

## Steve's Eulogy

Thank you Alison. First let me add my thanks to all of you, on behalf of Jo and the family, for coming and making this day so special. In particular to the nurses and staff from The Park hospital in Nottm, and Dr Sundar for all they did for David throughout his three year illness.

When asked to make a tribute like this, it is tempting to focus on the downside – to ask ‘why?’ David would have wanted me to dwell on some good things, in order to provide a more positive focus for our collective grief.

Why are we here and not in Boston? Well, it was David's express wish - he and Jo moved to Lincolnshire in 2010 at a time when David was commuting up and down to Essex. He regularly found himself behind lorries doing 40-45mph, Turners Trucking Lorries as he called them, and so as he was planning this day he felt it would give an opportunity for payback time. He said: ‘ revenge is a dish best served cold, sweet and on the A16, when a Turner truck is held up by a member of the David Shutts funeral cortege. So take that Turners, right back at ya’.

David and I met when I was coming up to my second birthday. Second son of John and Hazel, he was about as polar opposite to son number 1 as you could wish to get. Whilst I was smiley, bouncing, and most happy when I was eating, Davids diet consisted of sugar lumps, crisps and ice cream. He carried a permanently concerned frown, made worse by a tricycle accident when he tumbled down some stone steps and knocked his front teeth out.

We grew up with our pet Labrador Sam, who thought himself the third brother. Mid morning all 3 of us would sit on the step awaiting a biscuit. David never lost that love of a good Bonio.

Our childhood seemed simple then. During endless summers we played Action Men and Matchbox cars; war games guarding the patio against unseen and invisible enemies, then every sport imaginable with big groups of neighbouring kids, rounding off with games of 40-40 until it got too dark to see. Once a week, whether we needed it or not, we were thrown in the bath together and sang songs.

We laughed at Not the Nine O clock news, Fawlty Towers and Tiswas, and when it was time to get our first cars, we bolted on more goodies that you could think possible, mine to a Cortina, his to a Vauxhall Viva - until his engine blew up. The engineer was born!

He left home to join the Navy in 1985, aged 19 and our lives only occasionally intertwined after that. He went to sea as I became a father. He fulfilled his desire to become a navy person, culminating in his OBE – surely the proudest day of his life, and certainly for us in the family.

And he never lost his sense of humour and biting wit. He was typically amusing when my first wife left me. Not only did she leave but she took all my Bob marley records and the Satellite dish. All he could say, with a shrug, was ‘No woman - no sky’.

His intolerance of inanimate objects was legendary, and of course informs David's own choice of three favourite words. You can see them displayed here in floral form: FFS. It's a phrase he would utter whenever anything went wrong – broadband signal drops: FFS! Toaster burns the crumpets: FFS! Mobile phone fails – you guessed it. He had a similar intolerance of fools and laughed at a quote I shared with him in his last few days: 'when you are dead, you don't know it. The pain is felt by everyone else. The same goes when you are stupid.'

FFS were some of his 3 favourite words, everyone else has been asked for theirs; some perhaps predictable: inspirational; courageous; witty and professional

Others perhaps less so: 'sublime' – had to look that one up; irreverent - he certainly was, especially in front of royalty and then a third; cheerful – which must have been said by someone who only met him once!

But the outpouring in response to our request for adjectives is truly stunning – thank you to everyone who contributed.

So to finish I am going to talk about the three small mercies that I hope may uplift us all slightly.

**The first blessing** lies in the fact that he had the opportunity to say goodbye. Some people pass on with no chance to prepare – David took the opportunity to speak to many of those closest to him, if not in person then through electronic form. Many in this room will have met with him in the past months and shared memories. It would have been so much worse for all of us if we had not had that opportunity, and David had not been able to arrange his financial affairs and planning for the family's future.

Even in his final days David remained lucid, clear and focussed in his conversations with all of us. Courage of the sort that David showed is uncommon. Jo too, and Zach have been immensely brave in these past weeks – as demonstrated here again today.

**The second blessing** comes from a conversation I was able to have with him in hospital. David was able to say quite clearly that he was a man with no regrets. He felt he had lived a full life, even at 53, and that not a day had been wasted. He felt that he had fitted in as much as he could have done, in his allotted time. I think that we have to regard this as a huge achievement. How many of us would wish that we too could say in our final days that we have no regrets? It is surely the pinnacle to which we all aspire, and David achieved it.

But of course he had one major disappointment. That having worked so hard to build his world that he would not be there to enjoy it fully. He felt that there was still so much to do – It's a huge disappointment for all of us too that he will not now be a part of it.

**The third blessing** is that David was able to envision and establish that newest family member: ASTRiiD. He said on his BBC interview that his quality of life had been enhanced, and that ASTRiiD was the thing that spurred him on during his last weeks and months. I firmly believe he was living for the chance to present

to an audience of 10,000 business people in mid May. Sadly he wasn't well enough, and his decline sped up as a result.

He was firmly of the view that business is about people, and he inspired so many people to offer their time on a voluntary basis to help ASTRiiD - a cause in which he believed so deeply. Many of them are here today. No words are sad enough to express our sense of loss. No words are strong enough to express our determination to make ASTRiiD the global movement we all believe it can be. This is our challenge. The need is here, the need is now, and so I ask for any help you feel able to give us so that we can continue on the course to fulfil the legacy that he set out for us.

So to finish. I asked him if he had a message for all of us. He did, and this was it: he said that life was for living, and that we should not waste a moment of it. He wanted his passing to include a celebration of his life and asked that we do our best to enjoy a really good party in his honour. He said that if his friends ended up drunk, and in a ditch at midnight, well that they should think themselves lucky.

Rest in Peace David. You achieved more in one short life than many would achieve in two. It was a privilege to be called your brother.

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### Ken's Eulogy

When Dave was first diagnosed with cancer, and he knew what the future held, he asked me to speak at his funeral.

When I last saw him a few days before he died, he told me to '**keep it light**'. With his sharp sense of humour, I see him chuckling to himself about this, knowing he'd stitched me up because my part was going to be immediately after a very emotive piece of music by Queen; **cheers Dave!**

In 1981, long after he gave up tap dancing (thanks Mum Hazel for letting this out, I can't imagine why he wanted to keep this from his brother officers!) Dave undertook an engineering apprenticeship with the MoD in Bath, this culminated in the award of an HNC.

He spent some of this time doing work placements at Vickers in Barrow and at Rosyth Dockyard, as well as time in various departments in Bath. One of his colleagues during this period was Dave Griffiths who, being 3 years older than him, Dave always referred to as 'Grandad'!

I remember Dave telling me that he'd always wanted to be in the RN, working **alongside** Naval officers cemented this idea. So in 1985, along with another new entry, Simon Short, he started his degree course at the Royal Naval Engineering College.

He did his sea training in various ships including ARK ROYAL and SIRIUS - and was then appointed to HMS ARIADNE in his first complement billet as the Assistant Marine Engineer Officer, where he did his 'Charge Ticket', which qualified him to take charge of his own ship as the Engineer.

Ashore he was appointed as the OiC of the dock at the submarine base in Scotland, where he was responsible for dry docking nuclear submarines; I seem to recall that he hardly ever mentioned this to us - - well only most days!

I first met Dave when I was on the staff at the Royal Naval College in Greenwich, and he was undertaking the Initial Staff Course. We both knew that we would be joining HMS OCEAN in build in Glasgow, and so it was a chance to chat through the impending future.

After build we took the ship, under the Red Ensign of the builders, on what became known as 'The Voyage of Doom 1' down to Barrow for fitting out. We had to seek volunteers from all RN commands to form a temporary Fire&Emergency Party that could provide some basic form of cover during the builder's sea trials; Dave was i/c of this motley crew of press ganged sailors. As always, he threw everything he had at it, fostering an attitude of one team professionalism and using Jack's inimitable black humour to get a difficult job done.

At Barrow Dave used to ride his Harley style motor cycle down from Helensburgh wearing Ray Ban sunglasses, just like a scene from Easy Rider; a very cool young officer!

In HMS OCEAN his potential really shone through and, on promotion to Lieutenant Commander, he was sent to undertake the main Staff Course at Greenwich; something normally undertaken a little later in the career pattern.

Next he went to HMS WESTMINSTER, where his captain made him the Command Team lead planner - very unusual, if not unique for a Marine Engineer.

His competence in this high profile and very visible role gained him enormous respect. He was very much whole ship, and understood that he was a Naval Officer first and an Engineer second.

After WESTMINSTER he went ashore and was soon on a richly deserved first shot promotion to Commander.

Next to an appointment with the Maritime Commissioning and Testing Authority in Portsmouth. Whilst here he was selected to be the Senior Naval Officer of HMS DARING in build.

Given the importance of putting the very best Commanders into the first of this new class of ship, Graham Peach told me that he remembers sifting through the candidates before seeking CinC's approval to appoint David, he being the very best of a strong cadre of such officers on this list. Of course Dave made an excellent job in this critical role in the life of DARING - so good in fact that he was awarded an OBE.

This was, for him, the pinnacle of his Naval career and, wanting to spend more time with Jo & Zach, he left the Service in 2010.

Some comments I've received in the last few weeks are:

*The very best in his class*

*A really good engineer*

*High professionalism and sense of pride*

*Such outstanding leadership*

*A big presence in a big wardroom*

*Socially he was fantastic fun.*

*He was such a star - one of the very best.*

Whilst we all know these statements to be true, nothing supports the case for David **as a man** more than looking at the spread in rank of Naval colleagues here today.

Those who served as Junior Ratings with Lieutenant Dave, Chief Stoker Bud Flanagan, Warrant Officer Al Cadman and Air Traffic Controller Allison Lambert. Then, amongst the more senior officers, a plethora of Commanders, two of his previous commanding officers, Commodores and, the senior Naval officer today, Admiral Chris Gardner.

Dave was a man who's personal popularity cut across branches and ranks; he **earned** our respect and admiration.

We all have very special memories of the ships we've served in. These memories aren't of the steel box we travelled in, but of the extraordinary people we've been privileged to share our time with, and for us all, Dave will always be in that special band of brothers.

He was our good friend and Shipmate.

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### Simon's Eulogy

I was lucky enough to spend some time with Dave on the Friday before he passed away and he asked me to say a few words and told me to keep it light hearted and funny. I did point out the irony that he had chosen the least funny man in NATO for this task but he seemed to think that was ok, so I'll give it my best shot.

I want to start by painting a scene. It was some 32 years ago and about 10 Royal Navy undergrads were out in Plymouth on a Saturday night. We were in a Chinese restaurant at one of those large round tables and having a complete blast. We were in a world of our own, drinking, eating, laughing madly and starting to entertain all of the other guests with some great singing. It was around this time that a couple from a nearby table came over and, in a lull between songs, the chap said, in a rather angry tone "I do hope you have all

had a good evening". Silence fell for what seemed an age, when Dave looked up and said "You know, you're right, we've had a bloody marvellous evening". The lady in the couple couldn't help but smile as the 2 of them walked away. This was Dave, always quick witted and completely charming.

With surnames of Short and Shutts we were destined to be thrown together on our Royal Navy adventures and I first met him when my bunk was directly above his on our Dartmouth Training Ship, HMS Invincible and became close friends during our time at the Royal Naval Engineering College, Manadon where we spent many an evening playing snooker. We were both particularly useless, with any one game lasting several beers. Many years later, Dave could still recall a four-ball break of which he was very proud.

Dave was always the one who built friendship groups and it was whilst at Manadon that our gang of 4 was created. Sat at the very back of large lecture halls was Dave, Andy, Sally and myself. Whenever boredom crept in, Dave would reach over grab Andy's inner thigh, which would lead to him doing the same to Sally and her the same to me. For some reason, this always took me by complete surprise and resulted in a squeal which would draw the attention of the lecturer. I was left, sat next to 3 giggling school kids, explaining that nothing was actually wrong.

Dave was a great fan of Steve Wright in the afternoons confessions, so here, for the first time, is one of his. At the end of our first year, all students were set the task of defining and then completing an adventurous and challenging task lasting at least a week. The gang of 4 decided to tackle the coastal route around Cornwall on bikes and set out a 7 day plan, which was duly approved. At the beginning of our summer holiday we gathered one evening, had several pints to prepare ourselves and set off the next morning, with the goal of completing some 50 miles of coastal hills. It was about half way through the morning and we were already beginning to regret our naivety as we pushed our bikes up another never ending hill, when I picked up a puncture. Now, we all had tasks and Andy had one. Just one. A puncture repair kit. For this, he had decided to bring something that had last been used in the 1960's and had long since dried up. After much angst, we pushed our bikes to the nearest train station and took a short ride to our first nights youth hostel, with the aiming of regrouping and fixing the problem. However, after a couple of beers, we all agreed that this whole adventure was beyond us and hatched a new plan. Knowing that we had to submit a report, we decided to get the train back to Plymouth the next morning and pick up my car which could fit a bike in the back. We had a great weeks holiday around the Cornish coast, whilst taking pictures of us with our bike at select landmarks.

The resulting report, a great work of fiction mainly from the pen of Sally and Dave, went on to win the award for the best adventure task. Secret until now, the report is here today, complete with pictures of 4 very skinny fraudsters.

It was also during our time at Manadon that Dave and I, with our then partners, decided to undertake a barge holiday. Whilst Dave and I got along just fine, it's fair to say that the other 2 didn't really gel with the idea of confined living and shared tasks. It was towards the end of the week, coming to our mooring place for the

evening, that we had decided to leave the helming and control to them. Dave and I had leapt ashore to take the ropes when arguments, instructions and much shouting broke out, including the engine being slammed full ahead and full astern in equal measure. The 2 of us took one look at each other, said pub? And wandered off to get a drink. As we walked down the towpath and looked back, we last saw the barge sideways across the canal. Safe to say, we weren't overly popular when the 2 girls finally joined us on our second pint.

Dave was always the lynchpin of our group and he instigated our annual reunion which we rotated the organisation around Dave, Sally, Andy, myself and partners. It was always a weekend which we all looked forward to, often sat up until the early hours with endless helpings of port and cheese.

It is just over 3 years since Dave's original diagnosis and it was a couple of months after that I spent a few days with him and Jo. I was in the midst of job hunting with a couple of firms getting close to final stages and, despite his dreadful diagnosis, he spent the entire time asking about my opportunities and being so intently interested and excited. This was Dave through and through. I have never met anyone who was more interested in me than I was!

A couple of months later I had secured my next job and we met up again. By this time he had started to hatch the idea of what was to become ASTRiiD. It's a real mark of the man that, instead of being upset about his own condition, he passionately wanted to help other people in a similar situation. He talked about matching the thousands of people who, like him, had years of skills and experience and yet were unable to work full time with businesses. I knew that the company I was about to join not only had the technology to do this, but also a strong philanthropic DNA to help good causes. Not long after I joined I introduced Dave to a couple of people and immediately this idea took hold. Over the next few months literally 100's of volunteers gave their time – from developers and architects to marketing, fundraising and PR; from the UK to Morocco to the US to Holland and Mexico.

Just 2 years on, ASTRiiD is a fully fledged UK Charity with publicity on the BBC and in the FT, the winner of the Charity Recruiter of the Year award and now hundreds of businesses and individuals are registered on the platform and finding value through work. One of my proudest and most exciting days was visiting 10 Downing Street with Dave to secure the support of the Prime Ministers office. I still reflect that I got to tick off this bucket list item because of Dave and what he was doing to help other people.

When the news started to spread that Dave had lost his battle, I was literally inundated by messages from across the Salesforce globe. He had touched so many people – even people I didn't know. I think it's fair to say that he has had a bigger impact in Salesforce than me – and I work there!

ASTRiiD will go from strength to strength under Steve's leadership and will be part of an incredible legacy for Dave.

During three years of continuous cancer treatment and many personal challenges, he did all of this whilst also writing and publishing a novel, authoring a blog to help support other people going through the same journey, being a loving husband to Jo and a fantastic father figure to Zach.

Shipmate, I'm proud to call you my friend.