

Magda

Hi Everybody - or - Dearly Beloved, as the case might be -

Now that the solemn part of the Farewell's Ceremony is over, I would like us to strike a lighter note: have a glass of wine, sing a few shanties, meet each other, swap memories and anecdotes.

So just a few words to kick off.

Having been married to Ian for over 50 years I think I know him best (unless there is a woman amongst us who thinks otherwise, in which case I would ask her to keep quiet: this is neither place nor time for such revelations).

As I said, since I knew Ian so well, I could assure you that he would not like us to wallow in grief and tears. He would want us: his family and friends, to celebrate his memory by enjoying ourselves as though he was still amongst us.

You will hear more about Ian later on, but now I would only like to say: welcome, and thank you for being here with us!

We appreciate your presence, value each and every one of you, but perhaps I could single out just a few:

Firstly – Ian's brother – Alastair, the last surviving genius of our family, who travelled from Norway to be with us.

Also Ian's nephews, nieces and so on, who came from all over the place: Norway, Sweden, Germany. Thanks fellows, your presence means a lot to us.

I also want to give special thanks to Peter and Ann Mackenzie, not only for travelling from Ireland to be with us, but also for their friendship that goes back to the dawn of history. We have known each other for over fifty years, they have become family to us. Our children grew up together and Peter invariably joined Ian in all sorts of crazy projects - from boat building to Atlantic crossing. They were two of a kind.

Next would be Nevin Blackwood, who came here today from Oban. He knew Ian from their early boyhood days, when as inmates of Gordonstoun they had to take cold showers and run 5 miles every day before breakfast. But the school also offered them opportunity to develop their love of boats and sailing. Later on they built boats together. We have always remained close friends with him, his wife Alison, and their children. If the proof is needed – their daughter Anna, who sailed Atlantic with Ian, is here today to say farewell to him.

The next person I would like to welcome is Alistair Currey, who together with Ian was crewing Dragon class boat in 1972 Munich Olympics.

Other persons who trusted Ian with their lives on Atlantic waves are Chris Wright and Kit Mitchell.

And while talking of Atlantic crossing our special thanks go to Jack Tsao, Timo's friend from Oxford, who flew across Atlantic to be with us today. Many thanks, Jack.

Now I would like to say a few words in Polish, so those who don't understand the lingo should switch off their hearing aids and go to refill their glasses.

Hi Rodacy,

Nie będę długo gadać, czas na to przyjdzie w Rościslawicach,

Chce wam tylko podziękować z całego serca za przybycie, za to że chcecie być nami w chwili pożegnania z Ianem.

Wiem, że lubiliście go, a nawet kochali za wszystko czym był dla was osobiście i dla polskiego żeglarstwa ogólnie. W ponurych latach błędów i wypaczeń nasz dom był przystanią dla zagubionych żeglarzy, którym pękły liny, albo wysiadł silnik, a których nie było stać na kupno nowego sprzętu. Nie wiem, jakim sposobem zawsze trafiali do nas, skąd mieli nasz adres, ale tak czy inaczej Ian często spieszył z misją miłosierdzia do różnych angielskich portów.

Niemniej muszę was zapewnić, że cokolwiek on, czy w mniejszej mierze ja – zrobiliśmy dla was, wy odpłacaliście nam stokrotnie waszą przyjaźnią, towarzystwem, humorem, radością życia które rozświeślały szarość dnia codziennego. Dziękuję wam za to z całego serca i mam nadzieję, że nasza przyjaźń przetrwa wszystkie dalsze burze życiowe.

Nasza ukochana Melina opuściła ziemski padół jeszcze przed Ianem. Kto wie? Może czeka tam gdzieś na niego?

Niemniej istnieją jeszcze dwie ziemskie meliny: jedna we Fleet, a druga w Rościszewicach, w których zawsze będziecie z radością witani. (Klucz pod wycieraczką, wstąp i rozgość się).

Mam nadzieję, że o mnie nie zapomnicie i kiedy nadejdzie mój czas odlotu, pojawicie się tłumnie aby mnie pożegnać, może w liczbie nieco już uszczuplonej, ale wystarczającej na zorganizowanie fajnej imprezy.

Dziękuję wam jeszcze raz kochani. Trzymajcie się zdrowo.

Last but not least I wish to thank our children: Lara and Timo, whose warm, loving presence gave us strength to cope with Ian's final illness and helped me in coming to terms with his

departure. This also extends to Timo's wife Kyoko and Lara's husband Kevin. Thank you, guys. I love you all very much.

My thanks also go to our grandchildren: Mia, Ana, Charlie, Sam and Little Clara. I cannot tell you how much joy you have brought into our lives and how much Grandpa – also known as “Grumper”, and “Old Codger” – how much he loved you; he kept asking about you every single day and never tired of listening about your various escapades, triumphs, problems ... His love will remain with you and warm you up always, even long after he has gone.

Lastly I want to give thanks to Ian – I hope you hear me...

To thank him for being such a lovely person, great husband, who provided me with warm, comfortable nest in which to raise our family.

And more than that: he also gave loving home to my mother, who lived with us for the last twenty years of her life. And although all who knew her would agree that Buma (as she was known) was a lovely person, easy to love, easy to get on with, yet many, maybe most people value their privacy above other considerations and therefore would not necessarily want mother in law living with them. Yet Ian made her feel completely part of our family, even taking her with us on our travels to many parts of the world.

Thank you, Ian. Thank you, my Love. May God be with you.