

Professor Colin Platt

Colin Platt sadly died last month after a brave and totally uncomplaining fight with cancer. At his funeral so many people wanted to honour his memory that the church was standing room only an hour before the service, and culminated in a happy and very typically Littlehempston picnic among the gravestones in the sunshine, overlooking his perfect home. It was a tribute to a much loved man who probably did more for our tiny community of less than two hundred people than anyone else.

Colin was a quiet, kind and thoughtful man who had the extraordinary ability to get things done and to motivate others. So often an invitation to drinks after Church would lead to a quiet word in your ear and suddenly you were applying for the Parish Council, approaching a bank for a contribution, taking the minutes for the PCC, buying a table at an event you hadn't even thought of attending. On one occasion he and Claire had very nearly signed the whole of our family up as bell ringers for this very Church.

People would do anything for Colin because he would do anything for them and his beloved community here at Littlehempston. We sit in a church that's warm and equipped with enviable facilities because Colin organised a massive fundraising campaign to save what was frankly a dying building. He used his own contacts, motivated an impressive team of helpers, put in his own cash and always, always wrote beautiful thank you letters afterwards. But it wasn't only this Church he enabled to be converted as a thriving centre for our village. After this meeting there's a high probability we'll drift across the road for a drink in a pub that probably would have also been dark tonight if Colin hadn't lent his incredible support to the fundraising efforts that saved it. And he constantly offered his own home for all of us villagers - for Church services when this building was being restored, for mulled wine at the lighting of the Christmas tree, as a collecting point for bric a brac for the village fete or a place to keep the village tables and chairs. Never for personal gain - just because "someone had to do it, or it wouldn't get done."

We'll miss Colin hugely. As Liz Miller said in the Church Mag this month, he was a lovely man. But perhaps more than any of us he'll be remembered because virtually everything that has drawn the village together, was in some way down with him, his energy and ideas and will ensure that he'll long, long be remembered.