



IAIN DOUGLAS MILLER

7th February 1960 - 29th December 2022

Iain's 'Leaving Do'

Duff House Royal Golf Club

Friday 30th June 2023 4:30pm onwards

4:30pm - Arrival drinks

5:30pm - Eulogy, Sharing Memories

7:00pm - Buffet Meal

00:00am - Last orders at the bar!



Scattering of Iain's Ashes

Banff Bay

Sunday 2nd July 2023 from approx. 2:30pm

Weather and tide permitting, the family will be aboard the 'Seacat' scattering Iain's ashes in Banff Bay "half way between Banff and Macduff, but a bit closer to Banff", as per Iain's wishes. Onlookers are welcome to raise a glass to Iain from the Railway Inn.



Passing our driving test. Me first time, Iain third time, much to his frustration! Co-driving him on trips to Turriff and Buckie swimming pools. Wondering why he didn't stop to give me a lift the day he passed his test; he wanted to enjoy driving on his own and if people saw me in the passenger seat, they might think he'd failed, again! Forgiven.

His Gilera moped, engine bits on the kitchen table much to Mrs Miller's annoyance, motorbikes, an old Ford Consul driven down the Grounds and two Triumph Heralds; the one he passed his test in and the one he drove to Sargeauminnes, with George, keeping their promise to the school exchange girls from the year before.

Hogmanay at the Millers after the Fife Lodge. Bells, handshakes, kisses and off we went first fittin about Banff. But it started at Iain's house...and, so many other moments from Banff, indelibly etched in my memory, of growing up with Iain.

Then we all left school. I worked in Arnotts and Iain and most of the crowd went off to Uni in Aberdeen, Iain making more friends as he tended to do, easily. I followed them a year or so later to work there with more memories made before I moved away for another job. There were a few times we met up in the early years but in time we lost touch until the early '90s when I asked my Mam to call to Mrs Miller's to get Iain's number. A quick call, an invite to join him, George and some new pals in London and when I met him in that bar in Maida Vale, it was like a week had passed not years.

We kept in touch from then on, and I was proud to have him as my Best Man at our wedding. We met up every now and then with our crowd, Banff, Portsoy, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Amsterdam, Madrid, Boston...and phone calls when we couldn't, chatting about life, family, stuff, recollections of when we grew up in Banff and how much we both valued our friendship. I'm going to miss that a lot. And him.

Rest in peace Iain, my lifelong pal.

