



Richard Lloyd Miller (2000-2007)

Richard was born on 5th April 1988, and spent his early childhood in Broxburn, West Lothian. He attended Daniel Stewart's Melville College, one of the foremost schools in Edinburgh, up to the end of junior school, moving with his Mum in the summer of 2000 to start a new life in Manchester, with me and my own family. When I first met the 11-year-old Richard, I was immediately struck by his strong-minded independent outlook, and his fierce loyalty to his Mum. For him to move school, city – and indeed country – at such a tender age was a remarkable tribute to the fortitude and character of such a young boy.

He also had to take on board three new sisters, Jess, Emily and Lydia, who were respectively two, four and six years his junior, and, for a hitherto only child, that must have been a big challenge. One he rose to admirably though, as he adapted to this new world, and became a true big brother to them for the rest of his life.

We quickly decided on Bolton School for his move into senior school, and we vividly remember our first sight of the School when he attended his interview during the summer recess with Alan Wright, the then headmaster. (As with many mischievous young lads, that would not be his last visit to the Head's office!) He passed the examination and was admitted into Year 7 for the September 2000 school year. Richard very quickly settled into life at Bolton School and became a popular pupil. Due to the slight disparity between the Scottish and English systems, he was between years in terms of age and learning, so he uniquely spanned both Year 7 and 8, giving him a much wider circle of friends than normal. He was, to quote his friend Guy Hughes, 'that funny kid from the year below'. Rick was followed after a six-year gap by his two younger brothers, Edward and Henry, into the Bolton School family tradition.

Once into his stride at Bolton, he quickly became part of the fabric of the place, being a very good sportsman, excelling at rugby, his short stature being no barrier to his ferocious and fearless attitude to the game. He became a very accomplished water polo player, leaving home at 6am to get to the early morning training sessions. Music was another huge skill; Richard was a brilliant guitarist, he also played saxophone. His music teachers, Mr Martin and Mr Bleasdale had rarely, if ever, had a student in their care who could play the bagpipes. It was, of course, a massive thrill for us to watch him on the pipes at School concerts. Richard joined the Northenden Pipe Band at the young age of 12, their youngest member and the only truly Scottish player the band had ever had in their ranks. I recall him parading round Stretford on Remembrance Day in 2002, a very proud and tearful experience for all of us in the family.

Leaving Bolton School in 2007 after his A Levels, Rick studied Law at Leeds Metropolitan University, before taking up a successful career selling properties for an agency called Dexters in London. He then moved into specialist recruitment for the banking industry, a role which saw him spend a year in Hong Kong. Returning to the UK, he decided to move into the political arena, a long-held love and interest of his. Having written to over 300 Members of Parliament, he secured a position on the staff of Edward Timpson in Tarpoley, and was a much-loved member of their team. We received this tribute to Rick from Edward:

“Richard was a keen employee, and in his job for all the right reasons. He saw it as a role in which he could improve people’s lives, and in that view was a model public servant. He compounded that quality in his choice of role at the Cumbria Chamber of Commerce, and—although it may not have proven to be the perfect fit for him—I have absolutely no doubt that his motivations for it were the same. We were proud to see him profiled in the In-Cumbria business magazine.”

Rick’s father became very poorly in 2022, and Rick spent many months of the year back in Broxburn, living with and looking after him until his father died in July 2022. Richard’s sudden and untimely death less than six months afterwards was a tragic loss to all our family. We were heartened and proud to see a huge turnout for Rick’s funeral on 7th January 2023, and it was very fitting that the wake was held in the Arts Centre at Bolton School. In his time at Bolton, Rick had forged a great personal friendship with Dr Holland, with whom he kept in regular correspondence. Dr Holland sent a wonderful letter to the family, culminating in this tribute to Rick: ‘One of the best of the thoroughly good young men, whom this School has had the pleasure to see taking their place in the world – Richard was a priceless part of Bolton School, and all to whom he belonged.’

As with a lot of Old Boys, Richard grew fonder of his membership of the Bolton School family as time went by, and had recently written a moving tribute to the qualities and values that school passed on to him, writing an amazing blog, called ‘Private School – the Best Years of Your Life’, which you can link to here:

<https://richardlloydmler.wixsite.com/mysite/post/private-school-best-years-of-your-life>

I will finish by quoting Rick:

‘The people you surround yourself with are who really make you as a person. When you go to a school like Bolton it automatically leads to large circles of friends – the concept of only a handful of people from school is alien to me. For those of you who know who you are, thank you for the memories so far, I will be forever grateful.”

We will be forever grateful for the privilege of Rick being part of our family.

Martin Stenton

Rick Miller – My Little Big Brother

Life being around Rick was bittersweet. The clever jokes, witty comments and endless stupid faces had to be balanced against the jaw ache and rib pain from laughing so much. Like Rick, I am an old Boltonian, nearly 15 years apart, but his legacy was still deeply engraved when I arrived. In my first class with Dr Holland, he went round the room getting to know all our names. When it was my turn, he instantly picked up on my surname – “Ah, a Miller-Stenton. Yes, yes, I know your brother Edward quite well”. “Yes Sir,” I replied. “And I also have an older brother you might remember – Rick Miller?” A silence dropped on the room before he spoke again. “Rick Miller...” then paused. “Oh dear!” I imagined the silent pause must have been filled with the memories rushing back of having to deal with a 16-year-old Rick. What a time he must have had. I read out Dr Holland’s full tribute to Rick at his funeral, and it summed up and reflected the huge admiration and fondness felt by everyone who attended, and thoughts we have had from many people since then.

Henry Miller-Stenton (2015-2022)

Memories of Rick

There is a hole in the life of everyone who knew him, that can never be filled. Luckily, my brother Henry and I have so many memories that can never be forgotten or replaced: going to watch Man City matches with him, his great stories about working abroad, his job working for an MP, his fantastic take-offs of teachers we still know from School, listening to all kinds of music with him. He was stubborn and independent, but fiercely loyal to us, and was always there if we needed help or advice, as with our recent moves into university life. Sometimes as I grew up, he also needed his own big little brother, and that was another reason why I loved him so much. I hope we made him proud when we spoke at his funeral, as I know he made my Mum and Dad proud when he spoke at their wedding at the tender age of 17. You never know when the last time you will see someone is, or the last memory you will make. The most important think we have learned from Rick is how valuable moments with your family are, and spending time with the people you love most. Our family will never let Rick’s memory fade, and he will always be close and in our hearts.

Edward Miller-Stenton (2014-2021)

Richard Miller (more lovingly known as Miller or The Milldog by his Bolton School friendship group), was a dear friend of mine for over 15 years. That friendship was forged in the Bolton School Sixth Form. I remember my first encounter with Miller vividly. I had recently joined Bolton School from Bridgewater School in Worsley. In fact, it was my first day.

I walked into the Sixth Form common room on that first day with nervousness and trepidation – the natural fear of not being accepted by the boys in my year. As I entered the common room for the first time, I heard howls of laughter coming from the alcove nearest the Computer Room (which was ironic, considering Rick was allergic to that part of the School). A group of Sixth Form boys were laughing at the jokes and antics of one boy; it was Rick.

I approached, sensing this was the group of lads I should befriend. Rick was wearing diamanté earrings that day, which would become his trademark during his Sixth Form years. His tie was shorter than I'd ever seen a tie worn before, something that would get him into trouble with the teachers from time to time.

He likened my looks to those of Ant McPartlin and the rest, as they say, was history. I laughed; we became lifelong friends.

Rick was charismatic, you sensed you were in the presence of a one-off character. He was incredibly witty and naturally clever (even though academia – he would openly admit himself – was not his passion), the king of the one-liner. He possessed a natural talent for comedic timing, which was infectious and resulted in Rick being popular with all years and (the majority of) our teachers.

Rick adored his time at Bolton School as the majority of Old Boltonians did. He was a firm believer that Bolton School shaped you as a person, helped you to develop as a man and instilled a sense of comradeship, which sees you obtain lifelong friends.

Rick was fondly remembered at Bolton School, many teachers such as Mr Wadsworth and Mr Witton having a soft spot for him. Rick would return from time to time to watch his younger brothers, Edward (Class of 2021) and Henry (Class of 2022) Miller-Stenton, play for the football teams. Walking the levels and first teams' sports pitches, each time he returned he'd bump into an old face, teachers who remembered his time at the School, naturally gravitating towards him, to get their fix of his unique humour and personality and to ask how life was developing in general.

Rick will be missed by those who remember him from his time at Bolton School and the vast friendship group he had which remained long after leaving in 2007.

He was unique, someone I'm honoured to have known at all, someone I count myself lucky, to have called a best friend. He will never be forgotten, having made an impact on so many peoples' lives.

Rest in peace, Miller. We'll always have the memories you gave us.

Danny Cox (Class of 2007)

When I was asked to contribute to this tribute, I started by thinking of the adjectives I would use if someone asked me to describe him to a stranger. They are too numerous to include here, but a snapshot would be: Compassionate, thoughtful, generous, supportive, reliable, honest, genuine, charismatic, charming, witty, intelligent, creative, open-minded, empathetic and understanding.

His passing has left a huge hole in my life, and the lives of countless other people who loved and cared for him. He was a natural storyteller and entertainer who was at his absolute best in a big crowd. There wasn't anyone I knew who didn't find him genuinely hilarious to be around and if you had the pleasure of being at a wedding with him, you would always want to be on his table.

Guy Hughes (Class of 2006)