

Ian Cameron Borland was born on 6th December 1920 at Prestonpans, a small town on the Firth of Forth, a few miles from Edinburgh. He was the second child of a family consisting of an older sister and two younger ones: Doris, Peggy and Beryl.

The Great War had ended two years previously, and his Father, a lowland Scot from Ayrshire had married a young Highland lady Margaret Amelia Henderson from Inverness. James Cameron Borland had discovered a new world during the war and was reluctant to take over the family's small drapery business in Ayr but felt it was his duty to do so. Sadly at the age of 4 Ian's youngest sister Beryl died from an outbreak of scarlet fever. His Mother felt that if she could have nursed the child herself this wouldn't have happened as the treatment for scarlet fever then was complete isolation – no parental contact. When Ian was still a young boy the family moved from Prestonpans to a comfortable stone-built house in Musselborough – 8 miles from Edinburgh – also on the Firth of Forth.

There he attended the local Grammar School and had his first golf lessons, with old, cut-down wooden golf clubs. He grew to love the game and when opportunity allowed, played with pleasure for the rest of his life. My Father and Ian used to play together. I can recall that my father hit a hole in one in Majorca, and Ian and he, being thrifty types, got the greatest delight from the fact there were only two people in the bar. And they played at Aberfoyle, a hilly course, on a hot day where the handicap they played off was the midges.

His Father, James, fell ill during the great slump in 1931 and after a year of illness died. His wife Margaret then had the responsibility for providing for the family with scant financial means. Ian had to grow up very quickly. He could no longer go out and play football with his school friends on Saturdays as he had to do the family shopping. He had lost his role model - I think it was a hard time for them all and I don't think there was much time for fun and affection.

Ian was happy to leave both home and school when he was just seventeen. He became a cadet in the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company, PSNC, a large marine navigation company based in Liverpool. A man's world indeed, and one where you either sank or quickly learnt to swim!

His first trip to sea took him down the West coast of South America where he landed up in the American Hospital in Lima with amoebic dysentery and a burst appendix. Two years later the 2nd World War started. The Merchant Service were declared to be a reserved occupation and one was not encouraged to leave it – although Ian did try to join the “much more glamorous” RN. Pat's emphasis - I am not so sure!

Then six years of hard slog on all kinds of different ships, on many different oceans. Slow convoys, trooping, whatever the Ministry desired but he gained his First Mate's certificate in 1945 and his Masters certificate in 1947.

In 1947 having had enough of working with men, mostly hairy engineers, and with practically no contact with lovely ladies – he left PSNC and joined the luxurious and famous Cunard Steamship Company and a world cruise on the newly built luxury liner Caronia. And wow what a wonderful way to celebrate the Brave New World. Quite a move for a simple wee laddie from Scotland mixing with the wealthiest American ladies and learning to eat asparagus the right way!

This good looking man with his black wavy hair and blue eyes and upright character would turn many a woman's head until that day - on the 4th December 1955 when Ian at the ripe old age of 35 married his dearest love Pat after a whirlwind romance and they settled down together in Lymington at 16 Daniels' Walk with the gresselina hedge – Pat planted 120 cuttings given to her by a neighbour and they all rooted. You can see it today. Soon Ingrid arrived in December 1957 and Drew in April 1960. Then a move to a four bedroomed home 'Heather Hill' in Southampton with Ian's promotion to Marine Superintendent, a brand new house in the grounds of an old house with a beautiful garden including a nobleanum rhododendron which is covered in pink flowers at Christmas and a large lawn with the new house – lawns and hedges were Ian's nemesis _ Pat tells me that when he went home to Musselborough on his precious leave he had to weed the rhubarb bed and he didn't know rhubarb from weeds. Southampton again was a happy time although Drew was already having health problems with his asthma and recently diagnosed diabetes. Next came a move to Mill Lane House, Steep another new build so the children could attend Bedales School. Family life was not always easy, Ian was sometimes at home others at sea. Living away from the family was quite disruptive and Drew's health was also a worry. But they enjoyed many happy times together and especially with Jean' and Jeff and Miranda and Adam who were also at Bedales, their holidays in the South of France and Gibraltar.

They only left Mill Lane House two years ago when Ian realised that his health was failing and he wanted his beloved Pat to be where she could manage herself and in a place where she was surrounded by friends and neighbours and her stalwarts Anne Kenny and Martin Mitchell. He couldn't have made a better choice and he was so grateful and appreciative of everybody's help and love in these last few weeks after his stroke and heart attack when he was so helpless and distressed.

Ian Borland had a distinguished career with Cunard - moving up the rungs very quickly from navigating officer to master of the cargo vessel Andria then marine superintendent Southampton, Fleet Personnel Manager, then Marine and Fleet Personnel Manager then Group Fleet Personnel Manager London and then Operations Manager Caribbean based in Puerto Rico and then Vice President, Ship Operations New York. Ian loved the travel going off to remote ports in Newfoundland China and the Far East so see if the Queens could enter and dock safely to add to their passengers delight. I know Pat loved going with Ian when she occasionally could accompany him on a cruise and also living in New York in a flat 20 minutes walk to the UN building and with a panoramic view over the East

River. Ing and Drew came out to stay very often also many friends, relations and neighbours.

As young adults Ing and Drew had various educational adventures and misadventures but the family stuck together although sometimes at arms' length. Ingrid met Ian or Arnie while they were at the University of Bristol and then in Germany, where Ingrid made life long friends. Soon they became an item and were married in this church by Douglas Snelgar in a very simple and lovely ceremony. Their daughter Eleanor was born in 1991 but at the same time Ingrid was diagnosed with breast cancer which she fought with the utmost bravery and courage but sadly died in 1994. This was a time of great sadness but there was to be a silver lining to the dark clouds – Pat and Ian had the joy of being very much part of Eleanor's childhood as she lived next door in Mill Lane with her Father and attended Dunhurst School. This again was one of the happiest times he loved looking after Eleanor and dear Michael Stern's daughter Miranda who had also lost her mother. He also enjoyed his new job as an Inspector for the Bahamian Flag visiting and inspecting ships in various ports all over the place and sometimes taking his neighbour Burt with him for a day out. He eventually retired when he discovered the retirement age was 70 and he was 80!

In between life went on with lots of family visits to Scotland and to his dear sisters Doris and Peggy, his regular golfing games with his golf buddies and his many kindnesses and goodnesses to his neighbours and friends

Living outside the family – missing chapters of the story – pity he couldn't integrate in shifts, say mornings only for the first week.

Family life like a river calm and still waters violent waters, hope not like Niagara, changes of direction, dried out places, some tributaries always joined but go their own way.

River goes into the sea the place that Ian knew so well

He found God in the wonder of nature and all the natural sights he had seen on his travels and in his loved ones at home. But he had trouble with the Christian doctrine of innocent suffering as a sacrifice made once for all for us all – the loss of his sister Beryl, and of his father James, and of his daughter Ingrid, and Drew's health issues. You can see how difficult it is to believe in God clearing the way for us through the innocent suffering of Christ when you personally have experienced so much yourself. Pat put it beautifully – religion puts God in a teacup - and then stores that in the cupboard. Although I don't entirely agree: the Church is full of treasures which are worth seeking but also so is God who in his love made each one of us and gives us the precious gift of life. Dear Douglas Snelgar, the vicar here for 35 years put it this way 'in every act of love and goodness' God is there.

Ian's life was full of acts of goodness: his support for diabetic charities and asthma causes, his willingness to help his neighbours (putting out my heavy dustbin every week, going in twice a day to look after a bedridden neighbour Mimo for years in Steep). Ian was such a gentleman, a true gentle man loyal, courageous brave and honest. He had his blind spots but so do we all, and time and God's love can heal those.

So many happy times so many memories to cherish. He made the world a better place and he will be greatly missed.