**Eulogy for Peter Johnson**

Pete was born on June 16th in Leightenstone, East London, to Luke David Johnson [always known as Dave] and Catherine Elizabeth Johnson. His Dad Dave was a metal fitter who worked for London Transport [Underground] Railways and Mum, Catherine worked as an orderly at Langthorne hospital in Leightenstone.

Pete was one of three children; the others being his sister Rita and his brother David, who were twins and seven years older than him, so it’s fair to say that Pete was the baby of the bunch.

Cannhall Road Primary School was where Pete’s education began and he went on to attend Norlington Road Boy’s School to complete his secondary education and to discover his love for metalwork, using his hands and in many respects, following in his dad’s footsteps.

On leaving full time education, Pete went on to serve a four year apprenticeship with a local company and then worked for several tool-making firms in the area. He was good at his job and worked very hard, never being out of work in all of his career.

Jan met Pete on a blind date in 1998 at the Moby Dick Pub in Romford, Essex. He was working at the time for Applied Sweepers, doing maintenance and had to go into hospital with diabetes problems. Because of his health issues after leaving hospital Pete was offered by the company, redundancy or an office job.. he chose being made redundant. He went on to work for a company on Canvey Island for a couple of years until they closed down and he was made redundant again, but found a good job with a company called PCS Graphic Art Products at Wickford. After a short time of working for PCS, the company decided to re-locate the business to Spain and Pete came out to work for three months here at Alhama de Murcia. That three months here changed the course of Pete’s life and he decided to settle here, loving the country and the Spanish way of life, initially living in a small place in Alhama and then moving on to his home on Camposol.

Pete loved Chinese and typically English food… meals like liver and bacon and cottage pie were favourites of his. Musically, Pete loved heavy metal music and bands like ACDC were top of his charts and he also had a love for model railways. Pete was never into sports like football but loved motorbikes and at one time owned a Triumph Bonneville.

Pete loved his life here in Spain. He loved sitting outside the villa and gazing at the scenery and the mountains; he would spend hours looking around at the beautiful views of the surrounding countryside. He loved the ocean although he could not swim. Jan told me that she tried to teach him to swim with floats, but somehow, his legs always sank to the bottom.

What else could be said about Pete… lot’s probably…. I was told that he was just a ‘Great Guy’ and will be so very sadly missed by all his family and friends.

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**Personal Tribute from Rita**

Pete, as he was always called, had an older sister and brother, Rita and David who are twins; we were seven years older than Pete.

When he was a baby we changed his name… we called him ‘Buster’ because he was so fat !

I wonder what happened Pete; I know that you kept on at me to come out to Spain to see your villa – your new home. Well here I am and I think it is great and I also have had the pleasure of meeting your friends at home and work and also your wonderful neighbours.

I will always remember you in the good times

God bless you Pete

Love

Rita