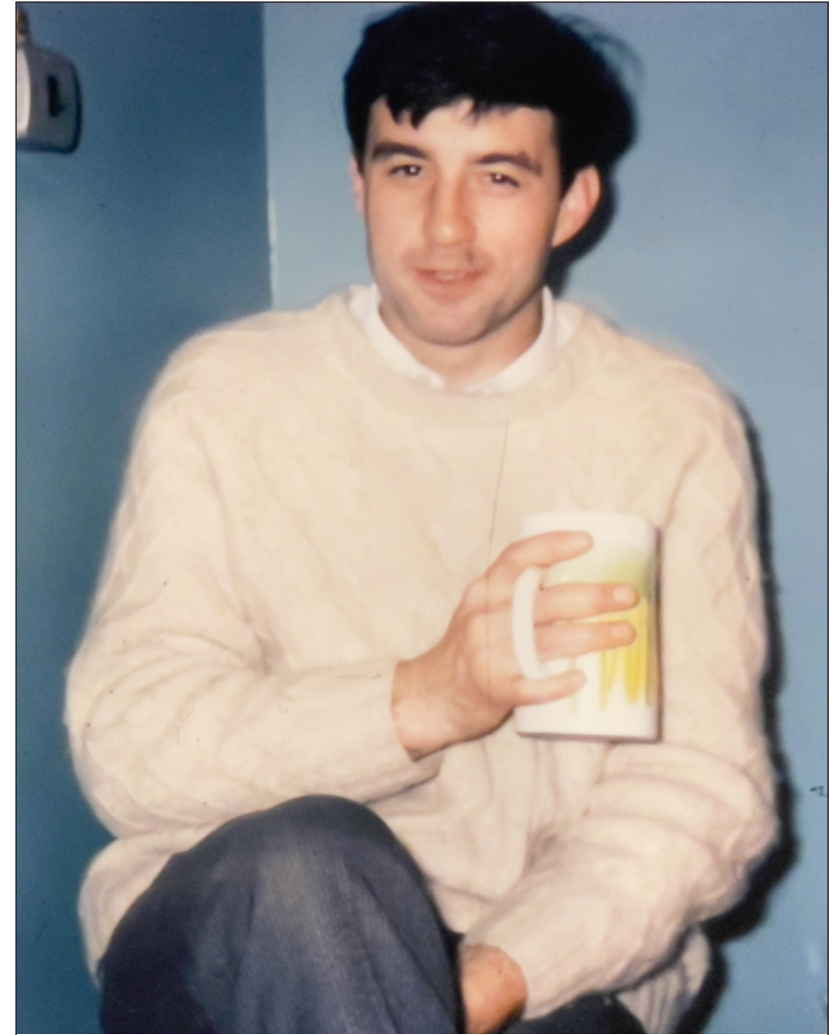




*I know there's only, only one like you
There's no way they could have made two
Joe you're my reality – but I'm lost in a dream
You're the first, you're the last, my everything*



JOSEPH ANGUS TWADDLE

4 January 1944 – 17 November 2022

BUCHANAN CHURCH

5 December 2022 • 11am

The Benefits of Rugby

‘Rugby separates the men from the boys...’

‘THE challenges offered by rugby must be grasped with both hands before any glimmer of enjoyment can be obtained from it...’

‘Perseverance wins – perhaps after many years – before a satisfaction, which is the life blood of the game, may be tasted. This is the object of the game...’

‘It is not merely a pleasant pastime – it is a form of character moulding, for the most part beneficial, but capable of becoming an obsession...’

‘Once the basic skills are attained and competitive rugby starts, one can begin to realise the value of the game. It must be played whole-heartedly, sometimes driving past the point of physical enjoyment to a state of utter fatigue, but this does not lessen any inner enjoyment which one has when the ordeal is over. In fact, the greater the fatigue, the greater the satisfaction...’

‘There are few games in which one can literally tear one’s opponents to pieces and then be the best of friends soon afterwards. Rugby is one such as this. Its demands are great, but the rewards are infinite.’

*Excerpts from an Annan Academy School magazine article
written by Joe when team captain in 1962*

REMEMBERING JOE

Introduction

IAN GODBER



Early years and the passion for rugby

IVOR MENZIES



The ‘teaching’ years

TOM ABERNETHY



The landscaping/mentoring years

KEIRAN MCHUGH



Community service

SANDY FRASER



Travellin’ Man (Joe’s song)

DAVE ARCARI

*The elements which
Made me from our encounter rich
Cannot be uncreated; there is no
Chaos whose informality
Can cancel so
The ritual of your presence, even gone away.*



*You leave behind
More than I was, and with a kind
Of sad prevarication take with you
More than I'll be till that day when
Nothing's to do
But say, 'At last', and we are home again.*

Joe Twaddle was born on 4 of January 1944, just minutes before his twin sister Maureen. He spent his early childhood in Gretna, subsequently moving to Gretna Green at the age of 12.

He attended Annan Academy secondary school where he met his childhood sweetheart Betty. Two years her senior he followed the customary courting ritual of the time by enlisting a friend to ask the then third year pupil out. Their romance blossomed through Saturday night visits to the cinema.

A keen sportsman, Joe held the sporting champions' title at secondary school for six years straight and played rugby for both the school and for Dumfries County, where his reputation as a winger earned him the nickname 'grease lightning'. He went on to play rugby at Glasgow University where he studied chemistry and biology from 1962 till 1966.

Meanwhile Betty had set her sights on a career in primary school teaching and, determined to be beside Joe, secured a place at Jordanhill teacher training college.

In 1965, Joe and Betty tied the knot and welcomed their son Kevin into the world on 24 February 1966, whilst living in a basement flat on Southpark Terrace in Glasgow. A few months later Joe took up the position of field officer at Glasgow University Field Station near Rowardennan, and the family moved into the adjacent house. This would prove to be a happy time.

Joe's work consisted of studying the behaviour of the 'dancing midge'. However, the midges weren't the only ones dancing! Many a fun-filled night was had. The field station residents at that time made home brew beer, as did the forestry workers – although the forestry workers used to make it stronger, leading to some unfortunate incidents!

It was at the field station that Joe and Betty had two more children – Shona in 1968 and Kirsty in 1970. Joe said that his children had an idyllic start to life, with total freedom to roam and explore. Kevin and Seonaidh Bannerman had many wonderful adventures, usually involving water or fire...

A move to Kilmarnock followed in 1972 when Joe took the position of field officer at Auchencruive Agricultural College. His research on the biological control of pests in greenhouse crops focussed on red spider mites which attack cucumbers and tomatoes. The Chilean red mite was introduced as it would eat large numbers of the spider mites. This method is now widely used, and the research team achieved accolades of excellence for the college.

Kilmarnock was a thriving community, and quite a culture shock after the Field Station. Kevin moved from a primary class of three (*with Seonaidh and Aggie*) to three classes of thirty children. It became clear that a plan was needed to make returning to the Loch Lomond area possible.

Joe applied to do a post graduate teacher training year at Jordanhill. He obtained a post at Balfron High School, and the family moved to Balfron for a short time before continuing their gradual return by moving to Drymen. They had been living in Ardmore Gardens for two years when Passfoot Cottage came on the market. Joe and Betty remembered it from its time as a tearoom, run by their friends Jimmy and Molly Johnstone, where they would bring the kids for fish'n'chips on a Saturday night.

It was a bit of a wreck, but they moved in August 1978, and the return was complete. Betty asked Joe how long it would take to fix up. Joe replied 'Christmas', but he didn't specify which Christmas! It would be twenty years before the work was completed.

Joe taught biology at Balfron High School for twelve years and became assistant principal of guidance. He also maintained his passion for rugby and was captain of Strathendrick for two years. To help finance the work on Passfoot he started his own landscaping business while continuing to teach. In 1986 he moved to the post of principal teacher of guidance at Dunblane High school, where he taught until retirement. Joe was teaching at Dunblane when the shooting took place and was involved in counselling some of the children at his school. It was a bleak time for all, and particularly so for Joe as he was still experiencing his own devastation following the death of Kevin four years earlier in a car accident.

Joe retired from teaching in 2001 and became a full time landscaper after he contracted Bell's Palsy which affected his ability to project his voice in class. But he continued to serve the community as secretary of the community council, a role he undertook for over 30 years, and one that he felt was enormously worthwhile. He was especially proud of the projects undertaken that benefited the wider community, such as the affordable housing project which, sadly, he will not be here to see come to fruition.

Joe was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease in 2008. He faced the disease with stoicism, but became increasingly frustrated by the disabilities it inflicted on him. He was once asked by a speech therapist trying to help his weakening voice, 'what ten phrases do you use a lot?'. He replied, 'I don't repeat myself'. He maintained his love of working in the garage, chopping wood, using dangerous tools, and making bonfires for as long as he could, but the relentless progression of Parkinson's disease took its toll.

The last few years of Joe's life were difficult, but Betty was by his side throughout and with help from their many devoted friends she ensured that he was able to remain in their beloved Passfoot until the very end. And for that we are all immensely grateful.

