

## **Steven Pedlar (1957 - 2015)**

Steven arrived at KESW in 1992, together with his wife, Griselda, a toddling Giles and an Imogen-in-arms. A proud Cornishman, Steven was an inspirational Director of Music who enthused the pupils who came into contact with him. He was extremely fond and proud of the Chapel Choir, feelings which were reciprocated in full measure. Choir practices, although hard work, were both rewarding and tremendous fun, and whether at Evensong, Advent or Carol Services, at St. Paul's Cathedral, or at the City churches where, due to his skill in training us, we were regularly asked to sing by various Livery Companies, we gave of our best for "The Fat Controller". In Prague we sang at St. Nicholas' Cathedral, and in 2004 made a CD of some of our repertoire. Steven also staged several operas, including *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Die Fledermaus* and *The Merry Widow*, productions of an extremely high standard, and orchestral concerts, enjoying being at the helm of his own Last Night of the Proms. When Griselda was appointed to run Elizabeth House, Steven was very much in evidence: as a former Elizabethan has written, "He was also my house 'dad' and Team Pedlar was always there for all my ups and downs. You could always hear his bellowing laughs echoing through the house, which was comforting to hear".

To the outside world Steven was a tenacious, enthusiastic and larger than life character. But if Pedlar thought an injustice had been done, be it to either a pupil or colleague, he was always the first to stand up and be counted, and the last to back down. To say that he was nothing but a father-figure, a teacher or a friend would do him a disservice. In all senses of the word, Steven Pedlar was Patriarch of his own unique tribe made up of many different waifs and strays, a tribe of characters who, without his guidance and occasional cry of "cretins!", would have gone down very different paths.

Towards the end of his twenty years at King Edward's, Steven and Griselda built up an online business where she sold books and he sold classical LPs. Our lives became punctuated by frequent trips during free periods with a view to buying items, sometimes even the entire stock of a shop. Griselda would come home to find these treasures spread over the living room carpet, with Steven and me foraging through what he had just bought. When he stopped teaching and moved to Lincolnshire, despite his many visits to hospital for treatment and operations, we continued to go off for the day on buying expeditions, travelling far and wide and enjoying the opportunity of putting the world to rights. Steven was always willing to talk about his illness, and to confront the problems head on. This selfless approach made it much easier, for me at least, to cope with the situation in which he found himself.

There will be many former colleagues and pupils who have cause to be grateful to Steven Charles Pedlar, and will remember him as an inspirational teacher and good friend.

Nick Secker (former colleague) and Giles Pedlar