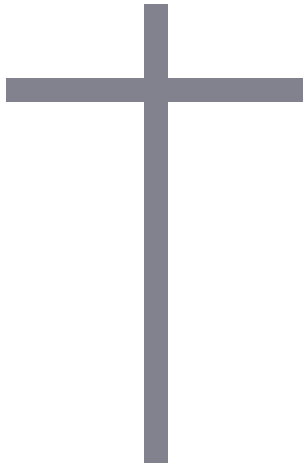


Service of Thanksgiving

Peter Nigel Stuckey Clark
31st January 1947– 11th June 2006



Led by Canon Tony Hurle

Romsey Abbey
Thursday 22nd June – 3pm

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Welcome

All stand

Hymn

For all the love that from our earliest days

For all the love that from our earliest days
Has gladdened life and guarded all our ways,
We bring Thee, Lord, our song of grateful praise,

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

For all the truth from wisdom's lighted page,
Undimmed and pure, that shines from age to age,
God's holy Word, our priceless heritage,

For all the joy that childhood's days have brought,
For healthful lives and purity of thought,
For life's deep meaning to our spirits taught,

For all the hope that sheds its glorious ray
Along the dark and unknown future way,
And lights the path to God's eternal day,

For all the strength that has been gained through prayer,
To face life's tasks, its eager quests to share,
Till ampler powers fulfil its promise fair,

For Christ the Lord, our Saviour and our Friend,
Upon whose love and truth our souls depend,
Our hope, our strength, our joy that knows no end.

We remember Peter

Nick Dumbreck
(friend & President-elect, Institute of Actuaries)
Jean-Louis Massé
(friend & President, International Actuarial Association)

All stand

Hymn

Now thank we all our God

Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things has done, in Whom this world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms has blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love, and still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts and blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace, and guide us when perplexed;
And free us from all ills, in this world and the next!

All praise and thanks to God the Father now be given;
The Son and Him Who reigns with Them in highest Heaven;
The one eternal God, Whom earth and Heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now, and shall be evermore.

We remember Peter

Daniel Clark (son)
Graham Patey (friend)
Richard Townsend (cousin & friend)

Reading – extracts from Psalm 104

Edward Sadler (friend)

We remember Peter and pray

Phil Hatton (friend & former minister of Wotton Baptist Church)

All stand

Hymn

Make me a channel of your peace

(Inspired by the prayer of St Francis)

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred let me bring your love;
where there is injury your pardon Lord;
and where there's doubt, true faith in you:

*O Master grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love with all my soul.*

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope;
where there is darkness, let me bring your light;
and where there's sadness, bring your joy:

Make me a channel of your peace;
for when we give we will ourselves receive.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned
and in dying that we gain eternal life.

Reading – Revelation 22 v 1-7

Nick Tucker (friend & vicar of Uley Parish Church)

Address

Canon Tony Hurle

An evening Collect Peter wrote out the night before he died

O God our protector;
by whose mercy the world turns safely into darkness
and returns again to light:
we give into your hands our unfinished tasks,
our unsolved problems,
and our unfulfilled hopes;
for you alone are our sure defence
and bring us lasting peace
in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

We remember Peter

Ben Clark (son)

Prayers

Rachel Noël (daughter)

This response will be used

Lord, in your mercy

All **hear our prayer**

And at the end

Merciful Father

All **accept these prayers
for the sake of your Son,
our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.**

All stand

Hymn

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo, Jesus, meets us, risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord now liveth, death has lost its sting:

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is naught without thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors through thy deathless love;
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above

Blessing

All stand

Hymn

How good is the God we adore

How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend!
His love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end!

Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall Guide us safe home,
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.



Please join us for refreshments in Romsey Baptist Church (note change of venue – number 6 on the Romsey map). There is a collection plate at the back of the Abbey for donations to the Crusaders Union. There is a service of Evening Prayer in the Abbey, please respect this by leaving the Abbey by 5.00pm.

A Ramble Through Peter Clark's Countryside

On January 31 1947, in the midst of the worst winter on record, Betty Clark was finally relieved of three days of labour, giving birth to Peter Nigel Stuckey Clark in East Sheen, Surrey. Peter was the only precious child of Kenneth and Betty, a child who always spat out his bananas, the first of many constants he maintained throughout his life.



Just three years later, while Peter was in Westminster Children's Hospital having lost his tonsils, Kenneth suffered his first heart attack. Kenneth, while continuing to work, never fully recovered from this, the first of many heart attacks, and Peter was left deeply shocked by the experience for a long time. In 1951 Peter attended The Squirrels School in Wimbledon to prepare for King's College School Wimbledon in 1955. It was at King's College Junior School that Peter first explored his delight in probability and his hatred for all things sport; he always managed to stand in the position on the cricket pitch least frequented by the ball, and did little to respond on the rare occasion the ball did break his peace. His love of maths, his lack of interest in sport and his need for peace and quiet remained constant throughout.

Proudly wearing the bright red blazer, Peter took life and study seriously, always applying himself with an avid focus on his study, always at the top of his class. It was at the same time in 1955 that Peter joined the Wimbledon Crusader Class where he first discovered his passion for the Gospel, founding a deep-set faith and spirituality on prayer, studying the Bible and reading all the books he could find, a faith that constantly drove him to become who he was, directing and strengthening him throughout. Peter



wasn't to realise then the life long significance of the leader, Harold Smith Boyes, who came to Wimbledon Crusaders in 1956, and later became his father-in-law in 1969.

Peter continued to flourish at King's, gaining a scholarship to the senior school in 1960, where it was perhaps not only the model railway society that fuelled his passion for trains. His performance in the compulsory annual cross country on Wimbledon Common must surely go down in legend as his crowning sporting achievement; shy of the exertion Peter had a cunning plan. With coins stowed in preparation he took the bus to avoid the majority of the course. The plan failed on two levels: he caught the wrong bus and ended up in Putney and, as a boy of precision, had made no allowance for such a mistake and so lacked the finance for the return trip. He was later helpfully returned to school by the police. Needless to say, he didn't win the race. Peter was constant instead in his passion for study and his passion for trains, spending hours at Clapham Junction in the twilight of steam, knowing every station on every line of the London Underground.

In 1963 Peter's life was changed, never to be the same again, for two reasons: firstly, he publicly declared his faith in Jesus Christ as his Lord and saviour, getting baptised in a service on his sixteenth birthday, and secondly, on this very day 43 years ago, 22 June 1963, he first took the then Lynda Smith Boyes on a date. Ever the romantic and ever aware of finance, Peter took Lynda to King's to hear him lead the cello section in the orchestra, a gesture returned by Lynda bringing five friends along, each requiring to be walked home at the end of the evening before Lynda challenged Peter to a three mile bike race along Worple Road. While no buses were involved on this occasion, Peter was no more successful in the race. Perhaps it was Peter losing the race, not



to mention the many subsequent competitions in tennis and swimming, that helped these two fiercely competitive and completely antithetical people gain a deep love for each other that remains forever. Academia was never in the competition of course, this was to come later, instead, Peter's challenge was now to slowly learn how to teach Maths to the utterly non-mathematical Lynda. Neither progressed quickly: Lynda passed Maths "O" level at the fourth attempt.

The following year Peter achieved his academic aim, gaining a scholarship to read Maths at University College Oxford. It was just four days later that Peter's father tragically died, remembered at his funeral on Christmas Eve of 1964. Peter's mum never recovered from the loss of her beloved husband, always struggling from that point on until joining him in Heaven some forty-one years later in February 1996.



For Peter, life at Oxford was wonderfully vibrant and full; it was all he had hoped for and more. Having preached his first sermon in church, this naturally introverted mathematician developed as a communicator, ever enthusiastic to encourage others to discover the God he was passionate about. Hyper-organised and meticulously

timetabled, Peter assured us he never worked past seven o'clock, and friends couldn't believe he worked at all, given his depressingly clutter-free, minimally-arranged desk with carefully aligned lone book, paper and pencil. Peter was very involved in Christian Union as the prayer secretary and University College rep. His was a deep faith married to a fiercely independent mind – he could never be relied upon to hold the opinion expected of him, altogether far too risky to be membership secretary. His independence of mind and complete willingness to represent a minority of one if he deemed it right was yet another constant throughout Peter's life.

Every day Peter would write to "my bird", his friends assuming the "bird" would be of a similar disposition of organised efficiency – that was until they met Lynda and realised she was the epitome of Peter's opposite. He was oblivious until they told him of the effect her eyes had on them too. The summer was dominated by learning to punt on the Isis, proud to be able to do so in a suit without getting wet. Vacations were filled working on the CSSM beach mission in Bude and as an officer at Crusader camps.

Peter graduated with a double first in 1968 and promptly got engaged the next day to “his bird” before joining Prudential in the Overseas 1 section and passing the first of his actuarial exams self-taught in September. As Peter demonstrated a flair at the Prudential from the start, it was not always in the expected manner. His role was to update the rate books for particular countries. Unfortunately, for the whole time Peter was studying for his actuarial exams, it seemed that his finishing a country’s rate book marked the end of Prudential operating in that country. In the summer of 1969 Peter and Lynda got married at Wimbledon Baptist Church, but with Peter aiming to qualify as an actuary within two and a half years, there was no time to waste – still the romantic, the books came on the honeymoon.



Immediately Peter and Lynda became joint leaders of the youth group with Peter now also a leader at Wimbledon Crusaders. The house was always full of young people or students from the local teaching college round for meals. In April 1971, right on schedule, Peter qualified as an actuary and, ever the non-conformist, celebrated by taking the youth group up to Oxford to show off his punting skills, culminating in a pile of wet teenagers struggling to eat Chinese with chop sticks. Now attentions could broaden as Peter continued to read endlessly, always scribbling down quotes that might just be useful in a sermon or speech at some point.

By 1972 Peter was now tutoring for the Institute. Constantly busy and thriving on life as an actuary, his motivation and drive just kept on growing. It was at the same time that Pauline first came to live with Peter and Lynda, helping to ensure the house was never quiet and gaining a special daughter for life, later giving Peter a grandson in Ronan.



In 1975, after much difficulty, Peter and Lynda were finally parents when on January 27 Rachel arrived, their wonderful and beloved daughter. While completely devoted, Peter's flair didn't quite extend to nappies. Little did Peter know then that this next lady in his life was to take on the mantle of competition from her mother, but not on a bike down Worple Road – instead with endless word and number games in which Peter's intellectual pride was sacrificed when Rachel increasingly needed to take a handicap for him to compete.

Just a year later Peter was proud to be a father again to a fantastic son and heir, Daniel, who, far from the peace and tranquillity of Rachel, announced his existence loudly to the world from the word go, and the family seemed complete. Unsurprisingly, another competitive child, Daniel made his father proud by following in his footsteps to King's and then University College Oxford, reading Chemistry not Maths. Not only his intellectual equal, Daniel also inherited the sporting gene from his mother, excelling at rugby and golf as well as singularly beating the entire family combined at Trivial Pursuit.



June of 1976 saw a move to Vanburgh Life. With long hours, Institute exams to mark and two small children, the obvious thing to do was to start learning New Testament Greek with the boss.

In 1977, having moved to Worcester Park, the unexpected bonus of Ben finally arrived after much anguish and risk to mother and child: it was only by the grace of God that Lynda and Ben were both fine, and Rachel and Daniel were not left dependent on Peter's dubious domestic prowess. Amidst much fear and faith in God, Peter's constant refusal to take the opinion expected of him, coupled with Lynda's strength and determination preserved Ben's unborn life. Over time Ben marched to a different drum on the academic side. Always far more interested in playing sport than applying himself to study, he eschewed King's and later became a dustman before discovering he was more like his father than he'd imagined, graduating with a first in Theology from the London School of Theology.

The Clark family home was certainly never going to be a replica of the model of neatness that was his room at Oxford. With three children under three in a house of chaos that didn't always respond well to the notion of a timetable, solace was found in his orchard. Peter was increasingly proud of his efforts at organic produce as he developed what some might think was a rather excessively complicated seven year crop rotation for the vegetable garden. Order could at least be established somewhere and the vegetables grew to their timetable. Whether it was work, the garden, travel or holidays, Peter was always most happy when a timetable was in place.



Increasingly involved at the Institute, Peter also took on responsibility as a deacon at Worcester Park Baptist Church and as a leader at Worcester Park Crusader class. It seems that for Peter there was always more that could be done, approaching everything with an energy and enthusiasm that was matched only by the standards he expected of those around him, but most of all, of himself. By this point, however, Rachel had worked him out, neatly summarising Peter's working life as answering the telephone, writing his name and eating lunch. Another constant in Peter was the sincere and amazing value he placed on everyone he knew – making the time to help or simply affirm their importance, whoever they were, with kind words, quotes and clippings from various newspapers and magazines.

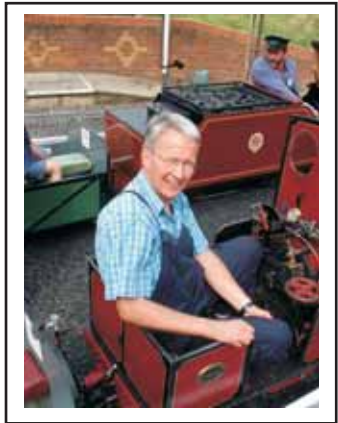
In 1981 Peter was appointed as one of the Institute's two representatives on the Groupe Consultatif. Peter served for 25 years until his death, including a time as its Chairman from 2000. He was one of the principal figures in establishing the Groupe as a cohesive body regarded by Brussels as a key source of advice on actuarial matters. His commitment to the Groupe was such that he chose to re-learn French to help improve links between the Anglo-Saxon members, who generally speak only in English, and the continental majority. The family remember their endless embarrassment as Peter loudly practiced in restaurants at every opportunity while now holidaying each year in France.

In 1983, back at Prudential, Peter first visited the offices in East Africa on a life-changing three week trip. On his return it was clear that part of his heart had been firmly left behind as a new-found passion and concern now burned deep within him. As Peter often used to say, Africa gets into your blood. The frequent visits that followed gave Peter the opportunity to understand the position of the profession within the continent, fuelling his unceasing desire to see it developed. They also allowed for numerous safaris and the associated multitude of slides that built up over the years, thousands, all meticulously catalogued for ready reference, all presented at length to a family with tenuous interest.

In the following year Peter and Lynda attended their first International Congress in Sydney together, with international travel increasingly marking Peter's working life. Come 1985, when Peter returned from three weeks in the Far East he was somewhat taken aback to be met with surprise at home: alas, everyone had forgotten he was back in the UK!

In 1987 Peter was first elected to the Council of the Institute. Peter served for a total of fifteen years on the Council, in three terms between 1987 and 2004. He was Honorary Secretary during his first term, Vice President during his second and President (from 2000 to 2002) during the third term. Amidst the ever growing pace and responsibility of life, it was at this time that Peter, through the writings of and then correspondence with Brother Ramon, found immense peace and strength from God in silent retreats and prayer at the Franciscan monastery in Glasshampton. The spiritual direction and guidance of these precious times helped to retain a sense of order and balance in a life centred on God. Peter continued to make regular visits to Glasshampton throughout his life.

Peter's love of trains and his meticulous planning were combined in creating, with significant practical assistance it should be noted, a huge model railway filling the loft in Worcester Park. Hundreds of feet of tightly interwoven tracks across four levels were linked through an elaborate system of points, all wired up to a central panel from which they could be controlled. The final aspects of scenery and stations were never quite fully finished, but every piece was carefully boxed on leaving Worcester Park, ready to be recreated at some point when time and space allowed; its grand return was rumoured to be imminent.



In 1991, twenty-three years after first joining Prudential, Peter moved to Sun Life as Director and Chief Actuary. By this point competition had grown significantly at home. Peter had had to learn to play sport with two sons who'd received their sporting capabilities from their mother. This invariably meant that it wasn't too long after teaching either a sport that losing to them on a regular basis became the norm.



Rachel focused her attack on the intellectual side, challenging at board games where Peter had to find new ones to play as each became redundant when defeat became inevitable. Some might say he reaped what he sowed: the man who didn't realise you are supposed to let your little children win at games, at least from time to time. But for a man with such competitively high expectations of

himself it was a huge triumph of love to be so ready to entertain us by continuing to compete, even when defeat became inevitable.

In 1996 Peter and Lynda moved down to Nympsfield, Gloucestershire for Peter to join his department in the Bristol office. The small village soon became home, with gardening now offering incredible views of sunsets over the Severn Valley and Wales. Though he was all too often away from home, Peter and Lynda quickly became a part of the churches they were involved with, preaching at Wotton Baptist church and as church warden, preaching

extensively in the local parish churches. Rural life brought with it the space and peace so often a struggle to find in the city; Peter would walk and run in the Cotswolds at any opportunity, while constant progress on the house and garden was project managed by Lynda.

This was a time when Peter's spirituality and wisdom further deepened as his wise counsel came to bear within a multitude of spheres and a great many people's lives. While the outworking changed and the expression matured and evolved, the source of Peter's life remained constant. By this time, Peter always had a hand-written copy of one of the Psalms on a record card in his pocket, methodically learning each one – at last count he was into the sixties. "Because your love is better than life, my lips will glorify you."

While in Nympsfield, Peter and Lynda both became very involved in the Dagoretti project, working with indigenous people giving hope and a future to street children in Nairobi. It is through this involvement we have had the privilege of finding a new son and brother, Gilbert, who has since become the Kenya and now British Armed Forces 100m and 200m sprint champion. Gilbert certainly didn't learn his running from Peter.



In 2000 Peter fulfilled one of his great ambitions in becoming President of the Institute of Actuaries, thriving on the challenge and responsibility, championing the causes of communication, making the Institute less London-centric and Africa. Peter was Institute President at a difficult time, stock markets fell heavily over the period, and two and a half weeks into Peter's term of office, the House of Lords ruled that Equitable Life's treatment of maturing policies with guaranteed annuity options was unlawful. Equitable closed to new business a few months later. In determining the Profession's response to this situation and others that he faced as President, in the words of David Kingston, his counterpart at the Faculty of Actuaries, Peter "thought deeply, consulted appropriately and acted effectively". It is also to his great credit that he did not disown or forget the actuaries who faced heavy criticism as a result of their management roles at Equitable Life. The time was one of highs and lows, with the serious illness and death of Lynda's mother mixed with exciting visits to China, South Africa and Nairobi, including the chance to visit the Dagoretti centre for street children in Nairobi.

The close of the presidency in 2002 also brought with it the close of Peter's executive life with retirement from Sun Life, though certainly with no thought of retirement from work altogether. Peter thrived on a variety of engagements from Grey Panther at the FSA to Teaching Fellow in the Department of Statistics back



in his beloved Oxford, alongside becoming Non-executive Director of a number of insurance companies, including Ecclesiastical, Nationwide Life and Western Provident Association. Peter also found time to chair two actuarial dining clubs – the Gallio, in the 1999/2000 session, and the Actuaries' Club – his last meeting as Chairman was to have been the day after he died. Peter's relish of the variety was evident from his habit of recounting his diary when asked by the family how he was. Peter's love of trains was indulged with more train travel which, sadly for First Great Western and more recently South West Trains, was always accompanied by Peter's typically exacting expectations, frequently expressed by carefully scripted letter – both companies will now be able to downsize their customer service divisions! It was those same exacting expectations that meant that so many who knew him for any length of time will probably have received corrections to spelling or grammar – if you received a sarcastic email from SARA, the Society for the Abolition of the Redundant Apostrophe, don't worry, you're in good company; in true romantic style, Lynda received many corrections to her daily letters to Peter at college.

2004 saw the move from Nympsfield to Ampfield, with an annexe for Lynda's father, forty eight years after he had first moved in to oversee Peter's development at Wimbledon Crusaders. Life at home was very much



dominated by caring for Harold until his death in April earlier this year. The loss of Nympsfield's panoramic views had been compensated for by Peter's pride and joy, his fabulous wooded garden in which he simply loved to spend whatever time was available, normally playing with a boyish enthusiasm and a contented grin on one of his new range of garden machines.

Peter's life was shaping up wonderfully, with his portfolio of professional involvement continuing to broaden. While he looked forward with great anticipation to the privilege of his forthcoming presidency of the International Actuarial Association, and had recently thoroughly enjoyed the International Congress in Paris, there was also more time to spend at home with Lynda and the family. Plans were many for exploring the area, staying at the monastery and plenty of time developing the garden.

When suddenly and unexpectedly on Sunday June 11 Peter died peacefully, for those of us left behind a great many unfinished plans, unfulfilled hopes and yet to be realised dreams died with him. Life will never be the same for those who knew him. Peter was a man of constancy and love whose expectations were never higher than for himself. His standards of perfection and righteousness inspired many to seek more than they ever dreamed possible: his seemingly unending energy and deep faith in his God gave him, and those around him, the strength to continue working to realise those dreams. His constant refusal to mindlessly accept the norm challenged others and himself to take a different view on this world, to seek the truth and to make a difference. The world and the lives of those who knew him are poorer and greyer for Peter's departure. Perhaps it's not until now that he's gone that we fully realise how much richness and colour he had always given to us. Perhaps we will never fully understand the impact he has had on our lives, and the lives of so many around the world. He was always just Pete.



Dad, this was the most spontaneous thing you ever did!

We rejoice that you, through Jesus Christ, are with our God in His perfect love, having gone to be with Him without pain or suffering. We are so deeply thankful for the wonderful person you have been and the deep enrichment you have brought to our lives. But we are devastated you have gone, so suddenly and so soon; we will never understand why you had to go now. Yours was a story so wonderful, intriguing and full, and yet, to us still here, a story that seemed unfinished. We grieve for your absence while clinging to your hope. Your legacy will continue in the lives of those you inspired, but most of all, in the power and love of the Almighty God that inspired you and is forever. We will miss you always as you remain forever in our hearts and minds.

We are all proud of you. We all love you.



O God our protector;
by whose mercy the world turns safely into darkness
and returns again to light:
we give into your hands our unfinished tasks,
our unsolved problems,
and our unfulfilled hopes;
for you alone are our sure defence
and bring us lasting peace
in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.