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IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Robert Harry Hulls

3rd October 1941 - 29th December 2020

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As we remember Bob today, we all share a huge sense  
of loss at losing him so suddenly.

Like Bob, we choose to remember the blessing  
of his life to those of us around him.

## Ken, Dot and Christine Remember

We grew up in modest surroundings, raised by caring and loving parents.  
In a street on a council estate, full of similar age kids, it was Bob who  
led the way, and as a result of hard work even went on to university,  
something completely unheard of in our wider family at the time,  
not to mention the community we lived in. It was also Bob, together with  
Jennifer, who led the way in creating the next generation of loving families.

*Bob and Jennifer were married at the beginning of his second year at  
Leeds University in 1965 and Cerin arrived in the middle of his finals in 1967.  
After his post-graduate year at Reading university, they set off to Tanzania  
where Bob took up a project at the University in Dar-es-Salaam.  
Daniel was born in February 1969.*

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## Jennifer Remembers

When Daniel was only a few weeks old, I found myself boarding a very small plane with a small baby and a toddler. Bob had driven ahead with our small amount of belongings and met us in Madui, a diamond mine. To my relief, there were proper houses, as there had been some discussion about mud huts!

Bob used Madui as a base, going with local interpreters to meet tribesmen and women and writing up a paper which was included in the Government forward plan.

Enthusiastic aid had persuaded farmers to grow new varieties of maize, which could not withstand drought and failed, causing near starvation. Bob used our housekeeping money to buy a variety of maize which he gave to the farmers, telling them that they could pay him only if it was successful, which it was. From then on he was known as Bwana Mahindi, Mr Maize.

I remember one trip to Uganda to visit farms and friends. We were driving along dirt roads, which became progressively more bumpy as we found that we were actually driving up a dried up river bed in the dark. We were totally lost and had missed the rare petrol pump. The next day we had to just sit in the heat with 2 young children and pray. After a couple of hours a small van rattled up driven by a missionary who had a container of petrol.

*When Bob and Jennifer returned to the UK, Bob taught at Reading University, with Philippa being born in 1972. After 7 years Bob moved on to the Ministry of Agriculture. He also became a local councillor, voting conservative for the first time when he voted for himself!*

*In September 1991 Bob and Jennifer moved to Dale Abbey. Bob was then beginning as an independent financial adviser. The house and garden were a mess and they set about transforming it with barrows and spades and so began their formal topiary garden!*

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## John Powell (from Dale Abbey) Remembers

When I arrived in Dale Abbey, in a rented van, to move into the Gatehouse Barn, I quickly found myself in conversation with a friendly and helpful 'local' man. You were that man and I quickly came to understand the important role that you play in our community. You always have the interests of others foremost in your thoughts and actions, whether formally, serving as churchwarden, or informally helping individuals with problems, offering a helping hand or advice when needed, your sense of service is always apparent. You manage to do all of this, of course, whilst seemingly spending all of your time in overalls, building, making, creating and doing.



*Dad really was a lovely man. He was thoroughly kind and completely dependable. He was primarily a giver - he put others before himself, he saw the best in everybody, he gave of his time and finances to improve the lives of others. Dad knew how to work hard. He had a preference for action over words, for fairness and for truth and decency. He was a politically interested man with a sharp intellect and a fascination with current affairs, not given to small talk but happy to discuss opinions and issues.*

*For Dad, family and faith came first.*

*Dad was devoted to Mum and his first thought was always for her - even to the last.*

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## Daniel Remembers

I remember him telling me (some 15 years ago) with a sparkle in his eye how lucky he was to have found her as we looked at pictures of their time in Tanzania; and it is no coincidence that the only picture in his study at Dale Abbey was of Mum walking down the beach into the sun (OK and the dog!). Although he would not have used this word, he was enormously proud of us his children, our partners and his many grandchildren (not to mention his great grandchild). He got enormous pleasure out of spending time with us all and with the wider family, although he was always concerned not to put us out!

His faith was integral to who he was, to his character and what he placed value on. It changed over time and I remember and valued various moments in which we were able to share our doubts. But he held a constant belief in life after death and a loving God that was not hung up by adherence to beliefs. Whether by text, writing or in person he talked about this in the weeks before he died; and I know that many of us were both impressed, challenged and comforted in equal measure by the strength of his conviction.

## Philippa Remembers

For me Dad's strong spiritual beliefs, unconditional love, clear boundaries and moral code have set me up for life. I remember the bountiful hugs throughout childhood, sitting on his knee, standing on his feet and walking around, an affectionate squeeze of the shoulders when I was teenager. In adulthood, he still welcomed me with an approving hug, took an interest in what I was doing and accepted me as I am. I am a very fortunate person.

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## Cerin Remembers

Dad is the only person I know who was genuinely pleased to be given socks for Christmas - he hated the idea of us wasting money. He was immensely practical. There was no task he wasn't prepared to have a go at. In fact even this last summer he spent countless hours designing and improving a run for the world's best kept chickens. As children, I remember a family day out: Mum had packed up the picnic, along with batter to make pancakes. Dad had packed the camp stove. Someone forgot the frying pan. Never fear... Dad removed the car hubcap to provide a perfectly serviceable frying pan! Problem solved.

### **And finally, we remember the little things:**

*We remember the stories that he told of his school boy misdemeanours - that both horrified and enchanted his grandsons as they climbed Snowdon together a few years ago. The satisfaction that he got from doing a job well and from working out how to fix a car, lay a squash court bedroom floor, build a roof box that converted into a camping cupboard or frankly any other project. The fact that he was always the first up in our house when he came to stay and his legendary porridge, soaked overnight, followed by marmalade on toast. His turning up with slippers and a jumper and a large box of games to play. His love of the fresh air and good walks.*

*We remember how excited his grandchildren always were to see him, how much fun they had together, his sense of humour, the games he taught and played with them. Walks with Grandpa were fun because he told them facts, taught them how to use maps and a GPS and took an interest in them. He always had time for his family, and was always there with a smile, words of advice, without judgment and always up for an adventure.*

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*We remember holidays to Dusty Towers, setting dressing gowns alight, nodding off in the car, dismantling an office, tide fights. Driving the length of the country, a myriad of stories, glorious mud, yet another project.  
Kindness, generosity and selflessness.*

*We remember weddings, birthdays, holidays, more dinners in the conservatory than you could count. Delivering leaflets for me, when I stood for election. His unconditional support for our endeavours, even if we didn't totally agree on everything. Playing swing ball in the summer, singing badly at our wedding and wearing silly hats to dinner.*

*We remember more walks, reminding me every time how to tell the difference between wheat and barley. Countless conversations, smiles, hugs, laughter, names carved into trees, trips to the Olympics, Saturday mornings working together (accompanied by Grandma's hot chocolate).  
Endless support for me, in pursuing my dreams; his kindness and compassion.*

*Bob, Dad, Grandpa, Great Grandpa.  
We are grateful for the time we have had together.  
We will miss you.*

*We leave Dad to have the final words:  
Do I have any complaints? How could I? I have lived my life in a period for us of unprecedented material prosperity; at 79, I will have lived longer than 99% of the people who have gone before; 55 years married to the wonderful love of my life, Jennifer; 3 children who are all that any parent could wish for, 9 wonderful grandchildren and I have even met our first great-grand child.  
I have been blessed by any standard.*

*And I am a Christian, I am absolutely convinced that the resurrection was an historical event, that Easter in all its mystery and wonder, really happened. We are spiritual beings, not biochemical accidents from a universe that came out of nothing. So I look forward to leaving this world in the firm hope of living in the presence of our Maker, our Heavenly Father.*

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A.W. LYMN

*The Family Funeral Service*

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# Robert Harry Hulls

3rd October 1941 - 29th December 2020

The Parish Church of St Laurence  
Long Eaton

Tuesday 12th January 2021  
at 2.00 pm

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