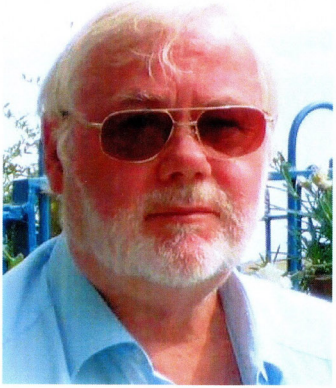
Waterlines
The newsletter of the Sovereign Harbour Residents Association

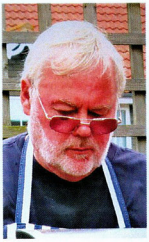
IAN WEEKS - A CELEBRATION & TRIBUTE TO A LIFE WELL LIVED.



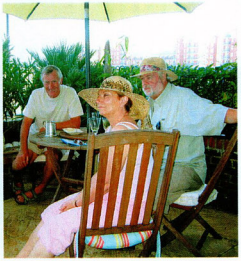
Not How Did He Die, But How Did He Live.

Not, How Did He Die, But How Did He Live?
Not, what did he gain, but what did he give?
These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of his birth.
Nor what was his church, nor what was his creed?
But had he befriended those really in need?
Was he ever ready, with words of good cheer,
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?
Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,
But how many were sorry when he passed away?

Author Unknown







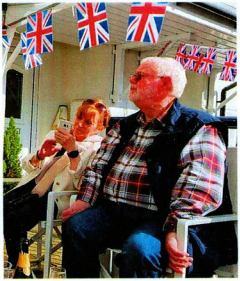




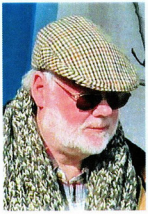
















IAN WEEKS

1944 - 2023

A CELEBRATION OF A LIFE WELL LIVED WITH TRIBUTES AND MEMORIES FROM HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

Eastbourne Crematorium, Friday 23rd June 2023 at 12 noon.

Memories of Ian and donations to the British Heart Foundation can be left at https://ianweeks.muchloved.com

The Celebrant; **Emma Sewell-Hunter**

Music; **Che Faro Senza Euridice. (Gluck.)**
Sung by Andreas Scholls.

What will I do without Euridice?
What will I do without my beloved?
What will I do, where will I go,
What am I going to do without my beloved?

Welcome and introduction **Remembering Ian and shared memories from his friends.**

Music; **St Louis Blues.**
Django Reinhardt.

Music; **Who wants to live forever.**
Freddy Mercury and Queen.

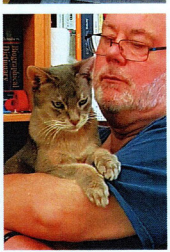
Visual tribute to Ian.











Reading; Desiderata

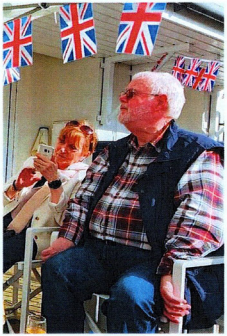
Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.
Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story.
Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.
Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.
Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.
Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.
Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.
Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.
Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.
And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

Farewell; **Emma Sewell-Hunter**

Reading; **High Flight**
By John Gillespie Magee Jr

Music;

Softly as I leave you.
Sung by Matt Munro.



Some memories of our friend Pete - It's not a mistake.

Pete and I had been at the same school but I didn't get to know him in those days as he was a little older than I, and I was in the same year as his cousin Mike which was the connection.

Our friendship started in the mid 1960's. At that time I was an improverished student and he was in a good job with a fast car!. (I'M sure he'd like the zeugma!) He did like his cars!
I think that one was Ford Capri but my memory now isn't all it might be! It was the early seventies when he got a Lotus Elan. I remember a drive to Margate and more specifically the drive back after a few beers - a white knuckle experience if ever there was one, and not to be recommended! He was extremely generous then and remained so throughout our friendship.

We played a lot of snooker and drank a lot of beer. I had to let him win the snooker, he was not a good loser!

Then there was the holiday to Benidorm which must have been in the early seventies. He was going with his cousinMark who had to cry off due to illness which I won't specify here but will happilydescribe in private to anyone who is interested! I couldn't afford to go, as a postgraduate student, but the generosity shone through and all I was required to provide was a little beer money! I'd describe the week but I think the beer must have got to me.

Then came something of a hiatus in our relationship; not intentional, these things happen over long periods. During that hiatus Pete met Jan and I suppose "the rest is history"

I remember some fabulous meals at Aspledene in Gravesend which is where I was introduced to Jan, especially the memorable occasion on which the fondue caught fire! (Saved by my chemical knowledge!). From there to Albany Park with continued fine dining and fine wine and then Olney in Buckinghamshire with another hiatus. I never did go to visit them there. Don't know why. But they then moved to Farnham in Surrey our relationship was re-established. It was Farnham that a 26 year long tradition of getting together on New Year's Eve was first established, with me and Pam. Twenty six years of uninterrupted, guaranteed debauchery to bring in the new year. The big beef pie with Pete's duxelles, Maderiasauce and all the trimmings to include Jan's Parmesan parsnips, of course during this period Pete introduced us to the trou Normand which was responsible for any number of sore heads but we kept it going until our aging bodies would no longer allow it.
The Pandamic finally put paid to our New Year's Eve ritual all together.

The final move to Golden Gate Mews in 2003 meant that we could get together a little more frequently and we did so with great pleasure, meeting often for lunch at The Fish Cafe in Rye which occured for the final time this year in March when we had a celebratory lunch for Jan's birthday.

There is so much more I could add, the mad jaunts to Paris or Amsterdam for lunch and the invitation to Farnham with the rider "Bring a hat" for example, but we shall always remember the great company, the staggering gem and the lust for life. What a great mate; we shall miss you but you'll continue to make us smile

Colin and Pam



It was with pleasure that I met Ian in 2005 and we have been friends since. At that time the Harbour was facing another phase of development, as usual driven by developers' ambitions rather than interests of residents. Ian and I were part of a group formed to campaign on behalf of those who lived here and some went on to become committee members of Sovereign Harbour Residents Association (SHRA).

It was recognised that the key to the future was a tool that enabled SHRA to communicate with residents, seek their priorities and campaign on their behalf. It was here that Ian stepped in to develop 'Waterlines', it was routinely circulated to every home on the Harbour and quickly became the ear of the SHRA committee and the voice of Sovereign Harbour. The harbour owes a great dept of gratitude to Ian for his tireless work on behalf of our community and Waterlines remains a fitting legacy to Ian's commitment.

I have many more personal memories of Ian that I will look back on with a smile on my face. His passion and great humour will be sadly missed.

Rick Runnalls



We had just moved to Sovereign Harbourand decided to follow up with a flyer to go to a residents meeting to find out what was going on in the Harbour and meet the locals. It was a dark and misty November evening. The meeting was a bit like "The Vicar of Dibley" without the laughs and it was clear to see that the existing committee was complacent , self serving and with a mind to avoid change.
There was an air of discontent in the hall behind me, I noticed that Ian was being very critical of the committee's election policy. He felt that the new people would be a good thing and get rid of dead wood. This went down so well at the end of a long and dramatic evening the old committee had gone and a new group of people were in control of SHRA.
The new committee came from very mixed backgrounds and offered a wide range of skills Ian agreed to run the newsletter which he named waterlines .
He was a clever tactician, a strategist with a sharp eye on political gamesmanship and a wordsmith parexcellenc.

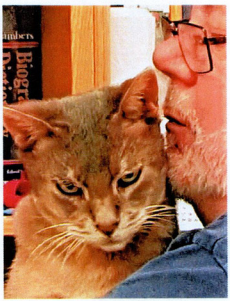
Ian had amazing drive and determination to improve the environment and through "Waterlines" brought a new social hub to the Harbour. He said he wanted some aerial photos of the Harbour. It was fortunate that at the time I had a small light aircraft so agreed to do a photo trip with him. We set off from Shoreham for Eastbourne on a beautiful day at low local and got set to have some fun on the way. Ian was keen to try some high energy manoeuvres (aerobatics) and his cries of delight sprinkled with expletives was a clear approval of his enjoyment. It was a wonderful day and we got the shots Ian wanted.
That day cemented our friendship for many years to come. He had a wicked sense of humour, and could entertain with funny stories of his work in computing.
at one time, Ian had a very fast Honda car and offered to take me for a spin.
He demonstrated the performance which was breathtaking.

He was fast and safe, a very good driver. While I was timid and a slightly damp passenger.
The quality that describes Ian best for me is that he was a man of principles, fair, loyal to his friends without conditions, hard-working in all matters, he would do what he said he would do, Italy, dependable and honourable and a very clever man.
His love for Jan and his family was wonderful.
I was proud of Ian and will miss him so very much. Thank you for being my friend..

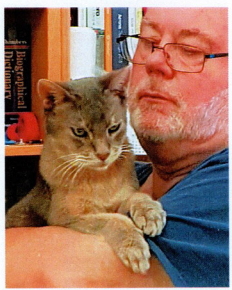
John O'hara

The Trees. By Philip Larkin.

The trees are coming into leaf
Like something almost being said,
The recent buds relax and spread,
Their greenness is a kind of grief.
It is that they are born again
And we grow old? No they die too.
Their yearly trick of looking new
Is written down in terms of grain:
Yet still the unresting castles thresh
In full grown thickness every May.
Lastyear is dead, they seem to say,
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh.



Even if you spend all nine lives
Trying to have everything,
You still die with nothing.
From the Wisdom of Yo Meow Ma.



MY BIG BROTHER IAN - FROM ROBERT BENNETT

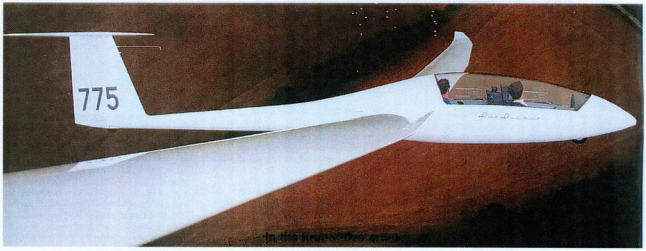
Now, before Jan's children all think they have an uncle they never knew about, I should explain. I met Ian when he was a trainer at Rank Xerox's national training centre in Newport Pagnell in the early 1980s. Ian was a Techie trainer while I was a sales trainer so of course we loathed and despised each other. However, as we were to operate as a two man team training salespeople to sell Xerox small laser printers, we were forced to put aside those natural inherent tendencies. After some weeks working together and while attending a training course where we were students. (not the trainers) I proudly introduced Ian as my big brother that I never had, while Ian replied that I was the little brother he had never wanted.

I believe that I know Ian quite well and probably some of you do not know that in his youth he was an amateur racing driver of single seater formula four cars, or that he was by the later 1980s, a qualified glider pilot, or that he spoke fluent French. The latter two facts perhaps particularly odd as Ian regarded the French as less than amicable or pleasant to know, While my wife and I are permanent residents en France - norte pays adopte. For clarification ma femme est Anglais et je suis irlandaise. Ian was taught French while working for Xerox on assignment to Venray in northern France. Also Ian loved speed and my only experience of being in a glider was of total boredom. It was simply too slow even for me.

In time Ian moved to work for Xerox at their international HQ located in Marlow, where he increasingly became involved with"the French connection " for some years senior French managment had gained control of Xerox's IHQ operations in Europe and in 1998, the brilliant Pierre Danon became Xerox's president of European operations based in Marlow. Ian somehow became the in-house production manager for Pierre's internal company broadcasts and an advisor to him for the external public appearances such as the infamous interview o Radio 4's Today programme.

There is one fact about my big brother Ian which I am almost certainly sure of:
Ian will return as a cat not a dog. Dogs have owners, while cats have staff and Ian will have lots of loving staff to take care of him. Bon courage mon ami, et mon grand frere.

Robert.



HIGH FLIGHT - J.G.MAGEE

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, – and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...
Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or ever eagle flew –
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God

