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Friends and family, thank you for being here today to celebrate the life of Robert James Henderson — Bob to most of us — and to hold Sophie, Mark, Millie, Jack and Noah in your hearts.

You can see the flashes of blue around the room, his favourite colour.
It suits today.
We’re here to remember a man who brightened things just by turning up.

Bob was London-born, a January baby, and he carried that crisp, practical spirit all his life.
He apprenticed as a joiner, learned his craft the honest way — by planing, sanding and getting splinters — and later set up a small carpentry business in Surrey.
He made kitchens that became the warm centre of homes, and benches that became the quiet heart of parks and village greens.
If you’ve ever rested your legs on a sturdy seat round here, there’s every chance you’ve met Bob’s handiwork without knowing it.

He was a widower of Anne, whom he loved and missed with a steady tenderness.
A proud dad to Sophie and Mark.
And the most delighted of grandads to Millie, Jack and Noah — the kind who produced a tape measure from nowhere to show, with great ceremony, exactly how much taller you’d grown.

He coached youth cricket for years, turning Saturday mornings into life lessons.
Not just how to drive through cover or keep your elbow up, but how to show up, how to be fair, how to cheer for a teammate.
Plenty of young people walk a little taller today because Bob once said, “Well played,” like he really meant it.

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At home he was generous and hands-on, cheerful and deeply community-minded.
He was also a teller of tall but harmless tales — the kind that start with “Now don’t laugh, but…” and end with us laughing anyway.
He loved a weekend ramble with his binoculars, could spot a wren in a hedge at twenty paces, and he turned glut-season into jars of chutney lined up like medals on a shelf.

The family’s favourite picture is a summer evening in the garden.
Bob at the barbecue, singing along to 80s hits a touch too loud, flipping burgers with the confidence of a head chef and the apron to match.
That’s the sound of him — easy, warm, busy making sure everyone’s fed.

He lived by three simple rules:
Share your skills.
Show up for people.
Leave things better than you found them.
They’re plain words, but you could build a life on them.
Bob did.

What we’ll miss is clear enough — his ready smile, his “I can sort that” attitude, and those quietly delivered, handmade gifts that appeared just when you needed them.
A shelf for a new flat.
A toy train with your initials carved small.
A bench with a view.

Today we celebrate that Bob’s care is still with us — in the rooms he crafted, the teams he coached, the stories he sparked, the kindness he set in motion.
If you’d like to add to that living legacy, the family invite you to write a memory on the cards provided, and later share a story — tall or true — in Bob’s honour.

Thank you, Bob, for the way you showed us how to mend, to make, and to turn

up with a smile.

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We’ll carry your blue-bright spirit with us, and we’ll keep leaving things better than we found them.

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