

## **Tribute to Jock Styles**

I was at Jock's funeral today. It was really well done and was a true celebration of Jock's life. I listened to the stories and related to every one of them. I could see Jock in my mind and realised he didn't change much. He remained the same Jock I had known 20-25 years earlier.

I was his neighbour and friend at Callender place. We grew up together in the years when you really grow up. Dating girls, learning to drive, buying our first cars. Moving out of home. We did all that together and Jock was a great guy to go through it with. He was wise and had a good appreciation of what life was really about. He always saw the reality and the humour in a situation and had a great nature.

We made contact about a year ago but unfortunately didn't manage to introduce our families to each other. It's a real shame. It would have been good to do so.

I could tell so many stories, like our trips home from school each day on Jock's old bike. It had no brakes (none at all) and Jock would sit on the seat and steer and I would sit on the carrier and pedal. The last leg was all down hill so we would have to do it in stages by driving up driveways to slow us down every so often. Often we would have to cross the road to get to the uphill driveways to stop us and it was just a matter of luck that we never got run over as we had absolutely no way of stopping. Add to that he never pumped up the tyres, so as we went round the corners at full speed down hill with me on the back peddling flat out, the tyres would be rolling off the rims and we would be skidding sideways as the steel rims hit the road. I loved those trips home and looked forward to them every day. To be fair, I was always surprised we made it past 21.

My thoughts go out to his family. We all lost a great man this week.

Rest in peace Jock

Jim Pauling