

# THE CLOCK'S TURNED BACK FOR JACK'S LAST JOURNEY

**CARRIAGE** wheels crunching behind a steady clip, clop of hooves barely broke the midwinter stillness as the funeral procession made its way down winding country lanes, twist snow-covered hedgerows and fields.

It was a scene of sombre monochrome in which bright bouquets on the horse-drawn hearse provided the only splash of colour.

Jack Riviere would have thoroughly approved of his old-fashioned send-off. The blind sculptor had a lifelong fondness for the old ways and a special passion for horses.

The oak coffin was carried nearly two miles from his home in Paice-lane, Medstead, to the parish church of St. Andrew's on a 90-year-old hearse hauled by a coal black Dale cob called Hercules, who wore specially fitted tungsten studded shoes to cope with the ice and snow.

Both hearse and horse were

provided by a Southampton funeral museum kept by undertaker Mr. Bernard Matthews.

The elegant carriage, its glass panels delicately etched, has been lovingly restored since the end of its working days in Burton-on-Trent and is now in Mr. Matthews' collection of horse-drawn funeral carriages.

As Hercules stood quietly, his breath freezing on the cold air, black harness gleaming, the last notes of a piper's lament drifted across the churchyard.

It was played at Jack's request by Chris Oldroyd, while other friends, flute player Simon Hunt, cellist Rose Hunt and violinist Julian Daniel, performed their own musical tribute during the hour-long service.

Then the coffin was placed on the hearse for the last part of the journey through the village to the cemetery.

Raymond Briton "Jack" Riviere (76) was following a family tradition when he became a successful professional sculptor: his grandfather had been a celebrated animal painter and his father, H. G. Riviere, was a portraitist of repute.

His commissions included decorative work for some of London's best known buildings, busts of famous personalities and even a special project for the royal family.

Generations of youngsters have also enjoyed his work without realising it: Jack's com-

mercial activities included the modelling of cowboys and Indians, soldiers, animals and cartoon characters for the "Lone Star" series of plastic miniatures.

London-born, Jack had lived at Medstead for nearly 50 years. He had been blind in one eye since the age of 18 and lost his sight completely 18 years ago.

But that did not prevent him continuing with his work, and he and his wife went on to teach sculpture in Further Education classes at Alton and Fareham.

Donations in his memory may be made to the International League for the Protection of Horses.



An old-fashioned send-off for sculptor Jack Riviere as the horse-drawn hearse leads the funeral procession from Medstead Church

The horse-drawn hearse which was used for the funeral of Jack Riviere.

## Many paid their respects to 'big' Jack Riviere

"JOY" was the theme of the funeral service held at St. Andrew's Church, Medstead, for Jack Riviere, the blind

sculptor, who died last week.

The vicar, the Rev. Ronald Blount, in his address, called for rejoicing in the creativity of

a "big" man. Jack, he said, was indeed a big man, not physically, but in his outlook, his personality and the impression that he made on the company he was with.

The body of the church was packed with friends, who had come to pay their respects, and, as they prepared themselves for the simple service, Simon Hunt and his wife — friends of the family for many years — played music by Telemann and Debussy, on flute and cello.

The readings were given by the grandsons, and the service ended with the hymn "The day Thou gavest".

As the last prayers were offered, the sad tones of the pipes echoed through the church as a piper, in full dress uniform of G Company of the 51st Highland Volunteers,

played the lament "The Flowers of the Forest".

The procession of mourners to the cemetery was headed by a lone, flower-bedecked hearse drawn by a black plumed horse — a reminder of Jack's love of animals and his enthusiasm for horseriding.



Jack Riviere as, perhaps, he will be best remembered, in his smock, sensitive fingers fashioning clay

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