



IN MEMORIAM

Ian Saxton (02/01/1939 - 17/11/2009)

We met Ian in 1975 when I started my internship at Frere Hospital, where he had been in the Department of Orthopaedics for nearly 10 years. Our close family friendship with Ian continued and strengthened over 35 years.



As the son of a medical missionary, Ian spent much of his youth in Angola and later in the then Bechuanaland. He qualified at Witwatersrand University. He completed his internship at Frere Hospital, East London, where he spent his entire working life up to his retirement – in the Department of Orthopaedics for 25 years and in the Casualty Department for another 10 years. With the increasing stresses of his latter working years at Frere, he took early retirement in 1998.

Ian often stated that he did not go to work in a mission hospital as Frere was his mission, where he regularly distributed Bibles. He showed by example and hard work just what the Lord meant to him in his work and life. Even in his last days, when still able to speak, he told others about the love of God. He was much loved.

Early retirement for Ian did not mean sitting in an armchair and watching the world pass by. On the contrary, he had a wonderful time working in and exploring Australia for a total of 18 months. His first stint in Ireland was in 2002, when Ian and his wife, Yvonne, stayed for a year, and then returned annually. His last visit to Ireland was in 2009, returning only to go straight into the ICU. We had the privilege of visiting with Ian and Yvonne many times in Ireland.

An aspect of Ian's personality that I shall never forget was his ability to make friends – and he had friends all over the world. He maintained these friendships through regular letter writing and, where possible, visiting. He will be missed by many people. Their children and grandchildren were the pride of his life, and he told everyone he could about them.

No-one will remember him without thinking of Holden motor cars. He and Yvonne and their two children travelled over most of South Africa and the then Rhodesia with the same cars and caravan they have now. Old cars were his passion, and he would spend much of his spare time exploring old scrapyards, taking photos of various cars of interest to him and collecting parts for his son to use in his own restoration programme back home. His luggage on return from overseas

invariably had spare parts that he could not obtain in South Africa.

Our last months in Ireland were stressful, watching Ian's health and strength slowly ebb away. He did not have the reserves to fight the last major infection. We shall miss him – I shall miss him. We rejoice in our assurance is that he is now totally healed, alive with his Saviour with no illness or frailty, and encourage his family to hold onto the very special memories they have of him at this difficult time.

Alf Kettles

Barry Mervyn Stacey (1923 - 2009)

Dr Barry Stacey died on 21 October after a long illness. Born in Durban on 14 September 1923, he was a true Durbanite. Supported by his elder brother he was educated at Michael House but left after Standard 9 to help with his father's farm in Lidgettton. He had always wanted to be a doctor and was encouraged to do so by my surgical mentor LV Pearson, who owned an adjacent farm. This was interrupted by the outbreak of World War II. At first too young to enlist, Barry joined the navy as soon as he was 17. His father had sailed before the mast and a great-great grandfather had served under Lord Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen. As a schoolboy he was inspired by the destruction of the Graf Spee in Montevideo Bay and the rescue of naval officers from the infamous Altmark in a Norwegian fjord. His memoirs of his distinguished war career, written for his children and grandchildren, are now lodged in the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich and reflect the horrors and realities of war as experienced by a teenage volunteer.

He saw action in the Mediterranean and the Far East when Japan entered the wa, earning his Burma Star. He was subjected to repeated bombing and strafing at sea and on land as a naval marine. While helping in the evacuation of British troops from southern Greece he was severely wounded, losing a large part of his left thigh. This necessitated an arduous evacuation to Egypt, prolonged hospitalisation there and in South Africa and numerous operations. Returning to service, he entered an officers' training course in the UK, was promoted to sub-lieutenant, and spent the rest of the war on anti-submarine patrols around our southern coast.

Barry was modest and unless directly asked never spoke about his role in the war. Having lost 5 years of civilian life

