

## Ron Diggle

20th December 1929 – 15th April 2020



Ron Diggle had been a Member for such a long time that I do not have a joining date, and riding records before the introduction of the digital database only record best-ever times. But he rode regularly, and last in 2004 in his 75th year, when he had five rides (no falls) and his best time was 51.56. This is an achievement that many riders would love to emulate.

I cannot better the words of his son, Peter (also a Member and a regular rider): *"Dad died peacefully yesterday at his care home. Thankfully it was nothing to do with this dreaded virus - it was just old age. He lived a very long and happy life and achieved a huge amount. He moved to Burnfoot Hall care home in October knowing that that would be his final move. He was beautifully looked after in his final months in lovely surroundings. He had a lovely room with views over the countryside both to the East and the South with many of his lovely photographs that he had taken on his travels. I last saw him just before the lockdown and he was in great spirits and exercising his sense of humour to the full. Even last week I was chatting to him about finances, politics etc."*

I think we would all like to be able to look back on a life well lived and to have a peaceful ending and it is apparent that Ron had this.

The tribute that Peter Diggle read at his father's funeral was amended from a poem by Joyce Grenfell:

## **The Proud Highway**

Life should not be a methodical journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in an attractive and well-preserved body.

But rather to skid in sideways, in a cloud of smoke, on my trusty toboggan, having successfully negotiated Shuttlecock, whisky, rifle and fishing rod in hand, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming:

“Wow! What a Journey!”