

**A BOOK OF TRIBUTES CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF**

**JOHN STANLEY MARTIN**



**The Swedish Church, 21 St George's Road, Toorak, 3 pm**

**January 22nd 2010**

During the Burial and Thanksgiving Services  
Soloist - Jim Schuler,  
Organist - Staffan, Thuringer and the Choir contributed  
musical tributes.

## ***John Stanley Martin (1933-2010)***

### **Tribute by Professor Michael Clyne A.M.**

Although it is 14 years since John retired officially from the University of Melbourne, he continued to conduct research, publish, contribute to public discussions, and inspire many. For his life and his academic involvement were intricately linked, being characterized by a preoccupation with people, cultures, and languages.

He was captivated by history – the history of his family and that of others', of the parts of Victoria where they settled, of the countries whose languages he had acquired, and of the people and units that made up the University of Melbourne.

After matriculating from Scotch College, he embarked on an Arts degree, majoring in French, German, and History. In those days, students who like John wanted to become teachers could apply for a studentship, which was more lucrative than the more competitive commonwealth scholarship but had two major drawbacks – it limited choice of subjects and condemned males, who could not be released to get married, to three years' hard labour, usually in country schools. With the same cheerfulness with which he much later faced his dreadful illness, he enrolled unofficially for Honours subjects in German, then considered not a teaching subject by the Education Department, sat for examinations privately and had them credited at a later stage towards an MA Preliminary. Similarly, he thoroughly enjoyed his years at Beechworth as they gave him the opportunity to explore the history of north-eastern Victoria, where his maternal family had lived. He enrolled for a postgraduate Bachelor of Education by correspondence which included preparing a history of education in the north-east, and wrote a centenary history of two churches, while also completing his MA Prelim.

It was also at this time that John made his acquaintance with Old Icelandic, something that he described as 'the turning point' in his life. 'The Old Norse class', he commented, 'was a revelation in culture; it was like a secret society – once in one was a member for life'. Part of the fascination was with Professor Augustin Lodewyckx, head of Germanic Languages at the University of Melbourne from 1916 to 1948 who enthused generations of his students for Icelandic Studies.

I don't recall exactly when I first met John. This is partly because I had heard so much about him before our first encounter that I felt I had known him for ages. In 1957 I embarked on an honours degree in Germanic Languages, majoring in German and Dutch and took the opportunity to enroll for Elementary Icelandic in 1959. Being thoroughly captivated by it, I wished to proceed to Advanced Icelandic in 1960. When I discovered that I was the only student, I assumed that the class would be cancelled and was delighted to hear that it would actually be held at the Lodewyckx's home, Huize Eikenbosch, in Mont Albert for 3 hours every second Saturday. When I got to the first class, I noticed I was not alone but shared it with half a dozen much older people who had been faithfully attending the classes for as many as twenty years. Lodewyckx functioned as a magnet for the fascination for things Icelandic, for a culture and a language where the boundaries between past and the present were very fluid. During the break for which Mrs Lodewyckx had been baking for nearly a fortnight, there was often talk of a country high school teacher called John Martin who had gone to Iceland on scholarship and was working on an MA on Icelandic mythology. I believe it was at Huize Eikenbosch that I later met John. Moving to the city to teach at Balwyn High. he also tutored in German at the University of Melbourne and produced German for schools broadcasts. He subsequently wrote a PhD thesis for which he studied in Copenhagen in 1965 and 1966, thereby acquiring another North Germanic language. He spent 1968 doing post-doctoral research in Uppsala, giving him the language he would use most over the next 27 years of professional life, as Lecturer, then Senior Lecturer and since 1988 Associate Professor and Reader in Swedish and Old Icelandic.

John's academic field was as wide as his own interests and sympathies – literature, mythology, migration history, language teaching, liturgy, institutional history. He wrote and edited books, published articles, read conference papers. John was a dedicated, passionate and popular teacher. His contribution was valued internationally, reflected in his being made a Knight of the Royal Swedish Order of the Polar Star in 1988. He was regarded as the doyen of Scandinavian Studies in Australia, but also alongside a heavy teaching load managed to complete a bachelor and master of theology part time.

An excellent raconteur, he liked telling anecdotes especially about 'old times'. He was an enthusiastic member of the History of the University Unit. One of the tasks he had hoped to complete was a history of the languages

departments at the University of Melbourne. The only published progress towards that was a very fine biography of Professor Lodewyckx and a history of the teaching of Old Icelandic at Melbourne. It would be good if John's dream of a history of languages at Melbourne could be realized while there are still enough of us oldies around to give our recollections and before John's inspiration fades.

John's life and work was characterized by gentleness, close networking, and a very good memory. He was very much a people's person. He loved to travel and it is ironical that the illness which proved fatal first struck him down during a visit to Italy. He loved languages, even using ones that he only had a smattering of.

John presents Lodewyckx as a pioneer, a cultural interpreter, one who enabled students to use the language they are studying, an enthusiast about a multicultural Australia. I think this is also the way he would like people to remember him.

There were some matters that John was quite indignant about in our regular phone conversations during his illness. He was annoyed about the depiction by Brian Matthews in an article in the Australian Book Review in 2007 of Lodewyckx as an 'unreconstructed Europhile who could find little of value in Australia, let alone Melbourne' when John knew him as a cultural mediator and pioneer of Australian multiculturalism. John would often express his disgust about the new-look managerial university, furious about the abolition of Old Norse/Viking Studies as part of the recent culling, anxious about the future of Swedish, and yearning for the unspoiled academic world as he remembered it. Often he would say: "Aren't we lucky to have been at Melbourne University when we were students?"

## **Tribute by Dr Erik J. Jensen, R.D.1 - Hon.LittD (Melbourne University)**

One of my first encounters with John Martin goes back to the 1970's when we had arranged to have lunch at the Melbourne University Staff Club with a visiting Danish academic who was in Melbourne to do research into Danish Immigration history. I picked up the visitor from the airport - when we arrived at University House we found John already at our table deep in conversation - in Danish - with another guest whom he had invited to join us. So the Danish language was very much on the Menu during that lunch and I was very impressed by John's command of our language - so was our newly arrived visitor from Denmark - as it happened on our way out of University House after lunch we ran into the daughter of a Danish friend who was studying at the University - we all spoke Danish with her, and the visitor from Denmark was left with the impression that Danish was commonly spoken in this distant land down under - but it was John's knowledge of Danish which really impressed us all.

After all John's principal academic studies and research related to Swedish and Icelandic whose language today is very similar to Old Norse, the language spoken throughout Scandinavia more than 1000 years ago. Nevertheless John's knowledge of and love for things Danish and Denmark was impressive - he was extremely well informed about Danish history and current affairs in Denmark, and throughout my association with DACS - Danish Australian Cultural Society - John was often our guest speaker educating us all about our ancient history, the Vikings and their astonishing conquests. We have a Danish Church in Australia, and our Danish Minister, resident in Sydney, gives a monthly service here in the Swedish Church - on one occasion many years ago he was unable to make the trip to Melbourne for the service - so we turned to Dr John S. Martin who took the service - in Danish - to the amazement of the congregation - John had a degree in Theology which was only known to a few of us.

Most Danes find the Swedish language difficult despite the many similarities between our two languages - and it is my impression that most Swedes find Danish difficult too (especially the way most of us pronounce it!!!). But John mastered both Swedish and Danish amazingly well, and when he spoke Danish it was not a mixture of our two languages - he understood to keep Swedish and Danish separate. It was therefore not surprising that we took advantage of John's wonderful abilities in so many ways. It was John who

wrote the history of the Danish Club at the time of its Centenary in 1989, and John wrote extensively about the history of Danish emigration to Australia - he was responsible for organising the Symposium at Melbourne University in 1988 on immigration from the Scandinavian countries, and he was a highly productive contributor with biographies on Danes in Australia to the project DANES IN AUSTRALIA on which we are still working. John was also a member of the Committee which established a post-graduate Scholarship between the Universities of Melbourne and Aarhus in Denmark in memory of Professor Greta Hort who was Danish and the first appointed Principal of Melbourne's Women's College in 1938.

We have spoken about John's extensive achievements and contributions in so many areas but finally I want to mention John's wonderful personality and qualities as a person and friend. It was always inspiring and fun to be with John - he was a marvellous raconteur and there was never a shortage of conversation when you were in John's company. He and his late wife Helen became close friends of ours - on one occasion many years ago when we lived at Blackburn John came to our home for a meeting - he found my wife Gillian on the roof cleaning the gutters!!! he never forgot it and never failed to tell me to remind Gillian NEVER TO DO IT AGAIN!!! Only some 10 days ago when I visited John at his brother's and sister-in-law's house I send Gillian's fond greetings to him, and he immediately repeated his warning to her about keeping away from the gutters!!!

It was a privilege to be a friend of John Martin - in Danish we say  
*aere vaere hans minde*

which translates into something like  
*may he be remembered with honour.*

## **Tribute by Ms Janine Gleeson ~ Australian Icelandic Cultural Society**

I would like to speak briefly on behalf of probably Melbourne's smallest ethnic community ~ the Icelandic. Although our community and Society has always been small in numbers it is primarily thanks to John Martin that the Society has continued to be very active and relevant for over 40 years. The Society was also a large part of John's life and we thank the family for allowing us the opportunity to say a few words.

It is not surprising that I did not have to look any further than John's own writings to discover the background material of the Icelandic Society. For a number of years from the mid 1980's John produced an annual publication for and about the Society, entitled "Frá Suðlægri Strönd, or "From a Southern Shore". What is also not surprising, knowing John the way we all do, that even though there were less than a dozen Icelanders in Melbourne he still managed to obtain a government grant for this publication every year.

Prior to 1969 Professor Augustin Lodewyckx and Professor Ian Maxwell were involved in Icelandic language classes and events fostering the Icelandic language, sagas and Icelandic culture generally. It would seem that until the 1960's there were few Icelanders in Melbourne. This all changed when the £10 immigrant scheme was extended to Scandinavians. In John's words "many of them found themselves bewildered in a foreign environment for which they were not prepared".

Seeing a need for 'pastoral care' for the new arrivals and with a growing interest in Iceland and its language at Melbourne University, John and Sigmundur Finnsson were instrumental in forming the Australian-Icelandic Association. In the early days the Society enjoyed a mix of social and cultural events with an emphasis on Icelandic history.

With the death of Sigmundur Finnsson in 1976, and John going overseas in late 1977 for a year's study leave in Sweden and Iceland, the Society went into a period of inactivity until about 1983 when once again John, Icelandic Consul Roy Renshaw Jones and long time Icelandic resident in Melbourne, Palmi Snorrason, along with a number of others connected with Melbourne University, re formed the Australian-Icelandic Cultural Society. Again the emphasis was on cultural events, the highlight of which was celebrating Iceland's National Day on 17th June each year. In those days this event was



either held at Babel House or private homes.

In the late 1980's and early 1990's, (with a new ripple rather than wave) of Icelandic immigrants, and others simply interested in Iceland, the Society saw a gradual shift in focus. The new immigrants consisted of Icelanders who had married Australians who went to Iceland packing fish in the 70's & 80's, as well as students arriving here to study. Increasingly the Society also attracted Australians who had travelled to Iceland and came back wanting to maintain links with that unforgettable country.

It is a measure of the man that John embraced all of these newcomers, many of whom were not necessarily all that interested in learning about ancient Icelandic sagas. Over a number of years the Society became more of a social club with monthly "kvöldvakas" or "evening get-togethers". John and Helen were always first to offer their home for an evening each year and John was particularly happy when Icelandic "super cooks" such as Gunna and Erna brought along traditional Icelandic food, especially cakes.

Two highlights of the Icelandic Society year were the 17th June National Day function and the children's Christmas party. Once again thanks to John, the 17th June gathering has for many years become an annual fixture here at the Swedish church, this wonderful location for which we are very grateful.

It is an Icelandic tradition to hold a Children's Christmas party, here it was usually a BBQ at a local hall or private home. The party highlights included our own "real North Pole Santa" as well as holding hands and dancing around the Christmas tree whilst singing traditional Icelandic songs, with the relevant actions. Needless to say it was always John who led the dancing and singing. For many years this party attracted over 100 members and friends of the Society. It was obvious that John was equally comfortable in this company as he was with eminent academics discussing a 16th century Icelandic poet.

On a personal note John loved to remind me that our heritages were linked in that we were both from "bog" Irish stock. I credit John with me gaining one of very few places allocated each year for mature age students wishing to study law. John's written reference on my behalf was part fantasy (essentially describing me as the next Perry Mason) and part threat in that the University would have him to deal with if I did not obtain a place. I gained a place.

With the death a few years ago of the Society's patron Consul General Mr Renshaw-Jones, John was only too happy to take on the role of Patron of the

Society and as with everything he did he embraced his role of “elder statesman” with his usual passion. His address to the Society on Iceland’s National Day in 2007 was vintage John, full of passion, humour and above all his extraordinary knowledge about his beloved Iceland. Helen, as always, sat quietly listening to his speech, even though she was very ill at the time.

Whilst our gatherings may be fewer these days, thanks to John Martin they are always well attended by an interesting mix of those people I have mentioned above. It is always wonderful to catch up with the “old” Melbourne University crowd, people like Bob Eden who attends the National Day celebrations every year it seems, with various crutches and braces after ever recent surgery. Hopefully we will continue the tradition for many years to come.

When I asked Inga Arnadóttir, our Icelandic Consul and active Icelandic Society member to help me with what I should say today, she simply said “don’t forget to mention John’s passion for everything he embraced, particularly in relation to Iceland and Old Norse.” Inga is right, it didn’t really matter what John seemed to take on, he always embraced everything with passion. John will be irreplaceable in our Society.

Our thoughts are with you Nigel, Robert and John’s family.

Vale John Martin, you will be sadly missed.

## **Tribute by Herbert Mees, Trinity Lutheran Church, East Melbourne**

AKi Historical Society

The committee of the Historical Society of our congregation became aware of John Martin during our search for authors to write chapters for the 150-year history of Trinity Church which was published in 2004, entitled *A German church for the Gardens of God*. John graciously accepted the invitation to join the committee and was instrumental in shaping the book's calibre as author of the chapter covering the years 1868 - 1914. In 2000 as part of the research on his chapter, John delivered the historical address at the church's annual dedication anniversary which he published in 2001 as a monograph under the title *A Divided Heart: A History of the Trinity German Lutheran Church Melbourne* during the pastorate of Hermann Herlitz 1868 - 1914.

We look back on the years of our association and friendship with John Martin as a wonderful gift and privilege. His vast treasure of knowledge, his superb command of language, his amazing ability to assess, assimilate and present information on people and events were fascinating. His fine sense of humour, his utter lack of pretension and extraordinary personal warmth endeared him to us all.

John, you were *ein aussergewöhnlicher Mensch*, an exceptional human being, and we remember you with affection.

[ In the context of the history of Trinity German Lutheran Church it is perhaps of some symbolic significance that this memorial service is held here in Melbourne's Swedish Church: it may be of interest that the two churches enjoyed a close relationship beginning in the 1920's and intensified in the 1930's and '40's during the time of Pastor Stjernquist, with occasional worship services between Melbourne's Swedish Finnish and German Lutheran Churches, and Pastor Stjernquist occasionally officiating at Trinity during the interment of Pastor Steiniger].

**Tribute by Nigel Martin, John's Son,  
read by John's Niece, Catherine Martin**

I will remember my father as an amazing person.  
Incredibly generous, he loved his family and cared about everyone around  
him;  
a teacher of life and knowledge to thousands of people over his life time;  
kind, gentle, intense, entertaining, thoughtful, intriguing.

He was fascinated by and passionate about different cultures and spoke ten  
languages.

He had travelled the world many times, but home was leafy Balwyn.  
He loved to read the daily news paper ; loved to know what was going on in  
the world and hated to hear about injustices.

Even when his health was not good he continued to help others - quite  
recently he befriended a Sudanese student, candditate for the Uniting Church  
Ministry

How lucky I was, recently, to share eight wonderful days with him in June  
this year, as we travelled in a very classy train (the Ghan) for 3000 km  
through Central Australia from Adelaide to Darwin  
We were on the trail for two and a half days chatting, laughing, remembering,  
reflecting, discussing.

He was excited as it was one trip he had not done before.  
Most importantly he was relaxed and very happy and we enjoyed the special  
trip.

My father, like myself, loved to talk and talk and talk and talk even without  
taking a breath!

He will be Irreplaceable and missed by so many people

## **Poem about Dad,**

*So many wonderful years we shared*

*So many days*

*Endless treasured moments*

*So many chats and conversations*

*Thousands of stories you did tell*

*And so many life lessons you taught me*

*You were a mentor and a best friend*

*I some times pushed your button but enjoyed it mostly when I made you laugh*

*You always found time to have a laugh*

*So many books books books , so many notes and so many papers*

*So many smiles, so many questions,*

*But you always had answers.*

*You haven't really gone, Dad,*

*Because you are with me every day -*

*Your kind and gentle spirit,*

*Thoughtfulness and understanding,*

*Your never-ending time for others, always giving;*

*and an abundance of generosity.*

*You had your own special way*

*Your memories Dad will always stay.*

**Love you so much**

**Rest in Peace Dad**

**Your Son Nigel**

### **Tribute by Robert Martin, John's Son**

My Father was one of the great men in this world. He was a true gentleman and scholar who always had nice things to say about everyone, He had an ability to make people feel special very quickly. He was gentle and genuine and could mix with Royalty or the homeless, it would make no difference to him as he loved everyone.

He was continually expanding his mind, using cards to teach himself more languages and reading or writing books.

He was a fighter who never complained, from the moment he entered the world at a very premature and mere 2kgs to his 74 th year when he walked the Gallopi trail, unbeknownst to him that he had advanced cancer. He fought to the very end, even on his last night.

Dad always kept in contact with people. I can see, just by looking at the number of people here today you are a true testament to the fact that he touched many. **None more so than myself.**

My first memory of my dad is up on his shoulders pulling on his beard, telling everyone who would listen "this is my dad" I was so excited and proud and that feeling still remains with me today.

Mum and Dad adopted me when I was 3 ½ years old and changed my life.

Dad never gave up on me, even though I gave him every reason to over the years, for that I thank you Dad.

He had a phenomenal memory for history, dates and times.

I heard a lot of the stories more than once, but they were always the same! He remembered historical facts like he was actually there. Dad had a great mind.

When he got back from his recent overseas trip and was hospitalized I helped him type a translation he had promised to do on an international journal and said he must finish it. Too sick to type but

not too sick to dictate, nothing not even cancer would stop him from doing something he had promised to do. That was Dad, always helping others.

He spent years looking after mum so much he did not take the time to look after himself.

It is amazing how many people have called and said they thought he was much better and had more time after speaking with him, as he was always so positive and sounded so upbeat.

No complaints, just said how lucky he was. He actually enjoyed going to the hospital as he thought all the staff were fabulous, he would refer to it as the best hotel he had stayed in, so many different nationalities and languages to keep him amused. Even when they had to move him and it was evident he was in severe pain he would just say lovely.

Dad had a long list of things he wanted to do, even with all his achievements personally and professionally including being knighted by the Swedish King he still didn't think he had done enough. He would have had to live to about 2641 to complete his list it was so long.

Dad's faith helped him through life especially towards the very end when he knew he would be with mum very soon and would be able to continue watching over me from above.

I am one of the luckiest people here as I spent the most time with dad and had the privilege and honor of being his son and calling him dad.

I will miss calling my dad each day, visiting him at the hospital being greeted with a big smile and him asking me how I was.

I will miss seeing him on my couch and smiling at my wife and his Grandchildren and telling me it is a fairytale and how lucky he and I are. But most of all I will miss him.

### **Tribute by Sarah Martin, John's Granddaughter**

My Opa, John Martin had an amazing impact on many people's lives, and I just wanted to take a few minutes to tell you how incredible the extent of this was.

In the last hours of Opa still being with us,  
the cleaner in Epworth Hospital, came in shocked and upset asking  
what had happening  
she told us that Opa used to speak Spanish to her ever day, & as she  
left she told us her prayers were with us all.

A few hours before this,  
the young lady at reception had asked how Opa was doing and was  
very upset when the news wasn't good,  
she the went onto tell us her memories of Opa.  
In just one day, we had condolences and best wishes from 2 strangers  
that Opa had left an impact on.

Unfortunately, Opa was unable to finish his long planned holiday  
around Europe due to falling ill.

However, I am proud to say  
that when I graduate from MLC at the end of this year,  
I am finishing that journey with a truly amazing legacy.

Opa left this world peacefully and surrounded by loved ones,  
the day before he passed away,  
he turned to Cass Tucker (one of our cousins) and said "I am going to  
see your god mother tomorrow", these last few words told us that he  
was going to see my late grandmother Helen Martin.

He was truly an amazing man, a fantastic loving grandfather  
and although I will miss him very much, when I think of him I will  
remember all the wonderful memories he brought me when I was a  
child and all the wisdom he taught me as I grew older.



## John Stanley Martin [1933 - 2010] ~ A Biography

John Stanley Martin was born 9 July 1933 at St George's Hospital, Kew, Melbourne to Eileen and John Martin, six years after his only brother, Jim.

His childhood was very happy and secure. Life was very simple, centred on school and church, and in the context of a close-knit and supportive neighbourhood community, of which many members had moved to the city from rural areas. It is now hard to realise that this occurred against a background of a world war raging in Europe and in the Asia-Pacific region.

John attended nearby Surrey Hills State School from 1938 until 1944, transferring to Mont Albert Central School. He then spent four years at Scotch College in Hawthorn. Each of these schools fostered a love of, and respect for, culture and learning. John was granted a studentship by the Education Department which committed him to teach for three years at the conclusion of his course. This enabled him to enrol in Arts, including modern languages (French and German) and history, at the University of Melbourne followed by a year in the Education Faculty to qualify as a secondary teacher.

In 1955 he was appointed to teach at the Nathalia Higher Elementary School and then for two years in Beechworth. He became enthralled by the history of Beechworth, having grown up with stories of his maternal grandparents' childhoods on the nearby Stanley and Yackandandah goldfields. His mind had been set alight at the prospect of further study, but he was prevented from doing so by Departmental rules. Encouraged by a perceptive lecturer in German he attended the Saturday class in Old Norse (the ancient Viking tongue) at the home of Professor Lodewyckx, the retired professor of Germanic Languages. This encounter was the turning point in his life. The Old Norse class was a revelation in culture; it was like a secret society - once in one was a member for life. John became an enthusiast about the Vikings and Iceland.

During these three years he prepared for his trip abroad by undertaking the Honours elements of the German course, studying for a Bachelor of Education by correspondence. This included preparing a history of '*Education in North East Victoria*' together with the writing the centenary history of two churches and the history of a

third.

Having become an ardent admirer of Iceland as a result of the contact with the Lodewyckx class, John could hardly wait to get there. Desperately keen to go to Europe as a post-graduate student and aware that he was not in the very top group in French and German, he realised that, as more a plodding tortoise than a brilliant hare, he had little hope to win a scholarship against the strong competition. Therefore he proposed to research Viking society, its language and ancient mythology. This novel idea worked wonders.

In January 1958 John set sail for Naples on the *Sydney*. He was away for two years, spending eight months in Iceland and six months in Vienna researching for an M.A. thesis on ancient Scandinavian mythology, which the University of Melbourne required to be written in German. The rest of the time was given to travelling around Europe and North America.

Upon his return, John taught for a further year at Beechworth, now a high school, and for four years at Balwyn High School, while tutoring in German at the university and helping to write and produce German school radio programmes. At last the M.A. was written and he was offered a Ph.D. Scholarship. Therefore, much of 1965 and 1966 was spent in Copenhagen probing further into ancient Scandinavian mythology. When the thesis was completed he spent 1968 doing post-doctoral research in Uppsala.

In 1969 John was appointed Lecturer in Charge of Swedish and Old Icelandic at the University of Melbourne, becoming a Senior Lecturer in 1979 and Associate Professor and Reader in 1988. The same year he was made a Knight of the Royal Swedish Order of the Polar Star. The Swedish Section, founded in 1962, was a small operation. John worked hard to build it up to become a viable unit. In 1995 he retired from the University of Melbourne. During the 27 years at the university he wrote and edited books and produced articles on a range of topics, including mediæval Iceland, mythology, the mediæval church, liturgical language and Scandinavians and their communities in Australia.

On 29 May 1971 John married, at St Mark's Anglican Church in Canterbury, Helen Elizabeth Lawrence Tucker, a nurse, originally from Perth.

In 1974 John and Helen adopted Nigel Alasdair and in 1975

Robert Daniel. Robert has a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, with Emma Thompson. Later he married Emma Ristow. Their daughter, Olivia Grace, was born in 2008.

John and Helen, with the children spent a year's sabbatical leave in Lund, southern Sweden. Thereafter, John took study leave at Monash University from which he was able to attend overseas conferences..

As ecumenically-minded Christians Helen and John have attended Presbyterian (later Uniting) and Anglican congregations and are guest-members of the Swedish and Danish Congregations of Melbourne. Being a staff member of the University of Melbourne, John was able to study Theology part time over a long period at the United Faculty of Theology. He was awarded a Bachelor of Theology and a Master of Theology (on the History of the Swedish Church in Melbourne as an ethnic congregation) from the Melbourne College of Divinity.

Helen and John were members of the foundation committee of the Adoptive Parents' Association of Victoria (APAV) and later joined the Association of Family and Friends of the Mentally and Emotionally Ill (ARAFEMI). To each organisation they made a significant contribution.

Helen died on 28<sup>th</sup> October 2007 following four years of treatment for leukaemia.

The following year, John set forth on a tour of World War 1 Battlefields and also visited friends and relatives in Ireland, Britain and Europe. He became ill whilst in Rome and was evacuated home for treatment of oesophageal cancer.

His final year was spent at his brother's home in Balwyn, with intermittent periods of treatment at Epworth Eastern Hospital.

John eagerly maintained his social contacts - friends and family constantly rang, visited and took him out. He had expressed a desire to see Darwin so he and Nigel travelled there on The Ghan, toured places of interest and flew home!

Upon his return John stated: *My biggest regret was that I didn't make Siracusa, a dream of fifty years!*