete strangers, putting them at ease with his humour — Seamus had many wonderful friends and his relationships were sincere and meaningful, those he was closest to being always worthy of the greatest respect — he lives on in our memories and the effect he had, and continues to have, on our lives

● **15.** Karen | November 10, 2007 at 7:23 am

seamus brought happiness wherever he went.i wiil always remember his smiley face and his great music.so glad i saw him recently and my son met him too.once seen never forgotten. Take care my friend.

● **16.** Kieran Stevens and family | November 10, 2007 at 9:02 am

Although we only got to know you for a short while, we thought the world of you and Caroline, Kieran particularly enjoyed his respite visits to Cliff Cottage,walking Milo and Bracken through the woods and going to the beach. We never got chance to catch enough prawns for tea!!! The whole family thoought Seamus was a kind , fantastic, truely wonderful man(who will be sorely missed by all who had the privilege to meet and get to know him). We send all our love Caroline at this sad timexxxxxxxxxxx

● **17.** [susioddball](#) | November 10, 2007 at 9:11 am

here is a poem i made for Seamus soon after i found out that he had passed away I was discussing how long i had known Seamus recently He came to the conclusion that it was since the early eighties but I also feel i have known Caroline all my life and i only met her this year Thanks for the gift of friendship Seamus

Seamus

The screaming and laughter of the children
Protests of “it’s are over there!”
“I can see it!” “There’s the pink elephant!”
“Your looking for the red dog cant you see it?”
These are the children’s reaction to an entertainer

Always fun and dedicated to a sense of wellbeing
Inventions used for the good of mankind
To produce a piece of happiness in the lives of others

This is the entertainer

A sensitive honest answer

One could always rely on a reply

But not straight away Thought and contemplation first

A secret quiet existence where simplicity appealed

These were a friend's attributes

Music a passion personified

The sheer enjoyment of playing and making music with others

A pleasure far beyond in spirit

But yet still a solitary person with many dreams

This was my friend

A sense of humour a bazaar way of looking at things

Machinery cued to inventions for finite instrument making

This will finish somewhere sacred

You have gone from us physically but never spiritually

Always your imprint will live on through memory and love

- **18.** maria Witzig | November 10, 2007 at 10:38 am

In memory of Seamus

I remember well when I saw Seamus for the first time. It was in October 1979, him busking in the old town of Basel. With his strong voice he sang songs and ballades and played the guitar masterly. My Dutch friend and I were very impressed, not just by the music also about his charming expression. So my friend wanted to invite Seamus for dinner. I was too shy and so we said goodbye and walked off. But destiny wanted it and I met Seamus again one day in January 1980 in a lefty Pub. He started to talk to me and I immediately felt what a wonderful person he was. We arranged to meet the next day and so it came that we fell in love. Three years we were together and then Seamus decided to go back to England. A sad moment for both of us, but at that time it suited our lives.

In 1990 I met Seamus again in London. At that time he was living in the van in the yard. The friendship we had from then on was just great and wonderful. I will miss it terribly.

Seamus you opened a new world for me. Through you my life got new impulses and it was enriched. I learned to speak English what gave me the possibility to meet people with an other cultural background. You showed me London with its many faces. You were a perfect guide. You showed me many special places and enriched them with stories. I got to love this town and often came back to it. London without you, I cannot imagine. Seamus you were a lovable person. I liked to listen to you when you played the guitar and sang the songs. They still sound in my ears. All this, nobody can take away from me. I am deeply hurt and desperate that you

left us so early and sudden. Why, nobody has an answer. I am so thankful that we had a wonderful week together this October. On October the 14th we had to say goodbye and the goodbye hug was very deep and intensive. Was it more than just saying goodbye with knowing there will be another time? Who knows? What I know is, that I lost one of my best friend.

Kiffis near Basel, 7.11.2007 Maria Witzig

● **19.** Kate Sayer | November 10, 2007 at 11:24 am

Seamus was one of the sweetest, most beautiful people I have ever met. I knew him in the early 1970s when he was my sister's boyfriend (and therefore strictly out of bounds, dammit) and regarded as one of the family for several years.

He was completely without malice, was warm, sweet, kind, friendly and highly entertaining and his breathtaking beauty, like all true beauty, came from within.

Our mum thought the world of him and once remarked that when we went for walks he was like a dog, covering three times as much ground as everybody else. He would run on ahead, find something interesting to share, rush back to us – then off again....or he would lag behind investigating something, then dash to catch up. This was as well as doing such things as silly walks and balancing on walls. His child like enthusiasm for everything could be exhausting at times.

He once told me his dream job would be an extra in a cowboy film – as one of the Indians (nobody talked about American Natives then) who did daring stunts on horseback. With his looks and agility he was more than halfway there.

Seamus' troubled childhood presumably contributed towards his wish to please and placate, which he did beautifully and with great charm. It is so good to know that his life has been happy and fulfilling. How typical of him to be a Father Christmas – I bet he was brilliant at that.

When I heard he had died I could not stop crying – for he was so full of life, and deep down I had hoped that one day I would meet him again, and see that smile light up the world just one more time.

So for me he remains forever young, and I have to be content with a lovely photo of him taken in our back garden on a hot summer's day, looking gorgeous as ever, fooling around as usual, posing with hands on hips, a big grin, and a red plastic bucket on his head.

● **20.** Jess Doyle | November 10, 2007 at 11:42 am

He was such a lovely,jolly,caring, funny guy,with many wonderful stories that he told me and my cousin holly. There's many happy memories that i have about him, and all the amazing magic tricks that he taught me, which i still use today!

I going to miss him lots.

love jess

xxxxxx

● **21.** Tom mcfarling | November 10, 2007 at 11:53 am

I did not know Seamus well, in the times I met him I discovered a genuinely lovely man. He was there to help at a time of hardship.I hold those memories still vividly and feel a great sadness for the loss.

● **22.** Ingrid | November 10, 2007 at 12:18 pm

I did not know Seamus very well but I do know Caroline well. I wanted to write because I can honestly say that in the 20 years of my friendship with Caroline, this last year, after Seamus moved to Cliff Cottage, was the happpiest & most relaxed I have seen her. Seamus brought the greatest happiness to Caroline and for that I will always remember him.

● **23.** donpartridge | November 10, 2007 at 1:00 pm

I met seamus first time about 1978/9 at little Billies place in switzerland.I was lying in bed in the morning when his face and hands appeared halfway up the door giving the impression he was horizontal,.Its always good to start a relationship with a laugh,and when I met him again in 1994 in hammersmith where I was busking,we struck up our friendship again as he rode back to brentford with me,keeping me company as I strove slowly back to the narrow boat where I was staying,with my bike and trailer with the one man band on.All through the time I lived there he was an ongoing and important part of life to me.Above all I remember playing on the streets of sidmouth the day after princess diana died, in paris and some people being outraged that we were playing jolly music at such a sensitive time,and others being extra pleased we were cheering them up.Seamus handled every incident with grace and humour.Although I have not seen him for some years I will miss knowing that he is around somewhere.Love to caroline,Uncle don.

● **24.** Danny | November 10, 2007 at 1:20 pm

Seamus and I took Jack's dog Bosch to be mated to the biggest Old English sheepdog I've ever seen in Wales. Stuck in a bus stop somewhere in Wales at 2 in the morning the police

arrived and demanded what we were up to.. Seamus replied “trying to get some sleep” and turned over - that was Seamus. Mission accomplished we met up with Chas and his blue van and with guinness hangovers we set off to Twickenham. Chas refused to change drivers and chose to compromise by going to sleep with his foot on the accelerator and Seamus controlled the steering and the brake from the passenger seat !

A frequent visitor to the Street, he would arrive as a ray of sunshine and stayed on my floor in No: 7. A true musician and chord smith - his chord variations were amazing and he seemed to play with ease but you could tell the many hours he put in to achieve this.

I was happy to meet up with him again at the reunion and hear him play and sing round the fire on Sunday morning.

I shall miss his music and wit. I know he kept it all in his head - is there any of his music out there ? A great human being, I will miss him. Thanks to Joelle and Chris SS for making it possible to see and hear him play again one more time.

My best wishes to you Caroline, I know he was happy in Dorset. All the love in the world to you at this time.

Love Danny

● **25.** Shelley | November 10, 2007 at 6:46 pm

Although I only met Seamus a handful of times, it was enough to give me a deep impression of a man who radiated warmth and vitality.

My son Charlie knows him far better than I from his respite weekends at Cliff Cottage, when Seamus would not just tolerate Charlie's odd ways, but actively engage him in so much that was interesting and enjoyable, like an obscure game using tokens that I'm sure is not available in WHS.

Seamus was one of the very few men that my son liked and trusted, and he would have made a wonderful foster carer.

I can hardly imagine how his close friends and family must feel, but even as an acquaintance I feel his loss with shock and sadness.

My thoughts are with you, Caroline.

● **26.**  seamusrousdon | November 10, 2007 at 7:02 pm

Seamus and Caroline were so right together and their 10 years were so full of love and life. You will always be loved Seamus and thank you for the love you brought my sister and the pleasure that you contributed to all the extended Doyles and especially the merriment and fun that has been part of Jesse and Caras' childhood that will never be forgotten. love Anna D

● **27.** stephen hicks | November 10, 2007 at 8:57 pm

years ago now, when our two youngest boys, max and william, were little, we made the trip to covent garden to see seamus do his santa thing. he had this trick, what with his multiple

languages and magician's sensibility, of shadowing a family and listening in to their conversations. later they would encounter this incredibly realised santa with his heavyweight suit, great big boots and belt, authentic beard and coal sack complete with polished copper 10 houndweight label and engage them in their home language. obviously the real santa could only make a limited number of earthly appearances every year and given that children from all around the world come to london he chose to make it there. our kids ran up to him. 'hello william, hello max. your auntie caroline tells me daddy hasn't been very well. how is he?' Later that night max said, 'i think that was the real father christmas.'

seamus was the boys' uncle, my brother in law, one of my oldest friend's partner and love and he was father christmas.

i am crying as i write this.

caroline - i have no words.

- **28.** max doyle | November 10, 2007 at 9:40 pm

Apart from the numerous occasions where my sides were physically hurting from laughter, i remember some of the many tricks this great man taught me. He was a great man who will be dearly missed.

From your nephew Max, age 14

- **29.** [alan j cannon](#) | November 11, 2007 at 7:37 am

I had only just met seamus and caroline by way of susi by chance if there is such a thing at the Big Chill this summer. The four of us weaved our way through the weekend going from one great musical moment to another. It was straightaway obvious that Seamus had the ear of the muse as well as great humour and it seemed only natural to come down to Cliff Cottage later in the summer to stay for a while. At the Rousdon car boot sale i found a video of Segovia playing at the Alhambra and later we sat and watched it. Seamus took great pleasure in it and i promised to transcribe it to DVD for him which i finally managed to do so i could bring it across last week. I was looking to quiz him on all things guitar; well i'll still be doing that. A big man hug to you.

- **30.** maria Witzig | November 11, 2007 at 11:03 am

Danny asks, if there somebody who has some of Seamus' songs and his masterly guitarplaying recorded. I agree with Danny that the variety of his chords was just outstanding. I loved to listen to him at home and also when he was busking or having a gig. So I asked Seamus in 1983 and 1984 to record songs. A friend of mine will record them now from tape onto CD's. Friends and family who like to have a CD should mail me their address and when it is ready I will send you one. my emailaddress: mwitzig@gmx.ch

Love Maria

- **31.** Jonny | November 11, 2007 at 1:38 pm

It goes without saying that all who post here loved Seamus dearly, perhaps more than he ever realised. It doesn't matter whether you knew him for decades, or days he was such a communicator that a lasting heart-warming connection could be established almost instantly. I have told friends who only knew him for a few months more than 20 years ago, who are deeply saddened, but at the same time full of a hundred tiny happy memories of him.

Although we have not yet met I feel deeply for Caroline and all those who were close to Seamus since he and I went on different paths. I hope that the love we all had for Seamus can be of support and nurture to you all as he would have wished.

Jonny x

- **32.** William Hicks | November 11, 2007 at 2:23 pm

I remember a holiday in Greece several years ago where I got the worst sunburn ever all over my back and spent my recovery time (and much of the rest of my time) with Seamus and Caroline, eating their food, wearing one of Seamus' big Hawaiian shirts and sharing their laughter. I felt that was one of the times where Caroline and Seamus were like a second set of parents to me.

I will always remember Seamus for his kindness, his comedy, his intelligence and his musical talent. I will always be grateful for the time I spent with Seamus, although it seems like a painfully short time now. Seamus was far more family to me than many of my blood relations, and although my loss feels great - I cannot even begin to imagine yours Caroline. Love to you, from William.

(Caroline - Seamus' nephew aged 16)

- **33.** Ella Doyle (11) | November 11, 2007 at 7:03 pm

My strongest memory of Seamus was in Greece, having fun,
Me and him relaxing in the midday sun.

I know, in my heart, that hes not really dead,
just on a never-ending holiday instead.

I remember him as not just an uncle,
but a really great friend,

and when he told his stories,

i wished they would never end.

When i heard him talking,

i would stop and listen for a while,
and everything he said,
he would say with a broad, warm smile.

Love from Ella xxx

● **34.** Debbie Shewell | November 11, 2007 at 7:15 pm

I first met Seamus in Covent Garden on a cold dark winters evening where he persuaded Ella that he was Father Christmas. Seamus took his role very seriously and there was no 'nudge nudge' acting going on for the sake of the adults. Many other meetings followed as both he and I became part of the Doyle clan including a fantastic holiday in Greece where I remember him and Caroline being so happy. His music and twinkly humour were a highlight of every evening and the sight of him and Caroline going off exploring the alleys and backstreets of Andros in their battered panamas and bright floppy shirts was a daily delight. I particularly remember a toe nail painting contest organised by Caroline! I am so glad that we were members of the same extraordinary extended family, so glad that my children Ella and Catlin had a chance to know him, and so sad for you Caroline.
Debbiexx

● **35.** Ella Doyle | November 11, 2007 at 9:06 pm

i didnt know i had this many tears in me.

Ella - don't forget, you and the other children MADE Seamus' holiday that year in Greece. He loved it. Thanks Caroline

● **36.** Richard Sleep | November 11, 2007 at 11:30 pm

Erm Ok Im gonna get killed for this

If Shamus was such a wonderful guy, why, at the reunion, where I was the first person he saw , and tried to hug him - he said "get off you oaf I'm all hot and sweaty" - actually it occurs to me that he might not have been feeling to well. Unfortunately I left early (Well 10:30 I had been there since 1:30) So didn't see him play. For me he was a mentor - I used to follow him to popo festivals and was amazed and impressed by his street credibility - he could talk to anyone? I thought WOW I want to be able to do that - I can now - thanks to shamus

● **37.** Gill Pettitt | November 12, 2007 at 1:19 pm

I met Caroline and Seamus once. A beautiful day last summer when Seamus lent us a book on orchids and sent Colin and I on a long trek through the slip to hunt them down.

Seamus had just built the pilings for his workshop and was intent on preparations for the body of the building.

The clarity of my memory of that day, our chat over tea in the garden, talk of cats, gardens, canoes and building, your wonderful space there, are testimony to the impression you both made. You seemed to be single-handedly pushing back the wilds to make your home - but without any disrespect to the splendid force of nature that you have around that house. But most of all, my impression was of what a lovely couple of people you both are.

My thoughts are with you Caroline

● **38.** Hannah Hicks | November 12, 2007 at 2:42 pm

2 years ago my best friend Katy and I joined the Doyle/Hicks/Lubran/Shewell etc Clan on holiday in Andros... we often talk about what a brilliant holiday it was... the food... the weather... the scenery... but mostly the fantastic company!

We spent many afternoons and evening with Caroline and Seamus, enjoying their relaxed attitude and wonderful senses of humour! I remember Seamus teaching me to play drafts and then laughing at how seriously I took it and how determined I was to win... allowing me to play very slowly, which is not really the point of the game!

When family spend that long in such close quarters and such high temperatures, arguments are bound to happen, and when they did Caroline and Seamus were always there to cheer me up or take my mind of things! Seamus was a very warm and funny person and even when we disagreed on things it never felt like he was trying to have an argument with you... a minute later we would be laughing about something or singing along (sometimes somewhat drunkenly) whilst Julia and Seamus played their instruments!

During the holidays I didn't go on I always felt great relief that Caroline and Seamus were going to be there as I know how much my brother Will enjoyed spending time with them and how kind and warm they were to him. Seamus and Will got on fantastically and I know he will miss his company very much, as we all will. I feel sad that I haven't spent any proper time with either Caroline or Seamus since that holiday and that my memories are not more recent.

Caroline – I cannot imagine how you must be feeling; having never lost someone so close or having loved someone the way you and Seamus loved each other. I love you very much and want you to know my thoughts are with you.

Hannah, 22, Caroline and Seamus' Niece and friend.

● **39.** Ingrid | November 12, 2007 at 6:05 pm

At the request of Caroline I have been going through some of Seamus' books and college files with a view to sharing them with his friends who like/appreciate a physical memory of Seamus to take away after the funeral (or any time in the future). His files from college are in A4 ringbinders and detail the history of the cittern and especially the work of A Holborne. This is mostly in the form of photocopies but it is his compilation. Also, there is a file of mime/entertainer memorabilia.

There are many boxes of Seamus' books at Cliff Cottage. If anyone would like to have a look through and take some away after the funeral Caroline would be happy to see them being shared and enjoyed by his friends.

If anyone would like the files please email me and I will bring them to the funeral:

imostyn1@tiscali.co.uk

- **40.** Louise Brown | November 12, 2007 at 8:48 pm

I only knew Seamus for a short while. I travelled to England from Australia with my dad, my grandparents and great grandparents lived at Cliff Cottage many years ago, Caroline invited us to stay there, we met Seamus there, he made us feel so welcome. We sat and talked for many hours about different things, even though we had just met. We felt as though we had known him longer, like an old friend. He will always be part of our memories of England, especially Cliff Cottage, he will be sadly missed I am sure. He finished his workshop, but did not get to use it for very long. But I am sure it will be his legacy. I sure Caroline will have many happy memories when it is being used. Bye Seamus thanks for being so kind to us Louise and George Dot and Ron

- **41.** jacqueline mcfarling | November 12, 2007 at 9:17 pm

WHAT A MAN, WHAT A LIFE - WHAT A JOY TO READ!

he brought lots of joy, and he was happy - its reminding me of what is important and that'll carry through to wherever his souls rests at present.

He reminds me of Dad (John, Caroline's uncle), quirky, a one off and a right old card. And you'd get a bloody good hug!

I have my own cherished memory of the wonderful Seamus, at a very difficult time when Mathew died - Seamus and I went into the woods to collect greenery to decorate the pub room in Lyme Regis.

The weather was completely WILD - it felt bigger than me and our sorrow - it made me feel better.

Seamus had as we have already read turned this into a wonderful, (healing) experience. lots of love to you Caroline.

xxx

- 42. David Muir | November 13, 2007 at 11:12 am

Elegy for Seamus

The World though beautiful
Saddens me that you are not in it
My heart's ache that you have no speech in you.

I can hardly think that others live
And you are not to be found:
Strumming your guitar somewhere between
Kindling the warm hearts with kindness fun

My tears fall in a good cause
When they fall in your memory:
The heart's ache for a laugh sounding no more.
Sob from loved ones for the kind word
said and remembered.

Yet ven now I hear echoes from Mt Olympus:
Hearty laughter from Tir Nan Og:
It seems a vehemence has come to stay
The depths of humanity wreathed in fun
I would not ask for one thing save that remembered.

- 43. jackie gear | November 13, 2007 at 1:28 pm

Dear Seamus, I remember the night when we met
with Don Partridge you played, and I'll never forget
The smile on your face as you played all night
We all had such fun until it was light.

Caroline came when I next went again,
You were so sweet with some little children
You warmed to her heart, it was love at first sight
and you and Don camped at hers for the night.

That was the start of a wonderful time
and although you have gone you've not left Caroline.
Your memory still lives and there in her heart
Deep down inside you are not far apart.

Now I dont really think there's a heaven or hell,
But there is a line called ' time' we know well,
If I had a rubber I would rub out that line
So the past and the present could be there all the time,

You would play your guitar
in some quantum place,
were you both are together
where the line was erased.

- **44.** sue | November 13, 2007 at 2:16 pm

I knew Seamus for around ten years. He was one of the kindest, most geniune person I knew. I was so happy for Caroline and him when with his usual mayhem he moved to Dorset. He truly made an impression on all he met - a pied piper of hamlin having music wherever he went and happy to share his experiences. He was so patient when showing me scales on the bass - and I still have his carefully written diagram. In all things his knowledge was incredible which he had gained through his multi coloured journey through life. An extremely talented entertainer he brought smiles to hundreds of kiddies faces. I was so happy he had become, or was just about to come, a foster parent - he was an absolute marvel with kids, maybe because he had no family until he met Caroline and became part of her incredible family who accepted him with open arms. I shall miss his giant bear hugs but most of all I will miss him. Taken too soon but so many people were fortunate enough to have known this truly remarkable man. My love and thoughts are with Caroline xxxxx

- **45.** Ingrid | November 13, 2007 at 5:06 pm

Apologies to anyone who has tried to contact me via email with regards to Seamus' files/ books - my address should read: imostyn1@tiscali.co.uk

- **46.** sarah | November 13, 2007 at 10:16 pm

Thankyou Seamus, for making my lovely sister Caroline so happy. I shall always remember you for your quite amazing vitality and enthusiasm for everything around you. I am really finding it hard to accept that you have died. You were a truly kind and clever man and you will always be a part of our family.

- **47.** [Ray Beattie](#) | November 13, 2007 at 10:20 pm

Hi Seamus, I imagine if you'd be reading all these just to see what we're all saying, well it's

all good of course! You were always the one with a smile and a twinkle in the eye ready to help ou with ideas (crazy or sane)t, always asking 'but what if?' during music history lessons.. well bud, you're well missed now, but you leave many good and shared memories behind. May your great presence of character, laughter (at bad jokes)), music, ideas, and support touch many with warmth in all these hearts. Here's a photo of the big man himself:

● **48.** Sammy | November 14, 2007 at 10:15 am

I only knew Seamus for a short time on wonderful visits to Cliff Cottage....he had a wonderful habit,which he shared with you Caroline! of always making me feel welcome. And when I bought an old record player in the market, it was Seamus who was determined to give it life again....and in a way it didnt matter whether it worked in the end or not,(tho of course it did)...the process was the fun!

Lots of love sammy

● **49.** Brian Hicks (Stephen's dad, Hannah's and William's grandad) | November 14, 2007 at 10:17 pm

I first met Seamus at one of the (possibly the first) Jazz parties hosted by Stephen/Sarah and Patrick/Sue at Winchmore Hill. He was busy entertaining the kids with his magic, stories and jokes and I, like everyone who met him as far as I can tell, liked him immediately. He was great company - full of intelligent (but never too serious) and entertaining conversation. Over the years in our far too few meetings my affection for him has grown. He was one of the world's genuinely good, kind, nice people and, although we will all miss him greatly, we are fortunate to have known him and to have received the warmth of his kindness and concern for others.

● **50.** Kate Sayer | November 15, 2007 at 12:00 am

Another memory of Seamus that I had forgotten about: until today:

He helped move my piano from Teddington to a 3rd floor flat in Muswell Hill. He knew, somehow, that the keys should be removed and numbered so he took responsibility for that. The beefier lads did most of the actual shifting and a friend with a van drove us to Muswell Hill. The piano was being heaved up the stairs with much huffing and puffing and giggling and cursing, when the door to the middle flat flew open and an icy voice said,

“What the bloody hell's going on?” As it was blindingly obvious what was happening several of us opened our mouths to say something unprintable but Seamus beat us to it. Quick as a flash he gave a brilliant wide eyed smile and replied equally icily, speaking slowly and deliberately, as if to a small child,

“We are shifting a piano!”

“Oh.” Pause. “Well, I hope you’re doing it properly. For instance, the keys....” Seamus held up his hand.

“Ye-e-e-es, we’ve removed all the keys,” - slight pause - “and numbered them.” His timing was perfect. Mr Angry, now apparently lost for words and utterly deflated, went back into his flat and shut the door quietly.

Ten minutes later Seamus was capering up and down the street whooping with joy because he’d been paid a paltry sum he hadn’t been expecting for the job.

● **51.** Steven Bird | November 15, 2007 at 2:57 am

Bless you Seamus.

I knew Seamus from Richmond and Twickenham in the early seventies. Having recently seen the photos of that period - I am aware what a tribe of lost and runaway children we look - and how that tribe scattered far and wide - but remains so connected as to have re-united briefly and brilliantly only a few weeks ago -I am so glad to have seen him again - and so sad now as I write. My heart goes out to Caroline and those those who have been close to him.

I recall walking with Seamus on several midnights from our home in Grosvenor Road through the alleys and backroads of Twickenham - it was a kind of urban fell-walking. I recall he made a collage - a marvelous and ever evolving work in progress for a couple of years or more - and i wonder if it still exists. There was a musical backdrop - rarely recorded and always un-written - but a soundtrack that would arise and subside - Seamus, a profound creative spirit - playing accoustic guitar with a felt bass plectrum was radical in such a beautiful and gentle way.

With love and great respect.

Steve

● **52.** Diana and Jeff | November 15, 2007 at 10:18 am

We met Seamus only a few times, the first time at the Grove folk club in Seaton. Jeff was thinking about singing Cushie Butterfield (a Northumberland song) at the next meeting on 21st Nov - his first solo public singing - and was delighted when Seamus offered to accompany him on guitar. They were intending to get together to practice but unfortunately were not able to. From what we have read about Seamus over the past week, his kind gesture to Jeff was typical of him, and we will always remember it.

- **53.** Sue Williamson | November 15, 2007 at 10:26 am

Today I was planning to present my report to the Fostering Panel to recommend that Seamus be approved as a Foster Carer. It really saddens me that this now cannot happen. To all intents and purposes Seamus had been in this role for a long time as Caroline's partner. I am glad that Seamus had read the report and had heard how much he was valued and respected.

Seamus shared Caroline's commitment to the care of the young people who stayed at Cliff Cottage. He really respected them as individuals and took a genuine interest in each of them. He was such a natural communicator and a lovely warm, generous-hearted man. All of the children and young people that came into contact with Seamus will have lasting memories of good times spent with him. I feel very privileged to have worked with Caroline and him over the last two years.

Suex

- **54.** [Rory Campbell](#) | November 15, 2007 at 12:52 pm

I dont think I will be able to make it to Seamus's farewell-bash but I shall be there in spirit and may I add my condolences to all others who loved the guy and will miss him dearly especially his partner Caroline whom I have never met but she certainly has good taste in men love and respect , Rory.!

- **55.** Tina Nash (then Fulcher) step sister | November 15, 2007 at 8:27 pm

Caroline so sorry to here your sad news ,i couldent belive it when Donald my brother hered that David (seamus) had passed away and i send my condolences ,hope to make it to the servis to talk to the people who shared his life, bless you seamus

Tina xx

- **56.** Danny | November 16, 2007 at 5:29 pm

hi mary I was one of those muppets underneath that bloody piano, three flights was it not love Dan

- **57.** Anna Jones | November 16, 2007 at 8:49 pm

Although I only met Seamus a few times over the years - Mark (Caroline's brother) and I and our children lived abroad for several years - the times our paths crossed were full of fun. I remember we dropped by Cliff Cottage on our way back from Hope Cove one summer and it

was quite a sultry day and the garden was full of midges. Seamus said that was the reason he and Caroline smoked - to keep the midges at bay! We went for a walk in the woods and had a magical time. Seamus was great with the boys and I will always remember him as someone with a smile on his face who lived life to the full. Our love to you Caroline.

● **58.** Sharon Dickins & family | November 16, 2007 at 9:07 pm

Just wanted to let you know Caroline that you are very much in our thoughts and prayers.
With love from Sharon & family

● **59.** Martin Doyle | November 16, 2007 at 9:46 pm

Seamus seemed to me to be able somehow to wrap a spontaneous character around a very grounded personality.

I could see how he appealed to the many children in his life, including ours, with his warm, direct, sometimes zany but always respectful approach.

I think our elder daughter, Ella, first met Seamus when she and I went to stay with him and Caroline years ago. On arrival we went to a pub by an estuary and talked for what seemed like hours. I wish I could remember what Ella said that tickled Seamus so, but whatever it was I do distinctly remember him roaring with laughter as he returned again and again to her remark.

His pleasure and engagement with Ella was transparent.

A few years ago we went to Greece for a fortnight with Caroline and Seamus, (with many other Doyles and others), and our younger daughter, Caitlin, was also then able to get to know Seamus. I remember her gripped by his card tricks, embedded as she was in a cluster of children around him.

Seamus came to my mother's funeral with Caroline some years ago. My brothers and I had decided that people should take from our mother's house any item that interested them, partly as a way of remembering her if they so wished. I was very touched when Seamus carefully indicated a keen fascination with an antique harmonium of my father's. He seemed so moved when we said that of course he could have it. I hope he got some joy out of playing it, which I'm sure he did well.

We will miss Seamus, and cannot imagine Caroline's pain. We send her our love.

● **60.** John Bowling | November 16, 2007 at 10:02 pm

I can picture Seamus now, sitting opposite me across a backgammon board.

We, as fellow travellers with the *Doyle clan*, are at Villa Stivari, a wonderful place on the island of Andros, Greece.

Seamus taught us a particular version of the game, that required even more computation and

skill than the basic backgammon. It drove me quietly mad, but this was mitigated by the way he explained it all so gently to my daughters, Jess and Cara.

He seemed to have an endless wealth of experience and skills which he was always willing to share with people, young and old.

A very talented, loving man, sadly missed.

- **61.** Karen | November 17, 2007 at 6:53 am

im sorry i cant be ther to see you off, but like rory ill be there in spirit.i know jane and domonic will be there so maybe they can tell me about it later.my thoughts are with you caroline— but you know he will be looking down with a smile on his face.

Love and sympathy on this sad occasion.

Karen.

- **62.** steve | November 17, 2007 at 12:59 pm

iIhad alot of time for you mate

- **63.** Tracey | November 17, 2007 at 2:16 pm

One of my last memorable conversations with Seamus was about my gate. We not only discussed the gate, but also the hinges on the gate and the screws that held the hinges. Anyone who knew Seamus will have had similar conversations.

He applied this attention to detail to people as well as things and that was what made his generous personality. He would be the first to see the sadness beneath a broad smile or the vulnerability when all around could only see the show. Once noticing, he would always say something to make you feel better about yourself – appealing to the little child in us all. It is rare in life to have met such a ‘big character’ and I feel privileged to have had Seamus as a friend.

I’m sure he is at the pearly gates right now discussing the hinges and screws with St Peter.
Love Tracey

- **64.** Mark Doyle | November 18, 2007 at 1:25 am

I’m Mark Doyle, Caroline’s brother.

I’m in Sierra Leone, west Africa.

Today I stood on the shoreline of the capital Freetown and thought about Caroline and Seamus.

As someone who could not be at the funeral I did a “minute of silence”, alone, with the waves lapping and the sun shining hard.

I wept, of course.

But I also remembered how Seamus had made my sister happy and I was happy because of that memory.

I'm here in Sierra Leone covering a so-far happy story.

The war here is over and a new democratically-elected government is committing itself to good administration.

There was a noisy party celebrating this all last night throughout the capital.

I spoke many times to Seamus about Africa. He was genuinely interested.

Love to you, Caroline, from Sierra Leone.

Mxx

P.S. They are all smiling here, and Seamus would approve!.

● **65.** maggy webb | November 18, 2007 at 6:45 pm

Hello Caroline. I knew Seamus back in the 70's in Grosvenor Rd. Last time I saw him must have been 10-15 years ago. Whilst visiting London he let me stay at his Hammersmith flat for a couple of nights. I always saw a sad side in Seamus too. He had misgivings about himself, his background and very much about the fact that he had such limited contact with children. He seemed very solitary then too. Sounds like you really turned his life around. Now that you find yourself without him I just wish you all the very best. xx

● **66.** JACQUELINE MCF | November 19, 2007 at 2:43 pm

What a phenomenal day - clearly a mirror to the man himself.
beautifully thought out and choreographed,
moving and funny.
So many people,
beautiful music & song,
courageous spoken words,

Glorious sun and trumpet
photographs,
THAT chocolate cake,
tea,
beer
cigarettes.

Piecing together; Who are you?

How did you know him?

Talk, talk, talk.

Walk walk walk

Cliff cottage.

Later;

film,

more singing and music and more beer and more cigarettes, sandwiches and some of us had more cake!

thank you and love

to caroline and to everyone there.

xxx

● **67.** mokumhammer | November 22, 2007 at 8:10 pm

Me n' Kip had spent an hour (at his request) this afternoon, & coincidentally, I may add, surfing the web, looking up Grovesnor road, before landing unexpectonally here. Shocks all around. Though I don'y know anyone on here - chin(s) up!

● **68.** Melanie | November 23, 2007 at 8:48 am

I am shocked and saddened by this news about Shamus. We met in Richmond around 1970 when Shamus was living in a cupboard in the hotel on Eel Pie Island. He seemed exotic, possibly dangerous, certainly original. So I fell in love. We lived together in Teddington for a while, and at my parents' house. I lost contact after I left Grosvenor Road, although Shamus phoned once. I still feel guilty, because I did not remember until after the call that it was his birthday.

When he phoned to tell us about the Grosvenor Road reunion, it was wonderful to hear him. He sounded happy and that was infectious.

How Shamus to walk back in the door and then just as suddenly disappear, but not without making a big impression.

I am heartened by all the messages that describe how loved Shamus was. To all of you, I am sorry for your loss.

● **69.** Steve Allin | November 23, 2007 at 11:25 am

Dear Caroline So sad to hear of Seamus's departure from this life but from your account he did it in style. I knew Seamus when I lived in a squat at 100 Cross Deep in Twickenham in 1973. I used to hang out at no 7 with him Scratch Chris and Dominic.

Me and Dominic then went to Wales to help on the farm at PenY Banc where Seamus was living with Mary Sayer. I remember him jumping astride the horses that were kept there as they were laying down. The horses would leap up in surprise and he would ride them bareback and without bridles around the fields. I later met him at Garys bus in Hammersmith many times in the 80's where he always seemed strong and happy. His passing has brought back many memories of all the crew from those magic days and has stirred a strong desire to get in contact again with some of these folks.

Reading the many wonderful songs of praise for him here on this web page shows how many were touched by him

Love Steve

● **70.** Maya Fink | November 25, 2007 at 6:32 am

I first met Seamus when my eight year old daughter, Amanda, and I were staying on the river in Brentford with Alan Young in 1997 (Don Partridge has the year wrong on the blog – I've known Alan and Don since the mid '70's). Seamus played a big role in making that summer of '97 very special for us.

One day, Phil Free dropped his precious pin-covered hat into the murky river. We all thought it was gone forever. But Seamus, determined to rescue his friend's hat, marched out with a fishing rod and a magnet. He proceeded to get into a rowboat in the pouring rain and fish for the hat. This, however, was no victorious pursuit. Seamus spent hours sorting through the various items retrieved from the river before finally catching the hat.

We all went to the TATE Modern where Seamus caught Amanda's attention with his conversations and lessons of the surrounding exhibits. But his lessons did not end there. The three of us would walk around London, constantly making stops here and there so that Seamus could tell us all about some random point of interest. Our dear friend and eccentric London guide will be deeply missed.

When I saw him last, three years ago, we realized our "out of this world connection" and since then kept close via phone conversations. Sometimes I forget and think I can just ring him up. Now I suppose it's the "spiritual telephone" that will be used.

With cosmic love from Maya and Amanda

● **71.** jackie gear | December 2, 2007 at 12:09 pm

dont forget Seamus has left hundreds of lovely L.P's so anyone ink for interested in buying some, or even some of his magical and vintage musical instruments telephone me on 01297 444314 and ask for jackie. IF there is a GOD. GOD BLESS YOU SEAMUS-IOTS AND LOTS AND LOTS AND LOTS OF LOVE X X X X X X

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